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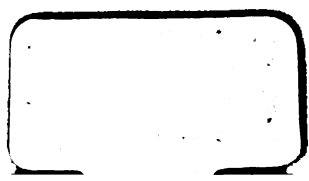
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THE

DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF

TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

VOL. II.

DUBLIN :

GEORGE R. TRACY, 32, LOWER SACKVILLE-STREET.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1843.

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PRINTED BY G. R. TRACY, 82, LOWER SACKVILLE-STREET, DUBLIN.

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THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

VOL. II.—No. 1.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

OSSIAN'S POEMS.

A correspondent, whose letter we subjoin, has brought before us matter for fair and impartial examination. He is a lover of Erin's immortal bard, and regrets, in common with other Irishmen, that this gifted child of song should lie comparatively unnoticed and unknown. What did Macpherson in his version but rend into prosaic piecemeal, like the torn Absyrtus, the body and soul of the poet's creations? The *disjecta membra poetæ* were distinguished, no doubt, but the poetic fire was, phoenix-like, indestructible; else, it were quenched for ever. We have no doubt but that the original MS. of our bard, alluded to in the subjoined letter, lies in the archives of the Belfast Academy. Dr. Macdonald certainly, we would say, who examined it, would be able to give the required information; and our hope is, that he will do so. As to the genuineness of the poems alluded to, we have no difficulty; for where is it more likely to find an author's works than in the country of his birth?—where would the broken strings be found but where the lyre was wont to hang?—and where, we would emphatically demand, could such a garland of wild flowers be entwined, redolent of beauty and romance, but in the "Sweet land of the West"? Yes, we fully agree with Lady Morgan, that Ossian was a veritable Irishman, and believe that, like the Spartan Tyrtæus, he called forth such strains from his rude chords, that, by thus inspiring his countrymen to battle, he used as fatal a weapon as if he discharged his arrows from the bow-string. Love, too—that universal ingredient in the composition of a true-hearted Irishman—beams from his untutored verse; nor can we find a more appropriate name to call him than the Irish Homer, in order to express all we think and feel concerning him.

It may be said, that as the Celtic and Erse dialects closely approximate, so, it is not unlikely that what was really Scotch would be called Irish. To this we reply, that remark cuts as much one way as another. For why is it not as likely that our northern friends should have appropriated Ossian, though thoroughly Irish, as we believe he was? Let us then, respect his memory, and esteem him as our own. Let us proudly point to him as the Chaucer of Irish poetry, who brought the first-fruits of his effusions as an offering to the Epic Muse; and in the long roll

of Irish worthies, remarkable for genius, talent, and creative power, let us never fail to emblazon, in brilliant characters, the melodious name of—OSSIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN JOURNAL.

24th Oct., 1842.

DEAR SIR—On lately looking over No. 80 of the *Monthly Magazine* for Sept., 1820, published by Bently, of Dorset-street, London, I found the following singular announcement:—

"Extract of a letter from Belfast, dated 4th August, 1820.—Discovery of the Original Ossian's Poems.—On opening a vault where stood the cloisters of the old Catholic Abbey at Connor, founded by St. Patrick, the workmen discovered an oak chest of curious workmanship, the contents of which proved to be a translation of the Bible in the Irish character, and other MSS. in that language. The chest was immediately forwarded to the Rev. Dr. Henry, who, not knowing the aboriginal language, sent it to Dr. Macdonald, of Belfast, who soon discovered the MSS. to be the original poems of Ossian, written (read copied) by an Irish friar of the name of Terence O'Neal, in the year 1463."

Now you would greatly oblige some of your antiquarian readers (and myself among the number) by giving any information in your power respecting these highly interesting and valuable national MSS. I should like to know what has become of them, and also of a translation said to be written by *Baron Harold*, and dedicated to our countryman, the celebrated Edmund Burke, which, it is said, greatly surpasses Macpherson's.

I am, Sir, yours most respectfully,

J. B.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We are very grateful for several contributions; but we cannot insert them. Many of them, we perceive, are of a high order, but we are sedulously anxious to "make no honest man our foe" by an attack on any one. The slightest tincture of religious or political acrimony, we may say with Horace, and promise too—"procul abfore chartis." There is a common green spot yet in the Emerald Isle, where all that love their country can cordially shake hands. Thither we invite them in the spirit of love and good will.

We wish it to be particularly understood that we will not insert any paper or correspondence of which the entire has not been forwarded.

All articles sent to us for insertion we shall assume are ORIGINAL, excepting, of course, such as are acknowledged to be selections, or which we know to be so. We, therefore, shall not ticket each paper, prose or verse, as "original" in future. Such is the custom of other periodicals.

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

"For jealousy is the rage of a man, therefore he will not spare in the day of vengeance."—PROV. vi. 34.

"Cut off even in the blossom of my sin,
Unhouselled, unanointed, unanointed,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head."—

SHAKESPEARE.

The following sketch, all the events of which are perfectly true, is written with the hope that it may be the means of exhibiting in its true colours the base practice of anonymous letter-writing, and of pointing out the evil effects which sometimes result from it. If it should be the means of preventing a single anonymous letter from being written, the author will consider that he has rendered some service to society, and that his labour has not been in vain:—

A very few years back, there resided, near the town of N——ch, in Cheshire, a nurseryman and gardener, named Thurlo, who bore amongst his neighbours, and indeed amongst all those who had any dealings with him, a high reputation for steadiness and integrity. The consequence was, that his fruits and flowers were always most sought after, and every one wished to procure their seed from his shop, knowing that they could safely rely upon its being good and recent. Added to all this, he was of a very handsome exterior; and this, we know, is no small attraction to the soft sex, of whom the greater part of his customers consisted. He had been in business a little more than six years, when the circumstances occurred which led to the tragical catastrophe of this narrative. As I have before said, he was a pretty general favourite; yet the most excellent will have their enemies, and he was not an exception. There was one individual, who took every opportunity of making him feel his enmity, and this apparently for no other reason than that he, through integrity and good conduct, had stepped into a business, which the other had lost through dishonesty and dissipated habits. This person had at one time been his bosom friend, but latterly their friendship had ceased, and gave place to deepest hatred; thus verifying the trite remark, that he who has injured you will be your most inveterate foe. But here we must introduce to our readers a new and rather important character in this eventful drama—viz., Miss Jane L——, who, for beauty both of face and figure, bore the palm from all, whether aristocratic or otherwise, who frequented Thurlo's garden; she was indeed a perfect little rustic beauty, and, had you seen her tripping lightly to market, with her basket of fruits and flowers, you would have agreed with me that a poet or a painter might make her the model for his Pomona or his Flora, and acknowledge that it was no wonder a susceptible heart should be deeply interested for her.

My readers, I am sure, anticipate that Mr. Thurlo is unable to resist her attractions, and falls desperately in love with the fruit girl. He too was not without favour in her eyes. No, no—Miss Jane had rather too much sense, and too little inclination, to reject such a promising suitor; but, like most women, having a spice of the coquette in her disposition, she was in the habit of frequently making her swain wretched. This she managed to do by leading him to believe, from sundry hints and innuendoes, that she had another more fortunate suitor, and to insinuate that the man whom I have mentioned as his bitterest enemy, was the favoured one in her affections. This statement, although really untrue, yet to Thurlo it bore the semblance of truth, and not groundless, for the person alluded to had, from the first, been his

rival, and did not bear with equanimity the success, (which, to every one but himself, was apparent,) but set afloat various slanderous rumours, in order to injure him in the estimation of the girl's mother, who had all along opposed him, and countenanced Thurlo.

Harassed and irritated by the conduct of Jane, Thurlo at length resolved to come to an understanding on the subject; and with this resolution, having screwed his courage up to the sticking point, he set off late one evening to her mother's dwelling, and arrived there just in time to see the man he detested leave the house. This did not alter his purpose, but rather sharpened it, inasmuch as his rising anger proved more than a match for the bashfulness which before had oppressed him.

"Well, Jane," said he, on entering, "I hope you have had a pleasant visit from M——n." "A very pleasant one, I can assure you," was the reply. "And may I ask," returned he, "what brought him here at this hour?" "Perhaps the same business brought him here that brought yourself." This reply staggered Thurlo not a little; but summoning up his courage, which was ebbing fast, he again addressed her—"That may or may not be, but let us go now to your mother, and I will tell you my business by and bye."

They accordingly went in, and sat chatting with the old woman, who, in about half an hour, retired to bed, leaving the lovers alone. He immediately seized the opportunity, and pleaded his cause with all the ardour and eloquence of impassioned love.

Jane, however, was insensible to every solicitation; she, in the most heartless way, resolved to make the man she really loved, thoroughly miserable, by leaving him in distressing doubt, and thus immolated his most sacred feelings on the demon altar of her inordinate vanity. After having plied her in vain with every species of prayers and entreaties, Thurlo went away angry and dispirited, threatening, as he took his departure, that she should yet sorely regret her obstinacy. When he was gone, she felt compunctious visitings for her conduct, and, with dire misgivings lest she should have alienated him for ever, and foreboding of some coming calamity, she sat by the fire occupied with painful reflections, until it had quite burned out, when, suddenly recollecting herself, she retired to bed, where she cried herself to sleep.

But, alas! matters did not end here. A few days subsequent to the evening to which I have alluded, Thurlo, whose love for Jane was still as strong as ever, although his pride forbade him to acknowledge it, received an anonymous letter, bearing the postmark of a distant town. This letter stated that his sweetheart had absolutely pledged herself to his detested rival.

This intelligence was maddening and unexpected, for he had hitherto all along attributed her behaviour to the real cause, and consequences resulted which, it is to be hoped, the unhappy author neither foresaw nor intended. Thurlo fell sick, so much so, that he was obliged to keep his bed for two days. During that period, when his mind had full leisure to brood over his imagined loss, he formed the resolution, the moment he was able to get up, to go once more to Jane, and ask her to become his; and, should she refuse, he made up his mind (to use his own expression) that "if he should not have her, no one else should."

Jane also, during this interval, had received another anonymous letter, telling her that Thurlo was not the man she thought him: that not only was he wooing her for the sake of her money, (about £300,) but that, at the same time, he was attached to an improper female. This intelligence touched two of the most sensitive chords of a woman's heart—and, alas! too true they responded.

Thurlo was no sooner somewhat convalescent, and able to go about his business, than he resolved to put into effect the intention he had formed during his illness. Accordingly, that very evening, just a fortnight after their former interview, having first raised his flagging resolution, and nerved himself for the dreadful alternative with some brandy, he set off for Jane's house. She was at home with her mother, and, from the intelligence conveyed in the anonymous letter, was prepared to receive him with coldness. He for some time sat conversing on indifferent subjects, with an assumed calmness, which was very foreign indeed to his feelings, until the clock struck ten, when, as usual, the mother went to bed, and left him alone with her daughter. Both, for some time after her departure, remained in ominous and moody silence, wrapped in their own thoughts, each unwilling to be the first to break it; until, at length, Thurlo asked Jane how long it was since she had seen M——? She answered by telling him that "she did not consider that a question to which she was bound to reply." "Oh! perhaps you have your own reasons for not telling me," returned he. "And if I have, I do not think it can much affect Mr. Thurlo," was the answer. These and several similar replies only served to excite still farther his rage and jealousy; until, at length, summoning up all his energy for the coming crisis, (for a crisis it truly was on which hung his destiny,) he asked her once again to become his wife. She put him off by saying, that such a momentous question required much consideration, ere an answer could be returned. He replied, that he was resolved to be no longer content with such an answer, but that he would give her ten minutes, and by that time, if she had been at all serious when giving him the same answer a fortnight ago, she could easily make up her mind. After walking some time up and down the room, he suddenly stopped by her side, and asked her in a stern voice, while every nerve vibrated with agitation, whether she had made up her mind? She replied, that she had not yet. "Then," said he, "some one holds that place in your heart which I thought was mine: tell me, am I not right?" She remained silent while she stood trembling and pale, frightened by the fierceness of his looks and the tone of his voice. These symptoms the infatuated man mistook for evidences of guilt, and, drawing a razor from his coat, ere she could utter a scream or raise a cry for help, he cut her throat from ear to ear!

The terrible deed once perpetrated, conscience resumed her sway, and remorse, heart-rending remorse, took the place of that rage which had so long occupied his bosom. He rushed from the house, feeling that the mark of Cain was upon him, and that although no human eye had seen the deed, his crime was naked and uncovered before the all-seeing Jehovah. In a word, he felt himself a—murderer! He walked with hurried and unequal steps to his once happy home, and, as soon as he had arrived there, changed his bloody clothes and burned them; he also buried the weapon which he had used, and then, without delay, set off to Chester, in order to surrender himself into the hands of justice, feeling that that was the only retribution he was now able to make. He arrived at Chester early the following day, and fulfilled his intention.

He took his trial the ensuing assizes, and, in spite of the entreaties of friends, and the advice of counsel, nay, even of the judge himself, he persisted in pleading "Guilty" to the charge alleged against him; giving it as his reason, that "he would not add the sin of lying to that of murder."

Thurlo's relations, nevertheless, contrary to his wish, did all in their power to get a verdict of "Insanity:" they failed, however, and sentence of

"Death!" was accordingly passed upon him on Tuesday, March 10th, to be consummated on the ensuing Saturday.

Much commiseration was excited on his account, and every one did what lay in his power to render his last hours easy. He expressed himself very grateful for their kindness, but, in most instances, refused to avail himself of it, saying he thought the strictest prison discipline too lenient for so great a criminal as he.

On the day appointed for execution of his sentence, in a short address he warned the people against giving way to their sinful passions and wicked nature, expressed his deep contrition for the crime which he had committed, and his perfect acquiescence in the justness of his sentence; after which, having offered up a short prayer, he was launched into eternity.

Among the large multitude assembled there was scarce an eye that was not dimmed with a tear for his untimely fate, and scarcely one that did not inwardly offer up a prayer for the wretched criminal; but wretched I should not call him: the change to him was, I trust, a happy one. He left this world of sin and sorrow, which could now possess for him few, if any attractions, to seek a mansion in the realms of bliss; for he died with a sure trust in the mercies of a God, reconciled to him through the atoning blood of his only Saviour and Redeemer.

Two or three years had elapsed, and these events were fast fading from the memories even of those who resided in the immediate neighbourhood where Thurlo had lived, when M——, whom I have before mentioned in this narrative, became dangerously ill—so much so, that his life was despaired of. He persisted in refusing to see a clergyman, until the evening of the second day after it had been announced to him that he could not recover, when, having been for some time engaged in evidently painful thought, he suddenly desired that a clergyman might be called in. One was immediately sent for, and arrived just in time to hear the dying man confess, with tears of bitter repentance, that it was *he* who had written the *anonymous letters* which caused such awful results, not for the purpose which they really effected, but with the intention of gratifying his spleen and malice against Thurlo, by sowing dissension between him and his beloved. He did not regard the injunction—"Devise not evil against thy neighbour, seeing he dwelleth securely by thee."

[It may be as well here, in conclusion, to state, that, after Thurlo's death, M—— had suddenly reformed, and, falling into most of the business of the place, had latterly gained a more than comfortable subsistence.]

T. D. H.

THE PRINTING PRESS.—There it is, like a huge volcano, belching forth fire, smoke, ashes, and lava. Little, compared to the mighty whole which issues therefrom, can be converted to the good of man; but, even as it is, let us not despise the mighty engine, for it is yet designed for noble and glorious ends—it is designed for no less a purpose than bringing about the regeneration of the human species. Reader, did you ever see a printing press? That small machine, insignificant in itself, but mighty in its results, is destined to be the grave of ignorance—the mausoleum of error! The press is designed to mature the mind of man, and to establish truth—to dethrone vice and folly, and to establish in their stead virtue and wisdom!

BATTLE OF POICTIERS.—One of the greatest and most splendid victories gained by the English in ancient times over the French was the battle of Poitiers, in 1356, before gunpowder was invented, when the army had to depend alone on its bravery and firmness, and when the art of war was little understood.

CIVIL ENGINEERING—RAILWAYS.

Civil engineering is justly placed high in the rank of secular callings. In modern times, new features have been given to engineering practice; an entirely new field of action has been created, and the old one has been much enlarged. There is, therefore, wide scope for activity and untiring industry. There is the newly-grown-up railway practice, with its surveying, levelling, cutting, embanking, bridge-building, drainage, with all the mechanical arrangements of rail-laying and subsequent working. Then comes the construction of harbours, docks, canals, and light-houses, the formation of common roads, drainage, improvement of rivers, &c., each offering more or less opportunity for invention and the display of high talent. About seventy million pounds sterling have been expended in England on railways! We may look, indeed, to an increasing demand for engineering talent. The first heat of railway making is over; but there are still many lines to be laid out, to render the locomotive system complete. England and Scotland are yet to be connected, and numerous minor branches are wanting, to give efficiency to the main trunks. Ireland is a railway field almost as yet untouched; but it cannot remain so for a great length of time. Its soil will support rails; and its produce will pay the cost of them as certainly as any soil in England. As there is no want of capital seeking employment, we may, therefore, expect that Ireland will speedily become an engineering field of no mean importance. There is, moreover, a hope that railway affairs will, by and by, be better understood, and, in consequence, more economically conducted; and this, in itself, will do much to extend them, by restoring public confidence—which past experience has gone far to annihilate. With all these considerations before us, we are lead to expect a growing demand for engineers, on behalf of railways alone; but experience, at the same time, informs us that this demand cannot be expected to come up to the supply. In the present crowded state of the professions, we may be assured that engineering will have its full share of disciples. It is an alluring profession—one in which both fame and reward have hitherto followed deserving merit; and it still proffers a chance of success. Many civil engineers are, indeed, observed to be in want of employment, notwithstanding the vast demand which there has been of late years for engineering skill. This shows a superabundance; but the explanation is very simple. When the railway speculation began to run high, there were comparatively few men who had been really trained to civil engineering. This being ascertained, many availed themselves of the opportunity to educate their sons for the profession. In this, however, time was an essential element; and, in the interim, the demand still increasing, a body of men—chiefly land-surveyors—possessing a tolerably good knowledge of surveying and levelling, took advantage of the opportunity to get themselves employed in some capacity or other; and, in process of time, having become acquainted with some of the details of engineering, they installed themselves members of the profession, wrote “C. E.” to their names, and thus gained a footing before the genuine pupil had matured his education. Several of the best situations are held, at this moment, by men of that class; and many of the apprentices which they articulated as land-surveyors have, in consequence of the change in the affairs of their masters, been let loose upon the profession as civil engineers. The regular pupils also, multiplied fast; for the educational course was not by any means severe; and every other young scion of a genteel stock, that had had the misfortune to sketch

something bearing some resemblance to a steam engine, was, forsooth, destined to be a civil engineer—for it was “plainly the boy’s genius.” Great numbers of such geniuses never reached the Rubicon—others, however, passed it, and, in time, swelled the numerical strength of the profession. But while civil engineers were thus growing plentiful, civil engineering was not increasing in an equal ratio; and, in consequence, the state of things which we have noticed began to be felt. The prospects for young engineers upon the continent are not very brilliant. Our colonies, wide and extensive as they are on the map, are too limited a field for the accomplished engineer. A country must be well advanced in civilisation, must have commerce, internal trade and substantial resources of *its own*, before it can enter upon the execution of public works of much magnitude. When we recover from the present libration, we may expect that engineering will, like other callings, resume its activity, and that every duly qualified engineer will have his due share of employment.—*Engineer’s Magazine.*

CONSUMPTION.—Fifty-five thousand persons perish annually, in Great Britain alone, from this disease! Consumption arises from debility, which, instead of being an attendant on, is, in fact, the sole cause of consumption. This debility may be caused by sudden changes of atmosphere, insufficient clothing, want of diet, want of cleanliness, and irritation of the nervous system. Consumption is a disease of the general system, and not confined to the lungs in the first instance. The cause of the disease of the lungs does not arise from the deposit of certain matter that produces tubercle, but from unnatural pressure of the surrounding parts, brought on by general and excessive debility; debility produces disorganisation of the muscular system, in consequence of which the bony case surrounding the lungs presses on them; this pressure produces congestion; inflammation follows, and ulceration of the glandular structure of the lungs is the consequence. Tight lacing is to be deprecated. It is immaterial what part of the body is pressed on, the effect will be similar. That pressure produces the disease may be proved as follows:—Place in a glass a small quantity of spirit, mixed with essential oil of camphor. Ignite the spirit; place the glass over the patient’s stomach; the effect will be, that the flesh will occupy the place of the exhausted air, and draw the abdominal muscles forward. Move the glass gently downwards; the breast bone being elevated, the air will rush freely into the lungs and afford immediate relief.—*Dr. Cronin’s Lectures.*

CHINESE SILVER.—When the dollar first comes into the possession of a Chinese, he gives it a stamp or chop, thus extracting a small portion of the metal: receiving the same usage from each hand it passes through, it is reduced from its coinage value to that of merely its weight. The possessor of this clipped money, finding the bulk inconvenient, melts it down into the form of sycee silver, a species more easy to stow than if it was in the former coin, in which 1,000 dollars might not exceed the value of 200. The sycee silver is more valuable than any other, on account of its containing portions of gold dust. It is generally in the form of a canoe, with a stamp in the centre.

MIRACLE OF PATIENCE.—A man presented to Queen Elizabeth a small card about the size of a farthing, on which he had inscribed the ten commandments, the Lord’s prayer, and the creed; and as he was determined nothing should be wanting to make his work perfect, he, at the same time, presented her Majesty with a pair of spectacles of his own making, with which she was enabled to read this extraordinary work of patience.

MUSIC.

Music is under no necessity of speaking any language but its own. A beautiful instrumental composition (observes Leigh Hunt) is its own poetry, exciting the feelings and imagination without need of the intervention of words, and uttering, in fact, a more direct voice of the mystery and beauty of passion, than poetry itself. There is something so angelical in its being thus independent of speech, that it seems a kind of stray language from some unknown and divine sphere, where the inhabitants are above the necessity of words; and, indeed, it is a constant part of the charm of music to seem as if it signified still more than we have human words to express; while, on the other hand, it is so linked with all our faculties, and has certain properties of accord and sequence in its composition so appealing to our very reason and logic, that it is no refinement to say one feels sometimes as if it were pursuing some wonderful and profound argument—laying down premises, interchanging questions and answers, and drawing forth deductions equally conclusive and bewitching; so that our very understanding is convinced, though we know nothing of the mysterious topic. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in all philosophy; and music assuredly contains its due portion of them.

EARLY MUSICAL EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

In visiting the school at Schwalbach, the first room we came to was that of the girls, who were all learning astronomy! A strange preparation thought I, for the after life of a Nassau female. Who would think that the walking masses, half grass, half woman, one meets every day in the fields and lanes, would be able to tell whether the earth moved round the sun, or the sun round the earth, or if the moon were any bigger than their own reaping hooks? We asked the master to allow us to hear them sing. Great was the delight of the little madchens when this request was made known; there was a universal brightness of faces and shuffling of leaves; the pedagogue took down an old violin from a peg where it hung, and accompanied their sweet voices in a pretty simple air, which they sung in parts and from the notes.

The next room was full of little boys between six and eight years of age. They sang a hymn for us, the simple words of which were very touching. As I stood behind one dear little fellow, "hardly higher than the table," I understood how it was that the Germans were a nation of musicians, and that, in listening to the rude songs of the peasants at their work, the ear is never shocked by the drawing, untaught style of the same class of people in our countries. From the time they are able to lisp, they are all made to sing by note. My little friend in the ragged blouze, and all the other children, had the music as well as the words they were singing, in their hands, written on sheets of paper; they followed the time as correctly as possibly, marking with their little fingers on the page, the crotchets, quavers, rests, &c.

At Leipsic, the most un-English trait I gathered during my speculations at the window this evening, was a group of little boys playing in the grass-plot outside. They were all poor, and were engaged in some uproarious game, when, in the middle of it, the little urchins burst into the most harmonious melody—each taking his part, soprano, tenor, bass, &c., &c.—with exquisite correctness. I saw them jump up, and linking each other's arms in true school-boy fashion, sally down the street, vociferating their song in such time and tune, that, but for my initiation

into the mystery at the Schwalbach school, I should have stared at them as so many little wonders. What a delightful system is this music, as early and as indispensable a branch of education as the A B C!—*Souvenirs of a Summer in Germany.*

[Now that the people have the means within their power, we ardently hope that examples such as these will act as stimulants to cultivate a love of music, which tempers the mind with sweetness, and makes care pass lightly.]

NATIONAL AIRS.—It is not the beauty of the music, but the scenes of our childhood, and our paternal residence, associated and connected therewith, that render certain tones so touching and so exquisitely, though almost painfully, delightful.

CHRISTIANITY.—Every virtue enjoined by Christianity as a virtue, is recommended by politeness as an accomplishment. Gentleness, humility, deference, affability, and a readiness to assist and serve on all occasions, are as necessary in the composition of a true Christian as in that of a well-bred man. Passion, moroseness, peevishness, and supercilious self-sufficiency, are equally repugnant to the characters of both, who differ in this only—that the true Christian really is what the well-bred man pretends to be, and would still be better bred if he was.

MODE OF MANUFACTURING GLASS BEADS.—All the glass beads used for needlework are manufactured at Murana, near Venice. Tubes of coloured glass are drawn out to great lengths and fineness, in the same manner as those of more moderate lengths are made in this country for thermometers; these are cut into very small pieces, of nearly uniform lengths, on the upright edge of a fixed chisel. These elementary cylinders are then put in a mixture of fine sand and wood ashes, where they are stirred about until their cavities get filled. This mixture is then put into an iron pan, suspended over a moderate fire, where, by being kept continually stirred, they assume a smooth rounded form. They are then removed from the fire, cleared out in the bore, and strung in bunches, constituting the beads as we meet with them in commerce. Great quantities of these beads are exported to all parts of the world.

CURE FOR CHOLERA.—Take equal quantities of spirit of sal volatile, essence of peppermint, and liquid laudanum (say a quarter of an ounce of each, which pour together into one bottle.) Of this mixture, take a small tea-spoonful in half a glass of brandy, to which add a little hot water, which swallow, and repeat the dose in two hours, if necessary. The above dose is for a grown person, and should be increased or diminished according to the strength and habits of the patient.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—1 oz. of sulphur, 1½ oz. of saltpetre, ¼ oz. of gum guaiacum, 2 nutmegs—the whole to be finely pounded in a mortar, 12 oz. of treacle. A tea-spoonful of the above to be taken every night going to bed.

PEARL FISHERIES.—Stravanger, (Norway), Oct. 4, 1842.—There have been found in the bed of the great stream that runs through Jedderden, which has become dry from excessive heat, a great number of bivalve shells, containing pearls, some of which are valued at 1,550 francs a piece.

INFLUENCE OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.—Children notice a mother's love. They see her grief at her loss, or her watchfulness in sickness, or her sympathy for others, and their hearts are touched by such manifestations of feeling. Such things sink deep into their young spirits, and all the experiences of after life will not efface them.

AMERICA.

NOTES BY CHARLES DICKENS—"BOZ."

This popular writer having returned to London, after a tour in the United States, has published his "Notes" in two volumes, in which he narrates his observations and adventures. We make the following selections:—

BOSTON.—"When I got into the streets, all was so light and unsubstantial in appearance, that every thoroughfare in the city looked exactly like a scene in a pantomime. The city is a beautiful one. The private dwelling-houses are, for the most part, large and elegant; the shops extremely good; and the public buildings handsome. The state house is built upon the summit of a hill, which rises gradually at first, and afterwards by a steep ascent, almost from the water's edge. In front is a green enclosure, called the common. The site is beautiful; and from the top there is a charming panoramic view of the whole town and neighbourhood. In addition to a variety of commodious offices, it contains two handsome chambers: in one the house of representatives of the state hold their meetings; in the other, the senate. Such proceedings as I saw here were conducted with perfect gravity and decorum. Much of the intellectual refinement and superiority of Boston is referable to the quiet influence of the University of Cambridge, which is within three or four miles of the city. The resident professors at that university are men who would shed a grace upon, and do honour to, any society in the civilised world."

NEW YORK.—"The beautiful metropolis of America is by no means so clean a city as Boston. The great promenade and thoroughfare is Broadway—a wide and bustling street, which, from the battery gardens to its opposite termination in a country road, may be four miles long. Was there ever such a sunny street as this Broadway! The sun strikes upon our heads as though its rays were concentrated through a burning glass. The pavement stones are polished with the tread of feet. No stint of omnibuses here. Plenty of hackney cabs and coaches too; gigs, phaetons, large-wheeled tilburies, and private carriages; negro coachmen and white. Heaven save the ladies, how they dress! What parasols! what rainbow silks and satins! what pinking of thin stockings, and pinching of thin shoes, and fluttering of ribbons and silk tassels, and display of rich cloaks with gaudy hoods and linings! The young gentlemen are fond of turning down their shirt-collars, and cultivating their whiskers, especially under their chin; but they cannot approach the ladies in their dress or bearing, being humanity of quite another sort. This narrow thoroughfare, baking and blistering in the sun, is Wall-street, the stock-exchange and Lombard-street of New York. Many a rapid fortune has been made in this street, and many a no less rapid ruin. Below, by the water side, where the bowsprits of ships stretch across the footway, lie the noble American vessels which have made their packet service the finest in the world. They have brought hither the foreigners who abound in all the streets. We cross the Broadway again, gaining some refreshment from the heat in the sight of great blocks of clean ice which are being carried into shops and bar-rooms. Fine streets of spacious houses here. Again cross Broadway into another long main street, the Bowery. The stores are poorer here; the passengers less gay. Clothes ready-made, and meat ready-cooked, are to be bought in these parts: here and there flights of steps direct you to the bowling saloon or ten-pin alley, (ten pins being a game of mingled chance and skill, invented when the legislature passed an act forbidding nine pins,)

and to oyster-cellars. But how quiet the streets are! Hark! to the clicking sound of hammers, in yonder bar-room, breaking lumps of ice, and to the cool gurgling of the pounded bits, as, in the process of mixing, they are poured from glass to glass. See these suckers of cigars and swallows of strong drinks, whose hats and legs are in every possible variety of twist! Let us plunge into the Five Points, where poverty, wretchedness, and vice are rife. Nearly every house is a low tavern, and on the bar-room walls are coloured prints of Washington, and Queen Victoria of England, and the American eagle. Here are lanes and alleys, paved with mud knee-deep; underground chambers, where they dance and game: ruined houses, open to the street, whence, through wide gaps in the walls, other ruins loom upon the eye, as though the world of vice and misery had nothing else to show: hideous tenements, which take their name from robbery and murder: all that is loathsome, drooping, and decayed is here." - - - "What is this intolerable tolling of great bells, and crashing of wheels, and shouting in the distance?—A fire!—And what that deep red light in the opposite direction?—Another fire! And what these charred and blackened walls we stand before?—A dwelling where a fire has been! There was a fire last night—there are two to-night—and you may lay an even wager there will be at least one to-morrow."

WASHINGTON.—"It is sometimes called the City of Magnificent Distances, but it might with greater propriety be termed the City of Magnificent Intentions; for it is only on taking a bird's-eye view of it from the top of the capitol, that one can at all comprehend the vast designs of the projector, an aspiring Frenchman. Spacious avenues, that begin in nothing, and lead nowhere; streets, mile-long, that only want houses, roads, and inhabitants; public buildings that need but a public to be complete; and ornaments of great thoroughfares, which only lack great thoroughfares to ornament, are its leading features. It was originally chosen for the seat of government, as a means of averting the conflicting jealousies and interests of the different states; and very probably, too, as being remote from mobs—a consideration not to be slighted, even in America. It has no trade or commerce of its own: having little or no population beyond the president and his establishment; the members of the legislature who reside there during the session; the government clerks and officers employed in the various departments; the keepers of the hotels and boarding-houses; and the tradesmen who supply their tables. It is very unhealthy. Few people would live in Washington, I take it, who were not obliged to reside there; and the tides of emigration and speculation, those rapid and regardless currents, are little likely to flow at any time towards such dull and sluggish water."

LEGISLATIVE CONVENTIONS.—"I visited both houses nearly every day during my stay in Washington. On my initiatory visit to the house of representatives, they divided against a decision of the chair; but the chair won. The second time I went, the member who was speaking, being interrupted by a laugh, mimicked it, as one child would in quarrelling with another, and added, 'that he would make honourable gentlemen opposite sing out a little more on the other side of their mouths presently.' But interruptions are rare; the speaker being usually heard in silence. There are more quarrels than with us, and more threatenings than gentlemen are accustomed to exchange in any civilised society of which we have record. The senate is a dignified and decorous body, and its proceedings are conducted with much gravity and order. Both houses are handsomely carpeted; but the state to which these carpets are reduced by the universal disregard of the spittoon

with which every honourable member is accommodated, and the extraordinary improvements on the pattern which are squirted and dabbled upon it in every direction, do not admit of being described. I will merely observe, that I strongly recommend all strangers not to look at the floor; and if they happen to drop anything, though it be their purse, not to pick it up with an ungloved hand on any account. It is somewhat remarkable, too, at first, to say the least, to see so many honourable members with swelled faces; and it is scarcely less remarkable to discover that this appearance is caused by the quantity of tobacco they contrive to stow within the hollow of the cheek. It is strange enough too, to see an honourable member leaning back in his tilted chair with his legs on the desk before him, shaping a convenient 'plug' with his penknife, and when it is quite ready for use, shooting the old one from his mouth, as from a pop-gun, and clapping the new one in its place."

AMERICAN COURTS OF LAW.—"To an Englishman, accustomed to the paraphernalia of Westminster Hall, an American court of law is as odd a sight as, I suppose, an English court of law would be to an American. Except in the supreme court of Washington (where the judges wear a plain black robe,) there is no such thing as a wig or gown connected with the administration of justice. The gentlemen of the bar being barristers and attorneys too (for there is no division of those functions as in England,) are no more removed from their clients than attorneys in our courts for the relief of insolvent debtors are from theirs. The jury are quite at home, and make themselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit. The witness is so little elevated above, or put aloof from, the crowd in the court, that a stranger entering during a pause in the proceedings would find it difficult to pick him out from the rest. And if it chanced to be a criminal trial, his eyes, in nine cases out of ten, would wander to the dock in search of the prisoner in vain; for the gentleman would most likely be lounging among the most distinguished ornaments of the legal profession, whispering suggestions in his counsel's ear, or making a toothpick out of an old quill with his pen-knife. The counsel who interrogates the witness under examination, does so sitting."

AN AMERICAN RAILWAY.—"Before leaving Boston, I devoted one day to an excursion to Lowell. I made acquaintance with an American railroad for the first time. There are no first and second class carriages, as with us; but there is a gentlemen's car and a ladies' car: the main distinction between which is that in the first everybody smokes; and in the second, nobody does. As a black man never travels with a white one, there is also a negro car, which is a great blundering clumsy chest. The cars are like shabby omnibuses, but larger, holding thirty, forty, fifty people. There is a long row of seats on each side of the caravan, each seat holding two persons; a narrow passage up the middle, and a door at both ends. In the centre of the carriage there is usually a stove, fed with charcoal or anthracite coal, which is for the most part red hot, rendering it insufferably close. Except when a branch road joins the main one, there is seldom more than one track of rails; so that the road is very narrow, and the view, where there is a deep cutting, by no means extensive. When there is not, the character of the scenery is always the same. Mile after mile of stunted trees; some hewn down by the axe; some blown down by the wind; some half fallen and resting on their neighbours; many more logs half hidden in the swamp; others moulded away to spongy chips. The very soil of the earth is made up of minute fragments such as these; each pool of stagnant water has its crust of vegetable rotteness:

on every side there are the boughs and trunks, and stumps of trees, in every possible stage of decay, decomposition, and neglect. The train calls at stations in the woods, where the wild impossibility of anybody having the smallest reason to get out, is only to be equalled by the apparently desperate hopelessness of there being anybody to get in—rushes across the turnpike road, where there is no gate, no policeman, no signal: nothing but a rough wooden arch, on which is painted, 'When the bell rings, look out for the locomotive.' On it whirls headlong—dives through the woods again—emerges in the light—clatters over frail arches—rumbles upon the heavy ground—shoots beneath a wooden bridge, which intercepts the light for a second like a wink—suddenly awakens all the slumbering echoes in the main street of a large town—and dashes on haphazard, pell-mell, neck-or-nothing, down the middle of the road. There—with mechanics working at their trades, and people leaning from their doors and windows, and boys flying kites and playing marbles, and men smoking, and women talking, and children crawling, and pigs burrowing, and unaccustomed horses plunging and rearing, close to the rails: there—on, on, on—tears the mad dragon of an engine, with its train of cars, scattering in all directions a shower of burning sparks from its wood fire—screaming, hissing, yelling, panting—until, at last, the thirsty monster stops beneath a covered way to drink, the people cluster round, and you have time to breathe."

CHEWING TOBACCO.—"In all the public places of America, the filthy custom of chewing and expectorating is recognised. In the courts of law, the judge has his spittoon, the crier his, the witness his, and the prisoner his; while the jurymen and spectators are provided for, as so many men who in the course of nature must spit incessantly. In some parts this custom is inseparably mixed up with every meal and morning call, and with all the transactions of social life."

EFFECTS OF A GALE IN THE ATLANTIC.—"Mr. Dickens sailed from England in the Britannia steamer, 1200 tons burthen, for Boston. He seems to have had a rough voyage, of which he gives a most vivid description—here is a passage:—"Steward! 'Sir!' 'What is the matter? what do you call this?' 'Rather a heavy sea, sir, and a head wind.' A head-wind! Imagine a human face upon the vessel's prow, with fifteen thousand Sampsons in one bent upon driving her back, and hitting her exactly between the eyes whenever she attempts to advance an inch. Imagine the ship herself, with every pulse and artery of her huge body swollen and bursting under this mal-treatment, sworn to go on or die. Imagine the wind howling, the sea roaring, the rain beating—all in furious array against her. Picture the sky both dark and wild, and the clouds, in fearful sympathy with the waves, making another ocean in the air. Add to all this the clattering on deck and down below; and the tread of hurried feet; the loud hoarse shouts of seamen; the gurgling in and out of water through the scuppers; with, every now and then, the striking of a heavy sea upon the planks above, with the deep, dead, heavy sound of thunder heard within a vault—and there is the head-wind. What the agitation of a steam-vessel is, on a bad winter's night, in the wild Atlantic, it is impossible for the most vivid imagination to conceive. To say that she is flung down on her side in the waves, with her masts dipping into them, and that, springing up again, she rolls over on the other side, until a heavy sea strikes her with the noise of a hundred great guns, and hurls her back—that she stops, and staggers, and shivers, as though stunned, and then, with a violent throbbing at her heart, darts onward like a monster goaded into madness, to be

beaten down, and battered, and crushed, and leaped on by the angry sea—that thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, are all in fierce contention for the mastery—that every plank has its groan, every nail its shriek, and every drop of water in the great ocean its howling voice—is nothing. To say that all is grand, and all appalling and horrible in the last degree, is nothing. Words cannot express it. Thoughts cannot convey it. Only a dream can call it up again, in all its fury, rage, and passion.”

PROCESS OF COINING AT THE MINT.

The establishment upon Tower Hill was completed about 1811, at an expense of about a quarter of a million of money. In the process of coining, the ingots are first melted in pots, when the alloy of copper is added (to gold, one part in twelve; to silver, eighteen pennyweights to a pound weight,) and the mixed metal cast into small bars. And now begin the operations of the stupendous machinery, which is unequalled in the mint of any other country, and is in every way a triumph of mechanical skill. The bars, in a heated state, are first passed through the breaking-down rollers, which, by their tremendous crushing power, reduce them to one-third their former thickness, and increase them proportionately in their length. They are now passed through the cold rollers, which bring them nearly to the thickness of the coin required, when the last operation of this nature is performed by the draw-bench—a machine peculiar to this mint—which secures an extraordinary degree of accuracy and uniformity in the surface of the metal, and leaves it of the exact thickness desired. The cutting-machines now begin their work. There are twelve of these engines in the elegant room set apart for them, all mounted on the same basement, and forming a circular range. Here the bars or strips are cut into pieces of the proper shape and weight for the coining-press, and then taken to the sizing-room to be separately weighed, as well as sounded on a circular piece of iron, to detect any flaws. The protecting rim is next raised in the marking-room, and the pieces, after blanching and annealing, are ready for stamping. The coining-room is a magnificent-looking place, with its columns, and its great iron beams, and the presses ranging along the solid stone basement. There are eight presses, each of them making, when required, sixty or seventy (or even more) strokes a minute, and as at each stroke a blank is made a perfect coin—that is to say, stamped on both sides, and milled at the edge—each press will coin between four and five thousand pieces in the hour, or the whole eight between thirty and forty thousand! And to accomplish these mighty results the attention of one little boy alone is required, who stands in a sunken place before the press supplying it with blanks. The bullion is now money, and ready for the trial of the Pix, which, at the mint, is a kind of tribunal of judgment between the actual coiners and the owners, as the greater trial known by the same name in the Court of Exchequer is to test the quality of the money as between the master of the mint and the people.

IRISH PATENTS.—Among the patents lately granted for Ireland are the following:—Thomas Cuthbert Cockson and George Bell, of the city of Dublin, merchants, for certain improved machines, which facilitate the drying of malt, corn, and seeds; also the bolting, dressing, and separating of flour, meal, and all other substances requiring to be sifted.—Henry Clarke, of Drogheda, in the county of Louth, linen merchant, for improvements in machinery for lapping and folding all descriptions of fabrics, whether woven by hand or power.

TO DELIA.

Think not, my fair, I strike the lyre
For common ears, for vulgar fame,
Or sing my verses to inspire
An universal, burning flame.
No—though 'tis sweet to win the praise
Of wond'ring thousands; sweeter still
Is the deep homage one heart pays
To passion-breathing minstrel's skill.
Oh! let thine eye of light but shine
Upon my true and ardent strain;
Let but one tender verse or line
A place within thy bosom gain.
And I will ask no brighter sun
To shed its glories round my fame,
No other gentle heart whereon
To grave my lays or stamp my name.
My lays!—presumptuous—nay, all thine:
Thine, since from thee each thought doth spring;
Each happy word, each flight of mine,
Is wafted on thy beauty's wing.
Each glowing thought, e'en as I write,
Its lustre borrows from thy love;
As does the pale-faced queen of night
Her radiance from the sun above.

ERICWA.

THE LATE DR. MAGINN.

We rejoice to hear that the subscription for the widow and family of this distinguished Irishman, (one of the brightest children of genius and wit,) already exceeds a thousand pounds.

GRACE DARLING.

This young female, whose heroic conduct in rescuing the crew and passengers from the wreck of the Forfarshire steamer, must be fresh in public recollection, died on the night of the 20th October, at Bamburgh, in the 25th year of her age.

WHIMSICAL CALCULATIONS.—What a noisy creature man would be were his voice, in proportion to his weight, as powerful as the grasshopper's, which may be heard at the distance of one sixteenth of a mile. The kolibri weighs about an ounce, as that of a man of ordinary size weighs about as much as 4,000 kolibris. One kolibri must weigh at least as much as four grasshoppers. Assuming then that a man weighs as much as 16,000 grasshoppers, and that the voice of one of these may be heard at the distance of one-sixteenth of a mile, that of a man, were it in proportion to his weight, would be audible at the distance of 1,000 miles, and when he sneezed he would run the risk of bringing the house about his ears, like the walls of Jericho at the sound of the trumpets. Assuming, further, that a flea weighs a grain (which is something above its real weight,) and that it is able to clear one inch and a-half at a spring, a man of 150 pounds weight would, by the same rule, be able to make a spring over a space of 12,800 miles, and consequently leap with ease from New York to Cochin China, or round the world in two jumps!

TALENT AND GENIUS.—Talent shows me what another man can do; genius acquaints me with spacious circuits of the common nature. One is carpentry; the other is growth. To make a step into the world of thought is now given to but few men; to make a second step beyond a first, only one in a country can do it; but to carry the thought on to three steps, marks a great teacher.

FORGIVENESS.—Among the ancients, forgetfulness of injuries was considered virtue; the heathen philosopher even said, that, to forgive one's enemies was to be equal to the gods. Cato, whom all the world admired, said that he forgave every one but himself.

A SAILOR'S SHOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WAKE AT SEA."

"Love—pshaw! 'tis passing strange that one cannot take up a book without finding some foolish thing in it about love. Even Addison, the wise Christian moralist, could not write his talented essays without giving us something on the subject, as if it had any existence save in the heated imagination of fools."

Thus spoke the master of the *Ellen*, Paul George, as he flung down a volume of the *Spectator* which he had been reading for some time previous. He wanted a few months of twenty, and had come to the very wise conclusion that, there was no such thing as love, because he never felt it; just like some of our pretended philosophers of the day, who deny the truth of Christianity, because they have not experienced its miracles.

"Quite right, sir—think so myself too, sir—here I am going to sea for forty years, and never knew any one in love, sir, but lubbers and fools," chimed in the old helmsman, who was also an old bachelor, at his side.

"Steady, will you? You are yawing the ship as if your mother's name was S."

"Aye, aye, sir—thought you were speaking to me, sir, about the *Flying Dutchman*," resumed Old Ned, as he was usually called on board.

"I spoke of love, but not to you—what has it to do with the *Flying Dutchman*?"

"All the same, sir—they be no where but in the 'magenation of fools.'"

"Humph! I suppose you are right. But what do you think of the ladies, Ned?"

"All pirates, sir, every one on 'em. All fair without—bull, spars, rigging—all within evil;" and the old fellow chuckled as if he said a good thing.

"But they are very beautiful, Ned."

"So be 'an Italian sky wid a white squall in it, sir."

"I would bet my ship against a crab shell, you were jilted, Ned."

"I was," answered the old fellow, and he gnashed his teeth as he said it.

"Ha! ha! Why this moment you told me there was no such thing as love, and now I find you felt its bitterness in its disappointment."

"I was a lubber and a fool then, sir—'twas that drove me to sea."

"Well, well, Ned, we shall have it all another time; but mind your helm now, or I'll think you are lubber still."

George found it necessary to give this caution to his old shipmate, on account of their passing through the narrow entrance of the magnificent harbour of K., formed as it is by the hand of nature, which has made this country as rich in harbours, as it is in every other blessing of our bountiful mother. This beautiful port is one, which the eye of a sailor would view with delight, as his anchor would rest on its bottom in perfect security. It cannot be less than eight miles in circumference, and is sheltered on every side from the rage of the mighty Atlantic. There around it are the mountains with their tall heads sleeping in the deep blue sky—there the fertile valleys in their verdure freshness and beauty, looking as lovely as when they came from the hand of nature's God—there the lakes shining in their sparkling loveliness, and *nemora frondea* crowning each hill side. As the *Ellen* entered the harbour the sun was just sinking behind the chain of hills which forms the harbour's defence from the stormy west; it wore the smile of fair days in its parting salute, although in the morning it blew as severe a gale as when old *Æolus*

and which drove the good ship that George commanded into this fair port.

"Let go the anchor—away aloft and furl the royal and top-gallant sails—clew the remainder up and leave them so; we shall start at day-break." The commands were soon obeyed, but his intention of leaving K. was not fulfilled according as he said, and the obstacles to his doing so comprise the subject of our story.

Ned came aft for something.

"Are you sleepy, Ned?" inquired his commander.

"No, sir—got an hour after dinner."

"Well, then, come down to the cabin; you shall have a glass of grog, and let me hear of that pirate who stole your heart; but stop—I have you every evening—not so the bay of K. That headland overlooks a very pretty spot for a curlew. Yes, I'll have a shot—throw out my gig there, men—a row at all events, if it was only to make me sleep. Boy, my gun, shot-bag, and powder-horn." Thus, he changed his mind; and thus, poor Ned's promised glass of grog seemed dashed from his lips. But an old sailor never gives up any thing without an effort.

"Will I go with you, sir, to row the boat—get the glass of grog when I come back?" inquired Ned.

"Bah! you were an old pirate yourself, Ned; you know I never take any one to row my boat when I go shoot. Mate, give Ned and all hands a glass of grog."

He jumped into his gig, and was rowing off when Ned hailed him with—

"Take care you don't shoot a witch, sir—looks a nice place for them."

"Or a *Flying Dutchman*, Ned—eh."

"Or a woman," continued Ned.

"Or you, you provoking old fool," retorted he, laying his hand on his gun.

"Do you know what it is Ned," said Jim Grimley, one of the crew, after tossing off his glass.

"What?"

"I'm a handspike if—"

"You'll never be that good," interrupted Ned; "but if what?"

"If our skipper hasn't a heart as big as that water cask you are at."

"And you have a head as empty as it," snapped Ned, striving to get some water out of it, without success, for there was none in it.

But we must follow him, who, according to Jim Grimley, has a heart of such large dimensions. On he flew like a bird, for some minutes, in the swift little gig, singing as he went, the song of a light and joyous heart. He stopped; it was to gaze upon his gallant little bark. There she lay motionless on the mirror-like surface of the water, as if resting herself after the labours of the morning, when the mighty Atlantic was tossing her on its wild wave—when billow after billow came roaring and foaming like a fearful host upon a hero, but who through it cut his way to safety and to glory. Might she not be aptly compared to the warrior resting after his victory? 'Tis said a soldier loves his horse who has carried him unscathed through many a field of blood; I know a man loves the home of his fathers; a lover the lady of his affections; but I doubt if the objects of their love is more dear to them, than his ship is to the sailor—that is, if he sailed in her in early youth and at length command her as his own, and that she is, what few are, beautiful and good, she becomes dearer to him than self. He watches over her as a fond mother over her child. If she is bruised his heart is so too—if she is too heavy laden, he feels as if half of that which is over her proper burden was laid upon his heart. The mother does not, with more anxiety, shield her babe from the severity of the cold, than the sailor does his ship from the tem-

— "Cavum conversa cu-pide montem
Impulit in latus, ac venti velut agmine facti,"

peet; nor is that kind parent more anxious about her daughter's dress on the first night of her coming out, than the sailor of the cut of his ship's top-sails.

"Lady M.," says Mrs. N., "who is your milliner, you do have every thing so neat? Jane's dresses are quite spoiled by that vile Mantelina."

"I say, Captain A.," says Captain B., "who made them royal and top-gallant sails of yours? they look very well. I got Stichgib to do mine, and they look as if they were made for winnow sheets."

After spending some time in looking on each and every visible part of his beautiful vessel, he rowed on in the direction of a large and gloomy looking rock, which was about one hundred yards from the beach. He sung "Life's like a ship in constant motion" as he rowed along.

"Well I am a fool truly," he exclaimed, as he stopped singing—"Here I am looking for a shot and roaring like a sea horse, but there is nothing to shoot at, save the big rock."

He rowed around the last mentioned object until he got between it and the shore; then pulled in his oars, took up the gun and cocked it, to be all ready for letting fly at the first bird (he did not care what sort) that came in his way; but he soon grew tired.

"There is no use stopping here—nothing to shoot at," he exclaimed aloud, "not even Ned's witch nor the fly. Hillo! what's that? There is surely nothing earthly can sing so sweet," he continued, as the soft voice of an exquisite female singer fell upon his ear. He was not now more than fifty yards from the shore, and the flood tide was fast drifting the boat in towards the beach. There was not a breath of air stirring over the smooth face of the waters—all was as still as if no living object inhabited earth, save the singer on the shore and the hearer on the sea, owing partly to the gloomy nature of the place and the twilight fast hastening into night. He looked in vain for the form of the singer he now listened to with such breathless attention. In a few minutes the song was hushed, and all was silent as the grave. "Sailor as I am," he said, "I must acknowledge that voice to be as sweet as the sound of a fair breeze after a long voyage, when bound for home. But what sound is this?—a flock of birds; now for it then."

Bang went the gun as they flew past, low and between him and the shore. In a moment after, a shriek, long and loud, and of deep anguish, burst upon his ear, mingling its wild cry with the echoes of the gun's report, and depriving George of the right use of his reason for upwards of a minute; but when he did recover, one wild soul-harrowing thought flashed across his mind.

"Oh! God of heaven save me from this," he exclaimed, as he sunk upon a thwart. "Rash, rash, mad fool that I am. Did I pause for a minute, I would have remembered it was in the direction I fired I heard the singing; but I must know the worst," he continued, as he grasped his paddles. Half-a-dozen strokes sent the boat's fore foot high and dry upon the beach, and, almost without knowing it, he rushed towards a large white rock which lay about thirty yards from where he landed. Reader, have you ever, even in dreams, believed yourself the slayer of one of your kind, and that one no foe to you or yours?—have you any remembrance of the soul-harrowing agony with which you gazed upon the body of that being whom you, in imagination, bereft of life? If so, you may be able to form an idea of the state of George's mind as he looked upon the object which met his view now. There, before his eyes, lay, or rather reclined, in a natural seat in the rock, the inanimate form of a young and lovely girl. Now, as he gazed upon that pale face on which the silver beams of the newly-risen moon were shining,

lighting it as if in mockery of the light of life which a few moments before shone from her eyes and lit up every feature of her angel-like countenance, how gladly would he have exchanged places with her. Oh! the despair and maddening grief which rent his soul at that moment! they have left a witness behind—wrinkles, which only furrow the brow of age, are the characters used by them to write upon his brow they had been in his heart.

At such moments men think with the rapidity of lightning. A thought flashed across the mind of G. that she might not be dead, but only in a faint. With a cry of joy he sprang upon his feet, (for he had been kneeling at her side,) and rushed towards the sea: he drew his boot from his foot—filled it with water; in a moment he was again at her side, sprinkling the briny liquid upon her face, and chafing her temples and hands. He was now partly convinced that she had only fainted, as he could perceive no marks of blood upon any part of her person. Just now a breeze sprang up, as if sent by Heaven to assist him in his efforts to restore her to life. Oh! never did the fond wife, awaiting the crisis to pass which would consign the husband of her heart to the tomb or restore him to her arms, watch with more anxiety, and pray for the signs of hope, than G. did for some mark of returning animation from her over whom he now bent. Almost half an hour passed away (it seemed like half a year) before he heard one faint, long-drawn sigh. Do we not generally attach to a sigh the idea of pain?—but never did the bridegroom listen to the merry marriage bell, nor the mother to the first lisping accents of her first-born, with half the joy that G. did to that sigh. She stirs!—moves one hand!—and, joy! opens her eyes!—but see, him not, for he stepped behind the rock, lest the sight of a stranger should cause a relapse. He could plainly see her. At length she raised her head, and looked around: in a few minutes afterwards she spoke and said—

"Where am I, mother?—come here—I cannot see you, mother—what brought the sea here?—I had a fearful dream!"

She then seemed to think a moment, and, after having done so, continued in a stronger voice—

"Yes, a shot fired at me; it struck my bonnet, I know; but I do not feel any pain; I cannot be wounded."

"My God! I thank you for this mercy!" mentally exclaimed George. He was interrupted in his mental thanksgiving by the sound of the lady's voice—

"I am not able to go home," she said; "what shall I do? I am scarcely able to move."

"Young lady!" answered George, appearing too abruptly before her; and what he feared a relapse was almost the consequence. She arose from her seat, and would have fallen to the earth, had he not caught her in his arms. He then said, in the softest voice he could command—

"I am a sailor, young lady, and a stranger. You wish to go home—I will see you there if you permit me, or leave you if you fear me."

The hand that was presented against his breast was withdrawn, as she enquired in an anxious voice,

"Will you, then, see me home, and in safety; or to my aunt's house in the village?"

"With great pleasure, madam."

"Oh, thank you; my mother will be alarmed; your arm. Come, now, and let us hasten there."

In silence they walked up the beach. George's heart was too full to speak; she was the first to break silence.

"Have you heard a shot, sir?"

"I have, madam." He did not like to say that it was himself who fired it.

"I wonder who it is I have injured—the shot was fired at me and struck my bonnet."

"But not yourself?"

"No, thank God. I believe I fainted—but you are aware of that."

"I am."

"My face and hands were wet, and the strings of my bonnet loose. You it was who restored me to sense."

"What I done is too trifling to mention."

"There is a God above us, young sailor; He saw you, though I did not; He will reward you; I can only be grateful."

"Do not mention it, madam."

"You belong to that ship in the bay?"

"I command her."

"I was watching her and a boat that left her, and listening to a song that was sung by the rower of that boat, that detained me so long on the beach."

They had now reached a respectable looking house.

"My aunt lives here," she continued; "she will send her car home with me, as I am unable to walk there, and unwilling to trouble you further; farewell, sir."

"Farewell, madam."

She offered her hand, which he raised to his lips, and departed for the beach.

George felt the usual exhaustion after unusual excitement, as he walked slowly down to the shore in search of his boat. Having found her, he stood for a few minutes by the water's edge, with one hand resting upon her stern head. All the incidents of the last hour passed in review before his mind's eye—the shot—the shriek—her inanimate form—his despair—the sigh. Instinctively his eyes wandered towards the rock where they were so lately, as if they would see her there still. He shuddered at all the misery which he had escaped, as if by a miracle.

"Fool that I am, must I never learn wisdom but by awful and dangerous lessons?" he exclaimed aloud. "Had I only thought for a moment, I should have recollected that it was in the direction I fired, from which the singing came. Oh! oh! old Ned, your warning not to shoot a woman," he continued, as he rowed fast for his ship, "was too soon forgotten; I really believe that old fellow possesses the gift of second sight."

"Ellen ahoy." He was now nearly alongside.

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Ready a painter for this boat."

"All ready, sir, and a basket to hold the birds," answered old Ned.

"Heave then—so. Haul up alongside; take this gun." G. sprang upon the deck. "Slack away the boat, and make fast. Why don't you do what you are told?"

"First get the birds, sir—in the boat, still, sir," responded Ned.

"Shot nothing, Ned."

"No, didn't you, sir—no witch, sir?"

"Nor the Flying Dutchman, Ned."

"Nor a wom—"

"Silence, sir!" interrupted his captain, in a stern voice; "you must be more particular in selecting your time for the intrusion of your folly on me."

"Beg pardon, sir; meant no offence, sir," said the poor fellow, as he now made fast the painter.

George went below, flung himself into a chair, ordered some coffee, and, while he was sipping it, little dreamt that the following conversation took place among his jacks in the galley:—

"I say, Ned," says Tom Browne, "that was a droll slap of a breaker you got from the skipper over the bows just now, when you thought to come over him with the Flying Dutchman."

"'Tis little of that I'll stand, anyhow," answered

Ned; "but, Tom, you ought to remember that his toe and your counter are old acquaintances, before you flung the skipper's harsh words in my teeth."

This raised a loud laugh at Tom's expense.

"Right, Ned; but he gave me a stiff glass of brandy to cure the wound he made on my feelings," said Tom with a bow, for he prided himself as being by far the politest man in the ship. "But, indeed, I deserved what I resaved, for making his dog jump overboard after an ould hat, and the ship goin' away at the rate of eleven knots, with studdin' sails aloft and aloft, which had all to be taken in to heave her to."

"Clap a stopper on all that slack jaw," chimed in Jack Dermot; "you have paid out enough of that humbug. Did any o' yees mind how pale the skipper looked when he came on board? Blow me if his face wasn't as white as the new fore-royal."

"I did," answered Joe Sweetman; "and, after he spoke to Ned, he seemed to forget all about it."

"I'll bet a penny," said John Edwards, "he seen a ghost; he looked for all the world like our Kate the night she saw Ann Walshe's fetch."

"Come, come, my tars," interrupted Ned, who thought more of the captain's pale looks than any man on board, but said nothing on the subject, " 'tis time for hammock. You are aware the skipper said we were for sea at day dawn, and I think he'll keep his word, if he saw all the ghosts in K."

They turned in, and were soon in possession of

"Tir'd nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep."

Not so their captain; his mind still dwelt on his late adventure; and, as the effects of the anguish which he endured were wearing by degrees from his heart, feelings of a pleasing nature "seemed anxious to take up their abode there." That she was a most lovely girl, no person could deny; that she was well educated and respectable, were evident; that she was a little romantic, was admitted also. After spending an hour in convincing himself for the thousandth time in his life, that it was impossible he could ever fall in love, the blood rushed to his temples when he found, that in the catalogue of his female acquaintances whom he believed he could not love, *she* could not be included.

"I will stop to-morrow, in order to see if she received no injury from her fright; but the forenoon will do for that business—I can proceed to sea after one o'clock. Pho! what right have I to stop?—common politeness; bah! who expects common politeness from a sailor?—well, then, common humanity. If she received any injury, it was from me; therefore I ought to stop; and thus he reasoned himself into his deciding to stop for a few hours the following day in order to see her again. He then went to bed, and was soon dreaming of shots and shrieks, vows and rings,

"And a thousand other foolish things."

(To be continued.)

RAW MATERIALS AND LABOUR.—A pound of iron costs one halfpenny; it is converted into steel; that steel is cast into watch-springs, every one of which is sold for half-a-guinea, and weighs only the tenth of a grain. After deducting for waste, there are in a pound weight 7,000 grains; it, therefore, affords steel for 70,000 watch springs, the value of which, at half-a-guinea each, is 35,000 guineas.

METHOD OF PREVENTING THE DESTRUCTIVE RAVAGES OF CATERPILLARS, &c. ON FRUIT TREES.—

Submit Indian-rubber to the action of heat till it loses all solidity, and becomes a viscid juice. With this saturate twine, which bind round the stem of the tree in various parts—this will effectually prevent the insects getting up. The value of three-pence is sufficient for the protection of twenty fruit trees.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

The Hon. Francis North, subsequently created Earl of Guilford, was several times married, and had rather a numerous family. Lord Frederick North, many years Prime Minister to George the Third, was his eldest son, and the subject of our memoir his eldest daughter. Both were deprived of maternal care when they most required it, and both were consigned to the same foster-mother during their infancy. Of the life, public and private, of the former, Lord Brougham has furnished ample details in his "Statesmen of George the Third." Of the eventful history of the latter, the pen has been as silent as the grave which entombs her remains.

Be it, then, the task of the writer of this unvarnished narrative to rescue her memory from obscurity. Her early days were spent under the roof of her mother's immediate relative, near Grosvenor-square, London, where she received an education suitable to the position in society she appeared destined to fill. At twelve or fourteen years of age she became an inmate of Bushy-house, Middlesex, the then residence of the Earl of Halifax, whose daughters, the Ladies Montague, watched over her young womanhood with anxious solicitude. The Earl of Halifax, being at that time (1748) one of the Lords of the Admiralty, was in the habit of being waited upon in matters appertaining to his office by a young man named Brett, nephew of Sir W. Smith, a London merchant, who offered her his hand. Mr. Brett, though respectably connected, and having good worldly prospects before him, was nevertheless not considered of suitable station to espouse the daughter of an earl, and she was therefore sent down to Preston to break off the acquaintance. After remaining here for some weeks under the care of two ladies named Astley, whose father was Mayor at the time, and lived at the entrance to Chapel-walk, Fishergate, she received an intimation that Mr. Brett, supposing she had gone to France, had set out in quest of her, and had been drowned in crossing from Dover to Calais.

Believing the statement, and much distressed in mind at the supposed sad event, she immediately returned to London, and related her troubles to her foster-mother; observing at the same time, that as her friends had deprived her of the object of her warmest affections, she would accept the first offer that was made to her. Her foster-mother having a nephew then lodging with her from Preston, with a view to improvement in his business, she communicated to him what the unhappy lady had stated. He made her an offer accordingly, and in three days they were married at Keith's Chapel, May-fair.

A few months afterwards the young couple quitted London, and she became the mistress of the identical house in Fishergate now occupied by Mr. Taylor, seedsman, which descended to her husband on the death of his father, and where she gave birth to 12 children, five of whom (daughters) have died within the last ten years, and one still survives, and lives in Preston.

Harsh and unforgiving as it may appear, it is yet the fact, that this marriage (imprudent certainly under the circumstances) for ever cut her off from her former friends and acquaintances, not one of whom ever exchanged a single word with her afterwards, except Sir Roger Burgoyne, who married her particular friend, Lady Frances Montague, and who accidentally met her in London. Lord Strange, who then represented the county, and resided occasionally at the family mansion in Church-street, also recognised her after she had become a resident in Preston. He had known her when a girl, living with her relatives near his own residence in London, and evinced his sympathy at her altered position, by becoming a

customer to her husband, and recommended his friends to follow his example. With these exceptions, and now and then a small present through an unknown hand, she was completely severed from and neglected by her own noble, high-minded relatives, and sunk into the grave about the year 1790, at the age of 62, having about five years before lost her husband by death, and subsequently became so reduced in circumstances, as to be compelled to part with her jewellery, among which was a valuable ring, given to her by Charles Spencer, Duke of Marlborough, who married her cousin.

Mr. Brett, her "first love," it may be added, rose to eminence in point of position, having become member for Sandwich, and one of the Lords of the Admiralty, during the coalition ministry of Lord North and Mr. Fox, in 1782, but, it is understood, died unmarried, probably out of respect for the lady whom an affectionate regard on the part of her well-meaning friends had debarred him of, owing to his then inferior station in life.—*Preston Pilot*.

The preceding sketch is very striking, but the reverse of fortune, as illustrated by the following fact, is still more so:—Mrs. Wyndymere died in Emanuel Hospital, London, in December, 1772, at the age of 108. She was cousin to Queen Mary and Queen Anne, and had been fifty years in the hospital. Strange reverse of fortune, that the cousin of two queens, and the niece of a king, should have been fifty years indebted to the tender mercies of an almshouse!

REFLECTIONS.—Going to dinner the other day we saw a little codger, about two years old, sitting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself. It struck us that many people in this world are often caught in the same act, and we shall think so hereafter. When we see a business man trusting every thing to his clerks, and continually seeking his own amusement—always absent from his counting-house, and yet expecting to get along, he's sitting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself. When we see a professional man better acquainted with every thing else than his profession, always starting some new scheme, and never attending to his calling, his wardrobe and credit will soon designate him as sitting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself. When we see a farmer with an over-abundance of "hired help," trusting every thing to their management, his fences down, implements out of repair, and land suffering for want of proper tillage—too proud or too lazy to turn off coat and go to work—he's sitting in a wheelbarrow trying to wheel himself. When we see a mechanic run half a square every day to borrow a newspaper, and may be have to wait ten or fifteen minutes before he can get it, we shall suspect that the time he loses would soon pay the subscription, and consider him sitting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel himself. When we see a man busily engaged in circulating scandal concerning his neighbour, we infer that he is pretty deep in the mud himself, and is sitting in a wheelbarrow and trying to wheel him self out.

WINTER.—Thou hoary sire of seasons! Clad in thine icy dress and locks of snow, thou makest the most of thy brief reign, and scattereth thy benumbing influence around the earth. Scenes which a short time since were clothed with verdure, and exhaled fragrance, are now by thee made drear and desolate—covered with ice and snow; vegetation seems dead, the whole face of nature a barren wild; and the solitary wanderer pursues his cheerless and uncertain way, over hill and dale, bereft of those useful land-marks which should guide his uneven steps.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF FISH.

Fish are peaceful animals; happy in themselves, and for the most part harmonising together, without any general display of savage cruelty or malignant passions. Such as are appointed to be food of others, die in that way, and are sought and taken for that purpose, when the appetite actuates, but no farther. But they cannot be justly stigmatised as voracious for this habit, more than ourselves for taking and eating them, and cattle, sheep, fowls, game, venison, and other living creatures. We are carnivorous, but not voracious. We kill and cook the animals we feed on; but we have no malice, or ill-will, or hostility in such action or diet, any more than in plucking the apple, grinding the corn, or boiling the potatoe. It is, therefore, unjust to impute peculiar voracity and destructiveness to these tribes, because some feed on smaller fish, and others on the molluscæ, worms, and insects that they find. These latter animals appear to be as specially provided for such as use them as slugs and caterpillars are for birds, and grass for cattle; for, at particular seasons, the ocean is made to swarm with them for no other visible purpose than that the fish may derive nutrition from them. The molluscæ, which supply so many of the natives of the sea with their subsistence, are therefore endowed with a power of multiplication which, as in several other cases, astonishes us by its amount. It is the abundance of these petty invertebrated animals, of various species, so sedulously provided for the nutriment of the fish, which constitutes that luminous appearance, or phosphorescence of the sea, which so often surprises and delights the mariner on his watch in his nightly navigation. If some species of fish are always eating, which is not by any means an authenticated fact, they would but resemble the graminivorous quadrupeds, who pass their day in browsing and in resting rumination; neither can be fitly branded as voracious in such perpetual mastication; for what animal is milder or more inoffensive than the tranquil, though ever-eating eow, who takes one hundred pounds of grass in a-day? But there are some facts which indicate that the fish have been much misconceived in this respect; and that, however it may be with some particular classes, the far greater number take less food, and live with pleasure, and apparently from choice, longer without any ascertainable quantity of it, than any other tribes of animals that we know of. The gold and silver fish in our vases seem never to want any food; they are often seen for months without any apparent nourishment. Even the pike, which has been so much branded as a devouring glutton, fattens on total abstinence. The salmon, although it comes in such multitudes from the ocean into the rivers, yet, when opened, is never found to have any nutritive substance in its stomach—an evidence of their taking none in that period of their existence; for the herrings, when they shoal, are found, on being opened, to have fed largely on the sea caterpillar in their voyage. The lamprey tribe are confessedly small, or no eaters. Many facts of this sort would lead to the inquiry, whether the greater majority of the finny tribe do not, for the larger part of their existence, content themselves with the nutrition they exact from water alone, without any additional substance.

The mild and harmless character of the fish class of being, in its general prevalence, is impressively exhibited by most of its largest tribes. The great Greenland whale pursues no other animal; leads an inoffensive life; and is harmless in proportion to its strength to do mischief. The massy sturgeon is of the same gentle nature. The formidable narwhal, or sea unicorn, with all its size and powerful weapon of offence, displays the same disposition. The Oroonoko manati, which has been found so huge in bulk,

that twenty-seven men could not draw it out of the water, and the others of this tribe, of which some are twenty-eight feet long, and weigh eight thousand pounds, are likewise gentle and peaceable animals. These mightier chief of the finny nation are the true representatives of its general character. All are for the most part the same mild, playful, animated, and unoffending beings; and have been so designed and organised, habited and stationed, as to be continually of this placid temperament.—*Turner's History.*

MORN.

Rise, rise, ye slumberers, rise!
 See how morn dons her sheen!
 Glancing on earth with her beaming eyes
 And sweeping her train through the dusky skies
 Like a brilliant eastern Queen;
 Grimly and darkly the shades retire
 Like slaves, as she waves her hand,
 As if they feared her gathering ire,
 And shrunk at her proud command.
 The fair earth smiles,
 And her thousand isles
 Seem to start from the glittering sea,
 As if just born
 To greet the morn
 With mirth and with minstrelay.
 Freshly and gaily the breezes sweep
 Her path with their airy wing;
 To her gates the watchful sunbeams leap,
 Around her a careful guard to keep,
 With their lances glittering.
 Rich music swells
 From hills and dells,
 As she rolls in her glorious car;
 All, all is rife
 With joy and life,
 As she spreads her reign afar.

A. B.

A GOOD DAUGHTER!—There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than her, but none in which a gentler spirit dwells, or to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is no comparative estimate of a parent's love for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupation and pleasures carry him more abroad, and he resides more amongst temptations, which hardly permit the affection that is following him, perhaps over half the globe, to be wholly unmingled with anxiety, until the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight and his evening star. The grace and vivacity and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness, which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending but expressive proofs of love. And then what a cheerful sharer she is, and what an able lightener of her mother's cares! What an ever-present delight and triumph to a mother's affection! Oh, how little do those daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have them enjoy, who do not every time that a parent's eye rests upon them, bring rapture to a parent's heart!

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

FUNERAL OF KING HENRY VIII.

The following incident, connected with the obsequies of Henry VIII., (which we extract from Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England,") cannot be read without a shudder:—

"The body of the king being carried to Windsor to be buried, stood all night among the broken walls of Sion, and there the leaden coffin being cleft by the shaking of the carriage, the pavement of the church was wetted with Henry's blood. In the morning came plumbers to solder the coffin, under whose feet—I tremble while I write it (says the author)—'was suddenly seen a dog creeping, and licking up the king's blood. If you ask me how I know this, I answer, William Greville, who could scarcely drive away the dog, told me, and so did the plumber also.' It appears pretty certain that the sleepy mourners and choristers had retired to rest after the midnight dirges were sung, leaving the dead king to defend himself as best he might from the assaults of his ghostly enemies, and some people might think they made their approaches in a cufish form. It is scarcely, however, to be wondered that a circumstance so frightful should have excited feelings of superstitious horror, especially at such a time and place; for this desecrated convent had been the prison of his unhappy queen, Katharine Howard, whose tragic fate was fresh in the minds of men; and, by a singular coincidence, it happened that Henry's corse rested there the very day after the fifth anniversary of her execution. There is a class of writers, too, who regard the accident which has just been related, as a serious fulfilment of friar Peyto's denunciation against Henry, from the pulpit of Greenwich church, in 1533, when that daring preacher compared him to Ahab, and told him to his face, "that the dogs would in like manner lick his blood!"

THE FIRST CORSE.—In the transgression of our first parents there was involved that dreadful penalty which has since passed upon all men. Death followed sin. And very soon, by a mysterious dispensation, was beheld, prostrate in the dust, what was a new and strange spectacle to angels and to men—the martyred Abel's lifeless body.—**THE FIRST HUMAN CORSE.** Oh, what an object for man's observation! What a witness to the mournful fact and melancholy consequences of the fall! That first lifeless body reveals to us the evil of sin, and interprets God's threatening denounced against it. It speaks to us with deep solemnity, volumes of divine truth. Let him that readeth understand.

GENIUS.—There are so many sources of enjoyment open to genius, that in no condition can they be all dried up. To love the beautiful in all things is a high privilege; and feelings of rapture, as of awe, may be extracted from objects which only impress ordinary minds with pain and terror. If the calm lake, the green valley, and the pale primrose soothe us with sweet pictures of peace—the stormy ocean, the rifted rock, and the blasted tree, can and do stir us with deep delight.

GUNPOWDER.—Before the invention of gunpowder, the number of castles erected chiefly as places of security was very great; but since, few have been built, and these have not been as places of defence. There were 1,100 castles built in England between the years 1140 and 1154.

RIGHT NEXT TIME.—"Oh, my dear sir," said a poor sufferer to a dentist, "that is the second wrong tooth you have pulled out!" "Very sorry, sir," said the blundering operator, "but as there were only three altogether when I began, I'm sure to be right next time!"

THE INTERVIEW.—A FRAGMENT.

BY THOMAS FURLONG.

Slowly around the guiding dame
Three airy forms attendant came—
The first, if judged by looks alone,
Seem'd as an infant free from sin;
Her winking air, her thrilling tone,
Might coax a cherub from his throne;
But heaven, to whom the heart is known,
Could only say what dwelt within.

The second sylph disclosed to view
Two laughing eyes of roguish hue;
Around her lips, when she chanc'd to smile,
A dang'rous dimple appear'd to play:
She look'd like a thief who could well beguile,
For her glance just led one for awhile,
And led them but astray.

The third appear'd, nor curl'd nor lac'd,
And sure no pencil e'er trac'd
A mien with milder beauty grac'd;
And sure no chisel cut, of old,
A form of purer, fairer mould:
Each tint that loveliness might own
Seem'd resting in that face alone.
Yea, we may love the lily's glow,
Or say its leaf is soft and clear—
Still we may mark the falling snow,
Or praise the rose about to blow;
But all their shades were mingled here.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.—Cut your coat according to your cloth, is an old maxim, and a wise one; and if people will only square their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier might we all be! If we could come down a peg or two in our notions, in accordance with our waning fortunes, happiness would be always within our reach. It is the longing for more than we have, the envying of those who possess that more, and the wish to appear in the world of more consequence than we really are, which destroy our peace of mind, and eventually lead to ruin.

CUTTING TEETH.—A person mentioning the remarkable fact of a gentleman aged seventy-nine having cut two new teeth—"Poh!" mumbled an old lady, who had none left, "I cut all mine more than three years ago!"

SUFFERERS IN NAVAL WARFARE.—The number of pensioners in Greenwich hospital at this time is 2,710; among whom are 732 maimed: namely, with loss of right arm 12, left arm 8—total 20; both legs 3, right leg 29, left leg 36—total 68; both eyes 61, right eye 44, left eye 45—total 150; ruptured on both sides 162, right side 152, left side 175, umbilical 5—total 494. Grand total, 732.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "YANKEE."—The current American term, "Yankee," was a cant or favourite word with one Jonathan Hastings, a settler at Cambridge, North America, about the year 1713. The inventor used it to express excellency. For instance, a "Yankee good horse," or "Yankee cider," mean an excellent horse, and excellent cider. The students of a neighbouring college were accustomed to hire horses of Jonathan; their intercourse with him, and his use of the word on all occasions, led them to adopt it, and they gave him the name of "Yankee Jonathan." It was dispersed by the collegians throughout New England, until it became a settled term of reproach to all New Englanders, and eventually to all North Americans.

A HINT TO SMITHS.—The cutting of bars of iron or pipes with the chisel is a laborious and tardy process. By the following mode the same end is attained more speedily, easily, and neatly:—Bring the iron to a white heat, and then, fixing it in a vice, apply the common saw, which, without being turned in the edge or injured in any respect, will divide it as easily as if it were a carrot.

ANCIENT IRISH CUSTOM—DESTRUCTION OF WOLVES.

We have been favoured, through the kindness of a friend, with the first part of the "Memoirs of Miss M. Nevill," written by herself, from which we extract the following interesting passage :—

"Mr. Bowerman's estate of Cooline, near Charleville, in the county of Cork, was held on the tenure of his paying a fine of thirty wolves' heads to the crown. Mrs. Nevill remembers well her father going out to hunt the wolves, and his having armour for his horse and for his legs, with a long spear, a pair of pistols and a dirk. He used to go out accompanied by a large train of servants, well mounted and armed in the same manner, and had two wolf dogs, who generally disabled the animal before he could come to close quarters; but if he did, he was soon dispatched, as the wounds from the bite of a wolf are generally mortal. A certain number of 'wolf boys' were kept to give timely notice of their approach. Mr. Bowerman's exertions banished them altogether, and after his death this fine was commuted for a quit-rent of about fourteen pounds sterling. In one of these excursions Mr. Bowerman was slightly wounded, but his horse was dreadfully torn, so as to be shot afterwards, to end his misery. If the wolf was disposed to spring at the hunter, his progress was arrested at once by a goat skin, which each man carried loose before him across his saddle; at any emergency it was thrown adroitly over the wolf's head, and while he was struggling to free himself he was shot by one of the hunters. Some of the attendants carried a hatchet to cut off the head of the animal, and implements to flay it, the skin being considered valuable and frequently used for muffs and lining for cloaks. The dogs were so well trained, they stood off till all these operations were performed, and then the carcass was given them for a prey. During these excursions the ladies of the family prepared all manner of things for the wounded, and had divers applications ready, both for man and beast, on the return of the hunters. Every gentleman, in those days, had a surgeon or physician in his house, as a part of his establishment, who had his own apartments and servant separate, and under his directions all the medical arrangements were performed."

MOTION.—The common watch, it is said, beats or ticks 17,160 times an hour. This is 411,840 a day—150,424 a year, allowing the year to be 365 days and 6 hours. Sometimes watches will run with care one hundred years. In that case it would last to beat 15,042,456,000 times! The watch is made of hard metal; but there is a curious machine made of something not so hard as brass or steel—it is not much harder than the flesh of your arm—yet, it will beat more than 5,000 times an hour—120,000 times a day—and 43,830,000 times a year! It will sometimes, though not often, last 100 years; and when it does, it beats 4,843,000,000 times! One might think this last machine, soft as it is, would wear out sooner than the other; but it does not. You have this little machine about you. You need not feel in your pocket, for it is not there. It is in your body; you can feel it beat; it is—**YOUR HEART!**

FEMALE INFLUENCE.—When Livia had attained such an ascendancy over her husband, Augustus, that he could hardly refuse her anything, though Emperor of the world, many of the married ladies of Rome were anxious to know the secret and the source of her success—"I rule by obeying!" she replied.

NEWSPAPERS IN AMERICA.—In the United States there are 138 daily, 141 weekly, 115 semi and tri-weekly newspapers, and 227 periodicals!

LIFE.

Like the waves of the sea is this troublesome life,
Ever changing it seems—ever new—
And man, like a bark, borne on by its strife,
With a far distant haven in view.

The strange winds of fortune may waft us at will,
And its changes awaken alarm;
But the haven we steer for is tranquil and still,
And its harbour secure from the storm.

The beautiful rose looks more beautiful yet,
In the morning refreshed by the dew;
But its lustre soon fades, and it seems to regret
That it ever so flourishing grew.

In the morn of youth, in the spring-time of life,
Man as fair and as promising grows,
But the troubles and cares in this world of strife
Nipe his beauty and youth like the rose.

How transient this life!—'tis fast fleeting away—
Revived like the bud by a shower;
We are buoyant with hope and new prospects to-day—
To-morrow, cut down like the flower!

And the winter of years will soon lay in the tomb,
That in summer looks lovely and bright;
But in time the buds shoot—through eternity bloom
In the regions of Heavenly light.

Some are happy and heedless, tho' fortune should frown;
 resigned and content with their lot;
 Looking forth to a bright and an Heavenly crown,
 Where earth's perishing joys are forgot.

ELLIS.

SOLITUDE.—What mistakes people have fallen into when writing about solitude! A man leaves a town for a few months, and goes with a wife and family and a travelling library into some solitary glen. Friends are perpetually visiting him from afar, or the neighbouring gentry leaving their cards, whilst his servant boy rides daily to the post village for his letters and newspapers. And call you that solitude? The whole world is with you morning, noon, and night. But go by yourself, without book or friend, and live a month in the hut at the head of Glenevis. Go at dawn among the cliffs of yonder pine forest, and wait there till night hangs her moon-lamp in heaven. Commune with your own soul—and be still. Let the images of departed years rise, phantom-like, of their own awful accord, from the darkness of your memory, and pass away into the wood gloom or the mountain mist. Will conscience dread such spectres? Will you quake before them, and bow down your head on the mossy root of some old oak, and sob in the stern silence of the haunted place? Thoughts, feelings, passions, spectral deeds, will come rushing around your lair, as with the sound of the wings of innumerable birds—ay, many of them like birds of prey, to gnaw your very heart. How many duties undischarged! How many pleasures devoured! How many sins hugged! How many wickednesses perpetrated! The desert looks more grim, the heaven lowers, and the sun, like God's own eye, stares in upon your conscience.—*Professor Wilson.*

EMBALMING IN NEW ZEALAND.—The New Zealanders have a method of embalming their dead, that is a custom not peculiar to themselves, though the method they undertake to perform it may be. The head and body is eviscerated, and cooked in an oven, after the native method of preparing for preservation the head of an enemy, after which the body is well stuffed with flax scraped carefully. These native mummies have answered the purposes of the embalmers for many years, but the custom is only practised to the south of the East Cape, where the original manners of the people have been less tinged, if not wholly unaltered, by the connection formed with Europeans.

FARM PRODUCE IN IRELAND.

The model farm at Glasnevin, near Dublin, is conducted on the improved system of green cropping and house feeding. The farm contains fifty-two statute acres, and is conducted on a scientific rotation: on it are kept during the year twenty-two head of cattle, with three horses. It supplies on an average ninety persons during the year with farm produce, such as milk, butter, potatoes, vegetables, &c. &c., and the farming establishment with pork, besides a number of private families with the above articles: a considerable quantity of vegetables are carried to market, and all kinds of grain, which is abundant. There is at present a crop of oats upon the farm, the produce of fourteen and a half British acres; it is secured in eight stacks, and is estimated by the best judges to be equal to the average produce of fifty acres. It stood perfectly close to the ground, averaged six to seven and a half feet in height, the head and ear corresponding. The other crops, potatoes, turnips, Italian rye-grass, &c. &c., of like quality. The manager conducts the farm on his account, pays £257 7s. 8d. per annum of rent, besides other expenses, amounting in all to upwards of £400 per year; and we are informed and believe that he realises a very handsome sum from it besides. He labours and manages it almost exclusively by a number of boys, agricultural pupils, and teachers, who are there in training in the science and practice of agriculture.

As the test of what land is capable of producing when brought to its maximum point, there are few examples such as we have in this particular instance; there is perhaps more crop raised, more cattle kept and fed, more human beings supplied with the common necessities of life, more manure accumulated, more employment given, and, in fact, more money made, on this spot of ground, than on any farm of the same extent (conducted on a proper scientific rotation of grain and green crop) in any part of the empire or the world.—*Farmer's Magazine.*

GLASGOW WATER WORKS.—These works are situate on the banks of the Clyde, about two miles above Glasgow. There are nine steam-engines, two of which are of great magnitude and power, the erection of which, with their appurtenances, cost the company £20,000. The quantity of filtered water furnished by the works daily, amounts to 8,000,000 gallons. The water is conveyed into the city through the medium of four principal mains, respectively of 14, 21, 25, and 36 inches diameter. The whole extent of pipes, with the varied ramifications throughout the city, amounts to upwards of 140 miles. The supply to the inhabitants begins about six in the morning, and is continued without intermission throughout all the pipes till from 8 to 10 in the evening. The population of Glasgow, according to the last census, is nearly 300,000—and those works pour unceasingly, like the heart in the human system, the life-blood of a city—WATER—through a thousand channels, until it reaches the most distant and obscure members of the community.—*Chambers' Jour.*

SPEED OF TRAVELLING.—The opening of the Strasburgh and Basle Railway, which is about ninety miles in length, was celebrated recently by a great dinner at Mulhausen. An inscription on one of the walls of the room ran thus:—"In the year 1500, the journey from Mu'hausen to Strasburg occupied eight days; in 1600, six days; in 1700, four days; in 1800, two days; in 1841, two hours."—The distance is about seventy English miles.

MILKING COWS BY STEAM!—This curious and ingenious application of steam power is due to Mr. Robinson, of Lisburn, already so well known on account of his valuable steaming apparatus.—*North-ern Whig.*

HEARTS.

Hearts that are *fond* hearts,
Never grow old;
Hearts that are *true* hearts,
Never grow cold;
Hearts that are worthy
Of bearing the name,
In life's snow or its sunshine
Beat ever the same.
Hearts that are *miscall'd* hearts,
Are but the things
To which the fetter
Of earth only clings;

Hearts cast in worldly mould,
Will be the same;
Dull, worthless, cankered, cold,
Hearts but in name.
Hearts that have ever beat
With feeling's glow,
Fade not like summer-flowers,
Nor changes know.
Hearts that *indeed* are hearts,
Throb to the last;
To feeling's pulses true,
Though youth is past.

C. B. W.

A BLIND MAN TAKING A LIKENESS.—Dr. Piles states that he saw in Italy a blind man, about 50 years of age, full of genius and intelligence, and an excellent draughtsman. He met him in the Giustiniani Palace, modelling in wax a statue of Minerva. This man could, by the touch, discover the forms and proportions of the original. "I saw," says Dr. Piles, "by this blind man, the portrait of the late King of England, Charles I., and of Pope Urban VIII., and in France, that of Mrs. Hessulin, all perfectly well executed. He found some difficulty in representing the hair, because it was moveable."

SUGAR IN THE OLDEN TIME.—In the reign of Henry the Fourth of France, sugar was so rare in that country, that it was sold by the ounce by apothecaries, nearly as peruvian bark is now sold.

GOING TO LAW.—A person who goes to law resembles a young rustic in a barn on his first introduction to a flail, with which he belabours his own ears more than the ears that lie scattered around him—giving himself a good thrashing, and the corn a bad one.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"PATRICIUS."—We are much obliged by your contributions, and shall be glad to hear from you again. Think not that our pages are not open to classical beauties or allusions. We agree with the great Erasmus, that an Editor should act like a polite host—viz., supply a variety of viands to suit the variety of tastes: and, as we number now among our readers many who have bathed in "the dews of Castalia," we solicit rather than refuse such contributions.

"O. P."—We wish you would endeavour to frame short sentences. It distresses not only a reader, but a hearer, to make out the meaning of involved paragraphs. A literary *morceanus* should be divided skillfully. Food for the mind, like food for the body, is better digested when *sifted* in short quantities at a time.

"J. K." Killeany.—We are anxious to have your assistance in the advancement of our Journal. Our first Volume is in progress of binding—when completed, we shall, with pleasure, furnish you with one, according to direction. We hope to hear from you in the interim, with one of your best articles; and trust, ere long, to be in that position in which we can fully meet all your wishes.

"MARY."—Your hope will be realised, probably in our next. The productions of "the soft sex" shall always meet peculiar attention.

"M." "E. B. J." "G. T." "FREDERICK," and many other prose contributions, under consideration.

"E." "F. D." "P. J. M." and a host of poetical correspondents, will be attended to in due course.

If some of our kind contributors would take a little pains to write legibly, and use but one side of the paper, accuracy would result, and our labour be materially abridged.

Printed for the Proprietors, at the Office, 32, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communication (post paid) are to be addressed, to the Editor.

Published by T. Tegg & Co., 8, Lower Abbey-street, Dublin; and all Booksellers.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 11.—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

ORIGIN OF THE RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT PERSIANS.

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind."
POPE.

If, as some of our Irish historians assert, the "Green Isle" owes the affluence of her mines of fancy, legendary lore, and quaint, though innocently beautiful and imaginative, superstitions to the intermingling consanguinity of Eastern nations, 'tis but just that we should occasionally notice those countries and their inhabitants to whom we appear indebted for so much of our national literary vanity. Accordingly I submit the following sketch to the readers of the DUBLIN JOURNAL, having first wisely enlisted them in my favour, by identifying my subject with that truest talisman to their hearts—"Our Native Land."

'Tis strange with what untiring and anxious avidity the people of remote ages sought after some "first principles," some great author or being, something supernatural or mighty, to bow down before, and pour forth from their hearts that implanted, innate conviction, "that there was an Omnipotent and mighty Ruler of all nature."

In an illiterate and barbarous period we can hence easily reconcile the idea of the origin of even the most fantastic faith, aided in their development, as each and all of them invariably were, by imposition and artifice, as well as superstition and fanaticism. Thus the magic and astrology of the Babylonians—the abstinence, mortification, and contempt of death of the Indian Brachmans—the mystery and splendour of the Egyptians—the simple, plausible philosophy of the Ethiopians—the murderous solemnity of the Celts—the romance, fable, and poetry of the Greeks—the luxury and sensuality of the Romans; all lent a complexion individually to every system of faith, and smoothed down the way to general credulity.

According to Herodotus and Xenophon, the Persians (as Enfield tells us) looked upon the lightnings as the ensigns of the Supreme Spirit; and Strabo says, that they called the whole circuit of the heavens—God!

Immediately before the time of Zoroaster, (I mean the Persian Zoroaster,) imagination had begun to run riot with their religion; and a divinity, named Mithras, who was supposed to reside in the sun, and endow it with the life and splendour of his presence, was worshipped as a divinity. Fire, too, was adored; but only upon little altars and pillars in the open air, and attended by priests, named Magi. But Zoroaster seems to have purified again the ancient Persian faith from much of the Chaldean innovations, and whilst he entered deeper than the Chaldeans into a newer school of more modern philosophy, endeavoured to render the discipline of religious ceremonies more suited to the comprehension of his disciples.

The simple altars and pillars gave place to costly domes and temples, in which the sacred fires were kept constantly alive, and the Magi, attired in graceful white robes, barefooted, and holding long reeds in their hands, performed the official rites to the strains of entrancing harmony; and now astrology and ratiocination were almost entirely superseded.

This display was, of course, extremely captivating in its effects, and the "children of the sun" hailed with enthusiastic rapture the fascinating doctrines of the wily sage.

Yet as to the probable primal source of the "ancient faith," I think the phenomenon of "spontaneous combustion" to be a sufficiently abundant theme for supposition to grapple with.

I allude to the columns of brilliant fire which often have burst forth spontaneously from the scorching sands in the desert wastes of both Arabia and Persia, and continued thus burning unfalteringly and undiminished for numbers of years together.

What can be more plausible to conceive, than that any being, guided only by the laws of nature, and possessing in his heart that inherent conviction of the existence of a Divinity to which I have before alluded, should stand aghast at such an awesome sight in those his native interminable solitudes; and then, bewildered and subdued by its magnificence and splendour, cast himself upon the

earth in terror and adoration, and teach his trembling heart that the terrible element before him, which strode out from the very bosom of the parched solid earth, and revelled flickeringly in the sky, fed by no hidden hand, lit by no torch—dazzling! unquenchable! and sublime! was a God! a powerful and a mighty God! At that distant age there was no cunning philosopher to show the poor Persian that in reality what he saw was not at all to be wondered at—that beneath the sands o'er which he trode lay for ages the mouldering remains of antediluvian forests, gigantic shrubs, and masses of vegetable matters, numberless and unknown, and that the result of their gradual decomposition being the formation of a highly inflammable gas, (carburetted hydrogen,) it increased in time to such power and volume as to force its way upward to the surface of the earth, and then receiving the intense heat of vertical sun-rays burst into flame, which was abundantly fed by the progressing decomposition.

No! the poor Persian only knew to

“Worship and wonder,”

and teach his fellows to “go and do likewise,” and so continue until the dawn of Christianity would beam in; and show them that theirs was no true religion; but only like that single hieroglyphic in the solitary chamber of the pyramids—amazing and unintelligible!

J. T. C.

THE LATE REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

The following discriminative sketch of the mental and moral endowments of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe is from the eloquent pen of the Rev. Dr. Miller, late Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and author of “Lectures on the Philosophy of Modern History.” It formed the conclusion of a letter to the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, Oct. 29, 1824, in which he fully establishes the claim of the true author to the disputed ode on Sir John Moore:—

“The poetical talent that could produce such an ode was, however, but a minor qualification in the character of this young man; for he combined eloquence of the first order with the zeal of an apostle. During the short time in which he held a curacy in the diocese of Armagh, he so wholly devoted himself to the discharge of his duties in a very populous parish, that he exhausted his strength, by exertions disproportioned to his constitution, and was cut off by disease in what should have been the bloom of youth. This zeal, which was too powerful for his bodily frame, was yet controlled by a vigorous and manly intellect—which all the ardour of religion and poetry could never urge to enthusiasm. His opinions were as sober as if they were merely speculative; his fancy was as vivid as if he never reasoned; his conduct as zealous as if he thought only of his practical duties; everything in him held its proper place, except a due consideration of himself, and to his neglect of this he became an early victim.”

In the *Dublin University Magazine* for November, 1842, No. CXIX., there is an interesting review of the last edition of Archdeacon Russell's memoir of the subject of the foregoing paragraph.

THE NATIVITY.

What glorious sounds were heard on high,
From the spangled arch of the midnight sky,
When angel-tongues proclaimed the hour
Of Satan's might, of Satan's power—
Of death and hell had passed away,
As mist before the sun's bright ray—
And man, lost man, proclaimed to be
A victim saved—a slave set free!

Hark! to that burst of heavenly song,
In majesty it rolls along!
Now plaintive in its cadence wild,
Now calm and soft, how sweetly mild—
Now mighty; hark! that melody
Swells proudly out, and fills the sky;
Earth, lend your ears from shore to shore—
Was song so sweet e'er heard before?

Whence comes so soft a melody,
So full of deep delight?
And oh! behold the midnight sky
Is filled with clearest light.
What mean those swiftly-flashing wings,
Like brightly-burnished gold?
Those wings whose flash a glory flings
So dazzling to behold?

Such strains to mortal ear ne'er came,
Such strains to earth ne'er given,
Announcing the Messiah's name,
By heralds sent from heaven!

Ye glorious orbs that ever roll,
And 'tune the liquid sky,
Whose perfect order fills the soul
With thoughts of majesty!
Around, about your beauteous spheres
A brighter light doth shine,
The countless host of heaven appears,
Seated from the Throne Divine.
O! veil your beauty 'neath that beam,
That beam of rich st light,
Which from the Throne Divine doth stream,
Effulgent—beauteous—bright!

Hark! to that sound, it comes again;
Is there none to list to the heavenly strain?
Kings of the earth! in your banquet hall,
Are ye deaf to the charm of the angels' call?
Princes and nobles, who stand around,
Do ye not hear the glorious sound?
The sky is filled with a mighty voice;
Do you hear the words? do your hearts rejoice?

Can it be, that not to you alone
That voice proceeds from the heavenly throne?
O! list again; what tongue can tell
The sweetness of that mighty swell?
But you hear it not; that hallowed song
To the banquet board doth not belong.
Revel away! let the foaming wine,
And the minstrel's song, and the dance be thine.

Who heard that beauteous melody
Resounding thro' the skies?
Ye hoary priests with calling high,
Ye priests of sacrifice—
Ye watchers of the running sand,
Expectants of the hour
When Israel's King on earth shall stand
In majesty and power—
Do ye not hear the heavenly throng
In joyful sounds proclaim,
In one tremendous burst of song,
The Saviour's glorious name?

Who heard that beauteous melody
Of joy and great delight?
The humble shepherds, as they lay
And watched their flocks by night:
The tidings of the Saviour's birth,
The song of triumph then—
“Glory to God, and on the earth
Peace and good will to men.”
To them arose the star, whose beams
Illumed them on their way,
Which poured its light in silver streams
O'er where Immanuel lay.

Tandragee, Dec. 25, 1842.

H.

THE BALLAD-SINGER OF LIMERICK.

(Continued from our last.)

"I have not quite forgiven you, Kate," said Mrs. Creagh, as they sat round the fire on the following evening—"I have not quite forgiven you yet, for not telling me that you would come back to Limerick. I thought you did not regret our parting as much as I did, and I was greatly disappointed."

"She wished to tell you," said Mr. Comyn, "but I would not allow her to do so, as I could not be certain of succeeding in this business of Arthur's till I arrived in London. I did not anticipate Miss Kate's influence with a high and mighty personage, who did us the honour of taking his curry with us several times. I can tell you, Mrs. Creagh, that, demure as she looks, she can flirt when she pleases, particularly with an old Nabob."

"A thousand thanks for exerting your influence so kindly, my dear Kate," said Mrs. Creagh.

Kate was about to deny the flirtation; but, looking up, she met Arthur's grateful smile, and she felt that there was no necessity.

Will our readers excuse our passing over the sorrow at parting—the preparations—the journey against time to overtake the next ship bound for India—and all the accompaniments to a long voyage? If they have already taken one, they are fully informed on the subject; and if they have not, we magnanimously deny ourselves the pleasure of enlarging on it, having an equal contempt for the forestallers of pleasures and potatoes.

It may be a matter of dispute, whether gazing on the same star is productive of such similarity of feelings as the rolling of the same vessel during the first week at sea. There is no such situation in the world for sympathetic souls—but alas! the freshness of feeling wears away; fat bacon loses its horrors—brandy and water its virtue; and heroes and heroines cast off the unconscious dial on the mantel-piece, the anxious glance so lately reserved for the sole indexes of each other's minds; analyse the steam from the ship's coppers, instead of the "gales from Araby;" send messengers to the black cook, instead of sighs to home; and, in short, arrive at the melancholy but inevitable state in which heroes and heroines eat and drink like the soulless mortals around them.

Arthur and Kate enjoyed the pleasures of sympathy for an unusual long period, as the weather was very changeable and occasionally stormy.—There were several cabin passengers, and amongst them a few ladies; but none complained of the monotony of a long voyage; for if a fine day permitted them to form a pleasant party on deck, the next, their amusements were delightfully varied by a gale, confining them to the cabins, if not to their beds.

Whether owing to the above stated mysterious connection between sympathy and salt-water, or to the good offices of their mutual friend, Lion, who had become a universal favourite on board, certain it is, that before the good ship "Sebastian" had crossed the line, the formal appellations of Mr. Creagh and Miss O'Carroll were exchanged for the more familiar ones of Arthur and Kate: and as they acquired a knowledge of the nature of their own sentiments, hopes, fears and conjectures were hazarded on the probability of their being returned, as sage as such hopes, fears, or conjectures ever can be.

On arriving at Calcutta, Arthur was installed into his office in due form: and after a few days spent at the house of Mr. Russel, Mr. C. myn's partner, Kate found

herself established at her uncle's, a handsome residence at a short distance from the city. The first year of her residence passed in uneventful tranquillity. Surrounded by the luxuries of the East and the comforts of home, Kate could, at times, fancy herself once more in her father's house, transported suddenly from the banks of the Shannon to those of the Hoogly, and all the intervening time a dream; but one, on whose incidents, with the exception of her mother's death, she looked back with the deepest gratitude. They had taught her the insignificance of her own position as an individual in the great scale of society; they had taught her that money is to be valued only as it affords an opportunity of relieving in others the wants she had experienced herself—and, fair reader, will you blame her if she prized this more than all the rest?—they had taught her to win the love of Arthur Creagh, to feel its true value, and to return it with all the sincerity of her own Irish heart. He never told her that he loved her, but it was unnecessary; it was spoken by his frank smile of unaffected pleasure, whenever his duties permitted him to join her. Mr. Comyn had stipulated that all his leisure time should be spent with them: a condition acceded to without much difficulty. Arthur loved Kate, perhaps the better, for having once disliked her. There appears to be a natural tendency to extremes in the human mind; and the spring from love to hate, or from hate to love, is but the bolder and the more decided from the depth of the chasm which lies between. When Arthur found that he had wronged her—that for a single fault he had condemned her whole character, the sudden reaction of feeling gave her a higher place in his estimation than she could have attained by the ordinary events of years. Kate, it is true, had become a little more reserved than she used to be, but it did not necessarily follow that he had fallen in her estimation. The frank expression of grateful feeling which might be used with perfect propriety by the Nabob's heiress to Arthur Creagh in Ireland, may assume the appearance of forwardness to the rising lawyer in Calcutta, when every day contributed to place them more on a level. His prospects were rapidly improving, and he knew that a few years steady exertion would place him in a position which would render a charge of presumption impossible, should he propose for her. Though not possessed of an unusual share of vanity, Arthur had formed no very unfavourable opinion of his chance of success with Kate. With manly consciousness of his own powers, he felt that he was superior to the military idlers who were glad of an excuse to kill time agreeably at Mr. Comyn's; bestowing perhaps an equal portion of admiration on his niece and his champagne. The higher that Kate rose in his estimation, the more secure did he feel of her appreciating his claims to her esteem—not that he would have been satisfied with that; but he knew from experience by how trifling an interval it is separated from love. So that though Arthur may, on an emergency, have been able to get up a creditable share of a lover's doubts and fears, it must be confessed, that, in general, he enjoyed a most unhero-like tranquillity of mind. Mr. Comyn seemed unconscious or heedless of how the young people got on, so that they appeared happy and availed themselves of every amusement in his power to procure them. There could be no doubt as to Mrs. Creagh's wishes, though too delicate to allude to them; and Anna Roche, or rather Mrs. Edmund Travers, who now constantly wrote to Kate, never concluded a letter without some praise of Arthur—some trait of his generosity, or devotion to his mother. So that, altogether, their "course of love" seemed likely to run with a smoothness which would have paralysed the nervous sensibilities of a Lady Cherubina de Willoughby, were it not that whichever

of the weird sisters happened to be unusually disengaged at the time, was preparing a thunder-clap to break the monotonous calm of happiness, and sustain the reputation of the Swan of Avon with all the play-reading folks in Calcutta.

One evening, towards the close of his second year in India, Arthur was preparing to go to Mr. Comyn's, having promised to practice a new song with Kate, when his servant ran to tell him that a gentleman just arrived in the packet from England wished to see him. Having directed him to be shown up, the servant left the room, and in a few minutes Arthur heard his voice in apparent dispute with his visitor, who refused to tell by what name he should be announced. The black, accustomed to the state and formality of a rich merchant's family which he had just left, did not wish to abridge the ceremonies of introduction.

"What name, sar? he asked for the third time, as he held the door in his hand: "gentlemen always tell me de name."

"Is not your master an Irishman?"

"Tink so, sar."

"Well I'm another; that's quite introduction enough, Master Sambo."

Arthur was about to interfere, when the door opened, and the stranger entering the apartment, announced himself as Robert Travers, a cousin-in-law of Anna's. He was a good-looking animated young man, apparently on amicable terms with himself and the rest of the world. Arthur advanced to meet him with that cordiality which the least patriotic feel towards a fellow countryman in a foreign land.

"Mrs. Travers did not prepare me for the pleasure of seeing you so soon," he said: "she mentioned your intention of coming out in one of her last letters."

"I had no idea of coming so soon," replied Mr. Travers; "when she wrote, I thought I could remain in Ireland for some months longer;" and he smiled, as if there had been something ludicrous, as well as unexpected, about his departure.

"You were not very anxious to leave home, I dare say, Mr. Travers?" said Arthur.

"Why, you see, Mr. Creagh, I look on a voyage to India as a view of one's own funeral procession, and I am not royal enough in my whims to have any particular wish to see it."

"I never regarded it in that light," said Arthur, smiling. "I have been here nearly two years, and I am alive yet, as you may perceive."

"Alive but not merry, like every one here," said Travers. "As I came along, I met so many people lounging about, who seemed to have nothing to do but opening their mouths for air, and closing them merely to kill time in opening them again, that I fancied myself turning into an oyster through pure sympathy."

Arthur laughed, but he was too anxious for news from home to join in his visitor's gaiety.

"If you were at your cousin's before leaving Ireland," he said, "perhaps you saw my mother."

"I did see her a few weeks before I sailed—but I beg pardon for not having given you your letters before. The Travers left Limerick six weeks before. Edmund's friends wished him to settle in Dublin. I heard Mrs. Travers regret it very much, on account of being so far from your mother. But your letters will explain every thing; don't let my presence prevent you from reading them, Mr. Creagh."

Arthur opened his mother's letter; it contained a great many cautions about his health; a relation of every thing likely to give him pleasure, but not a single word about herself. This, however, did not alarm him, being by no means an unusual omission, so that he was quite unprepared for the news con-

tained in Anna's letter. After announcing, with the deepest regret, the necessity for their removal from Limerick, she went on to say—

"Now that I must leave your mother, my dear Arthur, I feel it my duty to tell you, that for some months past I have been uneasy about her health. She has become very nervous and low spirited. When letters or other papers arrive from India, she cannot be persuaded that they do not contain an account of your death, until she has examined them herself; and when they happen to be delayed beyond the usual time, her anxiety is most distressing. We prevailed on her, much against her own inclination, to consult a physician, who says that though he sees no immediate danger, another year spent like the last two may undermine her constitution. She entreated me not to tell you this, and even Edmund is half angry with me for running the risk of destroying your prospects by what they call my 'womanish fears;' but I thought it better to tell you all, and leave you to decide for yourself. You need not, however, alarm yourself; the worst I dread is the ultimate wearing away of her health. If you could fix the probable period of your absence, and that she had something definite to look forward to, I think it would have almost as good an effect as actual return now."

Arthur laid down the letter; he knew that it would be impossible to fix the period of his return, if he waited to attain that degree of independence, the hope of which had induced him to leave his mother. All her affection—the sacrifices she had made for him since his childhood, rose up before him, and seemed to reproach him with breaking her heart: and his resolution to return by the next ship was instantly taken. How long he may have continued to meditate on the consequences of giving up his prospects in India, is uncertain; for his visitor, who had been moving about the room in a very fidgetty manner for some minutes, at last broke silence by exclaiming:—

"No unpleasant news, I hope, Mr. Creagh?"

"I beg your pardon," said Arthur; "I have been very inattentive to you, and I am sorry that the necessity for my return home will prevent my redeeming my credit—"

"Home!" exclaimed Travers—"to Ireland!"

"Yes; Mrs. Travers tells me my mother is not well."

"She looked rather pale and thin when I saw her, but I think she is very well for all that. Surely you cannot think of letting all the time you have been here go for nothing, because a lady becomes a little nervous."

"Have you a mother?" demanded he, then, in an almost stern tone.

"No; she died when I was a child."

"Then, you cannot judge for one that has. Forgive me, Mr. Travers, for my apparent rashness; but if you knew my mother as I know her, you would think me an ungrateful wretch if I neglected her."

"I believe you are right, Creagh; perhaps if my mother lived, I may feel as you do: but," he continued, resuming his usual gaiety of manner, "I ought to congratulate myself on your departure. Mrs. Travers gave me several gentle hints on the propriety of modelling myself after you, and if I became so sentimental, I fear I'd exhale in sighs some very hot day."

"I do not think you need feel any apprehension," said Arthur, "unless a very wonderful change takes place in you."

"When do you mean to go?"

"By the very next ship," Arthur replied.

"Then you have no time to lose, as I inquired and was told it would sail the day after to-morrow."

I wish he would leave me his lodgings," continued Travers to himself; "he seems comfortable here."

Perhaps Arthur understood the look Travers cast round him, for he immediately said—

"Will you excuse my leaving you, Mr. Travers, and make yourself at home here, as, I dare say, you had not time to settle yourself any where since your arrival."

"You never formed a more correct supposition," replied Travers; "I depended on you as a countryman to find some place for me."

"With my landlord's consent, I resign this in your favour."

"Oh! I have not the slightest doubt of his being charmed with me."

"I promised to spend the evening with some friends," said Arthur; "I must make it answer the purpose of a farewell visit."

"No ceremony, my dear fellow: I'll go to bed with your permission; it will be a delightful variety to sleep without rocking."

Arthur called his servant to attend his guest, and was about to leave the room, when he was recalled by Travers:

"Hollo! Mr. Creagh—I forgot to deliver my own credentials. Here is the letter Mrs. Travers wrote, when she found I was coming; she had no idea of my being the bearer of the other. As my insinuating manners produced the intended effect of her letter, you may put it into your pocket, and read it when you have nothing else to do. I dare say it is such a description as you'd meet in the *Hue and Cry*."

As Arthur had a great deal to do and to think of, he took the advice, and put the letter into his pocket. It was not till he found himself on the road to Mr. Comyn's that he gave way to the feelings which he had with difficulty suppressed in the presence of his giddy guest. It was then that he perceived the full extent of the sacrifice he was about to make. He pictured Kate expecting him; her surprise, and, perhaps, agitation, on hearing of his intended departure. Honour forbid him to declare his affection, or even to seek her pity by the slightest display of his regret. Could he ask her to give up her splendid home, perhaps forfeit her uncle's friendship, to share the fortunes of a briefless barrister! He felt the impossibility, the selfishness of such a thought, and, giving one sigh to his last hopes, he hurried on to seek the dreaded interview; while he should have fortitude to restrain himself until it was over, he could not acquire sufficient calmness to make the necessary preparations for his departure, and bid farewell to the many kind friends he had made since his arrival in India.

When he entered the drawing-room at Mr. Comyn's, Kate was sitting at the open window; she rose to welcome him; but seeing the stern expression of his countenance, and the letter which he held in his hand, she became very pale, and stood without saying a word, anxiously awaiting an explanation. Arthur saw that she was alarmed, and, as the quickest mode of relieving her fears, he put the open letter into her hand, pointing out the passage which related to his mother.

"Oh!" exclaimed Kate, as she relieved her breathless anxiety with a sigh; "I was afraid something dreadful had happened. When do you go?" she continued, turning from the window to conceal her interest in the answer, which she feared her face would betray.

In spite of his stoic resolution, he could not restrain the proud smile which lit up his countenance at having his feelings so thoroughly understood, but it faded away as he replied—

"The day after to-morrow."

"So soon!" Kate exclaimed: "Anna does not

say that she is ill at present, or that there is any occasion for your immediate return."

"If I neglected this opportunity," replied Arthur; "two, or perhaps three months may elapse before the sailing of another vessel: thus causing my mother so much additional anxiety, without making the least alteration in my prospects."

Kate was silent; she felt the force of the argument, and had nothing to oppose to it. She knew all that was included in the word "prospects;" she saw the change in his position, and understood his honourable silence, which appealed more strongly to her heart than the most honied speeches ever breathed in her ear. Turning towards him, she said, in as composed a manner as she could assume—

"My uncle will be very sorry to lose you; I will go and tell him you are here. Will you entrust me with your letter for a few minutes?"

Arthur gave her the letter in silence, and she left the room, begging him not to go till she returned.

Kate almost flew up stairs, but when she came to the door of her uncle's apartment she stood still, with her hand on the lock.

Reader, did you ever form a very generous and, in a worldly point of view, a very foolish resolution, to which it is necessary to join the consent of your father, uncle, guardian, or whoever may have had the care of preventing you from making a fool of yourself, before one-and-twenty? Did you arrive with your feelings up to the boiling point at the door of the study in which he was possibly signing, accepting, or attending to any other tiresome every-day business, and stand with your hand on the cold brass handle, which seemed an earnest of the colder arguments awaiting you within, breathing neither anger nor ridicule, but cool, common sense? Anger may be braved, ridicule retorted, but common sense is unanswerable, and therefore the more irritating. If you have ever stood thus, you can devise the reason of our heroine's indecision; if not, we will endeavour to explain it. Every one who prefers seeing the wonders of nature with his own eyes to taking them upon the authority of others, must at some time have watched a spider weaving his web in the corner of some nicely furnished apartment, where he has come by some strange chance, and where a spider is very unusual. He is weaving away rapidly and ingeniously, and having entrenched himself in his own cell with double lines he puts out his claw and shakes it to try its strength; finding all safe, he fancies himself in indisputable possession, when a notable lady comes behind and coolly and contemptuously blows it away. You turn supposing that she is angry—not she; there is nothing very wonderful in its being there, but, then, it ought not to be left, and accordingly she has removed it. Kate, with more foresight than the spider, stood in anticipation of the cool breath of common sense which was to blow away the fairy fabric, till fearing to destroy it herself in trying its strength, she made a last effort, and turning the handle, she stood before her uncle. Startled by the sudden opening of the door, he raised his head from the desk at which he was writing, and said in a tone of surprise—

"What is the matter, Kate? Did anything happen? You are turning pale and red by turns?"

She put the open letter into his hand.

"Bad news!" he said, when he had read the passage she had pointed out; "I fear she over-rated her strength, poor woman."

"Arthur returns the day after to-morrow, uncle."

"He is right," said Mr. Comyn warmly; "he could not make too great a sacrifice for such a mother. Sit down, Kate, till we see what we can do for the poor fellow."

Whoever sat quietly down to make such a propo-

IRISH ELOQUENCE.

sition as Kate meditated. She thought her uncle would have opposed his going, and was equally surprised and disappointed at the manner in which he received the intelligence. She felt her courage failing, and making a struggle to conquer her agitation, she laid her hand on his arm, and said—

"Uncle, you promised to give me a fortune."

"I did, Kate, and you shall have it; but what has that to do with the present affair, my dear?"

"Give me half-quarter of it now," she replied. "and—"

"You would give it to them to forward Arthur at home," continued her uncle, seeing her hesitate. "That would be very grateful of you, Kate, and they would deserve it from you; but recollect, my dear, that you could not offer money to such people; they are too spirited, Kate."

There was a half malicious smile on Mr. Comyn's face as he spoke which puzzled his niece, but feeling that she could not stop now, she said—

"Uncle, I would give it with myself."

"Yourself! did he propose for you, Kate?"

"No; he is too honourable to ask me to share his struggles; but I know he loves me. I never discouraged his attentions while he was likely to become an equal in fortune—shall I desert him now?"

"Will you desert me, Kate?"

"But for Arthur and his mother I never would have known you, uncle. They saved my dear, dear mother and myself from a terrible death, and must I repay it by—"

"My Kate, my darling, generous child," exclaimed her uncle, clasping her in his arms, "you shall not desert either of us; I was only trying you, Kate; you have fulfilled my fondest wishes. Since I first knew Arthur, and all he had done for you and your poor mother, I determined that it should not be my fault if he were not well rewarded; we will all return together, and I suppose he woult object to waiting a month for you. Go and tell him so, dear."

Kate's excitement gave way to a burst of tears as she exclaimed—

"My dear uncle, I never knew you till now."

"Then," he said, kissing her affectionately, "go away now, or I'll make an old fool of myself. Where is your courage now, Miss Kate?" he asked playfully, perceiving that she was in no haste to obey him. "I insist on your going down this instant; he must be kept in suspense no longer. Tell him that I am so anxious to get rid of you, that I will give him thirty thousand pounds now for taking you, and the rest of my fortune at my death if he cures you of your obstinacy. You have been very saucy, and that is your penance," and he pushed her gently out of the room.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SWEARING.—This is a most detestable vice; it has neither reason nor passion to support it. The common swearer is a fool at large—sells his soul for nought, and drudges in the service of the devil gratis. Swearing is void of a plea; it is a low, paltry custom picked up by low and paltry spirits, who have no sense of honour, no regard to decency, but are forced to substitute some rhapsody of nonsense to supply the vacancy of good sense.

EASY METHOD TO FIND THE TIME OF HIGH WATER.—Take a cheap lodging in a cellar in Ratcliffe-highway. When the rats run out of their holes and over your bed, the tide is rising; but when the flounders get into your pillow-case, and the bed is gently floated until your nose touches the ceiling, then it is high water. On the other hand, it is low water when you cannot afford to pay your rent; and it is then advisable to ebb yourself.—*Punch's (London) Almanac.*

The following are specimens of figurative language, or eloquent expression, used by the lower classes of the Irish people:—

A poor widow having, in the extremity of her distress, received some unexpected relief from her son, then in America, replied to a congratulation by remarking—"That the hour next before sunrise she had always found to be the coldest; so (she added) was my heart cold and desolate before this came to me."

A very old man, who said that he was going to die, being told that he was stout and would live for ever, replied—"No; the longest day I have ever seen, the night was sure to come after it."

A sick man being admonished by his clergyman not to rely upon some favourable symptoms, replied—"No, sir; I do not admit such music into my ears."

A man offering a horse for sale being told that he asked too high a price, said—"That the shadow of his horse on the wall was well worth the price he was asking."

A labourer being urged to work in harvest time after the usual hour, said—"There's no making an empty sack stand."

A poor carrier having received unexpected assistance from a stranger, turned to him and said—"God bless you, sir; may you wonder at your own good luck."

"A poor woman amazed at a lady's generosity, and knowing that she had very little money to spare, prayed with manifest sincerity—"May heaven be your banker!"

Sir Walter Scott once gave an Irishman a shilling when sixpence would have been sufficient. "Remember," said Sir Walter, "that you owe me sixpence." "May your honour live till I pay you," was the reply.

REBUS.

A term of respect, addressed to the fair,
Behold, a man in Scripture famed, sincere;
Behold again, your friend in early youth;
Again behold, see what I am in truth;
Once more behold, and, to your great surprise,
Behold myself before your wond'ring eyes!

* * M.

ANSWERS.

"Madam,"—"Adam,"—"Dam,"—"Am"—
" * * M."

GRATITUDE AND INGRATITUDE.—Gratitude is a virtue disposing the mind to an inward sense and an outward acknowledgement of a benefit received, together with a readiness to return the same, or the like, as occasions of the door of it shall require, and the abilities of the receiver extend to. Ingratitude is an insensibility of kindnesses received, without an endeavour either to acknowledge or repay them. Ingratitude sits on its throne with pride at its right hand, and cruelty at its left—worthy supporters of such a state. You may rest upon this as an unfailing truth—that there neither is, nor ever was, any person remarkably ungrateful, who was not also insufferably proud; nor any one proud who was not equally ungrateful.

VELOCITY OF SOUND.—Dr. Derham found, by many accurate experiments, that sound moves at the prodigious rate of eleven hundred and forty-two feet in one second of time.

CHAMPAGNE.—It is a mistake with amateurs to imagine that the briskness of champagne is a proof of its superior quality. The fact is, that in seasons when the grapes of champagne do not thoroughly ripen sugar is employed.

"ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN!"

Passing recently a shop which a young mechanic, of good trade, had been occupying, we found it closed. The sign was down, and all was silent as the tomb. The cause was naturally asked.

"Was he temperate?"—"Yes." "Was he attentive and industrious?"—"Yes." "Were his prices reasonable?"—"The same as others asked." "Was he desirous to locate at home?"—"He was." "Then why has he closed shop?"—"Because patronage was not extended to him; he waited for months, but received scarcely work enough to keep body and soul together; while some of our citizens were at the same time procuring their work from other towns; no better executed than he was able to furnish at a low price."

"ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN," said we. But our train of thought was disturbed by an invitation to step into a cabinet-maker's warehouse. Here was as fine a supply of furniture as decorated Paneil Hall at the great fair. Sofas, bureaux, chairs, and a hundred et ceteras, were displayed around the room.

"And where do you find purchasers for all these?" said we to the industrious manufacturer.

"Oh, they go to the New York and Boston markets."

"To the Boston market!" we exclaimed; "why neighbour—has just purchased some articles of furniture from Boston, at a great bargain he thinks; a sofa much like that for forty dollars; some splendid chairs too. I did not know there were any like them in town, until I now see you have some here so much like them that I suppose you have taken the pattern."

"That sofa, and those chairs too, were of my own manufacture; and he has paid for them, in addition to the price I asked here, two freights and commission, besides a small bill for repairs of injury by moving."

"Is it possible?" said we; "then full sure our motto—'ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN'—is not only patriotic, but also economical."

Mr. — has all his coats made in the city—no tailor of his own can ever make a fit—they are only convenient to call upon when a button gets off, or the elbows need a stitch. He handed in an old coat to repair to one of our established tailors, with a high commendation upon the workmanship, and a wonder that none of the town tailors could do so well.

"Who made this coat, sir?" inquired the tailor, as he cast his eyes over the work.

"A Mr —, of the city."

"Oh, yes, he is a very good workman—he served his time with me, and has just established himself in the city. I see however that he has not paid quite the attention to the stitching the collar I used to require of him; and I suppose a pressure of work has compelled him to make little longer stitches than I used to let pass. However, he will no doubt improve."

"ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN," thought we, if you wish to save yourself from the chagrin that was manifested in the patron's countenance.

There is no smoke from that brass founder's furnace; his door is open to be sure, and he is standing in it; but his lathe is still. "Well neighbour, how is business?"—"Dull; had no orders from Boston for three months."—"Don't you find enough town work?"—"Scarcely any; it is all procured from Boston." "Have they any better facilities for doing work cheap in the city, than in town?"—"None: we have every facility they possess in Boston for manufacturing, and cheaper rents: but still the work goes there and we are idle."

If this policy drives the honest and industrious

mechanic to the alms-house, how much better it will then appear to "ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN."

Here is a new store just opened for "ten days only," with the flag end of some stock which city purchasers will not look at. "Great bargains at less than cost," are hung out; and our regular dealers have the mortification of seeing their counters deserted, and all the customers taken in at the new store. In ten days the stock is distributed in town: spotted cloths—rotten cloths—defective cloths, &c. &c., are found, too late, to have been dearly paid for. Had they been purchased of our regular dealers, they would have been returned, but Mr. "Ten Days" is among the missing, and they must pocket the loss. How much better it would have been to have followed the motto—"ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN."

"Sir, shall I furnish you with a pair of these French shoes—cheap, indeed, for those who make them live on frog soup, and can therefore work cheaper than our beef eaters."

"And can you tell me how much was paid for imported shoes last year?"

"Only fifty thousand dollars, sir."

"No, my family shall not wear the foreign article, so long as the Yankee beef eaters need my patronage to make the pot boil. Give me the brogans first. And, sir, in future we will buy all our shoes of you, if you will put on your shoe stamp—'ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN.'"

"Here are some hats, sir, right from New York, if they have not crossed the Atlantic."

"Who are those half dozen of men I saw idle in your shop on Saturday?"

"Oh they are some hatters who are out of employ."

"Just get one of them to make me a hat, if it costs ten dollars—and put on the tip, just under his name, 'ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN.' Let there be over his name the American eagle, with this motto:—'Our Country against the world; our State before any other in the Union; our Town in preference to any other in the State.'"

This may seem selfish, but we are fully convinced that it is the true policy to insure prosperity. If generally adopted, no one would have cause for complaint. Even if you pay a little more for an article, it is better for the general prosperity of a town that its own citizens should be patronised—as it gives them the means to extend the wave, till every little circle in the lake of prosperity unites and sets the whole community in motion.—"ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN!"—*American paper.*

EXTRAORDINARY FISH.—On Thursday a most paradoxical fish, about a foot in length, was caught at Carriakeel, in the Foyle. It had an uncouth head protruding like that of a tortoise, with a number of long prehensile organs, or suckers, which in some of the largest of the kind are so powerful, that the animal by means of them can draw even a man under water. On being submitted to scientific examination it was found to be a rare variety of the cuttle or ink fish; and was, indeed, replete with a black fluid. It belongs to the *Cephalopoda*, the highest order of *mollusea*, and is of the genus *octopus*, its specific appellation being the *lologo*. In structure it differs in little from the *argonaut*, excepting that the latter is provided with the beautiful shell which it uses as a sail, and is popularly known by the name of the paper-nautilus. The animal we have described lay two days in the Saloon in Pump-street, for the inspection of the curious; and though it had been wholly unsupplied with water, from the time of its capture, it retained life when it was dispatched in a box to Dublin.—*Londonderry Journal, Nov. 1842.*

NATIONAL MUSIC OF IRELAND.

The strains of our Fatherland have been most effectively introduced to the attention of the British public by Mr. White, who is now engaged in delivering a series of lectures on the national music of the Emerald Isle of Song. We extract the following notice of the first lecture from a London paper:—

"The first of a series of lectures, on the national music of Ireland was delivered at the Islington Literary and Scientific Institution by Mr. White, the Irish melodist, on the 22nd December. The large theatre of the institution was on this occasion crammed in every part, and many were compelled to return from the doors without being able to obtain admission. The lecture was illustrated by a selection of melodies and harmonised Irish airs, in which the lecturer was assisted by Miss Marks, Miss Grove, Mr. F. N. Crouch, and a harpist. From the general tenor of Mr. White's introductory lecture, it is quite evident that he has devoted much time and labour to the subject, and it is only in the hand of such a man we can expect to be made acquainted with the country of which he is a native. The romantic love incident between the Royal Bardus, Monath, and the young Irish Prince Mahon, was listened to with the most marked attention and delight, from the manner it was related by the lecturer; and the songs 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' and 'Mahon Astore,' which followed the anecdote, had a most charming effect, the first melody having being sung by its own author, Mr. Crouch, who accompanied himself with much taste. All the illustrations were given with judgment and effect, and the concluding gem of the evening, 'Rich and Rare,' from Moore's Melodies, was truly splendid. This fine air was sung by Miss Marks, Miss Grove, Mr. White, and Mr. Crouch, as a quartet, and elicited the loudest plaudits of the assembly."

MONUMENT TO BURNS' HIGHLAND MARY.—This monument has now been completed over the grave of Highland Mary, in the West Churchyard, Greenock. The erection is more of the Roman than the Grecian style of architecture, is pyramidal in form, and may be said to be divided into three compartments, the cornice stones between which are beautifully and elaborately carved. The inscription on the monument is simply couched as follows:—"Sacred to Genius and Love—to Burns and Highland Mary." The monument stands about 17 feet high, was erected at the cost of 1,000*l.*, and is by far the most imposing object in this old churchyard.

EFFECTS OF CULTURE.—The almond, with its tough coriaceous husk, has been changed by long culture into the peach, with its beautiful, soft and delicious pulp; the acrid sloe into the luscious plum; and the harsh, bitter crab into the golden pippin. Attention to nutrition has produced quite as marked changes in the pear, cherry, and other fruit-trees: many of which have not only been altered in their qualities and appearance, but even in their habits. Celery, so agreeable to most palates, is a modification of the opium graveolens, the taste of which is so acrid and bitter that it cannot be eaten. Our cauliflowers and cabbages, which weigh many pounds, are largely-developed coleworts, that grow wild on the sea-shore, and do not weigh more than half an ounce each. The rose has been produced by cultivation from the common wild-briar. Many plants may be modified with advantage, by suppressing the growth of one part, which causes increased development of other parts.

THE DISENTHRALLED SPIRIT.

(AN IMITATION FROM THE WELCH OF RICHARD AP OWEN.)

A lovely girl was lying
Upon a couch of death,
And waning life was sighing
Away in every breath;
When angel-like all gleaming
Her soul in glory bright,
With blissful radiance streaming,
Thus sang its wild delight—

"I'm free! sister of clay; I'm free!
Earth owes me no more;
God—love—life—infinity—
I go to adore.

"Hark! to the pinions of the spirits rushing—
I hear the music of the harps on high;
Oh; I feel the awe of 'The Eternal' gushing,
In living splendour, thro' the riven sky.

"Sister, dear, mourn not now;
Soon will we meet again,
And bright will be thy pallid brow,
Traceless of pain.

"And spotless as the sun when first awaking,
And rousing from its slumbers dreamy day;
So from thy wormy cell for ever breaking,
Soon shall we meet again, sister of clay.

"Gloomy earth! my exile is o'er;
Thy shadow is past,
Sister of clay! mourn no more,
Time hurries fast.

"Farewell! farewell! oh! countless smiles are
beaming,
And myriad wings are fluttering with delight;
Farewell! farewell! I only leave thee dreaming
Mid-way between eternal day and night.

"Sister! thou pure tho' earthly thing!
Yield me to my God;
There—!" Dead beauty, cling
To the grave's dark sod.

Death!—take her softly to thy breast,
And breathe out thy spell;
Now leave her to rest.

Sister—farewell!

J. T. C.

THE PAST YEAR.

The olden year has passed away,
With all its blissful, happy dreams;
The new one comes in bright array,
Like youth, with promise rich it teems.
A long-tried friend we soon forget,
The grave unbinds affection's tie—
The year is scarcely over yet,
We're mindless how it passed us by.
There has been sorrowing and grief
In that long year, and blank despair—
And hearts have droop'd, as droop a leaf
Beneath a sultry summer air.
Rapine, crime, and discord too,
In that long year have held their reign;
And hearts that once beat warm and true
Will never throb on earth again.
Th' illusive veil that passion spreads,
To lure the youthful mind astray;
The golden mase where fancy treads
Have passed, like childhood's tears, away.
Approaching year, as yet entombed
Within the lampless womb of Time!
May sin no more bow down our souls
With clouds increasing as they go:
Each closing round us as it rolls,
Till we are plunged in endless woe.
We now salute the new-born year
Thoughtless of friends that passed away,
And lightly mirth, and joyous cheer,
Ring round the board; but where are they?
They've sunk into the lonely earth,
Where their pale forms now mould'ring lie—
To which we're hast'ning from our birth:
We live—we flourish—and we die.

J. P.

SOLIDIFICATION OF CARBONIC ACID.

There have been few discoveries in chemistry of late years from which more important results have been derived, or in point of novelty or interest has created greater excitement to the cultivators of the physical sciences, than the solidification of carbonic acid. Who could ever have preconceived the possibility of converting *fixed air* into a solid form?—that a gaseous substance, possessing some of the more general properties of atmospheric air, and which, from its occurrence to us under an infinite variety of forms and circumstances both in nature and art, we are rendered more or less acquainted with, should be presented to us under an appearance at once beautiful and strange, almost baffles the conception, and induces us to view it more in the light of a miracle, than one resulting from experimental research. *Fixed air* converted into a solid state! Who can now entertain a doubt but that *air itself* is merely the vapour of some volatile liquid, and may yet (*fixed carbonic acid*) be presented to us under a solid form?

Need we any longer regard with superstitious indifference the vague hypotheses and speculative notions of the older alchemists, as well as their futile attempts to convert the baser metals into gold, when such wonderful and unlooked-for phenomena result from the researches of our more modern philosophers?

Whilst to Faraday was due a good deal of merit for having reduced carbonic acid to the more condensed state of a liquid, yet for Thilorier was reserved the task of not only reducing it to this condition of causing it to assume a still more solid form, and thereby arriving at results which before-hand could never have been anticipated.

The apparatus by which the solidification of this highly elastic gas is effected, not only engages our attention for its simplicity of construction and efficacy, but it possesses all the merit due to that of a great invention. It materially consists of two hollow cast-iron cylinders of prodigious strength, so as to be capable of affording immense resistance to pressure: each of these vessels are about a gallon and half in capacity, and may be connected together by a tube and stop-cocks. To charge the apparatus for experimental purposes, a certain quantity of bicarbonate of soda and water at 100°, with sulphuric acid, are introduced into one of the vessels denominated the *generating cylinder*, and the acid allowed to come in contact with the soda after the vessel is closed; the gas evolved immediately passes into the other vessel, termed the *receiver*, where it assumes a liquid condition from the enormous amount of pressure it becomes subjected to. By repeatedly introducing fresh quantities of the decomposing materials, a considerable quantity of the liquid gas may be obtained. To produce the congelation of the carbonic acid, a little of the liquid gas is allowed to escape by a jet and stop-cock from the inferior part of this magazine

or receiver into a round tin box perforated with holes, by which the gas escapes, while the solid is retained. About two-thirds of the liquid escapes as gas, producing so much cold by its evaporation as to congeal the other third. The pressure necessary to produce the liquefaction of this gas is computed to be about 36 atmospheres at 32°, which progressively augments above that temperature.

Carbonic acid in its solid state presents all the appearance of snow, and possesses the low conducting power of that substance—so that it may be handled and placed on the tongue without inconvenience, and even be preserved for some minutes without passing to its former rarified condition. Some of the most remarkable, though not less important of its properties, is the intense cold accompanying its action, by mixing a portion of this “carbonic acid snow,” (as it has been called,) with a little ether, and exposing liquid mercury, or quicksilver, to its action: after a few seconds it becomes solidified—a metal that requires to be reduced in temperature 39° below zero before such an effect can be produced!—and alcohol has been reduced to so low a degree of temperature as 135° without freezing. The temperature of the solid carbonic acid has been estimated so low as 148°, the lowest possible degree of cold either naturally or artificially produced as yet,* which is as much below the ordinary temperature of the air, as the boiling point of water is above it. Thus it has enlarged our conceptions regarding the descending scale of heat, and furnished us with data, grounded on experiment, which could not at any antecedent period, or by any adopted means, ever be arrived at.

Hence it may be perceived that the solidification of carbonic acid, or fixed air, must not only be considered as a great discovery in itself, but as having afforded unanticipated results of a most extraordinary nature: it has likewise thrown open a new, vast, and attractive field to the further cultivation of physical science, presenting a new power in lieu of steam, similar in its nature, but much greater in intensity, and, if its future application be attended with favourable results, there can be no doubt but the use of steam, with its fuel, inconveniences, and accidents, will be dispensed with altogether!

W. T.

* The greatest degree of natural cold yet experienced was observed by Captain Ross during two winters in the arctic regions, the thermometer falling 60° below zero.

Bad spelling has been urged as an instance of the great Duke of Marlborough's gross want of education. I believe it was the mode of the time rather than ignorance; for I have seen letters of James II., preserved in the M.S. room in the library of Trinity College, equally ill spelt.—*Dr. A. Browne, F.T.C.D.*

GOOD NEWS FOR PA.—“O ma! do you know I'm top but two in my class at school?” “Dear girl! your papa will be so delighted! Do you hear, my dear R.? Bell is top but two of her class!” “Indeed, my love, I'm very glad of it: pray, Bell, how many are there in the class?” “Three, papa.”

THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

(Concluded from our last.)

The summer passed away before the affair for which Frederick Ashton left home was finally adjusted, and on his return he found that almost all the fashionable visitors of C—— had returned to London for the winter season: among the number were, of course, Sir Edward St. Aubyn and his family; and he now thought with regret on the many pleasant rambles he had enjoyed in the society of the artless and confiding Catharine, and which were now at an end, perhaps for ever. On his arrival at his own residence, he found a packet directed to him, in the hand-writing of his beloved Catharine; he opened it, and found a few small paintings of his own, which he had lent her for copies, and one small view in the neighbourhood taken by herself, on the back of which was written, in the smallest characters—"A parting gift to a dear friend, from his attached C. St. A."—Frederick could scarcely suppress his emotion on beholding this small but eloquent token of the affection of his idol: he carefully searched the packet to see if there was any letter, and discovered a small slip of paper, on which was written, apparently in the most hurried manner—"When possible I shall write: farewell!" He hastily thrust away his own sketches, and taking the parting gift of Miss St. Aubyn, he carefully secured it in his *escritoire*; he then hastened to visit his patients, whom he found had given him up as lost, after vainly endeavouring to conjecture the cause of his sudden disappearance. Having answered them all satisfactorily on that point, he was again received into the favour which he had for the time lost; and several having recovered under his treatment, his practice began to increase considerably: his hopes of being one day able to aspire to the hand of Miss St. Aubyn began to rise in proportion; while, at the same time, his attentions became so much occupied, that he had scarcely leisure to lament the wants of her society, although he was far from forgetting her.

But let us return to Catharine. On her arrival in London she was introduced into society, and attracted universal admiration by her delicate and budding beauty, as well as by her graceful and engaging manners. Her first suitor was her own cousin, who had been invited by Lady St. Aubyn to stay at her abode in London, while his mother (the sister of Lady St. Aubyn above-mentioned) was travelling with her three daughters for the benefit of her health. His manners were polite and easy; but he wanted the frank gracefulness and conscious superiority of intellect which Catharine had so much admired in Frederick Ashton. When he first saw his lovely cousin, he thought he had never seen any one half so beautiful; but, at the same time, he fancied there could be nothing more easy than to make her his own. He soon found how much he was mistaken. Catharine, who, from her near relationship to him, had at first regarded him as a brother, was cordial and affectionate in her demeanour towards him; but, on perceiving, what was too evident to be mistaken, that he did not feel as he would towards a sister, she became reserved and cold. Charles Courtenay was not without some penetration; therefore, he was not long in discovering that his cousin did not reciprocate his affections; so he very prudently thought that the best plan he could pursue would be to remove from her immediate vicinity until he had learned to think less of her. Accordingly he intimated to his aunt his intention of following his parents to the continent, as

soon as he should hear where they were staying. To his surprise and displeasure, Lady St. Aubyn quietly told him that he should not leave her house with her consent until the return of his parents, without assigning some sufficient reason for his abrupt departure. He was thunderstruck, but endeavoured to appear calm, and only added that his motive was a wish to see the world in company with his family, and so favourable an opportunity might not occur again. To this his aunt made no reply, but looked as if she was quite determined to be obeyed. That day, Catharine, pitying his dilemma, was kinder to him than ever, and consented to his proposal of a ride in the park in his own chariot. He, fancying her coldness before had been only the effect of coquetry, of which she now repented, made an offer of marriage to her for the first time in words; to which she returned a decided refusal, adding that she hoped that would not deter him from accepting her friendship as a relative. His rage, however, now knew no bounds, and the remainder of the ride was passed in sullen and obstinate silence on his part—Catharine in vain attempting to draw him into conversation. That evening Charles spent at a ball, and did not return all night. The next morning, when the family were assembled at breakfast, Lady St. Aubyn made an inquiry after him; and on being told he had not returned from the ball, she sent a servant with a note for him to Lord B.'s. In about an hour the servant returned, with a note from Lady B., stating that she had not seen Mr. Courtenay in the ball-room after twelve the night before. Just as Lady St. Aubyn had finished reading the note and ordered the servant to retire, another servant entered with a letter, which he said a little boy had given him, who ran away as soon as he had delivered it. It proved to be a letter from Charles, stating that as he had failed to obtain permission from his aunt to join his family, he had chosen to decide for himself, and risk the consequences which might ensue. Lady St. Aubyn handed the note to her daughter, without remark; the latter, on perusing it, immediately guessed the cause of his precipitate departure, and made no comment on its contents. Sir Edward, who never interfered in family affairs, only remarked that it would be now quite useless to dispatch a messenger after the delinquent, as, independently of his having a start of so many hours, they could not possibly guess which way he had taken. Accordingly, he was allowed to pursue his forbidden journey without any attempt being made to overtake him, and in a few days he was with his parents at Versailles, where they had been staying for a short period.

In the mean time, Lady St. Aubyn wrote to her sister, to inform her of the circumstances of the way Charles had left London, assuring her sister that it was without her consent. She received in reply a letter from Mrs. Courtenay, stating that she could not blame her dear boy, as it was his fondness for his parents that induced him to take so rash a step. Lady St. Aubyn smiled sarcastically on reading the letter; for, although she had not discovered the true reason, she was firmly persuaded he had some object of his own in view. But we will not retard the progress of our story by relating the histories of the many admirers of the lovely heiress; suffice it to say, that she endured many trials of her fidelity with her unshaken faith and unnerving constancy—and severe trials they sometimes proved, for her mother frequently urged her to accept some one of her lordly suitors, and thus ennoble herself by a splendid alliance. Thus three years rolled away, and Catharine St. Aubyn had not forgotten the young physician. True it is, that during that time he found means of conveying a few letters to her, and also sent her a gift in exchange for the token she had bestowed on him: it was a plain gold

ring, with the motto "*Penses à moi*" engraved on the inside in small characters. During those three tedious years—tedious to our hero because in that time he had not once beheld her whom he remembered as a green spot in the midst of a sandy desert, or as a bright star shedding a mellowed light o'er memory's trackless waste—his business had increased with wonderful rapidity, and having purchased a handsome and commodious house in one of the most wildly romantic spots in the immediate neighbourhood of C—, he now began to look more cheerfully forward to the future.

Things were in this state, when, one bright May morning, Lady St. Aubyn said to her daughter—

"Do you know, Kate, I have been thinking of visiting our dear little watering-place this summer; it's a long while since we have been there; I am sick of Margate, Ramsgate, and Brighton; and I shall write to invite your cousins, Charles and Emily, to accompany us, as your Aunt Melville says she cannot come, and your papa will not follow us for a month at least."

At the mention of the place where her heart's fondest hopes were centred, Catharine's heart beat violently, and it was not without a great effort she could command herself so far as to reply; but when she did, as may readily be supposed, she cordially assented, and in a few weeks after they arrived at the house which they had before occupied, which had been handsomely fitted up for their reception. They were, as Lady St. Aubyn had proposed, accompanied by Charles Courtenay, who had contrived to conquer completely his unrequited attachment, and his sister Emily, an affectionate and gentle girl, about two years younger than Catharine.

As soon as they arrived, Catharine, who was completely overpowered by fatigue and the excitement of the varied emotions which agitated her mind on revisiting the scene of so much happiness, retired to rest, and the next morning was found to be in a high state of fever. Just as Lady St. Aubyn was considering in her own mind what was best to be done, Sir Edward entered, and briefly explained to his lady that he had finished the business much sooner than he expected, and lost no time in joining his family. He was shocked and surprised when he saw how very ill his darling Catharine appeared, and as there seemed to be a fear of imminent danger if any more time were lost, he seized his hat and hurried from the house, inquiring of every one as he passed along where the nearest and most skilful physician in the town of C— lived. He was directed to Ashton's new abode, and told, at the same time, that he might place a large share of confidence in his skill. He did not remember him as the young man with whom for forming an acquaintance he had chided his daughter; he only recollected that his beloved child's life was in danger, and speedily finding his way to Ashton-Hall, (for so Frederick had called his new residence,) he waited not for the ceremony of introduction, but told him in a few hurried words that his only child was on the point of death, and that he would oblige him by accompanying him home with all possible speed. Frederick was at first disposed to receive him coldly, not forgetting that he had once refused him his patronage; but on hearing that it was his dear Catharine who required his services, he ordered his horse, and was at the house before Sir Edward. He was extremely agitated on seeing Catharine: her cheek was flushed, and her eyes gazing wildly on those who approached her; but failing to recognise any one while in her delirious ravings, she frequently murmured the name of Frederick Ashton, but in so low a tone of voice that no being could hear it, save him whose quick ear was on the watch to hear something that would reveal to him whether or not she

still loved him. When he took her hand to see if the pulse indicated as much fever as the other symptoms evinced, he started at beholding the ring which he had presented to her, and he now knew she had not forgotten him. Day after day did he attend her with the most unwearied assiduity, and week after week the fever still raged in her veins, until the day came on which Frederick expected; that the crisis was come, and that day must determine whether she was once more to recover and be again the joy of her fond parents, or be numbered with the dead. Anxiously did he watch her movements as she tossed from side to side on her restless couch; until at length, as evening drew near, the fever abated; but with it her strength also sank rapidly, and she lay for many hours apparently lifeless, and without the least motion. Powerful restoratives were now used by Frederick, and at length with success: at midnight he had the satisfaction of assuring her friends that she was sleeping peacefully, and would be sure to awake much refreshed. He then left the house, but returned again at six in the morning, in order to see if she were still sleeping; and, on entering the room, he heard her converse in almost inarticulate whispers with her cousin Emily, who was bending over her. His heart beat high with hope and joy, as he inwardly thanked Providence for having made him the humble instrument of snatching this lovely being from the jaws of death; and he reflected too on the many days of woe and sorrow that her family would be now spending, had that sweet, soft voice been silent in the grave. He advanced to the bed side cautiously, fearing that if he showed himself too abruptly to Catharine, it might be too much for her in the present weak state of her nerves, and concealing himself behind one of the curtains, he beckoned to Miss Courtenay, who, kissing Catharine, said—

"I must leave you now, dear; but I will return again."

Frederick left the room, followed by Emily, and when they were out of Catharine's hearing, he said decidedly—

"You must not let her speak too much; it will soon undo all the good that has been done. As soon as I leave her, you may go in again; but do not keep up a conversation with her."

So saying, he returned to the room he had just quitted, and slowly advancing towards the bed, he said, in a low tone—

"Do you remember me, Miss St. Aubyn?"

She turned, and smiling sweetly extended her white emaciated hand to him, which he pressed fondly to his lips, while Catharine said—

"Emily has just been telling me the name of my kind and attentive physician, to whom I must ever be grateful."

He smiled, and gently pressed the little hand he still held within his own, while he replied—

"Dearest Catharine, you must not speak now; in your present state of weakness, it might do you great injury; but in a few days I hope to see you much recruited in strength."

Having once more pressed her hands to his lips, he hurried from the room, to which Emily immediately returned.

The next day Frederick remained a few minutes longer, and the next, until, after three months had passed away, the health of the gentle invalid was so far restored as to allow her to walk or ride a little in the open air every day, to enjoy the beauties of an autumn in the country; but she was not yet strong enough to allow them to think of a journey to London. Now it was that Sir Edward began to think how much he owed to the young but skilful physician who had done so much for him. Accordingly he called on him one morning, and speaking more cor-

dially to him than he had ever before done, he said—

"My dear Mr. Ashton, how can I ever repay you the vast debt I owe you?"

Frederick thinking this a most favourable opportunity for fulfilling his long-cherished hopes, boldly answered—

"By bestowing upon me the hand of her, whose life was so precious in my eyes that I would willingly have sacrificed my own to save hers if necessary."

Sir Edward's brow grew dark, and for a time the struggle between pride and esteem, between haughtiness and gratitude, was great; but the conflict was at length decided; the gloomy frown relaxed, and, grasping Frederick's hand warmly, he said—

"Take her, if she is willing; and may she make you as happy as she has made her father; may she shine as bright a light in her new home as she has never failed to be by her parents' hearth."

Rising abruptly, he turned, as if to conceal his emotion, and left the house; while Frederick, whose delight almost overwhelmed him, mounted his horse, and rode to the dwelling of his beloved Catharine.

As soon as the door was opened, he requested the servant to bring him immediately to Miss St. Aubyn. His desire was complied with, and he was ushered into the room in which Catharine usually sat when alone: here she was seated, with Emily Courteney, who being (as it was too early for visiting) *en dishabille*, fled at the approach of Frederick. Catharine was gazing from the window on the lovely scene, which was glowing with the rich and varied tints of autumn: she started as Frederick was announced, and blushed deeply, as if conscious that she had been just thinking of him. The servant retired, and Frederick, his eyes sparkling with animation, and his whole countenance beaming in the fulness of his joy, drew a chair close to that of Catharine, and placing himself beside her, poured forth his tale of affection, which seemed to gush forth the more freely for its having been so long confined—as the mountain torrent, when long pent up, flows rapidly and fiercely after its release. He had a willing and delighted auditor; and when he at length told her that he had obtained her father's consent to their union, and that nothing was now wanting to complete his happiness but her own consent and that of her mother, the sudden change from doubt to a happy certainty was too overpowering for her, and she fainted; when restored to consciousness, she at length whispered a glad consent to be united, as soon as her health would permit, to him she had long secretly loved. She yielded without the show of resistance employed by most other young ladies on similar occasions; for she had loved too long and too fondly to hesitate now.

Before Ashton had left the house, he had sought and obtained the consent of the mother of his Catharine, and the promise that as soon as the latter could bear a journey to London, she should become the bride of her affianced husband.

Frederick was now a daily visitor at Sir Edward's; no longer in the office of a physician, but as the accepted lover of the lovely heiress; and in the meantime he took care to have his house fitted up in the style which he knew Catharine admired.

At length the time came when the fair invalid's health was so much improved as to permit her to undergo considerable fatigue, and she, accompanied by her parents and cousin Emily, went to London, leaving Charles Courteney to follow with Frederick as soon as every thing was arranged for the nuptials. The happy day arrived, and, as if in accordance with his feelings, the morning was bright and cloudless that saw the beautiful Catharine St. Aubyn become the bride of her constant lover, the YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

MARY.

HANDEL'S ORATORIO—THE MESSIAH.

"The Messiah" has stood the test of a hundred years, and it comes out as fresh now, when performed, as it did a hundred years ago. When Handel first performed it in London, it was but coldly received. He came to Dublin, where it was performed with the greatest possible success; and it was well received in London on his return; and it has been the greatest attraction at all the grand festivals in that country ever since. The Foundling Hospital, alone, benefited by the performance of "The Messiah" from the year 1742 to the death of the immortal composer, in 1759, and a few years after, upwards of ten thousand pounds! The same sublime production has been annually performed for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians for about sixty years, under royal and distinguished patronage. When the festival took place in Westminster Abbey, in 1834, "The Messiah" attracted a more numerous company than any other performance, and produced, at the rehearsal and performance, the sum of £5,677 9s.

Handel had expressed a wish to Dr. Warren that he might breathe his last on Easter Sunday, in hopes, as he said, of meeting his sweet Lord and Saviour on the day of his resurrection. He did die on that day, 1759, and was buried in Westminster Abbey; and there is a monument to his memory, by Roubilliac, representing him in full length, with a piece of music-paper in his hand, on which is inscribed—"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

PREDISPOSING CAUSES.

It has been somewhere remarked by Montesquieu, that if a particular event, as the loss of a battle, be the ruin of a state, there must have been a more general reason why the loss of a battle should ruin it. The Norman conquest of England may furnish a satisfactory example of this remark, since the battle of Hastings would not have been followed by so great a revolution, if various predisposing causes had not prepared the kingdom for the change. Different classes of political causes should therefore be constituted; and, while a principal importance is ascribed to those of a general nature, which affect our whole species, however circumstanced, a due regard should also be given to those more limited, and even personal agencies, which diversify their operation.—*Dr. Miller's Philosophy of Modern History.*

WISDOM.—This cannot be obtained without industry and labour. Can we hope to find gold upon the surface of the earth, when we dig almost to the centre of it to find lead and tin and the baser metals.

PURIFIED HONEY.—Any quantity of honey is dissolved in an equal part by weight of water. The liquid allowed to boil up five or six times without skimming. It is then removed from the fire, and, after being cooled, brought on several strong linen strainers, stretched horizontally, and covered with a layer of clean and well-washed sand, an inch in depth. When the solution has passed through the strainers, it is found to be of the colour of clear white wine. The sand, being allowed to remain on the strainers, is rinsed with cold water, and the whole of the liquor is finally evaporated to the thickness of syrup.

DEAN SWIFT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN JOURNAL.

SIR—Having read in the last Number of your Journal an anecdote of the celebrated Dean Swift, given on the authority of Dr. Miller, (who acknowledges, in his very able pamphlet, entitled “An Examination of the Charters and Statutes of Trinity College, Dublin,” his obligations to the late Dr. Barrett,) I beg leave to trouble you with the following observations :

It has very generally been believed, on the authority of Mr. Richardson, that Swift was expelled from the University, and that, having obtained a “*discessit*,” he got his degree at Oxford. The occasion of this severity is thus mentioned by Mr. Richardson :—“Dr. Swift made as great a progress in his learning at the University of Dublin, in his youth, as any of his contemporaries, but was so very ill-natured and troublesome, that he was made *terre filius*, on purpose to have a pretence to expel him.” This singular absurdity, equally unjust to both parties supposed to be concerned, is clearly refuted by the facts :—Swift was not expelled, was not *terre filius*, and obtained his degree from the University. It is here necessary only to refer to the proofs which can be found in Dr. Barrett’s essay, in the most satisfactory form of extracts from the College books.

From these authentic documents it has been ascertained, that *after* he had commenced A.B., he was *admonished* for notorious neglect of duties and for frequenting the town ; and that he was almost continually under some punishment. We also learn that he was prominent in a small knot of the most dissolute and turbulent youths in the University, among whom he is thus enumerated in one of these records :—“*Constat vero Dom. Webb, Dom. Sergeant, Dom. Swift, Maynard, Spencer et Fisher, huic legi contravenisse, tam seditiosæ sive dissensionis domesticas excitando, quam juniorem decamem, ejusque monita contemnendo, eundemque minacibus verbis, contemptus et contumaciæ plenius lacessendo, unde gravissimis penis commentum sunt, &c.*” For these causes the sentence follows of a suspension of the culprits from every degree : it then proceeds to pronounce, that as Swift and Sergeant had been more insufferable than the others, they were condemned to ask pardon on their knees of the junior Dean. This was, nevertheless, the utmost extent of his punishment. The public pardon effaced the breach of discipline, and the certificate of his degree, yet extant, plainly contradicts the erroneous statement of Mr. Richardson. The point of most difficulty has been seized on by a correspondent in Sir Walter Scott’s incomparable Life of Swift, by whom it is stated that Swift obtained his degree a year before the usual time, and that it must have been granted by *special favour*. The inference might be allowed to have some weight ; but the fact is so entirely inconsistent with the institutions and precise discipline of the University, and so irreconcilable with all that is known of Swift’s academical character, that it cannot be admitted without the most authentic proof. On looking at

the document given by Scott in his appendix, the cause of the mistake appears. Swift’s entrance is stated to have been in April, 1682 ; the College certificate fixes his degree in February, 1685 ; and the interval would thus be less than three years. But any one who is accustomed to the method of dating then in use, must be aware that the *first months* of 1686 would have been reckoned into what is now considered as the previous year. This fact reduces the difficulty to one of small weight, as we have only to assume that Swift was allowed to go on with the class of 1682, the year in which he entered ; and this is an occasional practice conformable with the rules of the University. That his degree had been obtained *speciali gratia*, is stated on the authority of Swift himself, and accompanied by explanations, which leave no doubt as to the nature of the distinction. The ambiguity of the term has occasioned some laughable anecdotes, perhaps invented by the Dean himself : certain it is, that he mentions himself as having obtained his degree in this disreputable manner, more near to special charity than to special favour ; and signifying a grace vouchsafed for no merit. The circumstance of this fact not appearing on the testimonium, has been thought to throw some doubt upon the statement ; but, in fact, such a disqualifying testimony as would make the certificate unavailing for any use but to attain the reputation of the bearer, is not in any case stated.

“The name Jonathan,” says Dr. Miller, “does not, indeed, occur in the sentence of suspension, and there were then in the College two Swifts—Jonathan and Thomas, who was probably his cousin ; but, from a comparison of various entries, the identity of the person there mentioned with the celebrated Swift has been clearly established by Doctor Barrett, to whose familiar acquaintance with the entries of the Registry I have been indebted for this communication, and several other particulars mentioned in the preceding treatise.”—*Miller’s Examination of Charters, &c.*, p. 56 ; *Dub.* 1804.

DUBLINIENSIS.

January 2d, 1843.

ARTIFICIAL LAKES IN CEYLON.—The Candelay Lake is situate within thirty miles of Trincomalee, in an extensive and broad valley, around which the ground gradually ascends towards the distant hills that envelop it. In the center of the valley, a long causeway, principally made of masses of rock, has been constructed to retain the waters that from every side pour into the space enclosed within the circumjacent hills and artificial dam thus formed. During the rainy season, when the lake attains its greatest elevation, the area of ground over which the inundation extends may be computed at fifteen square miles. This work of art, and others nearly equally gigantic proportions in the island, sufficiently indicate that at some remote period Ceylon was a densely-populated country, and under a government sufficiently enlightened to appreciate, and firm to enforce the execution of an undertaking which, to men ignorant of mechanical powers, must have been an Herculean operation.—*De Butt’s Rambles in Ceylon.*

It is with our judgments as with our watches, none go just alike, yet each believes his own.—*Pope.*

TRIFLES FROM TOURIN—BY EDWARD WALSH.

A FRAGMENT.

"On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle."

MOORE.

Thus sang the bard the beauteous maid,
In flowing snow-white robes array'd,
And many a gem and precious stone
That glitter'd in her circling zone,
While her tall wand bore a bright gold ring,
As she travers'd the isle, at the call of her king.

Less bright her zone's refulgent dyes
Than the liquid light of her azure eyes:
Less pure the white her robes display'd
Than the bosom soft they sought to shade:
And in the light of each yellow tress
The bright gold ring wax'd lustreless!

Full oft she brush'd the evening dew
From many a vale she journeyed through,
And, ere the sun forsook his bed,
She cross'd the hoary mountain's head;
But that glorious orb, in his full noon light,
Saw wondering eyes pursue her flight.

Could woman's charms, or gems and gold,
Not tempt green Erin's sons of old?
Yes—oft they won young beauty's smile,
And golden spoil in the battle's toil;
But beauty bright and gold were won
With honour pure by sire and son.

Yes—on she went, and so he sung,
But never told his tuneful tongue
Her terror near rough Bera's shore,
Where tall crags rise o'er ocean's roar;
And fierce grey wolves, and fiercer men,
Travers'd the land from crag to glen.

In sooth it was a savage dell,
Where mountain waters foaming fell;
And such a gloom o'erhung the shade,
By cypress sad and yew-tree made,
That ne'er its silent rocks among
Rose shepherd's lay or wild bird's song.

By mountain ash and spreading oak,
His winding way the outlaw broke;
He paus'd upon the vale below—
Beheld her milk-white garments' flow,
The wavy curl of her yellow hair,
And the tall white wand with the gold ring there.

Wild superstition taught him well
To shun the vale where fairies dwell,
Where oft arise such visions gay
To lead the souls of men astray:
And he linger'd long ere he sought the shade,
Where paus'd the steps of the pilgrim maid.

As down he wound by the rude rocks high,
He caught the startled maiden's eye:
His aspen spear, and gauntleted hand,
And coat of mail, and battle brand,
And dread dark face, could well proclaim
What virgin's tongue would fear to name.

He said—"Fair form! whence comest thou?
I've cross'd o'er many a hill's rude brow;
I've been where chieftains' turrets frown;
I've strode through many a stately town;
I've seen proud dames in diamonds shine—
But their diamonds and beauty were nought to thine."

Thus well bespoke the maiden young,
While trembled the words on her faltering tongue—

"At Brian's high, imperial will,
I've journeyed long o'er vale and hill,
To prove if they keep through the nation wide
The laws made in Tara's Hall of pride.

"Through many a fierce and warlike clai—
By many a mail'd and mantled dour—
O'er many a moor and forest drear,
Where gaz'd the wondering mountaineer,
Unscathed, unharm'd by deed of wrong,
The maid of the white wand pass'd along!

"But shouldst thou mock our monarch's laws,
And mar all Europe's great applause,
By lawless act—I will bestow,
If unmolested hence I go,
Each precious pearl that decks my hair,
And every diamond bright I bear!"

Thus answered, in a softened tone,
The fierce dark man to the maiden lone—
"Within this glen, at my command,
Await a fearless, faithless band;
Though hunted to death, like the wolves of prey,
By the despot whose mandate thou dost obey:

"Upon their steel, in bloody strife,
Was pour'd out many a brave man's life;
Their war-cry rose when blood and flame
Aveng'd their leader's wrongs and name,
When they plunder'd the monarch's richest fold,
And his house of pride of its guarded gold!

"But ne'er this iron hand did wreak
Its reckless vengeance on the weak;
This iron hand, in evil hour,
Ne'er soil'd young beauty's blooming flower;
And I'd tear the blest gold from a sainted shrine,
Before either jewel or gem of thine!

"Full dear our nation's weal to me;
And lo! such beauty dwells with thee,
So awful—ne'er could ruffian dare
To stain thy purity, bright fair!
I'll guard thee over this savage scene,
And be thy guide through the valleys green!"

On she went—and the rough profound
Did soon the pilgrim's wanderings bound;
But ever in her breast she bore
Remembrance of rude Bera's shore,
And the outlaw fan'd, who honour fair,
O'er beauty priz'd and diamonds rare!

In the reign of Brian Boro, the laws of the land were so strictly observed, that a fair virgin, as it is recorded, habited in rich garments, and bearing a white wand, surmounted by a gold ring, passed unmolested from one end of Ireland to the other.

"ROW ON!"

The great business of all is to "row on" with unflinching courage, and steady perseverance. All trades and professions have their difficulties; almost every individual meets with discouragements; the only way, therefore, to go ahead is to "row on." Decision of character—determination of will—the resolution to press on, when sure we are on the right track, or in pursuit of a good and honorable end—this is the secret of living, so as to come out at last safe and sound. There are "lions" in every path, and they must be met and conquered, or the hope of ultimate success must be abandoned. A poor man with a tribe of children, finding work hard to get, and hard when it is got, sometimes will almost despair; every thing will seem to be against him, but let him not be cast down—let him "row on," and by and by matters will very likely grow brighter. As with the poor man so with all men. Head winds are to be expected; contrary currents will come; the tide does not always run with us; but never mind—"row on;" pull the harder, till the oars bend again, and victory will wait upon and reward patient endeavours.

Aye—"Row on!" Pull but the stronger, the more the waves buffet you and the gales howl. Lusty arms, good oars, and stout hearts are the only hope in a hard wind: if you let your sinews slacken, you go ashore, and are dashed to pieces. Courage! then. Pull away! Be of that good cheer which a heart resolved steadily to meet our duty ever keeps about us. They who, in the wildest tempest,

—bate not one jot
Of heart or hope, but still look up, and steer
Right onward,"

are the only ones who deserve or can expect to survive the storm.—*American paper.*

TEMPERANCE.

IMPORTANT PUBLICATION.—The most effective and valuable work on the subject of teetotalism which we have ever read, has just issued from the Dublin press. It is entitled—“*A Lecture on Teetotalism, by a celebrated Preacher,*” and is dedicated by permission to the Rev. Mr. Mathew. The author has treated his subject with vast ability, exhibiting deep research and close reasoning. The appalling effects of intemperance are laid bare, and innumerable authorities adduced in support of the lecturer's argument. The advocates of teetotalism throughout the country would do well to secure copies of this excellent work.

WEXFORD.—Mr. W. B. West, the corresponding secretary of the Wexford Mechanics' Institute, has published a letter in a Wexford Journal, setting forth a resolution of that body admitting all teetotalers free of expense to the advantages of a night school which has been formed in the institution. Mr. West, in the course of his excellent observations on the blessings of temperance, thus alludes to the “gigantic strides” making by the Americans in the cause:—“A treatise on temperance lately issued from the American press, of which they circulated gratis one million of copies!—and an effort is now in progress to place a bound volume of Dr. Sewall's ‘Pathology of Drunkenness’ in every school in the United States, of which in New York alone there are eleven thousand! to be accompanied by coloured plates, exactly depicting the transition of the human stomach from perfect health to the last stage of cancerous alcoholic disease, wrought by the free use of stimulating drinks.” Mr. West states that he has made arrangements to have it exhibited in the lecture-room of the Wexford institution—an example worthy of imitation by all similar societies.

WICKLOW.—A correspondent has furnished us with an interesting account of a teetotal meeting held on the 21st December at Ballyfagh, in this county. The evils of intemperance, and the happy effects resulting from its avoidance, were forcibly illustrated by several speakers.

LIVERPOOL MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

This admirable and most effective establishment is in a flourishing condition. By the last report it appears that 3,767 members subscribe to the institution. The library contains 10,000 volumes. The circulation of books averages 274 volumes per day throughout the year. There are three schools—the higher and lower, held in the day time, for the children chiefly of members; and the evening school, for the benefit of members themselves, children, and apprentices. In the high school are 311 pupils—in the lower 575—average of persons attending evening classes 400. There are 45 instructors, by whom all useful and polite branches of education are taught. There is an excellent museum, and a spacious lecture theatre, capable of holding 1,500 persons. The system adopted is well calculated to effect the important objects in view. Members pay a guinea a year—sons or apprentices of members become members by paying 5 shillings per year. An exhibition of fine arts, manufactures, and natural history occasionally takes place; that in 1842 occupied 20 large rooms—the price of admission varied from 6d. to 1s.—100,000 persons visited it—the sum realised was 4,000*l.*, which left a clear balance of 2,000*l.* The gross annual revenues of the institution amount to about 7,000*l.*—salaries of officers, 5,000*l.* The advantages of the institution are, however, almost exclusively embraced by the middle classes.

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.

A return of the number of emigrants from Londonderry to British America and the United States for the years 1841 and 1842 has been published, which shews an increase last year of 747 over the preceding. The numbers were—in 1841, 5392—in 1842, 6139. It appears that several hundreds from that and the neighbouring counties made Liverpool the port of departure from Europe—so that the actual amount of emigration from that part of Ireland has been much greater. Emigration from the other counties in Ireland has been equally extensive.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Farewell, lovely Erin! farewell to the bowers
Where often in boyhood I squander'd the day;
Where I pull'd from their tendrils the sweetest of flowers,
And bask'd in the light of the sun's latest ray.
At the close of the evening, in calm autumn weather,
Oh! often my lover and I were together
On the blue-blossom'd banks of our own mountain heather,
Where beam'd ev'ry beauty of Erin machree!

How oft have we courted beneath the green willow,
Whilst warblers enchanted the grove and the dell,
And the moon ting'd the foam of the far western billow,
Where broad streamers float and the wide surges swell?
Alas! how I sigh'd, as my love on my bosom
Had cried, “My dear youth, am I surely to lose him?
May Fortune prove faithful, as on she pursues him,
The hope of his fond one and Erin machree!”

Farewell to my country!—our vessel moves slowly,
And friends are bewailing our loss from the shore;
As their cries rend the air, my poor spirits are lowly,
To think I may ne'er see my countrymen more!
Farewell to my sweetheart, my home, and my dwelling,
Where all my dear playmates their love-tales are telling,
And patriot feelings each bosom are swelling—
Farewell, dearest Erin! sweet Erin machree!

F.

HOPE.—Human life has not a surer friend, nor many times a greater enemy, than hope. Hope is the miserable man's God, which in the hardest gripe of calamity never fails to yield him beams of comfort. It is to the presumptuous man a devil, which leads him a while in a smooth way, and on a sudden makes him break his neck. Hope is to a man as a bladder to one learning to swim; it keeps him from sinking in the bosom of the waves, and by that help he may attain the exercise; but yet it many times makes him venture beyond his height; and then if that breaks, or a storm rises, he drowns without recovery. How many would die, did not hope sustain them! How many have died by hoping too much! This wonder we may find in hope—that she is both a flatterer and a true friend. Like a valiant captain in a losing battle, it is ever encouraging man, and never leaves him till they both expire together. While breath pants in the dying body, there is hope fleeting in the wavering soul. It is almost as the air on which the mind doth live. Who could live surrounded by calamities, did not smiling hope cheer him with expectation of deliverance? There is no estate so miserable as to exclude her comfort. Imprison, vex, fright, torture, shew death with his horrid brow, yet hope will dash in her reviving rays, that shall illumine and exhilarate in the swell of these.

REMARKABLE STREAM.—At the bottom of a wood belonging to W. Turton, Esq., of Knowlton, in Flintshire, is a rill of water which empties itself into the River Dee; and when a person strides across it, he is in the kingdom of England, the principality of Wales, in the provinces of Canterbury and York, and the dioceses of Chester and Lichfield and Coventry, in the counties of Flint and Salop, and in two townships.

SOCIETY.

The common boast of a rich man, that "he can pay his way, and is obliged to nobody," is a very silly boast; for the man is a debtor to others for all that he possesses; and, of course, the larger his possessions are, the more he is in debt. That debt is, however, due only to society generally; and therefore no individual member of society is entitled to ask payment of it. It is not a debt which can be paid with money. It must be paid in conduct, and in doing those particular duties which belong to his station.

In like manner, the man who is destitute, who possesses nothing, and has nothing to do, is not independent of society, for to society he is indebted for his very powers of doing; and if he has had opportunities of turning those powers to account, and has neglected them, he is more deeply and criminally a debtor. However wretched he may feel, or may be in reality, he is still much better than if he were not in society; for then he would be without the abilities of doing; whereas the very worst that can happen in society is, being without the opportunity or the will of turning those abilities to account. It is not always very easy to distinguish between the want of opportunity and the want of will, because there is a will to find opportunity as well as a will to improve it, when it is known; and, in both cases, the proverb, "where there is a will there is a way," holds true.

A RIVER COMPARED TO HUMAN LIFE.—The river, small and clear in its origin, gushes forth from rocks, falls into deep glens, and wantons and meanders through a wild and picturesque country, nourishing only the uncultivated tree or flower by its dew or spray. In this, its state of infancy and youth, it may be compared to the human mind, in which fancy and strength of imagination are predominant—it is more beautiful than useful. When the different rills or torrents join, and descend into the plain, it becomes slow and stately in its motions; it is applied to move machinery, to water meadows, and to bear upon its bosom the stately barge—it this mature state, it is deep, strong, and useful. As it flows on towards the sea, it loses its force and its motion, and at last, as it were, becomes lost, and mingled with the mighty abyss of waters.

TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY.—On New Year's Day about ninety of the soldiers of the 54th regt., stationed in Belfast, adopted the total abstinence principle. Above four hundred of this regiment are now total abstainers.

EFFECTS OF POVERTY.—The poverty of the poor is misery, but it is endurable; it can bear the sight of men. The poverty of the once affluent is unendurable, it avoids the light of day, and shuns the sympathy of those who would relieve it; it preys upon the heart, and corrodes the mind; it screws up every nerve to such an extremity of tension, that one cold look, the averted eye, even of casual acquaintance known in prosperity, snaps the cord at once, and leaves the self-despised object of it a mere wreck of a man.

The Irish, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, have often been represented as altogether ignorant and barbarous. Read the letters of their chiefs to the Spaniards: in the "*Pacata Hibernia*," and then judge for yourself.

SPANISH PHYSICIANS.—In the present day the fee of a physician in Spain is said to be two-pence from a tradesman, ten-pence from the man of fashion, and nothing from the poor. Some noble families agree with the physician by the year, paying him annually four-se-re reals—that is, sixteen shillings—for his attendance on them and their families.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

A man of the world! say what means the phrase?
Is it worthy of envy—intended as praise—
A name to enjoy which is worthy the strife—
A breast-plate of honour to guard us thro' life?
Or is it a title bestowed on the great,
Or the man who unflinching bears up against fate,
Endures without murmur his portion of woe—
Keeps at bay the misfortunes he cannot o'erthrow?
Or does he inherit it, he that is good,
Who shares with the wretched his last scrap of food;
Who, forgetting the causes, sees only the need,
And receives in his heart the reward of the deed?

No! show me the man who has scarcely a thought,
Saves of self—one action of whom never brought
The full tear to gratitude's eye;
Whose heart, seared and callous, has ne'er heaved a sigh
For his fellows' misfortunes—humanity's ills;
But has, serpent-like, crawled to the station he fills,
By slavishly crouching to even slaves' wills;
Who ne'er in his life one ragged virtue unfurled—
That's—mark him—that is—the man of the world!

Yes! the owner of that cautious and deeply-marked face
With craftiness claims and how justly, his place
At that board where the cunning alone may sit down,
Where honesty meets but the sneer or the frown—
And lolls on that lap—where worth finds its grave—
Which flings out the *swags*, and which fondles the knave—
Him—the man of the world!

T. E.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"L. S."—The papers sent are highly valuable: we shall take an early opportunity of availing ourselves of the information they afford.

"Cork."—We beg your indulgence till our next number, in which attention shall be paid to the last of your communications.

"W. H." Limerick.—We shall bring the story of "The Ballad-Singer of Limerick" to a conclusion in our next. Your request will be granted, when we can obtain a little leisure. We are gratified at the good report you give of the progress our Journal is making in the estimation of your fellow-citizens, and thankful for your exertions.

"G. A."—We cannot insert your communication. On the same subject we have received several papers, cleverly written, but the discussion not being suitable for our pages, we have been compelled to put them aside.

"S. N. A."—In our next.

"T. D. H."—Your poetic favour shall have a place in our next Number. We shall always be happy to hear from you.

"T."—The "Sea-Bird" will probably expand its wings in our Journal next week.

"R."—The "Adventure" will receive attention.

"L. E."—Blame yourself for the non-appearance of your communication. It is so carelessly written, as in several parts to be illegible. If you will forward a readable copy, and favour us by observing the necessary precaution of writing on one side of the paper only, it is likely you will "see yourself in print." The subject is interesting.

We beg to intimate to a few highly-esteemed contributors, who have written to us on the subject, that on sending to our Office in Sackville-street on Saturdays, they will regularly be furnished with copies of "The Dublin Journal."

Printed for the Proprietors, at the Office, 32, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications (post-paid) are to be addressed, to the Editor.

Published by T. LE MESURIER, (late T. TROTT & Co.) 8, Lr. Abbey-street, Dublin; and all Booksellers.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

Vol. II.—No. 3.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

NATIONAL TESTIMONIAL.

If the ennobling title of "*Pater patriæ*"—"father of his country"—was well merited by the great Roman orator, when, by his exertions and ability, he crushed Catiline and his atrocious conspiracy—if Herod the Great obtained the name "BENEFACITOR" when he expended large sums on Athens, Lacedæmon, Olympia, and other cities in Greece—if, we repeat it, such men, for such services, obtained honour and applause, shall not equal honour, at the least, be conferred on the Regenerator of his native land?—on one who has nearly driven a more insidious foe than Catiline—viz., *Intemperance*—from disturbing his country's peace, and who has lavished on her sons the bounties of TEMPERANCE and self-denial? Yes! Ireland does owe a debt of gratitude to the Rev. Mr. MATHEW, which she can never pay back; and, however she may shew her gratitude and her love, she never can return the blessings he bestowed.

But sure we are that an appeal to the kindest feelings of the hearts of Irishmen must not be in vain, and that Alderman PURCELL's suggestions will be generously worked out. To him we point with pleasure and enthusiasm, as the *originator* of a plan to present some National Testimonial to the great Preacher of Temperance. And truly ungrateful would it be, not only to the Rev. Gentleman, but to the worthy Alderman, if the country did not carry out his proposal. To the Alderman we are delighted to advert, as one of the very few who, on all occasions, by his liberality and truly patriotic feeling, acts like a man who struggles for the good of his fatherland. We need only mention the boon he has bestowed on the farming interests by the part he has taken in the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland. By this, he helps forward the temperance movement, and bids the plough "God speed"—thus encouraging the science of farming and tillage, which Dr. Johnson pronounced "the true riches of a nation." The usefulness of Alderman PURCELL does not stop here: he has now, through the length and breadth of the green isle, his coaches running to and fro; the vast details of which establishment contribute to give employment, and this

"Scatter plenty o'er a smiling land."

Oh! that this lovely island could number among her children a few such men as Alderman PURCELL, who not only have their country's good at heart, but

have the skill to effect its accomplishment. Then, indeed, we should feel that Ireland was an Ocean Queen,

"Girt with the crystal zone of the crested billow:"

then Irishmen need no longer seek on a distant shore what they can find at home, and the full horn of plenty would pour forth on her verdant fields a plentiful store. Let the results, however, of the Alderman's exertions be what they may in the case of this proposed plan for the Testimonial, or in all his other praiseworthy undertakings, posterity cannot fail to regard him as the Irish Howard—the philanthropist who, in his own prosperity, desired to make all around him prosperous also!

To show that the Testimonial—whatever it may be—which it is proposed shall be presented to the Rev. Mr. MATHEW, cannot be regarded in any light but as a *National* act, the Alderman thus writes.—"From the signatures already obtained for the requisition—including noblemen and gentlemen professing different religious faiths, and avowing every hue of political opinion—it will be obvious that no sectarian object can be contemplated—no religious prejudice of any creed or class invaded—no political sentiment involved or compromised, by erecting one great National Testimonial of regard to a man who, by raising the people from vice and intemperance to habits of sobriety and industry, has elevated the character of the country, promoted its tranquillity, and laid the foundation of its future prosperity." This statement ought to satisfy every honest man. The Alderman has already enlisted in the cause—the Duke of Leinster, Marquess of Anglesey, Marquess Conyngham, Viscount Dungannon, Lord Talbot de Malahide, Lord Lurgan, Lord Stuart de Decies, Earl of Gosford, Earl of Mayo, Earl of Meath, Earl of Shannon, Earl of Arran, Earl of Wicklow, Earl of Charlemont, Earl of Charleville, Earl of Glengall, and several other distinguished noblemen and gentlemen throughout the kingdom.

Under such auspices, and with the powerful cooperation of Alderman PURCELL, we have no doubt of the ultimate success of the proposed plan. It being one well worthy of approval, we hope, in a short time, to be enabled to announce, from substantial evidence, its general adoption throughout the kingdom.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

"—— mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur."—*Horace, Sat. i., l.*

One of the greatest banes to Ireland is the light in which the people regard *trade*. Whilst our neighbours at the other side of the channel endeavour to exalt the character of their citizen and tradesman, we lower and affect to despise it. Does an English tradesman amass a respectable fortune in his business, he rears his children in habits of industry—he gives them an education suitable to the condition of society in which it has pleased God to place them, and his wealth is made to minister to their comforts; whilst, also, they are made to feel the real benefits they enjoy, they are not disposed to covet those showy and unsolid acquirements which only give the gloss, but not the happiness of a higher grade. An enthusiastic Irishman, on the other hand, has scarcely begun to feel an increase in his profits, even to competency, than he forms the design of raising his family, as he calls it, from their present condition, and giving them an education that totally unfits them for moving in the class to which he belongs. His fondest day-dream is to be able to retire from trade, and in his old age begin a new course of life which his early habits of industry will not permit him to enjoy; and, above all things, he wishes to settle his children in a position in which they may move about with as high a head as any aristocrat in the land.

But while there is a just cry for Irish manufacture, let us more respect the manufacturer; let us show that we believe this positive and undoubted truth, that happiness belongs not to any particular state of life—that the intellectual *temperate* tradesman has within his reach a hoard of treasure such as Cræsus never possessed. What does he want which the higher orders enjoy? Have they independence and extensive patrimonies?—he has independence too, and an honest patrimony on his hands; he has them in his skill and in his character; his wants, as well as his wishes, are more circumscribed than those of the great; but he has nevertheless his peculiar enjoyments. Happiness *hereafter*, thank God, will not be dispensed to any particular grade or section of mankind, neither is it *here*.

"With equal care the God of all does see,
And sees with equal love."

Nor can we regard it otherwise than as a sickly state of society when men become anxious to throw up their trade, and at once forget the stock from whence they spring. The go-a-head Englishman is made of different stuff. He repudiates every thing mercurial and speculative; and, unless pounds, shillings, and pence are concerned, as a tradesman, he will not understand you. This is really the right way to help forward our common country. This is the way to regenerate the land of our birth. If we be tradesmen, let us labour in our calling, and glory in it rather than despise it. If we be scientific men, let us sedulously and industriously work our problems.

If we be literary—"genus irritabile"—let us also struggle for pre-eminence, and let us feel thoroughly assured that Providence will bless honest industry and well-directed efforts; but let us follow the apostolic model, and "learn in whatsoever state we are, therewith to be content." We will now treat our readers to a story *founded on fact*, and which illustrates forcibly the lesson which we wish to inculcate:

In one of the old-fashioned streets of Dublin there stands, or did lately, a large and commodious house, which served, some years back, as the concerns and dwelling of our old friend, Tom Lawrence. In early life we remember him well. He was apprenticed to a chandler, and over and over we have seen him with his pole hung with dips pacing the streets and delivering the goods to his master's customers; or, on a Sunday, habited in his best garments, and showing his unwieldy figure about the metropolis.

No person could have imagined, at this period of his unsparring career, that we would live to see him endeavouring to push himself and his family into the sphere of fashionable life. Such, however, was the case; and, though many a clever, handsome contemporary has sunk into oblivion, this ignorant and uninteresting youth attained comparative affluence. But it must not be imagined that Tom Lawrence was a worthless character; true he was ignorant, in the present acceptance of the word, but he could read and write, and that was a high elevation on learning's ladder in those days. There was no DUBLIN JOURNAL worth reading then—no real information for men of Tom's class and intellectual calibre. However, a liberal education was not considered necessary for the lower grades of society, or, indeed, for any grade of Irish society, at the time we speak of. Men of a much higher rank than my friend contented themselves with learning very little more than what immediately concerned their calling. Tom, notwithstanding his want of a university education, was a conscientious and an honest man; he never could be accused of having acted in his dealings with his fellow man as did not become an honourable man and a Christian—and such we believed him to be. Like most Irishmen, he married, got some money with his *colleen*, and was fortunate otherwise in his choice. She was of a rank similar to his own, and proved to be an able assistant in his trade. Fond of money, she was also fond of show—no uncommon contradiction in the human character, and which induces a penurious habit, as in this instance, in order to acquire means to spend when an opportunity presents. They jogged on the rugged pathway of life for some years,

"Heart-linked, like doves of ancient story,"

and without attracting notice; and people considered Tom a man likely to drone on to the end of his days an unostentatious chandler. His business, of course, they said would be left at his death to his family, consisting of his wife, three sons, and a daughter. Such, however, was not his destiny, and the first intimation the world received of his good fortune was his taking what is technically called a *box* near the city, where he repaired on Sundays and holidays, driving his family along with him in a stout inside car. This addition to his importance was rather considered a bad sign, and people shook their heads and said—"Tom Lawrence is living beyond his means." This remark is, unfortunately, too often applicable to the Irish tradesman, who, whilst he is keeping up an outward appearance of wealth, is, perhaps, on the brink of ruin and bankruptcy; but such was not the case with our worthy friend; he was merely reaping the rewards of honest industry—and well would it have been had he remained satisfied with its results.

In a short time, he removed from the obscure street which he had hitherto inhabited, and took a house in a more respectable part of the city. He assumed now the appearance of a man well-to-do in the world, occasionally invited a friend to dinner, and sent his daughter to a fashionable boarding school: but, as this young lady is to be the heroine of our present little sketch, we should make some particular mention of her. When we first saw her, she was about twelve years of age, and youth, even with all its "*purpureum lumen*," could not invest with interest her heavy fallow features. Her limbs had no activity, and she dragged herself and them along as if she had been tied at the knees. We were informed by her father that she was a prodigy of learning and accomplishments. At that early age he said she was a proficient in music, dancing, and singing; she was also a perfect *artiste*, and, for all we know, Claude Lorraine, or Michael Angelo himself, never exhibited more precocious pictorial talent. We have no doubt, too, that the dead languages occupied a due share of her attention. Her poor father could readily believe it, for he never knew whether it was Greek or high Dutch was spoken by the ancients.

Such knowledge, however, was not necessary to his station, and he did better, perhaps, without it.

As she increased in years he spared no expense in fitting her for fashionable society, and for figuring away in the higher circles. But well would it have been for his own happiness that he had given her a useful education, and avoided those tinsel and superficial accomplishments which were above her station, and which only tended to tinge her mind with romantic views which never can be satisfied. For years we lost sight of our friend Tom. He, in the interim, having realised a large sum of money, retired from business, purchased an estate, and embraced the life of a country gentleman, for which he was every way unsuited. This change, however, brought him but little happiness, as the aristocracy of a country will seldom associate with a man that has stood behind the counter: and Tom happened to locate himself just in a place where he could find no other society. He endeavoured, however, to remedy this deficiency, by seeking in his family what he could not find elsewhere. And now behold him in a new character, seated in an attempt at an elegant drawing-room beside his daughter's piano, listening with the enthusiasm of an amateur to an Italian *sonata*; the walls hung with hideous heads, done in crayons and chalk, drawings of roses that strongly resembled peonies, set in elaborately gilt frames, and all the furniture gorgeous and massive. He becomes at once a member of the *beau monde*, a man of fashion, an exquisite! The winter months were spent in Dublin, that his daughter might have the benefit of *Signor* —, and *Monsieur* —, and *Meinherr* so and so, who, like a pestilence, infest our metropolis, to finish the polite education of young ladies and gentlemen. A chaise was bought at Hutton's, and Dyer got orders to purchase a dashing stud. A few years rolled on, and found Tom still an unsuccessful votary at the shrine of fashion. After the last country races, he was obliged to put down his carriage as the mischievous hand of some wag had tied to each tag of the equipage, a pound of candles; and poor Tom, unconscious of his ornament, had spent a proud day expatiating on its beauty to several persons, pronouncing it to be good value for what he paid for it—viz., three hundred guineas. He only learned the extent of ridicule to which he had been subjected when he returned home. His daughter was now the admiration of all the ruined fortune-hunters in the country, but, as yet, no opportunity had occurred of settling her to his satisfaction. In vain were the syren notes of that voice, which he esteemed to rival the night-

gale, stretched to the utmost compass; the ears of elder sons were deaf to its charms. Tom still never despaired, secure of her irresistible charm. It was impossible, he said, such beauty and accomplishments could be long unappreciated, and he resolutely refused every aspirant to her hand, who could not show a clear title to, at least, five hundred a year. We met about this time, during one of his migrations to the metropolis. He was as glad to see us as ever. The honest breast was still unchanged, though the manner of expressing its kindly feelings was unnatural. He made several awkward attempts at gentility, which only made the glaring want of it more visible. He invited us to spend an evening at his lodgings, and accordingly we accepted his invitation, as we were anxious to talk over *old times*; but, as we afterwards found, the subject was never recurred to. German and Italian books and songs, with a few French and English, were produced on the removal of the tea apparatus. We were favoured by successive selections from Rossini, Mozart, &c., which the young lady performed with much self-satisfaction. Tom sat immovable, his eyes uplifted in ecstatic enjoyment; but to us the singing and accompaniment were alike unintelligible. The singing was a disagreeable noise emitted from the throat, with a shocking grimace and contortion of the upper lip; and we immediately vowed never to subject ourselves to such ridicule, by going into a sphere from which Providence had excluded us.

After a short time the young lady went on a visit to one of her particular friends, of whom she had many, for her's was a heart singularly formed for the sentimentalities of female friendship. Here she became acquainted with a suitor, who being sadly in want of "the circulating medium," and observing the weakness of her character, pursued a line of conduct which soon gained his object. He feigned the most ardent attachment, bestowing on her, in the most lavish manner, epithets of endearment and devoted love. She, at length, really believed herself a heroine of the first order; and, after a scene in which her passionate *soi-disant innamorato* held a pistol to his head and vowed he would end his miserable existence unless she became his, she consented to a secret marriage. No time was to be lost, as her visit must shortly conclude, and conducting her to a post-chaise, which had been prepared previous to the threatened attempt on his life, he captured his wished-for prize. Borne on the wings of love, they flew to the far-famed couple-beggar at Cullenswood. They returned immediately when the ceremony was performed, to her friend's house; and when Tom Lawrence came next morning to convey home Miss Matildo Lawrence, he unconsciously escorted Mrs. William Brown! The *denouement* of the drama was delayed until the next night. Tom had retired to bed at his usual early hour, but about midnight was awakened by a strange sound of suppressed voices, and the raising of a window in the front of his house.

The country, at the time, was greatly disturbed, and visions of Whiteboys and Ribbonmen at once presented themselves to his terrified imagination. He immediately snatched a loaded blunderbuss which always lay near his bed side, and, without further prelude, most valiantly fired in the direction of the noise. Great, indeed, was its execution. A sound followed like the falling of part of the house wall, and male and female shrieks of terror were borne on the still ear of night. Tom, more terrified than the sufferers, locked his room-door, and then determined to await the result of his valour. Presently, his servants, headed by his sons, having discovered the true cause of the disturbance, came to inform their master; but vain were all endeavours to gain admittance.

Terror rendered Tom unable to distinguish the voice of friend from foe, and the louder they shouted from the outside, the louder he shouted from the inside, to bring some one to his help. At length, his sons contrived to make themselves known, and Tom, in his shirt, and blunderbuss in hand, came forth from his fortress. Poor man! although the results were melancholy in the extreme, the previous details were ludicrous. His romantic and accomplished daughter, not content with a flight from her friend's house, must also plan a second escapade from her bed-room window. A ladder was placed against the house, on which she had just stepped, and her affectionate Billy Brown, or, as she called him, William, anxiously awaiting her descent, when Tom's blunderbuss put rather a disagreeable stop to their proceedings. Down tumbled the ladder and lady, not into the arms but on the head of her lover. Fortunately for the adventurers, the window was not very high, and the ground was soft, and but for Mr. Browne's bruises, none of the party suffered material bodily injury, but were so overpowered with mental excitement from the discharge of Tom's brass blunderbuss, that when he came down, the party lay scrambling, very much in the order in which they had fallen.

I will here draw a veil over my friend's discomfiture—

"He loved not wisely, but too well."

and of course he experienced all those little pangs which are the offspring of disappointed hopes. He refused to see her for several weeks, notwithstanding her assurances that nothing could have tempted her to such disobedience but the idea of witnessing Mr. Browne's suicide. Parental love at length triumphed, and after seeing her again married in the parish church, he permitted her to depart with her worthless spouse. The last time we heard of Mr. and Mrs. Billy Brown was when we saw his name in the list of insolvents, and were informed that his wife was the disinterested companion of his *white-washing*.

THE DYING PEASANT GIRL.

I sigh for a lowly quiet tomb,
'Neath the mountain's foot in sullen gloom,
In the leafy dell where no human tread
Would break the repose of the silent dead,
'Neath the sombre shade of the Cypress tree—
'Tis there my peaceful home shall be.

The turf my shroud shall wrap me there,
And spring shall prank with flow'rets fair
My mossy grave near the laughing rill,
That will ripple by round a heart that's chill,
And sing me to rest at evening wild,
Like a mother fondling her infant child.

And the birds of the bough, in a plaintive strain,
Shall lure from his home the shepherd awain;
By the sun's last ray his steps shall be led
To where I'm low in my dreamless bed,
Where my story is told in the moaning breeze,
As it heavily sighs through the willow trees.

W. H.—w.

INTERNAL COMMUNICATION—MR. BIANCONI.
This spirited gentleman is about to introduce a most useful piece of simple machinery, which will supersede the old-fashioned drag for steep declivities, and which cannot be surpassed for readiness of application. He is also about to extend great and valuable accommodation to the remotest west of Ireland, by the establishment of a car communication between Ballina and Belmullet—a measure which will be most beneficial to that very extensive and improving district: and we hope it will meet the cordial support of all resident gentry and landed proprietors.

IRISH LEGENDS.

THE PHOOCA.

"His haggard face was foul to see—
His mouth unmeet a mouth to be—
His eye of deadly leer;
He nought devis'd but neighbours' ill,
He wreak'd on all his wayward will,
And marr'd all goodly cheer."—SHENSTONE.

It is with feelings of melancholy and regret that we draw aside the curtain which conceals the days of our ancestors, and bring their manners and customs to light, which, like themselves, are either despised or forgotten. The farther we consider them, the more we are struck with wonder at the revolution in society this last century; changes which have made the present generation a different race and people altogether from their forefathers who preceded them. In the marvellous days of antiquity every castle had its phooka—every ferny glen its leprahawn—every rath its fairy host—every bush its evil spirit—every old family its particular banshee or bow—every squire's cellar its own cluricawn, who revelled nightly in every dainty—and, in short, there was not a spot of our Emerald Isle that had not some species of these unearthly beings peculiar to itself, whose extraordinary feats were the theme of the peasants' conversation as, after the fatigues of a winter's day, they recline by their blazing fires, surrounded by their smiling families, who listen in death-like stillness to every sentence they utter. As a pleasing task, we shall relate a few of those old stories, as they are told by the Leinster peasantry, confident that they will be perused with pleasure by all who feel an interest in learning the state of society in its primeval, unadorned simplicity.

And first, commencing with the phoooca, we shall preface our story with a brief description of it:

Phoooca, pouké, pooka, (as it is pronounced by the peasantry,) or Puck, synonymous with "*the evil one*," is a sprite believed to be, in its original shape, nearly similar to a wolf or large mastiff, though often found like a bull, a horse, a calf, and different other animals, whose forms he can take and change in the twinkling of an eye. He is generally found in the vicinity of old castles or abbeys, where, 'tis said, he secrets himself during the day in recesses that no mortal can penetrate. At night he quits his hiding-place to divert himself on any unfortunate individual who chances to stray across his haunts, whom he torments in every possible way, although he is seldom or never known to hurt any one except such as has offended him. These he repays with tenfold severity.

But we have never learned more concerning these capricious beings than when taking a tour through the remotest parts of the county Carlow a few years ago. As we were lost in contemplation, surveying the venerable ruins of the castle of Clonmore, we encountered a tremendous shower of rain, which obliged us to seek shelter in one of the small cabins that occupy the interior of that building. Our kind host, a cheerful old man, whose name we afterwards learned was Brien Byrne, seeing we were strangers in the place, had us seated on a boss, (as he called it,) by a huge turf fire—a luxury peculiar to the people of these parts. As we were waiting till the rain

* Limericawn pronounced by the Leinster peasantry.

abated, our conversation naturally turned on the castle without, when he amused us by reciting the following tradition:—

"Dear me," he began, "isn't it a pity that such odd stock as the owners of this castle should be humbled, an' their abode moulderin' away in the condition it is; 'twas a cursed day for ould Ireland that ever the strangers had anything to do wid it. Many is the poor man is out of employmint since; no kind hand to assist himself or his family whin in the greatest misery. All our great lords and gentry have left us since, an' wid thim the anforkinate pookas."

"The pookas!" we remarked, anxious to learn something concerning them—"what about them, or why were they obliged to leave the place?"

"Why," said he, "they ar' the ould followers of the Irish blood, who war left destitute also by their masters' fall, an' obliged to seek a home, like many of our boys, elsewhere. 'Twas the people of this castle had the respect for his pooka—throth it was so great that they had his head cut out in stone on the top of their residence; yez may see it our this, just facin' the road, an' more by token, it is the highest point of the whole building. The pooka's hole, just under the tower, is a dark place, an' whin it stops rainin' I'll just give yez a peep into it for curiosity, for 'twas there he lay every day. He was perfectly harmless, an' used to play all night wid the servants, an' assist thim at every little job they'd be doin', unless they vext him, whin, yez may be sartin, he soon found a way to be revinged on thim. Well, on the fall of the lord of this castle, an' the destruction of the whole people by Cromwell, the pooka was left a solitary bein' among the ruins, without one kind hand to look to for assistance or protection. However, he still remained in his hole, an' often an' often did he help the country folks in their nightly avocations, particularly in grindin' the corn with the querins,* an' spinnin', by which he was permitted to enjoy, unmolested, the full heat of their fires—a treat he was exceedingly fond of. Any how, things went on well with the poor pooka for many a year—the ould spoke a kind word to him, and the young patted him, an' thus he past his time away, durin' which, his best an' dearest friends were droppin' one by one into the tomb, although he still remained the same. By degrees a new race sprung up altogether, by whom the memory of his old masters, an' his own origin, was intirely unknown; an' as then few would admit him inside doors at all, he suffered very much wid the cold. At length one winter set in wid great severity, the poor pooka indeavoured to seek an asylum against the bitin' blast, but was generally repulsed wid a mockery that his heart couldn't bear, till in his rambles one night he chanced to find a lone woman spinnin' by the light of a fine fire in the hollow of Goold glin. Takin' his sate without ceremony on the other side, he supplied himself wid flax, to make himself useful I suppose, an' commenced to spin away for the bare life, durin' which the poor woman was ready to drop, to see sich a hairy brute perform work that, as she thought, only women could do. It wasn't wheels they had thin, bud what they call 'the quigall an' spindle': the rock of flax was fixt in a belt round the waist called 'acrees,' an' drawin' out the thread wid one hand they twisted it wid the quigall an' wound it on the spindle wid a quickness truly incredible. An' fast as the good woman spun, her new companion worked twice as quick, an' at every thread he drew out he used to cry out 'ran-

cue-ue-ue-ue,' lengthenin' the 'ue' out into a long drawl as he finished on the spindle. With fear she was revetted to the spot; she could not lave the hearth-stone that night, an' the mornin' sun shone through the window before he departed, an' enabled her to retire to her bed an' taste the sweets of refreshin' sleep. As her chief dependance lay in her labour at the wheel, she could not flinch, an' for a whole month had the mortification to find 'Rancue,' as she called him, constantly arriving at the regular hour, an' satein' himself at his work so comfortable. At length, every one began to notice the change in her person—her cheeks no longer bore their ruddy appearance—her whole frame was nearly worn to a thread, an' her eyes war strained to the corners watchin' the apparition opposite, spiunnin' away like murder, as he made the house re-echo wid his 'rancue,' wid his belly turned to the fire. Her husband, who used to go to bed every night before her to mind the children, suspected all was not right, an' couldn't but wonder at the wasted form of the woman who was so healthy before.

"Arrah, Judy," ses he, one evenin' as he was preparin' to go to bed, 'in the name of all that's wonderful, what's come over ye at all?—is it in a decay ye ar'?' ar' ye fairy-struck? or is it wid the good people ye do be? tell yer own husband, *ayrue*, at wanst what ails ye, that he may find a rimedy afore it is too late."

"O, Paddy honey, she faintly replied, 'if ye war to know what I suffered this month, yed pity me; there's not a night of them bud a great big hairy animal like a jackall comes in an' spins away at t'other side of the fire wid me, enjoyin' the hate, an' never quits it till day-break. I was afeard to spake to him, or tell you about it afore, else he might kill me; an' that's what kep' me so long every night; I couldn't go to bed till he wint away."

"Well aisy," ses Paddy, after a pause, 'I'll engage I'll settle him; d'you go to bed to night, an' I'll put on per clothes, an' spin in yer place, an' I'll soon find out what it is, or if it's flesh an' blood like ourselves."

"O, Paddy," she cried, 'for goodness sake do nothin' to the poor baste; shure he'll murder ye, so he will, if ye attmpt to rise yer hand to him: do, asthore, don't be afther laivin' yer poor wife a widow, that's bad enough afore, an' the four grawls, 'thout a father to care thim. O, don't molest the crathur, an' a blessin' 'ill be in yer road 'till the day of yer death."

"Stop now," ses he, 'wid yer blatherin' this way, bud go to bed, an' ye'll see if he comes to-morrow night—so sayin'. He put her to bed, an' havin' drest himself in her clothes, an' made down a roarin' fire, he sat down on a stool, an' began to spin, any way at all, to be shure, as he wasent used to it. So he hadn't been long there, when in walks my boyo, an' sated himself down wid great authority at t'other side, an' stretchin' out his long hind legs across the hearth, made the house echo wid his 'rancue' as he spun away lika wild fire. Paddy also done his best, an' for three long hours they staid opposite to one other, during which he kep' a sharp eye an' his hairy companion, who used to make three threads for his one wid the greatest aise. At length the pooka threw his away, an' pulled out the *greeshogue** to warm himself the better, by which he lit the fire so well that he, discovered who was with him. Judge his surprise on lookin' over, an' spyin' the short black jaw of Paddy instead of the long pale one of the woman. Such a discovery frightened him; he made an essay to reach the door, but the man had too close an eye on him, an' intercepted his retreat, an' laid on him so heavy with a

* Querins were small mills turned with the hand, found in those days in every farmer's house, as mills were so scarce. The females generally had to grind the quantity of corn that supplied the family nightly.

* Greeshogue—Red hot ashes.

forteen of a stick he had provided, that he drew tears from his eyes. An' at every blow he gave him he used to shout 'I'll raneue you, ye villain,' till he run him complaitly out of the place for the bare life.

"Well, Judy," says the good man in the mornin', 'I seen the hairy monster last night you war takin' of.'

"O, Lord!" says she, quite frightened, 'did you spake to him, or what did he say, or what did he do at all? O, Paddy, *ma hudgeen ma chree*, I'm prayin' all night for yer safe deliverance from the baste. O, how did ye escape from him that he didn't kill and murder ye? tell us it all for the sake of goodness, Pat honey!'

"Bedad," ses he, 'yer a purty woman to be frightened at sich a thing; shure wasn't it the pooka ye seen, you *omedhawn*, that a child 'id know on the road if he met it: an' though you can't say ye war ploughin' wid the pooka, yet ye can say ye war spinnin' wid him, which is all the same—ha! ha! ha! Bud any how I settled him wid a touch of my stick, that he'll feel for a month.'

"O, did you strike the crathur?" she inquired; 'you'll never have an hour's luck if you did, *peugh a hug*, to meddle at all wid the poor thing.'

"Ah! thin' if I didn't," he remarked wid a sneer, 'lave it till to-morrow; I'll engage that he won't come to-night, nor to-morrow night, nor the next night, nor the night after, nor any night: wait now, an' you'll see that my word 'ill come in thrue.'

"An' shure enough he tould only the truth, for the never a sight of the pooka the good woman saw afterward, though she spun every night in the same house.

"Bud I must tell, although the pooka never wint to the glin any more, he had it in for Paddy, an' watched every opportunity to revinge himself on him, for the usage he got at the fire. An' as he moped home one night from the fair of Hacketstown, basted drunk, shoutin' for the sight of a fellow to fight him, what should he come to bud an ass, grazin' along the road side, just a little above Clonmore-street. As the divelmint was in him, an' could let nothin' alone, he gives the poor ass a kick, at the same time givin' a whoop that made it start out on the middle of the road.

"Ah thin, Paddy Kennedy," ses the ass quite pitiful, lookin' up to him, 'ye oughtn't strike a poor dumb animal in that way: may be ye'd want him to carry ye home, an' you so drunk, an' the way so bad.'

"Why shure enough yer right," says Paddy, not takin' any notice it was an ass was spakin'; 'I never wanted a lift so bad.'

"Get up here thin," ses the ass, 'an' I'll see ye home, an' not like other people chargin', I'll carry ye grakissly to your very door; its a thing I don't like to see honest min in a hobble whin they get heady.'

"So he was barely saited on the ass's back whin he grew as big as a runny-serious (rhinoceros,) an' on the first jump lit over on top of the pooka head here, wid a sock that brought Pat to his senses, who opened his eyes an' discovered his mistake too late.

"Well, Paddy," ses the big ass, turnin' round wid a sneer, 'ar' we on the right road home to your cabin?'

"Ah, no! yer honour," ses Paddy, thinkin' to butter him up a bit, 'shure it's above in the hollow of Goold I live; this isn't the way at all; you know where it is, a little above Kilahookawn stone; do bring me there for the love of—'

"But, before he could say another syllable, the ass made a *splough*, an' a kick-up, that made poor Pat trimble lest he should fall off, an' be smashed into a thousand pieces on the rubbish below.

"Bedad I ought to know it," ses the ass, 'for I got a good whalin' there, for nothin' at all, only warmin' myself; bud now I'll have satisfaction on the

rascal—' he gave another kick up, twice as high as the former; after which, he bounded from one tower to another, an' through old windows, an' spy-holes, an' cracks, and crevices, wid the agility of a puckawn, scrapin' the skin off of poor Paddy's back, shoulders, an' sides, an' crushin' him so tight that he thought every bone in his pelt was in mummy.

"O, murther alive, Mr. Pooka dear," he roared out, 'ar' ye goin to commit suicide on a poor man that was bad enough afore? let me down aisy an' I'll never offend ye agin; do, yer honour, an' while there's breath in my body I'll offer up a prayer for yer welfare, mornin' an' evenin', lyin' an' risin', sleepin' an' wakin', an' every time it will be in yer road.'

"But all his prayers was in vain—out the ass took through brakes of briars, an' skaugh hedges, ould shores, an' ditches, an' furze bushes, over hills, rocks, woods, valleys, lakes, rivers, an' says—through Spain an' Portingale, an' Maxico, the East an' West Indies, an' Botamy Bay, the Atlantic an' Pacific Oceans; an' in short there wasn't a spot on the earthly globe that he didn't bring him through. Next mornin' there was a great search for the missin' man, whin his friends found him lyin' at the but of the moat there above, awfully bruised an' scraped, an' not able to stir wid the pains of his wounds. Hewas immediately conveyed home on a bearer, an' I heard it tould that he didn't recover for nearly twelve months after."

"But what become of the pooka after?" we inquired.

"O, he was as quite as ever to the people about here, an' used to be doin' little things at night for them; bud they say that a pooka never likes to be rewarded for any thing that way: an' after he helpin' Jim the weaver's daughters to spin a great piece of linen intirely, the ould man had a boddace made of it for him, by way of recompence for his trouble. No sooner was it fitted on him than he was quite vexed, for the spell was broken, an' utterin' a loud screech of 'adieu to the castle of Clonmore, since I got sleeves to my elbow,' he vanished from their presence. He thin took up his abode in ould Mick Price's mill on the height, an' thought to make as familiar wid the *colleens* as he used her, (for it seems he was very fond of the girls, like the most of us,) bud they war afraid to have any thing to do wid him, not being acquainted wid sich a thing. He used to sleep every night by the kiln fire, warmin' himself well, an' every one was shy to go in where he was, bud used to be wishin' daily to get shut of him, but to no purpose—he still kep' his ground. At length some ould woman advised ould Mick to turn in a big pig to him, an' that he would soon lave it. So, my dear life, a *brawn* was hunted into the kiln next evening' quite early; the poor pooka beared it well the first and second night, bud (as they have a great aversion to swines,) findin' him there the third night, he came out an' accosted Mick in the bawn, who was ready to die wid the fright—'Is that a *shath* (boar) in the mill,' he inquired with unearthly tone.

"Yes," said Mick, quakin' wid fear.

"Will you lave the *shath* in the mill always?" he said agin.

"Yes," ses Mick.

"The *shath* always in the mill!" he roared out in despair. 'Well, since it is so, adieu to the mill.'

"From that day to this, there never was sight or light of the pooka about Clonmore, although he may be in the hole still for all we know; bud if he is, he keeps very close."

The rain having now abated, after thanking our kind informant for his attention, we departed on our way, not without musing as we went along on the strange things we heard and learned in the course of that eventful day.

AERIAL STEAM CARRIAGE.

This is a name which has been given to a new machine for which a company has taken out a patent, and which is to convey passengers, goods, and despatches through the air, performing the journey from London to India in four days! and to travel at the rate of from 75 to 100 miles per hour. At the first glance of such an announcement our readers will doubtless feel disposed to treat it as some chimerical absurdity, written merely to excite wonder, and expressly for the marvel-loving mass of society; but the facts connected with the subject are of a kind to diminish disbelief, at least as to the truth of such a contrivance being in process of formation. A company of gentlemen is really formed, even of mechanical men: the patent was formally sealed on the 29th of September last, and systematic arrangements are in progress to complete the design. At least, this would prove that the inventors and their supporters are well convinced of the certainty of the invention; and, wonderful as may appear this announced stride in science, we may surely pause in our incredulity when we remember with what unbelief the proposition to light London with an invisible fluid was received—and when we know that seventy years since we should have been deemed madmen if we had stated that we should thereafter travel at the rate of forty to sixty miles an hour. In such an age of improvement, we really have no right or precedent to deny the possibility of this measure; and, therefore, we allude as we do to the fact of such a steam-carriage being, not only contemplated, but in the engineer's hands, to be borne on the air, unlike the principle of the balloon, and to which even the winds are to be made subservient! The subject is one so replete with matter for speculation, that we will not venture to point out the consequences which would occur—still, not denying the rapid transit to be practicable, and even likely to be carried into operation; but in January the machine will be thoroughly organised, and until then we take leave of the subject, and only trust that this alleged invention is neither exaggerated, nor an Utopian project: and, from the conversation we had with those in connexion with the design, we have every reason to believe that neither is the case.—*Atlas.*

THE PATIENT.—Patience, preserverance, and vigour are three essences, as it were, of which honourable ambition is composed and maintained. It is however true, that men are, from their inconsistency, more capable of obtaining their ends by vigorous efforts, than by long perseverance. Patience under privation is a divine quality. Disappointment is a melancholy tutor; but frequent disappointment is the parent of patience. Hence we bear those pains best to which we have been most accustomed. Hence it arises that some sustain mental pains better than bodily ones; and other bodily pains better than those of the mind. But that, in general, bodily pain is the less able to bear, is proved by the circumstance, that, before a mental pain can be felt at all, a great bodily one must be relieved.

REMARKABLE FACT.—Although there were on each day 40,000 persons at the late races of Caher, not a blow was struck, and very few drunken men were seen!

TRUTH AND FALLACY.—As a child selects the gaudy but imperative rattle, in preference to the plain but effective, so is man prone, in matters of truth and fallacy, to incline to the latter. Truth, having always effectiveness in view, must appear in the garb of moderation; while fallacy, on the other hand, uninfluenced by the same consideration, has at command all the gaudy colours of the chameleon.

THE LAST HOPE OF THE EXILE.

My own native land, though I'm far from thee now,
Oft the deep shade of sadness comes over my brow,
When I think on the time that with light joyous glees
I roamed 'mid thy hills, for my spirit was free.

Yes, free as the wave on the ocean top borne,
And pure as the high mountain breeze of the morn—
I knew not, I thought not of sorrow or guile;
I but felt that I loved thee, my native green isle.

Oh! sad was the pang when necessity bade
Me to leave thee, my Erin, and o'er the wild trade—
Seek a home amongst strangers, who knew not how blest
Till then I had lived in thee, land of the west.

Oh! they never could feel as I then deeply felt,
Nor they never could kneel as I fervently knelt
And prayed, that still Heaven in blessings would smile
On the land of my birth—my native green isle.

I'm away where no loved ones are near me to tell
Of that home of my youth, which my heart loves so well.
I toil 'neath the rays of a tropical sun,
And my high hopes are fleeing away, one by one.

Yet, oh! there is one which can never depart,
As a tendril, it clings round the vine of my heart;
It is not to seek for an urn or pile,
But when dead, to rest in thee, my native green isle.

A WILD IRISH GIRL.

HUMAN SKELETONS.—The size of skeletons varies very much, ranging from thirty-five inches to eight feet. The gigantic skeleton of the Irishman O'Brien, preserved in the museum of the College of Surgeons in London, measures eight-feet two inches. What is called the middle size in man, is about five feet four inches; in woman, about five feet. When the bones have been cleaned and dried, the weight of an ordinary male skeleton ranges from ten to thirteen pounds; of a female one, from eight to nine.

SELFISHNESS.—This is *fallen* self-love, and is so nearly allied to it, that though a whole host of French philosophers have laboured to explain satisfactorily the difference between *amour propre* and *amour de soi*, they have done little more than confuse and embarrass their readers, who are, however, pretty well convinced, before they have half perused their writings, that from the *grand selfishness* denominated ambition, to the more circumscribed selfishness denominated avarice, there is not a single passion incident to the natural heart which this odious vice does not either dictate, modify, or controul.—*Dublin University.*

PROPERTY.—This communicates a charm to whatever is the object of it. It is the first of our abstract ideas; it cleaves to us the closest and longest. It endears to the child its plaything, to the peasant his cottage, to the landholder his estate. It supplies the place of prospect and scenery. Instead of covering the beauty of distant situations, it teaches every man to find it in his own. It gives boldness and grandeur, and tinge and colouring to clays and fallows.

MOTHERLY LOVE.—Last among the characteristics of woman is that sweet motherly love with which nature has gifted her; it is almost independent of cold reason, and wholly removed from all selfish hope of reward. Not because it is lovely, does the mother love her child, but because it is living part of herself—the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. In every uncorrupted nation of the earth this feeling is the same. Climate, which changes everything else, changes not that.

SOFT WORDS.—A kind refusal is sometimes as gratifying as a bestowal. He who can alleviate the pain of an ungracious act is unpardonable unless he do so.

CURBING PASSION.—An indifferent pilot will guide a ship in smooth water: to repress our rising passion in the midst of provocation, will prove that we can handle the helm in a storm.

REVIVAL OF IRISH MUSIC AND SONG.

The third anniversary festival of the Society for the revival of Irish music and song was held in the Linen-hall, Drogheda, on the 1st November. There was a very large attendance. The room was brilliantly lighted and decorated with appropriate banners. The venerable bards and minstrels occupied a platform at the head of the room. The Rev. Mr. Burke, president, founder, and chief supporter of the society, was received, on entering the Hall shortly after six o'clock, with enthusiastic greetings. Having taken his seat at the head of the table, the company partook of tea. During the repast the harpists played several old Irish airs with excellent effect. After tea, the Rev. Mr. Burke addressed the assembly in a fervent and eloquent strain.—“What were we, said he, three years ago?—a people scattered and scorned, and trodden down under the burden of intemperance—ignorant alike of the blessings of social comforts and rational amusements. What are we now?—united under the sacred banner of temperance, our physical and moral condition improved, and our national character respected. This night twelve months we had not one in our society who could strike the harp; now we have in our Drogheda Irish Harp Society more harps and harpers than are to be found in Ireland altogether. There are many reasons why we should rejoice in the revival of our national instrument, and feel proudly in our right to exclusive possession of the harp, the most ancient of musical instruments. ‘All other instruments,’ says the eminent composer, Haydn, ‘speak but to the ear, but the Irish harp speaks to the heart.’ Unless the harp be again revived, the superior excellence of Irish music will be lost to future generations.” The rev. gentleman, after expatiating at considerable length on the soul-thrilling strains of Irish music, quoted an eulogy of the lamented Furlong on our ancient minstrels, and concluded by appealing to all present to labour for the revival of the Irish harp.

Several Irish songs were sung, and recitations from Ossian followed. The company separated highly delighted.

COFFEE.—This may be called the intellectual beverage. When strong, and when much of it is taken, it stimulates so highly the brain and nervous system, as to produce a species of inebriation. A patient of ours is relieved instantly, by a strong cup of coffee, of nervous head-ache, but this relief is invariably followed by temporary blindness. It diminishes very much the appetite for dinner, when taken for luncheon. This property, perhaps, may be accounted for, as well as a highly stimulating quality, owing to its containing so much nitrogen, the distinctive ultimate element of animal substances. In another it almost instantly produces increased and vigorous action of the heart, and, if persevered in, most distressing palpitations. A single cup of this beverage will often cause a sleepless night, in the case of one who can take tea with impunity in this respect. Paris states—“If taken immediately after a meal, it is not found to create that disturbance in its digestion which is the occasional consequence of tea; on the contrary, it accelerates the operations of the stomach, and will frequently enable the dyspeptic to digest substances, such as fat and oily aliment, which would often occasion much disturbance.” The late Dr. Cheyne, of Dublin, a warm and zealous supporter of the cause of temperance, strongly recommended a clear cup of coffee immediately after dinner, as a wholesome substitute for wine or punch. Those who are rendered vigilant at night owing to coffee after dinner, may take it at breakfast or at luncheon, without interfering with their night's rest, as its stimulating influence will have subsided before the hour of repose, when a sedative effect follows, as a consequence of the previous excitation.—*Dr. Hayden's Physiology.*

THE ASTEROIDS OF NOVEMBER.

The periodical return of the shooting stars which for some years past have attracted much attention by astronomical and meteorological observers throughout Europe, may be expected in the present month. For several years their annual revolutions have been noticed in the months of August and November, but the atmosphere in France and Italy having been the most favourable for observations, they have in those countries excited most notice. Their usual appearance noticed abroad has been a series of bright scintillations, emanating chiefly from the constellation Lyra. In some cases they have been noticed in rapid motion from eight to ten hours, and from 150 to 200 have been seen by observers. The years 1839 and 1840 were favourable for observations, when the asteroids preceded the singular phenomena of the aurora borealis, which then excited so much attention. The prevalent opinion of astronomers is, that they are the remains of a former planet split by some internal convulsion on the approach of a comet, which are only visible within the range of the earth at those periods of its revolution in its orbit. Their appearance within the last few years have been attended with some curious meteorological phenomena, which in the present month will be the object of investigation by many societies, a series of observations having been agreed upon.

DESTRUCTION OF WHEAT BY SPARROWS.—A curious calculation has been made of the consumption of grain by these birds. A farmer, in the space of one square mile, in the course of twelve months, killed seventeen hundred. Supposing that three hundred only fled the havoc, the presumed number would be two thousand; and taking the surface of Great Britain at one hundred thousand square miles, it will give two hundred millions of this destructive tribe of the feathered race. It is generally conjectured that sparrows bring up four broods during the year, but three only have been more accurately observed; the two first broods generally consisting of five each, the last four, thus making fourteen each pair; and these are produced in the space of five months. If, therefore, we only take half of these as pairing, we may calculate the increase on the year from 200,000,000 to be as follows:—Half of that number is 100,000,000, which, by dividing into pairs, makes 100,000,000; divide this by two, multiply the quotient by fourteen, add 200,000,000 to the product, and the result will be the enormous number 900,000,000; then, by the rule of three, we have the following astounding deduction:—As 200,000,000 sparrows are to 900,000,000 quarters of wheat, so are 900,000,000 sparrows to 40,410,000 quarters of wheat; the total value of which 40,410,000 at 60s. would be 121,230,000/1.

THE SEXES IN PETERSBURG.—Petersburg is a city of men. It contains 100,000 fewer women than men, so that the choice is proportionably not great. Besides, the climate of Petersburg seems to be unfavourable to the development of the charms of these delicate flowers; for their bloom is soon over; and it is universally admitted that, upon the whole, the women in Russia are less handsome than the men. The ladies in Petersburg feel in various ways the ill effects of the disproportionate number of men. Thus, they must not appear out of doors unattended by one of the other sex; nay, a Petersburg lady would not dare to walk in broad day in the Perspective without the escort of a gentleman or her footman.—*Kohl's Russia.*

CURE FOR CANCER.—Procure sheep sorrel (leaf like that of clover;) express the juice on a pewter plate; expose it to the sun until it assumes the consistency of salve. Apply this as a plaster to the cancer, and change it occasionally. It will extract the cancer.

SCRAPS FROM IRISH HISTORY.

THE ROUND TOWER.

"Rich as Ireland is in ancient reliques, and amidst its profusion of interesting architectural remains, there is nothing so singular, nothing which has so completely rejected all efforts at explanation, as the ancient pillar or round tower!"—*Wright's "Scenes in Ireland."*

I.

Thou stern old tower!
Erect, in solitary grandeur standing;
And wonder from the gazer's heart commanding,
With silent power,
What visions dim of days gone by
Flit o'er my mind, while musing nigh,
Unbent by time or storm,
In this lone spot—thy slender form!
Sole relic of an age, whose date
Ner clerks nor chronicles relate,
How vain is fancy's wildest flight
To read thy masonry aright.
For centuries unto this hour,
Mysterious tower!
Thy column sore hath posed the curious;
And priest and sage,
In learned page,
Have wrangled 'bout thy founders furious;
While thou, despite each critic pen,
Still art a marvel unto men,
Strange, singular, and lone—
Hibernia's riddle, writ in stone!

II.

Finger of time!
Symbols whose meaning no man knoweth
More than whither the tempest goeth,
That soars sublime.
Oh! if from thy tall pinnacle
Some spirit voice could clearly tell
The wonders thou hast seen,
How strange and startling were the theme!
Say, wert thou a beacon red and bright?
Or tower to watch the stars by night?
Or belfry built on holy ground,
To summon all who heard thy sound?
Or raised by Guebir hands from Sidon's clime,
The fire god's shrine?
(As firmly thought the sage, Vallancey,)
Or landmark sure, for traveller lone,
To guide him onwards to his home?
For such was Hansgrove's learned fancy.
In vain I ask, on plain or hill,
In silence stern thou standest still,
Stray letter of a language fled!
Whose alphabet no more on earth is read!

III.

Primeval spire!
And worthy alone our veneration;
All others nigh thee seem of late creation,
And thou their sire.
Lo! crush'd by time, cathedrals fall,
The green grass grows o'er Tara's hall,
The deep sea hides Dunmore,
But *thou* art still unaltered as of yore!
On thy lone form while thus I gaze,
I dream no more of other days;
And Norman chief, and Irish kern,
Pass from my mind with visage stern;
But him, the youthful watcher at thy fire,
My thoughts require—
Whose eager soul, long on thee dreaming,
Fed with his life the lamp he lit
At thy dim shrine, and gilded it
With lustre bright, tho' briefly gleaming.
What tho' he died unknown and young,
No minstrel's *requiem* o'er him sung,
Still with thy cherish'd fame
His country links O'Brien's name!

* Henry O'Brien, a native of Limerick, a young man of great promise and enthusiastic genius. His essay on the origin of the Irish pillar tower was rewarded with a prize by the Royal Irish Academy, and was published in London in 1834. Had he lived to mature the powers of his vigorous and original mind, there is no doubt he would have ranked among the first of his country's antiquarians; but, alas! he died young.

To endeavour even to enumerate the various theories that

have been advanced concerning the origin of the round towers would take up more space than you could afford me; for no two writers—from Giraldus Cambrensis to Mr. Petrie—seem to coincide in opinion on the subject—although, if the latter gentleman is wrong, 'tis hard to say who is right. The most original view on the subject seems to me to have been taken by Father Pat. Horgan of Blarney, who is erecting a round tower close to his chapel—determined, if antiquity has puzzled him, to repay the compliment and puzzle posterity. It is unnecessary to add, that the reverend gentleman is one of our first antiquarians.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.—We regret to announce the death of Allan Cunningham, a name long connected with the literature of his country. He died on the 29th October from paralysis and apoplexy, in the 56th year of his age. Mr. Cunningham was the son of humble parents, and born in Scotland in 1786. His poetical taste was early developed, and attracted the notice and patronage of Sir Walter Scott. Two days before he died, he completed his "Life of Sir David Wilkie."

IRISH WASTE LANDS.—It is computed there are in Ireland five millions acres of waste land, whose lowest elevation is 200 feet above the level of the sea at low water.

WOOD PAVING IN DUBLIN.—A gentleman connected with the London Metropolitan Wood-paving Company is now in Dublin, and has had interviews with the Paving Board on the subject of laying down the principal streets with the new wood pavement.

RAILWAY FROM ENGLAND TO SCOTLAND.—There is every prospect of an immediate movement in the matter of railway communication from England to Scotland via the west coast.—*Railway Magazine.*

THE MISSISSIPPI.—At the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi, on ground so flat and low and marshy, that at certain seasons of the year it is inundated to the house-tops, lies a breeding place of fever, ague, and death, vaunted in England as a mine of golden hope, and speculated in, on the faith of monstrous representations, to many people's ruin. A dismal swamp, on which the half-built houses rot away; cleared here and there for the space of a few yards; and teeming then with rank and unwholesome vegetation, in whose baleful shade the wretched wanderers who are tempted hither wander and die, and lay their bones; the hateful Mississippi circling and eddying before it, and turning off upon its southern course a slimy monster hideous to behold—a hot-bed of disease—an ugly sepulchre—a grave uncheered by any gleam of promise—a place without one single quality in earth, air, or water, to recommend it; such is this dismal Cairo.—*Boz's American Notes.*

JEALOUSY OF KING JOHN.—The passion of John for his Queen, though it was sufficiently strong to embroil him in war, was not exclusive enough to secure conjugal fidelity; the King tormented her with jealousy, while on his part he was far from setting her a good example. The name of the lover of Isabella has never been ascertained, nor is it clear that she was ever guilty of any dereliction from recitute. But John revenged the wrong that, perhaps, only existed in his malignant imagination, in a manner peculiar to himself. He made his mercenaries assassinate the person whom he suspected of supplanting him in his Queen's affections, with two others supposed to be accomplices, and secretly hung their bodies over the bed of Isabella. Her surprise and terror when she discovered them may be imagined though it is not described by the writer who darkly alludes to this dreadful scene.—*Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England."*

THE SAILOR'S SHOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WAKE AT SEA."

(Concluded from No. 2, vol. II.)

We left the captain of the *Ellen*, when we last parted with him, in the enjoyment of slumbers and dreams. He was awoke at day dawn by his mate.

"A fine morning, sir," said that personage, "and the wind is fair for home. Shall I call all hands?"

"No; I have business to do here which will detain me an hour or two after the good people of this town can be seen."

The sun was shining high in the cloudless sky as George jumped out of bed, rejoicing at finding his spirits as joyous as the scene which he now gazed on through an open cabin window. He paid more than usual attention to his dress, in preparing to go on shore. The heavy pilot-cloth jacket of last night was laid aside for a superfine blue; a white trowsers and waistcoat, with a Spanish green velvet cap, completed the external part of his attire.

A few minutes after breakfast found him on the shore of K. for the second time, and his footsteps turned towards the door of the aunt of her he was so desirous of seeing.

Having reached the house, he rapped, and was shown by the servant at once into the parlour, where he found an elderly respectable-looking lady dressed in deep mourning reclining on a sofa. She arose at his entrance, and came forward with an outstretched hand, saying, at the same time—

"You are the young sailor to whom my niece is so much indebted for assistance during the distressing incident of last night?"

"I am," madam, he replied, "the person who had the honour of meeting your niece last evening. I could not think of proceeding on my voyage, uncertain as to whether she suffered any injury from that circumstance or not."

"It is very kind of you. Pray be seated, and I shall send a servant to know how she does, as it would be too much trouble to give you to walk so far as her house."

"Oh, by no means; on the contrary, I should like a walk of a mile or two this fine morning. If you will tell me where I shall find her abode, I will proceed at once, as I have but very little time to spare."

"As you please. Follow me. I can show you the house from the garden gate."

Having arrived there, she pointed out to him a handsome white house as the residence of her niece, about ten or fifteen minutes' walk from where they stood. He bid good bye to the aunt, and in the time mentioned he arrived at the young lady's residence. He found her mother and herself at breakfast. She greeted him with all the affection of a warm, innocent, and grateful heart, and presented him to her mother, saying—

"Dear mother, the more I think of the fearful event of last night, the more I am convinced I am indebted for my life to this young sailor."

"And if so, my dear child, how much are we indebted to him. Oh, sir," she continued, addressing George, "if you knew how dear, how precious this child is to me—how much my very existence depends upon her happiness. She is my only child; her loss would be far more bitter than a death of torture to myself. Judge, then, the weight of the service you have rendered us, and tell us how we may do something to lighten the obligation."

"By never saying any thing to me," replied George, "which may induce me to believe what is not the case—namely, that I have rendered any service to your daughter. I but found her in a trifling faint, from which a little time and the cool air of Heaven would restore her without any assistance from me."

"Ah!" said the daughter, "you sailors are so used to saving each other's valuable lives on the ocean, that you think nothing of snatching a poor worthless girl like me from the jaws of death."

"Were I to save you from the slightest pain, it would delight me; and I should prize the saving of your life more than that of a ship's whole crew."

She blushed, and he followed her example without knowing why; probably because he spoke the language of his heart in the form of a compliment. The fact is, he felt more than a common interest in the fair girl who now sat before him. It was not alone that faultless shape, cast in nature's most perfect mould—nor that beautiful head which nature sometimes forms to mock the painter's and sculptor's boasted art—nor that forehead fair as Parian marble—no, not all these, so much as the deep intense feeling—spotless innocency of mind—the light from within which shone from her eyes and seemed reflected in every feature of her angel-like countenance. It was the want of this in every woman whom G. had met before that made him so long a despiser of love and its soft power.

After some conversation, on indifferent subjects, the mother left them to look after some household affairs and other matters connected with her very large farm, which she continued to manage after the death of her husband, and for whom both herself and daughter were still in mourning.

The young lady, whom we shall in future call by the name of Miss Morton, and George went from the parlour through a glass door into the garden. From thence they ascended a neighbouring hill, from which they had a noble view of the Atlantic—now calm and tranquil as an infant's sleep, with, here and there, a white sail dotting its smooth surface, and flocks of sea-gulls chasing the small fry along the shore.

"What a contrast," said Miss Morton, "there is between that calm sea and the huge billows which dashed themselves in foam upon the shore this time yesterday."

"Every thing in this world, Miss Morton, is continually changing—from yonder gigantic mountains, (for doubtless they are not now as they came from the hand of nature's God, though we have not the history of their change,) to yonder beautiful butterfly resting on that wild rose."

"Yes, 'tis true, Captain George; book-men tell us that even these our poor bodies so change in a few years, that nothing of the old remains, but all is become new."

"In gazing upon you, Miss Morton, I almost feel myself a convert to that strange theory."

"Why? may I ask, Captain George?"

"Because I think, Miss Morton, when nature last wrought that change in you, she gave you the beauty, grace, and air of an angel, in exchange for the mortality which she has taken away. But Miss M.," he continued, seeming not to notice her blushes, "I wonder not at the change of our material substances, when I find that a few hours are capable of changing opinions which were thought to be infallible, and of awakening sentiments which were thought to have no existence, save in the day-dreams of enthusiasts."

"Is it usual, Captain George, on board ship, to speak a language incomprehensible to us poor ignorant folk on shore?—you must be more explicit, if you wish me to understand you."

"Do you see these linnets who are perching on yonder slender branch of that tall elm? The male, who is now singing so sweetly, was flying above the female a few moments ago, she having caught his voice; he hovered over her for a little time—then alighted. Do you think they ever met before?"

"I don't know."

"But do you think, Miss Morton, that if they never met before, and that he came from a distant bower, she would listen to the stranger, even though he sung of love?"

Sudden as the lightning's flash, her face and neck were covered with one deep blush, and her arm placed within his trembled as the meaning of his words became clear to her. When she again recovered her composure, she said—

"I expected, Captain George, to hear something of the ocean from you; but, instead of that, you seem to like speaking of singing birds better than of the dangers of the deep."

"The singing bird is gone, Miss M., and I must soon go to brave the dangers of the deep, not to speak of them. See, my topsails are loosed out. I left word with my men to have everything prepared for starting at two o'clock; it now wants but a quarter of the time. Hark, you may hear the sound of the windlass as they heave the ship up to her anchor. Miss Morton," his voice trembled, "I must soon—I must now bid you farewell for ever."

"You surely will not think of going this day?" she exclaimed with a warmth which made herself blush. "Do stop for this day."

"The wind is favourable, Miss Morton, and what is there to keep me here, except to brave dangers which may prove more destructive to my peace than the ocean in its most angry mood?"

We have said before that Miss M. was a young lady of deep feeling—we may add now, of sound sense. Although reared in an obscure village, and shut out in a great measure from the society of her own equals, still she was aware that among men of the world it was not a very easy matter to distinguish between the language of compliment and of sincerity. She knew very well that G. referred to her in his allusion to the danger which he said threatened him. But what could he mean? Could he be sincere? She did not know; therefore she thought it best not to notice the allusion.

"Will any blame follow your remaining this one day?" she inquired.

"None, Miss Morton, save from my own prudence; the ship I command is mine."

"I am sure my mother would be very glad you would stay."

"Would yourself?"

"Can you think me so ungrateful as not to ardently desire it?"

"Very well—I remain. Will you walk down to the beach till I let my fellows know your wish?"

"Mine! Why, will you tell them I desire it?"

"Not for the world; they would laugh in my face if they thought any woman kept me from going to sea with this fair wind. Indeed, I would do so in the face of any person who told me the same twenty-four hours ago."

"Oh! then I perceive," she said, laughing, "you have been a despiser of our power."

"But am so no longer."

She could not bring herself to make the inquiry, what caused the change. In a few minutes they reached the beach, and near where they first met. A slight shudder ran through her frame as it caught her view, and he thought she clung closer to his arm.

He took a handkerchief from his pocket and held it above his head, until the peak of the mainsail was dropped, and half a dozen sailors were running up the rigging to furl the sails which had been set. They then left the beach to go home.

Old Ned's surprise was beyond description when he saw his master standing on the beach with a female.

"In the name of the sheet anchor, what is that with the skipper!" he roared as he ran for the glass, and clapping it to his eye, gave a long, silent look at

them. "A woman!—a young one too!" he groaned "Oh! he's done for; his sorrow is begun; I pity you, my poor boy!—little did I think, when I nursed you on my knee, I should ever see you in such danger."

"What is the matter, Ned?" said Jack M'Dermot, "that you are groaning like a dying gurnet."

"She'll wheedle him, coax him, deceive him, and run him on the rock of misery!" continued the old fellow, heedless of the interruption. "She'll pluck him, pickle, roast, and baste him, the goose. I thought I learned him sense."

"Ned, you old fool, what is the matter with them top-works of thine? are you crazy?"

"What is the matter!" exclaimed Ned—"enough is the matter; don't you see the skipper in the hands of a pirate, and water-logg'd?"

The whole crew burst into a loud fit of laughter, which sent Ned below in a hurry.

The day wore away in happiness with the two young beings who were thus strangely and unexpectedly brought together, and in that happiness which is only known to them from whose hearts the flowers of life have not fallen before their prime—whom this cold, selfish world has not corrupted by its teaching and example—to whom no base principle or unholy passion has made life a burden and conscience a hell—to them with whom pure and holy feelings are no strangers—in whose hearts ennobling thoughts and sentiments find a resting place and a home; and love, pure as the love of angels, opens a new world of sunshine, hope, and joy—to whom the remembrance of the past brings no remorse, the present no sorrow, and the future no fear.

As soon as the night fell, old Ned became restless and fidgety, because his master was not on board. Although really a kind-hearted creature, he hated the whole sex for the fault of one, and I do believe he would as soon his master had run his ship on a reef of rocks as fall in love with any woman under the sun. After spending an hour seated on the windlass-end, in deep thought, he muttered to himself—

"Yes, the new studding sail I took the rope from will do. I think the light will shine through it. If I could think on any other plan but this, I would never do it."

Whilst Ned was about to put his intention into execution, his captain was in the enjoyment of the greatest happiness which a young man of his years and constitution of mind can receive from anything earthly, seated in Mrs. M.'s parlour; the window half raised; through which the perfume of the garden's fragrant flowers came, borne on the light zephyr, and listening to the voice of her he loved, and which sounded in his ears like the murmur of sweet music.

"But why did you prefer the sea to every other profession?" asked Mrs. Morton, resuming a conversation which had been interrupted by listening to the notes of a French music box.

"Partly," answered George, "because in my very childhood I imbibed a strong passion for a sailor's life, and partly, that even then I had a desire to travel and see other countries."

"I had a son—my only one," continued Mrs. M., "who resembles you in more particulars than one. He, also, would go to sea. He remained from home for five long and weary years; he came home to—"

"To what?"

"To die," said the mother with a sigh; "but I mourn not as one without hope."

"Dear mother," affectionately asked the daughter, "would it be too much for you to sing the little song you composed when Charles returned?"

"He will never return to me again, my love; but I shall go to him. I only composed the words; the music is your own; however, I shall sing it; take your harp and accompany me?"

In a voice which time had not robbed of its sweetness, she sung the following lines to a plaintive simple air:—

"My son is returned from the loud foaming sea,
Though dangers have threatened his life;
My son is returned to give peace unto me,
And escaped from the elements' strife.
Though loud blew the winds, and high rolled the main,
Spite of thunder and lightning, hail, snow, or rain,
He is once more returned and we're happy again,
And peace now shall reign in our home.

"How often, when others were fast locked in sleep,
Did sleep from my tearful eyes fly,
And each morn of sorrow and night o'er the deep,
I have gazed his brave bark to espy.
Each day I had wandered along the sea shore,
But vain was my look as I scanned the sea o'er,
But all this is past to be thought of no more,
And peace now shall reign in our home."

Having concluded, she turned to G. with a more cheerful air than might have been expected, and said,

"Do you recollect reading in the 'Citizen of the World' of a person who, when he first knew misfortune, used to weep like a child; but, having become used to it, he thought so little of it, that one morning, after suffering a severe bereavement, he was found dancing before a Mandarin's door for his breakfast?"

"I do, madam, and, I believe that Goldsmith showed more of his knowledge of human nature in the writing of that paper, than any other in the beautiful work you have alluded to."

"Marie, my love," continued Mrs. M. addressing her daughter, "you told me this morning you had finished the little song you were composing—will you sing it for us now?"

"With pleasure, but I fear Captain George will think it too melancholy."

"Do not fear that; on the contrary, I love plaintive music the best."

She struck the first notes of a very plaintive air, and sung the following lines—

"Oh! where are the eyes of affection deep,
Whose beam and whose tear on me
Fell like the visions we catch in sleep
Of our home when the soul is free?"

"Oh! where are the hearts that were wont to beat
With love never dying for me,
Strangers to guile and dark deceit,
Of this world of woe and misery.
That rejoiced at my joy, that wept at my grief,
And seemed but to live for me;
Whose words of affection could give relief
At all times to me—to me?"

"Oh! where are the hands that when sickness pressed
Me down to a bed of pain,
That pillowed my head on their aching breast,
And tears let fall like rain?
That smoothed with my pillow the path of life;
That wiped from mine eyes grief's tear?—
They are passed from a world of care and strife,
Where there is neither woe nor fear."

Such was the exquisite tenderness and feeling with which she sung the above, that every one of them (herself not excepted) were melted into tears. She concluded with singing Mrs. Heman's "Better Land"

"Now, Captain George," she said, having finished, "you must sing us something, and of your own composition, also."

"Ha, ha! that is good," answered G.; "who ever heard of a sailor being a poet? however, if you play the air of the 'Better Land' again, I shall sing to it a few verses I composed some days ago. They were addressed to an imaginary singer then, but I can now with all truth address them to you."

He sung as follows in a rich manly voice:—

"Say what is more sweet to him alone
In the world than thy voice's spirit tone,
That awakes in the soul the holy sigh
To seek its home in the starry sky?
Are the strains of Italia's gifted child,
If breathing soft or sublimely wild?"

Not these—not these, dear girl.

"Are the soft notes by the harp wind played,
By zephyrs soft as thy sigh, dear maid?
Or the murmur of streams as they glide along—
Or music wild of the feathered throng,
When summer calls forth from each bush and tree
The flowers and leaves, and bids them be?"

Not these—not these, dear girl.

"Are the ripples that kiss the calm sea side
When the moon-beams dance o'er the glassy tide?
Or the music the sailor hears in sleep,
When he dreams that beneath the silent deep
He feasts in the mermaids' coral grove,
And she plays on her shell soft airs of love?"

Not these—not these, dear girl.

"Nothing but the holy angel throng,
Who join in the everlasting song
Of Him who is mighty over all,
And of Him who redeemed us from the fall;
And the hymns of his saints in his courts above
Who sing an eternal song of love.

But these—but these, dear girl."

After he concluded, the mother rose to retire.

"Captain George," said she, "after the circumstance of last night, I feel no uneasiness in leaving Marie and yourself together, so good night; but mind you come on shore to breakfast, for really you must not go for another day."

The two being left alone, they were silent for some minutes. At length G. asked her, with an abruptness that made her start—

"Miss Morton, will you be candid enough to tell me if your heart is free? I need not ask if your hand is so, for I well know both will be free or engaged together."

"Why, Captain George, do you ask the question?"

"Because, Miss Morton, your answer will determine whether I accept your mother's invitation, and remain to-morrow, or this night bid you farewell for ever."

"I cannot understand you, Captain George; indeed—indeed—I—I—"

"Miss Morton, a new feeling has taken possession of my mind since last night. Before I met you, I knew not what it was to love. I despised, laughed at it, and vainly, foolishly imagined that I was incapable of feeling it, or that there was no such thing on earth. Now, I know the contrary. I love you—you smile—nay, I fondly, ardently, love you. I am unused to the fashion of man's wooing; I cannot command these honied words which 'tis said find acceptance with your sex. I ask humbly, fondly, but, perhaps, too bluntly, is your hand and heart free to bestow them on whom you please to bless with your love?"

She could not speak for a few minutes, owing to the surprise and embarrassment which this abrupt address occasioned; but it was evident even to G. that displeasure formed no part of the feelings under which she was labouring. At length she said—

"I am afraid this is that common-place gallantry for which men of your profession have always been so famous."

"That is, Miss Morton, that I am insincere in my professions of attachment, and that I am villain enough to speak the language of deceit to you."

"Nay, I meant not that; but I cannot think it possible for any person to fall in love with me in such a short time."

"Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?" that is a line I once thought folly, but now I feel its truth;

but farewell, Miss Morton; may every blessing human and divine be yours—may the sweetest flowers of life's joy spring up before your foot-steps in your journey through this world. Oh! sometimes think, in the days that are to come, of one that can never forget you—no; while memory holds her heart—in the midnight watch, and in the daylight hour—in the tempest or in the calm—at home, or abroad on a foreign shore—in danger or safety—I never, never shall forget you."

He knelt beside her, and took her hand; he felt the warm tears fall on his from her eyes, and perceived her lips moving as if endeavouring to speak. After some time he heard her murmur—

"Speak to my mother; if she consent, I am yours, for I—I love."

"Meor another?" breathlessly inquired G.

"Not another," and at the same time their eyes met—that look—it was enough. George felt he was beloved. He departed for his ship with an heart overflowing with joy. Having reached the beach, he heard the tinkling of a small bell among the rocks. He thought it proceeded from some sheep that might have strayed from an adjoining meadow. He walked in the direction from whence he heard the sounds, and turning the corner of a large rock, he perceived a white lightsome object standing about thirty yards from him on another rock, at the base of which there was about four feet of water. Although brave as a lion, and anything but superstitious, he felt the blood run cold through him at the sight of this strange-looking thing. To go on board without knowing what it was, was out of the question. He took from an inside pocket a pair of small pistols, but having rammed down the powder, he sought a pair of bullets in vain. Despite of this, he proceeded on his way until he came within a dozen paces of it.

"Hilloo there!—who are you?"

"A gh-o-st!" was the response in a hollow voice.

"What do you want?"

"To warn you of your evil course."

"What do you mean?"

"You are going to make a goose of yourself, by following in the wake of a woman that will bring you to your ruin."

"How to ruin?"

"Because they are all pirates and sharks."

"Old Ned, for a thousand," thought G.; "but I'll pay the old boy for his start."

"I say, Mr. Ghost, are you long dead?"

"Seven weeks."

"Ah! since you have had such a long fast, what say you to a pair of pistol bullets for your supper?"

The click of the pistol locks fell on Ned's ear like the sound of his death knell, absolutely depriving him of the use of speech; at last he roared out—

"Oh! oh! sir, its—its—"

But G. discharged both his pistols almost in his very teeth. Ned fell with a sough on the rock, and rolled into the water, bellowing—

"I'm kilt—murther; fire; I'm drowned; help—help."

G. heeded him not, but ran for the boat, which he perceived floating from the beach, the painter having been made fast to a rock. He rowed on board, and sent a boy for Ned. The next morning he went again on shore to breakfast, during which little or nothing was spoken by any person present. As soon as it was finished, Marie left the room, and her mother and George alone.

"Captain George," said Mrs. M. as soon as her daughter retired, "Marie has informed me of all that occurred after I left you last night. You love my child; she, it appears, also loves you. You belong to a dangerous profession, and one that must of necessity take you much from home. I fear my daughter

inherits the disease of which her father died; consequently grief or anxiety would prove fatal to her: both of which she must suffer if she becomes the wife of a sailor whom she loves. Your own parents' consent must be obtained; without it, Marie herself would not be your bride. Then you must remain here; I cannot leave this, and my child will not leave me. I ask you not what property you may have—that is a secondary object with me and herself, as we are independent. What, sir, have you to say to these obstacles to your union with my child?"

"They are many, doubtless, dear madam, but none of them insurmountable. As to the danger attendant on my profession, it is far less than landspeople think, and has been too often exaggerated by ourselves. I shall not engage in any foreign trade, until I have Marie's consent and your own. My father will give his consent, I know, to what must even appear to him an advantageous match. My mother's would be obtained if I married a beggar. The ship I command is my own, and I can sail from this port or the neighbouring one of S. As for my family—"

"I donot doubt its respectability, Captain George; but you must give up the sea altogether. Your being a sailor is the grand obstacle."

George shook his head.

"Well, sir, perhaps my daughter will have more influence with you than me; however, obtain your father's consent, and you have mine."

"I will proceed on my voyage for that purpose after two minutes' conversation with Marie—farewell."

"Farewell, my son."

We shall not dwell on the conversation of the affianced lovers, but hurry our hero at once on board his ship, where his feet was scarcely on the deck until he cried out—

"One-half the crew loose out the sails; the other half heave a head on the windlass."

In a few minutes the ship was under weigh, and proceeding gracefully out of the bay on her homeward course. He turned to take a look at the shore where he suffered and enjoyed so much. Two ladies stood on a rock: the youngest waved her snowy handkerchief in the air, in token of—farewell! In a moment the blue peter was lowered from the royal mast head; in another a white flag fluttered in its stead; and a signal gun sent forth its thunder, awakening the echoes in their caves in the mountains and the rocks. A few minutes more, and the ship was cutting the Atlantic's wave, with the wind just free enough to permit her to lie her course. The day was squally; the sky looked lowering and stormy, and a swell was foaming in from the w.n.w. The ship rolled fearfully in the trough of the sea. On account of there being plenty of wind for all sails, and George's being a swift ship, she was going now at the rate of six knots an hour. By the uneasy glances which Ned now and then cast towards the w.n.w., his master was made aware that Ned liked the appearance of the weather no better than himself.

"Sir," said Ned, coming aft, "might I be so bold as to offer an advice?"

"Well, what is it, Ned?"

"Just to go back from whence you came."

"I feel the truth of what you advise. I know there is a storm in that wild sky, and this mountainous sea is not rolling in for nothing; but I cannot go back, Ned; I must on, on."

"Take the advice of an old man, sir."

"I cannot, Ned: every hour is more valuable to me than ten years of my past life; I must on; and mind you say nothing to discourage the crew."

The day was fast wearing away when they entered B. bay, the most dangerous of any in Ireland. Seldom indeed has the hapless ship which has been caught in it with a gale from the n.w. escaped its horrors. Did

the present breeze continue to blow and from the same quarter, G. would have passed it in safety; but, alas! at this moment it fell flat calm, and just then the flood tide set in the direction in which it lay; and, to add to his difficulties, he found the only chain cable which remained (for he was obliged to slip both his chains and anchors in the roadstead of D. before he ran for K.) was only about forty fathoms long. On sounding the water, there were one hundred and ten fathoms where he was: consequently, there would be little use in letting go an anchor to save the ship from drifting with the tide into the bay. Any sailor who reads this may inquire—"Why not bend a hawser to the cable to lengthen it?" A hawser would snap in the hawse-hole, when subjected to the power of the mountain billows of this coast.

The tide was now carrying the ship far into the bay, and the skilful eye of the young sailor at once perceived the nature and extent of his danger. In a few emphatic words he stated to his men the necessity for coolness, smartness, and obedience. He commanded them to furl all the light sails, and to double-reef the remainder.

"It is well known to you, my lads," said he, "that my ship can only work well under that sail, and that she can make nothing against an head wind and tide with less. Before an hour, the tempest that is in you black sky will be upon us."

Scarcely were his orders executed, when the ocean to the N.W. appeared one wide sheet of foam, and the roar of the storm was distinctly heard.

"Here it comes, my lads," he cried; "stand by to clew up everything, until we feel the weight of it."

The tempest reached them, striking the ship with such tremendous force as almost to lay her on her beam-ends. The only sail which remained unclewed was the maintopmast stay sail, and which was blown from the bolt-ropes in ribbons. A mass of water broke over the weather-quarter, dashing Ned from the wheel against the lee gunwale, and almost depriving him of sense—it rushed forward, stoving the boat in its course.

The ship being left without the guidance of the helm, broached to, and another wave broke over the weather bow which must inevitably have carried Ned overboard, had it not been that G. saw his danger, and sprung to his side, catching a rope with one hand and the hair of Ned's head with the other. The sea rushed over them; he caught the wheel, crying out at the same moment—

"Set the foresail; hoist the jib and forestay sail; then fall aft and set the mainsail—the wind is less."

"Oh! sir," said the mate, "she'll never bear it; you'll carry away the mast."

"I must chance that. If she is not able for that sail, and a double-reefed foretop sail, we shall be on shore in half-an-hour, and we can do that as well wanting the mainmast as with it."

This was done; the poor little schooner groaned in every plank and timber, and both masts quivered like reeds shaken by the wind. She was got on the star-board tack; but, alas! when it was time to tack ship, they found they were very far from being clear of T. head. The night fell dark and fearful—thunder and lightning added their horrors to the danger of the time. Tack after tack was made, but still she seemed to gain little or nothing towards an offing.

The captain, mate, and Ned were the only part of the crew on the quarter-deck; the remainder were at their stations. About eleven o'clock at night, one of the crew, of the name of Grimley, was seen to go to the side of the whole crew, and the fore-deck, and to whisper something in their ears, which brought them one after another around the windlass. They remained in conversation for some minutes without

being particularly noticed by G.; at length they proceeded aft in a body, and Grimley said—

"We have a few words to say to you, sir."

"What are they, Jem?"

"I was once, sir," continued Grimley, "put ashore in this place through stress of weather. Round that point, sir, stretching out to leeward of the headland, on our jib boom-end, is a sandy bay into which we can run the ship and save our lives; but your ship will be lost, sir."

"Well, Mr. Grimley, is it not time enough to do that when every hope of escape is gone?"

"No, sir, you will require the use of both masts to do what I say, and I think that they will not be long standing if you carry every long sail you have on the ship now."

"Are you aware, Grimley, that you are guilty of mutiny? I command you and all hands to go to your stations, for I am master here."

"We are determined, sir, to force you to do what we wish, in order to save our lives, if you do not by fair means."

"Will you, my men, (I speak not to this vile ingrate,) do what I command you?"

"We promised—we swore on the cross to stand by Jem."

"Very well. Will you give me ten minutes to think over this matter?"

"Half an hour, sir, if you like."

He went below, to act, not to think. He placed a candle in a large lantern, and gave it to a boy to hang from the boom: to gird a belt around him, into which he thrust a short sharp sword and two pair of pistols, was the work of a very few minutes. He then ascended to the deck with the determined purpose of dying by the hands of the mutineers sooner than run his ship on shore, until the last extremity. As soon as he stepped from the companion-hatch, the light of the lantern discovered him to the eyes of the mutineers, armed to the teeth. His form, always tall and commanding, seemed dilated beyond his usual size by the feelings that burned within; his brow was knit into sternness, and his eyes flashed with unworldly fire upon his dastard crew. He stood before them for about a minute before he said—

"Shipmates, if you return to your duty, I promise you in the name of Him 'who rides upon the storm,' to forget and forgive this mutiny."

"Blame the storm," answered Grimley, "not us."

"No, wretch, I blame not the storm; I never fed it when starving, but I did you; I never supported its wife and child when it was placed on a sick bed, but I did yours."

Grimly made a step or two aft, as if to take hold of or strike his master; but the lightning's flash is not more quick than the sword-cut which G. dealt him upon the head, and which stretched him senseless at his feet. Placing one foot upon his neck, he drew a pistol from his belt, and the faithful Ned at the same moment drew two.

"Men!" he said, "the same fate awaits the first man that disobeys my orders. Choose—death or obedience!"

Just at that moment a flash of vivid forked lightning lit up the scene, and a tremendous clap of thunder seemed to rend the very heavens.

"Hearken to the voice of your angry God!" exclaimed G. in a deep voice; "down, down on your knees, and pray for his forgiveness."

They obeyed him: all fell upon their knees and besought Him to forgive them; nor did they rise until they besought their master to do the same.

"I forgive you; you were misled by this wretch at my feet. Let him be taken below to my cabin. I myself will dress his wound."

The night passed away, and morning dawned upon

them; but, alas! daylight brought no relief. The storm continued to rage with the same fury until about twelve o'clock in the day, when it increased to a frightful gale. The poor little schooner, now under storm-sails, was fast losing the very little she had gained, and now, that the ebb-tide was made in their favour, it chilled the very soul of G. to find it thus. He never knew until this moment how much he loved his gallant bark, that carried him unscathed through many tempests and dangers, until this sad moment, from his boyhood's laughing days; just as we never know the value of some dear friend until death is about to snatch him from our arms. Now, but not until now, every hope of escape was gone. He looked towards the shore, as if in search of some safe spot unto which to run his ship: nothing but an iron-bound coast met his view, upon which stood thousands of people, watching his futile efforts to escape from shipwreck, and, perhaps, from death. There was one there, whom he dreamt not so near, and who watched his vessel with other eyes and feelings than those of the thoughtless thousands who congregated on the shore. When daylight dawned, and his ship became visible from the land, the news spread like wild fire along the coast, that a schooner was drifting ashore in the bay of B., and it was believed it was the schooner that left K. the evening before. This intelligence reached Marie Morton and her mother, who immediately proceeded to B., which was only about ten miles distant from where they lived.

They had just arrived a few minutes before G. lost every hope of saving his ship, and her feelings may be better imagined than described. Her mother wanted her to leave the beach, and to retire to some place until the crisis was past; but she moved not, spoke not, but kept her eyes fixed upon the ship, as if rivetted there by enchantment. The woe, the utter misery she endured pierced her very heart.

In the mean time, G. ordered his men to dress themselves in their best, and to get what things they valued most on deck, as he was about to run the ship on shore.

"Men," he continued, "I shall not conceal from you the fact, that you will have much to do to save your lives; and, if you had taken the advice of that man there, (pointing to Grimley,) and ran the ship on shore last night, we would all be in eternity now. Do not leave the ship after she strikes, until she is about to go to pieces, if she does so, as there is a chance that she may remain entire until the tide ebbs away from her. Should I be drowned, tell my friends—my mother!"—his voice faltered, but with an effort he suppressed his emotions.

After having allowed his men to prepare for the perilous ordeal they were about to pass through, he inquired if they were all ready?

"All ready, sir," they answered.

"Ned, my old faithful friend, attend well to my order—the last I may ever give. Put the helm hard up; square yards, men; mate, ease off the main sheet; steady, Ned, steady; keep her going thus."

The ship flew before the wind and waves with the swiftness of a bird towards the shore. Grasping a speaking trumpet, G. ran forward to the starboard cat-head to look out for the safest place to run ashore, where every spot looked fearful. His noble heart quailed not at the dangers of his situation; his undimmed eye gazed upon the shore through the telescope, as if he sought an entrance to a safe harbour.

"Port the helm, Ned," he cried through the speaking trumpet; "steady; her head is now upon the less dangerous part of the shore."

They were now within three cables' length of the beach.

"Fall aft, men, fall aft," he cried. Scarcely were the words fallen from his lips, when the ship struck

forward, and a heavy sea broke at the same moment over her stern, and which would have swept every one overboard, had not each man clung fast to the rigging. Again she struck, and another wave, larger than the first, broke over them; five or six times she successively struck, and the same number of waves broke over her.

"Stand clear, my man; the foremast is about to fall—away it goes: cut away the rigging; the spars may be useful to float us to the shore," cried G.; "the ship cannot remain together for a quarter of an hour."

This was done.

"Now, one-half of the crew get upon it; let the other half wait for the mainmast."

"The mainmast is falling, sir."

"Yes—'tis gone. Be quick, my lads—get upon it as fast as possible; cut away the lee shrouds; I myself will cut the weather ones."

All hands were now on the masts, which were made fast to the ship only by two small ropes. With two blows of his axe he severed both ropes, and the masts drifted from the ship and rose high upon the heavy swell.

"Are you not coming, sir?" said the faithful Ned; why do you remain?"

"To die, Ned."

"If I knew that, I would not be here; but—" His voice was lost in the roar of the tempest.

"Yes," said G., "to die! What have I now to live for?—I am a beggar. Would she marry such? would I become a dependant upon her mother? My gallant ship, we shall share one fate, and that is—destruction!"

He was then buried in thought for a few minutes. Home—his mother and sisters, all came crowding before his mind's eye. Fancy pictured them stretching forth their arms to win him from his design to give himself to death. Eternity too opened before his vision; was he prepared to die?—No. He was aroused from these dark thoughts by a tremendous crash; 'twas his ship splitting in pieces. He looked towards the shore; he saw his crew assisted up the rocks by the country people in safety. He took off his jacket and shoes, and running forward, leaped from the ship's bows into the sea.

"See, Miss, see! he has risen again," said a man to the youngest of two ladies standing on the beach; "I see his head on the top of that big wave."

But her whom he addressed heard him not; she fell upon her knees, and, with eyes raised and hands outstretched to Heaven, she prayed for his deliverance from the deep. And when did Heaven deny such prayers to his pure, beloved children?—never. One mountainous wave raised him upon its crest and bore him in safety to the beach, opposite to where she knelt. Before an hand was laid upon him, he arose to his feet, and ran towards the spot where she was, and having arrived within three yards of her, he stopped, tottered, and fell at her feet, senseless. She gave one loud cry of joy, and fell upon him as motionless as himself.

In about six months afterwards, two persons, a male and a female, were sitting together in the parlour of a comfortable house: a cheerful fire was burning before them, and their arms were entwined around each other in that way which leads us to believe that more than a common intimacy exists between folk who have the privilege of doing so.

"Do you know, George," said the lady, "had it not been for the danger you were in, and the hardships you endured on that awful day, I could almost feel glad you have lost your ship, as you now shall never leave us."

"Ah! my gallant ship!" answered George with sigh—"I little dreamt on the day I left you she would be lost."

"But remember, my dear George, you have gained a wife in her stead."

"Yes, my dear Marie!" he rejoined, pressing her to his heart, "and one whom I love more than a thousand ships!"

ADULTERATION OF MILK.

The consumption of milk in large towns is a temptation to the dealers in that article to adulterate it extensively. The chief source of adulteration is water, although many persons fancy that chalk, flour, or starch are among the adulterants employed. A moment's consideration will show that chalk cannot be employed to adulterate milk, because it is insoluble therein. But flour may with more probability be employed; thus, the milk is largely diluted with water; a little brown sugar or treacle is added to restore the sweetness; the flour is mixed with water, and boiled; and the paste thus produced is soluble in the milk and water. M. Barreul, in his memoir on milk, published a few years ago, states this was one of the modes in which the Parisian milkmen adulterated milk, and on continuing, a searching analysis into the fraud thus practised, it was found that they sometimes employed an emulsion of sweet almonds, with which, for the cost of about one franc, they were able to convert thirty pints of water into milk; but finding a cheaper article in hemp-seed, that became employed instead of almonds; thus was milk, until the fraud was discovered, manufactured from a small quantity of cows' milk mixed with these adulterants. Some of the Parisian milkmen resorted to a practice which acquired for them the reputation of selling milk that *never turned sour*. This was done by adding a small quantity of subcarbonate of potash or soda to their artificial milk, which, saturating the lactic acid as fast as it formed, prevented the coagulation of the curd. The flavour of milk is so peculiar, that these or any other adulterations might soon be detected if the use of them became prevalent.

HOPE is a prodigal young heir, and experience his banker, but his drafts are seldom honoured, as there is often a heavy balance against him, because he draws largely on a small capital, is not in possession, and if he were, would die.

CONTRADICTION.—Do not indulge in the spirit of contradiction. If this spirit be encouraged it will not only render you ridiculous but even despicable. Wisdom never fails censuring it. It may be ingenious to discover difficulties in most things, but it is folly to be obstinate in them. The advice of Juan Ruffo is good on this head. He recommends all disputes to be given up when either of the parties become warm, and he says that victory is with him who flies from the dispute. Socrates, in speaking of one of his contemporaries, who was partial to contradicting, remarks, that he was fit only for solitude, since he could not agree with others. Such men as these turn the most innocent conversation into petty warfare, and become the enemies of their friends. Fools and fantastic people are not only beasts, but they are also savage beasts.

THE PERPETUAL COMEDY.—The world is the stage, men are the performers, chance composes the pieces, the fools shift the scenery—the philosophers are the spectators. The rich occupy the boxes—the powerful have their seat in the pit, and the poor sit in the gallery. The fair sex presents the refreshment—the tyrants occupy the treasury bench; and those forsaken by lady fortune snuff the candles. Folly makes the concert, and time drops the curtain.

NECESSITY FOR PLEASURES.—In every community there must be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent ones are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal.—*Channing.*

MIGRATING BIRDS.

The late Dr Jenner, in a curious paper on the migration of birds, published since his death in the Phil. Trans., mentions the following curious experiment:—"At a farm-house in this neighbourhood I procured several swifts, and by taking off two claws from the foot of twelve, I fixed upon them an indelible mark. The year following, their nesting places were examined in an evening, when they had retired to roost, and there I found several of the birds. The second and third year a similar search was made, and did not fail to produce some of those that were marked. I now ceased to make an annual search; but, at the expiration of seven years a cat was seen to bring a bird into the farmer's kitchen, and this also proved to be one of those marked for the experiment."

A STRONG MAN NEVER DESPAIRS.—If our young men miscarry in their first enterprises, they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is ruined. If the finest genius studies at one of our colleges, and is not installed in an office within one year afterwards in the cities or suburbs of Boston or New York, it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened, and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who *teams it, farms it, peddles*, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always like a cat, falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days, and feels no shame in not "studying a profession"; for he does not postpone his life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances.—*American Paper.*

CABBAGE.—The cabbage, observes a French journal, is a sovereign remedy for intoxication from wine, and has even the power of preventing it; for we are informed that, by eating a certain quantity of cabbage before dinner, we may drink as much wine as we please without experiencing any inconvenience. This property of the cabbage is also mentioned by ancient writers, who are of opinion that it proceeds from the antipathy which wine shows to the cabbage: if a cabbage be planted near a vine, the latter either retires or dies.

BROKEN CORRESPONDENCE.—Swift, alluding in a letter to the frequent instances of a broken correspondence, gives the following natural account of the causes:—"At first one remits writing for a little, and then one stays a little longer to consider of excuses, and at last it grows desperate, and one does not write at all.—At this rate, he adds, I have served others, and have been served myself."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"* * * * * Cork.—Accept our thanks for your kind attention. Your "first attempt" shall be attended to in our next. Other favours are highly esteemed.

"J. M. R.—Third portion received—when may we expect the conclusion? We regret the delay which the want of it necessarily incurs. Instructions shall be attended to.

"P. C." Gorey.—We have forwarded the numbers you required, and are anxious to retain your good opinion.

This week we have had a large accession to our list of contributors. We shall endeavour to please all in due course.

Printed for the Proprietors, at the Office, 32, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications (post paid) are to be addressed, to the Editor.

Published by T. Tegg & Co., 9, Lower Abbey-street, Dublin; and all Booksellers.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 4.—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

LIFE AND ITS VARIETIES.

No. II.

THE EMIGRANT.

"Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing fortune's sliddery ba',
With melting heart and brimful eye
I'll mind you all tho' far awa'."—BURNS.

Whatever cause draws the emigrant from the land of his nativity—whether it be adventure, necessity, or speculation—whether the proposed term of his absence be long or short—few go from the shores of their fatherland with other than deeply affected feelings. Distant countries may hold out to the speculator golden promises of success—to the adventurer gladdening visions of interesting variety, and to the necessitous positive escape from present exigencies; yet, never have we witnessed a *merry* emigrant. The love of country seems so knitted in the soul, and the spirit so twines itself with the inanimate, because associated with the once living objects of the heart's affection, that departure necessarily shakes, if it do not sunder, the subtle chords that link the heart's earliest aspirations to the cherished hopes of subsequent fulfilment.

The powerful force of this feeling has proved one of the greatest bars to the intentions of emigration societies; and, so ineradicable is it, that the poor of many countries prefer indigence in a hut at home to offers of independence abroad; and when they have been induced to embrace it, it was with gloomy resolution and suspicion, or in the fevered hope of a speedy realisation of desired aggrandisement.

Many, we know, have had energy and strength of mind to hold their feelings in abeyance, and, at a sacrifice of self, give a noble example to their fellows. Thousands have taken courage to follow their example, and thousands more been drawn by the coercion of friendships and claims of relationship. Yet we perceive a class at home, useless in society—powerless to promote themselves in a country, where every path to employment is closed but to patronised or superior men—loitering away the opportunities of youth, and "*cigaring*" out their minds in listless or depraved frivolity, to whom emigration would uncloase an avenue to usefulness—a refuge from the odium of worthless encumbrances, which the Americans expressively denominate "*ANAFAGERS*."

The curious of our readers may perceive specimens of the class alluded to any fine day, between the hours

of twelve and three o'clock, pacing the *pavé* of Sackville-street, exquisitely redolent of—tobacco and D'Orsayism. Their characteristics mostly are, a lip moustashed like a weedy oyster, a head as exuberant in hair as it is deficient in knowledge, and eyes whose impertinent gazes are only mollified by their own inexpressiveness. One would almost feel inclined to compassionate them for being doomed to support the weight of their own "bulk," or the more Atlas-like effort of carrying their own canes; or love the "*gentle exquisites*" for voluntarily exhibiting themselves to the optics of the fair, as fine samples of those animals called "killing creatures." Or they may yet be seen more advantageously, between the hours of eight and ten, clustered and beclouded in the menageries of the cigar divans, thundering out, in Stentor tone, that climacteric of dandyism, the "English shibboleth;" or, in more modulated accents, and with voices, as Nat Lee would say, "slippery and sweet as buttered peas," recounting the triumph of their curls and supreme influence over the susceptibility of the other sex. These, dear readers, apparently useless, and decidedly ridiculous, members of society are persons who pass as gentlemen through courtesy, but are widely different from those whom Paddy would call "*the rale jintlemen*." They frequently—we regret, *too* frequently—are the sons of those whom profession or position give a title to the name, but who, in the endeavour to keep up an appearance, live up to the full measure of their means, and rear their children in a style, and with ideas, more in accordance with their desires than their prudence. Such persons educate their daughters in speculation for husbands, and dream that a patter on a piano may win a proposal or a property; their sons are half educated, half accomplished, and idle, with no definite object in life, but too often the vain expectancy of ministerial appointment, or the more absurd hope of cutting their road to fame with the scissors of their tailor, and storming with their "*Newmarkets*" the citadel of some heiress's heart. These young men are turned out upon society to practice, what Paddy Murphy calls the "*arts of war*"—"deceptive demonstrations:" furnished with as much pocket-money by maternal agency as keeps them in cigars, and as much extravagance as drives them into debt, they become locomotive nuisances or peripatetic plagues. To such we say, regardless of their "*daring*," emigration would be a blessing—would open a field for exertion they can never find at

home, and give them an opportunity of "astonishing the natives" of some distant colony by a display of their superdulcified attractions. Their parents would be conferring a favour on society—relieving themselves of a burden, and promoting their children's good, if they would make them more self-dependent, and throw them into positions where necessity would command exertion. This cannot be better effected than by sending them to the colonies, where the infant state of society offers hopes of success, and the applications for employment are fewer than its requirements.

But as the attention of mankind commonly dwells upon comparisons between respective conditions, and is generally busy in contemplating the advantages which others possess, we will propose, for the consideration of those "*exquisites*," a short narrative of the history of "one of themselves," whose father had sense to act as a prudent man; and let *them* pronounce in the end whether the life *they* lead, or *that he was forced to adopt*, are most happy, or likely to lead to most fortunate results.

George A. was one of those loungers well known by appearance to most of those resident in Grafton, Dame, and Sackville-streets; probably better by name in the establishments of Mitchell and the Bohemian brothers, and not altogether a stranger in the "*Shades*" of Jude, whither he resorted as often as the surplus of his pence could afford a "*moistener*" to his cigar, or the companionship of his *puffing* was solicited by a friend. Long and adventurous had been his services as a *chaperon*, and various were his tales of feminine susceptibility, and the potency of his whiskers thereon; but larger far were the bills of his tailor, and more various the expedients he had tried for their "*quictus*," until the arms of the marshalsea opened to embrace him for the kindness of his tendencies thereto.

Mr. A., though a man of strong sense, had fallen into the delusion common to parents in a similar position, and was only awakened by the result of his son's imprudence; he was keenly alive to the present disgrace, and of forecast sufficient to predict a return of it, if means were not adopted for its prevention. He found it impossible to procure an appointment at home, and he knew his son's disinclination to exertion as long as he could betake to a parent's resources. With one of those efforts of decision peculiar to well balanced minds, and but rare among mankind, but especially among parents, he determined to send him abroad, as he said himself, "from the apron strings of his mother," and throw him, as the only means of saving him from dissipation and disgrace, to sink or swim by his own exertions. The accomplishment of his purpose, however, was by no means easy, for George was too much attached to his kindred spirits, and had fancied himself an essential to the happiness of some dozen fair ones, who made him in reality but a standing jest, to be induced to transport his sweetness to a desert, or waft the rays of his satins over ocean's caves to any colony. The father was obliged to make use of some artifice, and effect by his son's vanity what persuasion would never have done for that son's good. George was one of those whom predominance of self esteem makes desirous of command, and gratifies by any opportunity of display; he was not wholly insensible to the disgrace his imprudences had incurred, and, in the bashfulness of an honest and young heart, he dreaded to encounter—for ridicule to him was worse than death—the "quizzing" of his companions, or the taunts of his enemies, but more than either, the disapproving looks of Selina H.,

an heiress of large expectations, to whom he had for some time been paying his address—more, to do him justice, through appreciation of herself, than, as Theodore Hook would say, from "an affection of the chest." He anxiously longed to absent himself by travel for a season, and besought his father to allow him; but the finances of the family were too limited to enable him.

The father, however, was one of those shrewd and active men who can improve every opportunity, and seized upon the present to carry into operation what he had long desired, but almost despaired to accomplish. To propose emigration would have been horror to George and hysterics to his mamma; so he was obliged to effect his measures by stratagem, and, to save a beloved son from inevitable ruin, torture his own feelings, and push the child of his heart rather to trust on probabilities abroad, than to sink into positive disgrace at home.

A friend of Mr. A.'s was just then about to sail to Sydney with a cargo of farming utensils and agricultural labourers; he had engaged the services of a young surgeon, once the schoolmate of George, and wanted a person to act as supercargo and inspector. Mr. A. immediately consulted with his son—shewed him how chance had presented an opportunity to satisfy his wishes—represented the great pleasure of the trip—the advantages derivable, and the interest it would give him on his return.

George, delighted to escape for what he imagined would be but a few months, at once entered into his father's plans, embraced the offer, and on the 10th of August, 18—, sailed from Liverpool in the *Zebra*. Though hopeful of a pleasant voyage, and a quick return—though well supplied with money, accompanied by a friend, unembarrassed with any care, and, in fact, every way eager for the trip, George could not suppress a "queerish" sensation when gazing on the receding mountains of his country, and he found all the consolation of an "*Havannah*," ineffectual to remove it. It is a mysterious and inexplicable feeling swaying every mind, no matter how obtuse, on first departure from its country, and we are inclined to think produced more by the awful grandeur of the "deep and dark blue ocean" awaking the subtler sympathies of our natures, and impregnating our hearts with the sublimities of universal love, than arising from the regret of severance, or a mistrust in futurity.

The voyage was agreeable and quick; George was greatly pleased with the society of his friend and the novelty of the life. On the 20th of October, they passed Macquarie tower, and bore full sail into the magnificent harbour of Port Jackson. They shortly after entered that of Sydney, where he was astonished as much by the appearance of general traffic, evidenced by the extent of shipping, as he was by the natural beauty and grandeur of the scene. To him it was, indeed, unexpected; for he had supposed Sydney to be a rude and primitive sort of town, unpossessed of any of the ornaments of art, and tenanted but by needy and hard-working adventurers, while the surrounding country was desolate and woody, and filled but with kangaroos and savages. But he found it a handsomely built and beautifully situated town, containing more than all the conveniences and luxuries to be found in any British one of same extent; he looked with admiration on the regular and handsome markets, their public institutions, and commercial buildings; he perceived steam-engines as active, and stage-coaches as numerous, as at home; their hotels as accommodating, and their newspapers as intelligent. He found he had reckoned without his host, and, as his disappointment was so agreeable, his enjoyment should be unbounded. He began to think that a continuance there would not be very "borish" after all, at least for some

time. The ship in which he had gone out was detained, from sundry causes, beyond the term of its proposed stay; the captain was only so far admitted into the secret by Mr. A. that he should not bring his son home again, but, on the day of his departure from Sydney, should deliver a letter, which was given him, to George. The delay was unfortunate for George; for, ignorant of what was before him, and calculating on return, he made no effort to husband his finances, but squandered them recklessly in the pursuit of every pleasure, and even disposed of the superfluities of his wardrobe to supply means for his enjoyment: at last, however, the vessel sailed unknown to George, on the 4th of January, 18—, of which occurrence he was apprised next morning, by the receipt of the following note:—

"Aboard the Zebra,
"January 3, 18—.

"SIR—I have been instructed by Mr. A. to leave you in Sydney, and put the enclosed letter into your possession on the eve of our sailing, but not sooner. I regret I have no option in the matter, particularly as I fear your conduct has not been so prudent, nor your prospects seem so good, as would be the hearty wish of your father's friend,

"THOMAS SEAFAR.""

George, nervous and alarmed, tore open his father's letter, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR GEORGE—In consulting for your welfare, I have been forced to the adoption of a plan which, however harsh it may seem to you at first, will, I am convinced, ultimately to your advantage, if you but take the God of your fathers for your guide, and abandon those habits which have caused your removal.

"I have dealt more than liberally with you, considering my means, and on your own exertion you must now depend, which I doubt not will be successful, if well regulated. In Sydney there are many poets to which you will be eligible, which I regret was not the case at home: economise your money, and set at once to look about you; be a man—be resolute—be steady—be industrious, and you *must* succeed. That the Almighty may bless you with his wisdom, and prosper every proper effort, is the anxious wish and constant prayer of your loving and affectionate father,

"SAMUEL A."

George's distraction, on reading this, amounted almost to phrenzy; in his bitterness of soul, self-destruction was his first immediate impulse, and the plans of his loving parent might have eventuated awfully, contrary to his hopes. The scheme was hazardous, and, however prosperous in the sequel, such as we must disapprove; for the consequences would have proved most tragic, had not an inherited pride and an affection for Selina H. acted as preventives to the promptings of his desperation. As we mean not to prolong the narrative by dwelling upon feelings or trivial incidents, though productive of greater, let it suffice to say, George *did* rouse himself; solicited and obtained employment, though we must say in a very subordinate sphere; but, determined to succeed, no difficulty deterred him; and the once essenced exquisite of Sackville-street, struggled uncomplainingly through all the privations of difficulty, and all the gradations of divers employments, until he became the proud possessor of a princely fortune, and master of extensive properties. Nor, through all, did the light that so transcendently excites man's energies and illumines his heart—the light of woman's love—suffer obscuration: he returned last season with twenty thousand pounds, to woo the idol of his first affection, who willingly bethrothed herself and fortunes on him who proved himself so worthy of them; and at this moment George A. and Selina are the benefactors of the society and the gladdeners of the circle in which they move. His father is declining to the grave with a

happy and grateful heart, having the pillow of his age smoothed by the goodness of that son, whom his prudence and decision rescued from dissipation.

Though we strongly disapprove of the plan taken by Mr. A. to effect his son's emigration, we cannot too highly praise his decision, or too strenuously uphold him as an example to parents having like sons; nor to such sons could we propose a better subject for consideration. At home, their prospects are distant and indefinite—their habits frivolous and idle, if not despicable and disgraceful—their own lives unhappy, and the cause of unhappiness to others—their example pernicious, and their practices too often bad: in the colonies, such persons *could* find a sphere for action, if not altogether adequate to their *desires*, perfectly equal to their *deserts*: and society at home would be much benefitted by being rid of the greatest cause of its demoralisation—FASHIONABLE, UNPROPERTIED, and PROSPECTLESS IDLERS!

TRIFLES FROM TOUBIN—BY EDWARD WALSH.

SONG TO A SONGSTRESS.

Avert that eye's refulgent ray,
O! cease thy song enchanting!
That light but leads my soul astray,
Thy voice mine ear is haunting.
In mercy to thy poet's moan,
Bid roaring seas us sever,
Or let me name thee all mine own,
And shine and sing for ever!
As David's song to Saul was sweet,
When vexed with fiend unholy;
Thou art to me the minstrel meet
To hush my sorrow solely.
But sure thou art some evil sprite
In angel guise pursuing—
For O! thy tone and eye of light
Have wrought my soul's undoing.
When I my orisons repeat,
And sigh to be forgiven;
A sigh for thee will steal to meet
Its sister-sigh in Heaven!
When Heaven's rich glories are display'd
Before my feasted vision,
Thou and thy song, O! magic maid!
Mix with the dream Elysian.
If thine be mortal race alone,
Resume that music never,
Or let me name thee all mine own
And shine and sing for ever.

AVOID QUARRELLING.—One of the most perfectly foolish things is to quarrel. There is no kind of necessity, no manner of use in it—no special benefit to be gained by it. No man ever failed to think less of himself after, than he did before a quarrel; it degrades him in his own eyes, and in the eyes of others; it blunts his sensibility to disgrace, and increases the power of passionate irritability. The more quietly and peaceably we get along, the better. If a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he treats you, the wisest revenge you can resort to is, to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of treating the wrongs we may meet with.

CORNISH ENGINES.—The number of pumping engines reported this month is 41. They have consumed 2,850 tons of coals; and lifted 25 million tons of water 10 fathoms high. The average duty of the whole is, therefore, 51,000,000lbs., lifted one foot high by the consumption of a bushel of coal.—*Leam's Engine Reporter*.

THE HEART, GREAT VESSELS, AND CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

The important subject of the circulation of the blood cannot fail of being interesting to our general readers. We shall, therefore, lay before them a brief account of it, divested of that complication which renders it only intelligible to anatomists.

The heart, by the contraction of which the blood is circulated, has arising out of it two great blood vessels, whose branches extend to all parts of the body, accompanying each throughout: the one is the great artery, the *aorta*, and the other the great vein, or *vena cava*. The heart has also two other great vessels arising from its other side; one called the great artery of the lungs, or *pulmonary artery*; the other, the great vein of the lungs, or *pulmonary vein*. Let us, therefore, keep in view that the heart has four large trunks communicating with it, and that at the junction of each with the heart, there are placed valves most beautifully perfect, which act in such a manner as to admit the tide of blood through its own proper channel, in passing and repassing the heart and lungs, and to immediately fly up and prevent its improper return, like floodgates. Arteries are always accompanied by veins closely connected together; the arteries carrying the blood from the heart—the veins carrying it back to it. An artery is elastic, and can contract and dilate—a vein is an inactive flaccid tube. An artery has no valve in its whole course to the extremities of the body—a vein has valves placed at very short distances. The valves are to support the upper column of blood as it ascends from below back to the heart, flying up and acting as a floor to that portion of blood which is above it, and between the next valve and itself: thus every motion of our limbs moves the blood in the veins, and that motion can be no other than upwards, on account of those valves; while the motion of the blood in the arteries is directly from the contraction of the heart, and it has a free current to the extreme parts of the body.

Now as to the circulation.—The blood is sent out at one gush, or pulsation, throughout the whole body, into the most minute branches of the arteries: those arteries make a turn, and, losing their elasticity, become veins, which grow large in proportion as they go towards the heart, and lie exactly in the course of their corresponding arteries. Into these veins the blood is therefore forced, after having supplied the various secretions of the body. This blood is thus brought back by the great vein, or *vena cava*, and at its junction with the left jugular and subclavian vein, it receives by a little tube the white chyle or essence of the food brought by that tube from the stomach. The blood is then unfit for the arteries, and is therefore carried into one little cavity of the heart, and at one pulsation is driven by the *pulmonary artery* into the lungs, where, coming in contact with the air through their membranes, it absorbs oxygen from air breathed, which changes its colour from dark to bright red. The blood thus prepared for supporting life is taken back by the *pulmonary veins* into the other side of the heart, which communicates with the *aorta*, and by one pulsation is sent to all parts of the body, returning again as before through the veins; and this course takes place at every pulsation of that great and beautiful machine—the heart!

CONTENTMENT.—Let us without repining give up those splendours with which numbers are wretched, and seek in humbler circumstances that peace with which all may be happy; we have still enough for happiness, if we are wise, and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

THE BEGGAR—A FRAGMENT.

What a creature is man!—To-day he stands in health and vigour, every string performing its proper part in the “grand chorus” of his harmonised system; to-morrow his jarring nerves are untuned by disease!—to-day the smiling sun of prosperity darts its fascinating influence upon him; to-morrow the frowning blasts of adversity hover around him:—to-day he is rioting in affluence and plenty; to-morrow he solicits the cold hand of charity, the sport of fortune, and insulted by his fellow mortals!

Thus was I musing as I walked along, when I was suddenly struck with the reverend figure of a man, reclined against the tottering remains of an ancient edifice. His threadbare garments, that hung loosely about him, would scarcely cover his nakedness—they had been sadly rent by the fingers of time! his silvery beard swept his aged breast; and his appearance, in every respect, bespoke the extremest poverty. I halted a moment to observe him; he was eating (or rather devouring) what appeared to me to be a bit of mouldy bread—but he ate it with a seemingly good appetite, and, for aught I know, with a more grateful heart than thousands who were at the same moment feeding on the greatest luxuries.

As he enjoyed his little repast, he looked earnestly at me—“and I at him—and he at me again;” but I could perceive nothing like a murmur on his countenance; though an outcast of fortune, he did not repine at his fate, but seemed perfectly resigned to the will of heaven. He asked alms, it is true, but it was only the dumb pleadings of expressive silence; yet, it did not fail to touch the heart of humanity; for, even now, the mite of Charity, conveyed by the hand of Pity, found its way to this child of want: he thanked the bestower of it with a nod, and a look that plainly bespoke a heart overflowing with gratitude;—I could not be mistaken, for at that moment a faithful witness stole along the furrows of his grief-worn cheek, that gave full evidence to the feelings of his soul! With my mind deeply affected, I moved slowly on, and, as I did, I perceived he *once more* raised his tearful eye towards me, that seemed to say, “Don’t despise me!” No, my suffering friend, I would not drop an unfriendly word, or even display a frowning countenance, to disturb thy tranquillity, for all the gold the Peruvian mines contain! but, believe me, had fortune been more favourable in her gifts towards me, thou shouldst not only be better clothed and fed, but thou shouldst sit at the same table with me, and I would hear the history of thy misfortunes from thy own mouth. On some future day—but alas! I shall see thee no more—adieu—wherever thou wanderest, may the greatest of all blessings attend thee—“true peace of mind!” G.

DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.—A letter from Naples, received at Paris, states, that in continuing the researches at Pompeii, there have just been found in Via Fortunæ, four fine paintings in fresco adorning the walls of as many contiguous houses. One of them is distinguished above the rest by the superior correctness of its drawing and the beauty and freshness of colour, and will, therefore, be taken from its place to be deposited in the Bourbon Museum in the capital. It represents Bacchus and Faunus pressing grapes brought to them by a young slave, while a boy is directing the flow of the juice into an amphora imbedded in the ground. This painting, which measures 2½ feet by 1½, is supposed to have been the sign of an inn or wine-house. It has already been copied in lithograph.

COMMUNICATION WITH INDIA.—BUILD- ING OF AN IMMENSE IRON STEAMER.

The Great Britain iron steam-ship, the largest vessel in the world, now building by the Great Western Steam-Ship Company at Bristol, will be ready for sea in the early part of next year. The Great Britain is built entirely of iron, with the exception of the flooring of her four decks, and the flooring and ornamental parts of her cabin. She is 324 feet in length aloft, or upwards of 100 feet longer than our largest line-of-battle ship. Her extreme breadth is 51 feet, and the depth of her hold 32 feet. She is registered 3200 tons, so that her bulk exceeds that of any two steamers in the world. The two intermediate decks are appropriated exclusively to the use of passengers and the equipage of the ship, and consist of four grand saloons, forming, together, a length of dining-room of 350 feet, two large ladies' cabins or family-rooms, and 180 state-rooms, each containing two spacious sleeping berths; so that, besides the portion appropriated to the crew, steward's department, &c., the immense number of 360 passengers can be accommodated, each with a separate bed, without requiring a single sofa to be made up in any of the saloons. The principal saloon is 100 feet long by 32 feet wide, and 8 feet 3 inches high. Besides the vast space appropriated to the passengers, crew, &c., and that occupied by the engines, boilers, &c., she has sufficient room for the stowage of 1000 tons of coals, and 1200 tons of measurement goods. There are three boilers, capable of containing 200 tons of water, which will be heated by 24 fires; and she has four engines, each of 250 horse-power, making in all 1000 horse-power. Some idea may be formed of her vastness, when it is stated that 1400 tons of iron have been used in her construction. Her mode of propulsion is by the newly improved screw-propeller. It is calculated that this substitution of the screw-propeller for the paddles will relieve the Great Britain of 100 tons of top-weight. She will be fitted with six masts, on five of which a single fore and aft sail will only be carried, the mainmast alone being rigged with yards and topmast. It is difficult to ascertain the precise limits of the speed which she is calculated to perform at sea; but something considerably exceeding that of any sea-going steam-ship at present afloat may be looked for. The rate at which the oriental steam-vessels accomplish their voyages does not average more than eight miles an hour; the Atlantic steamers about nine; and the most rapid sea voyage yet accomplished has not exceeded an average of ten miles an hour. It is estimated that the Great Britain will accomplish from ten to sixteen miles an hour, according to the nature of the weather and the sea; and no doubt is entertained but that her average will be at least twelve to thirteen miles an hour. Taking the lowest of these rates, there would be an amazing increase over the greatest triumphs of steam navigation hitherto heard of. Great advantages will accrue by the success of the Great Britain. The overland mail is now received in the favour alone of jealous neighbours in Europe, and of semi-barbarians in Africa. By these means alone is the overland correspondence, and passengers to and from India, transmitted in about thirty-five days, at a great expense and inconvenience, in various transshipments and intermediate land carriage, subject to many annoyances and anxieties. Indian correspondence is liable to be intercepted, and all communication cut off, for at least a month, at any moment that either of the powers alluded to might choose to do so. Who, then, can properly estimate the value of our being able to secure, in defiance of the world, the same expedition by our old and rightful track round the Cape of Good Hope? And by the Great Britain this may be done, for she would be able to

deliver despatches and upwards of 1000 troops, if necessary, at any point between the banks of the Indus and the mouth of the Ganges, in from 35 to 40 days. Allowing her consumption of coal to be 55 tons per day, to secure an average of 12 miles an hour, she could, by dispensing with goods, carry 40 days' stock of coals without occupying the least portion of the space appropriated to the officers, crew, and passengers of the ship, or adding one iota to her regular lading and draught of water; in which time, by following out the calculation, she would have run a distance of 12,000 miles; besides, should the patent fuel be found to answer, she would be able to carry upwards of sixty days' stock. When it is considered that this steamer is so constructed as to sail with great rapidity, having a fair wind, there being no paddles to drag along, and no hindrance from the screw, there is no saying what length of voyage she might not accomplish without a relay of fuel.

STEEL.—Malleable iron of a good quality, combined with carbon, forms steel. The general method of forming steel is by the process of *cementation*. A furnace is constructed of a conical form, in which are two large cases or troughs of fire-brick, capable of holding some tons of iron. Beneath these is a long grate, on which the fuel is placed. On the bottom of the case is placed a layer of charcoal dust; over this a layer of charcoal powder; and the series of alternate layers of charcoal and iron is thus raised to a considerable height. The whole is covered with clay to exclude the air; the flues are carried through the pile from the furnace, so as to communicate the heat more completely and equally. The fire is kept up for eight or ten days. The progress of cementation is discovered by withdrawing a bar, called the *test bar*, from an aperture in the side. When the conversion of iron into steel appears to be complete, the fire is extinguished, the whole is left to cool for six or eight days longer, and is then removed. The absorption of the carbon by the metal is when the interior of the troughs has attained 70 degrees of Wedgewood's pyrometer. The iron prepared in this manner is named *blistered steel*, from the blisters which appear on its surface. To render it more perfect, it is subjected to the action of the hammer, in nearly the same manner which is practised with forged iron; it is beat very thin, and is thus rendered more firm in its texture, and more convenient in its form. In this state it is often called *titled steel*. When the bars are exposed to heat in a furnace sufficient to soften them, and afterwards doubled, drawn out, and welded, the product is called *shear steel*. Cast steel is made by fusing bars of common blistered steel with a flux of carbonaceous and vitreous substances, in a large crucible, placed in a wind-furnace. When the fusion is complete, it is cast into small bars or ingots. Cast steel is harder and more elastic, has a closer texture, and receives a higher polish, than common steel. It is capable of still farther improvement by being subjected to the action of the hammer. If steel is heated to redness, and suddenly plunged in cold water, it is found to become extremely hard; but, at the same time, it is too brittle for use. On the other hand, if it be suffered to cool very gradually, it becomes more soft and ductile, but is deficient in strength. The process of tempering is intended to give to steel instruments a quality intermediate between brittleness and ductility, which shall insure them the proper degree of strength under the uses to which they are exposed. For this purpose, after the steel has been sufficiently hardened, it is partially softened, or let down to the proper temper, by heating it again in a less degree, or to a particular temperature, suited to a degree of harshness required, after which it is again plunged in cold water.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN IN THE SNUFF-COLOURED COAT.

Why, or for what reason, I first commenced the profession of an amateur author, is a question which I have frequently asked myself, and never have yet received a satisfactory reply—probably from this very good cause, that none could be given. The common excuse for either writing a play, (according to Sir John Denham,) or for falling in love, (according to Ovid and Theophrastus)—namely, that of “having nothing else to do,” (an idea beautifully made use of in the O’Brallaghan theory of the origin of star-light,) is not applicable, Heaven knows! in my case. In fact, after mature deliberation, I can attribute my “*cacoethes scribendi*” to no other source than a remarkable adventure, which befel me in the Irish metropolis many years ago:

I distinctly remember, on that memorable occasion, while strolling one night through the streets which lie in the classic locality of Temple-bar, being attracted by the remarkable appearance of an individual, who, with a bell in one hand, and a paper lantern in the other, elevated on a six-foot pole, hospitably invited all passers-by to “step in,”—a request with which I immediately acceded, and soon found myself in the centre of a bookseller’s auction-room. The apartment was lit with gas, and was particularly crowded; and, as the sale had not yet commenced, I amused myself by an examination of the individuals around me, and indulged in various excursive speculations on their probable characters and occupations. The assembly seemed principally to consist of those retailers of literature, whose stands in the vicinity of the Four Courts and College offer so many advantages to those lawyers and students whose pockets cannot afford to meet the charges of more respectable sellers, and who willingly receive at a reduced price the different books of their professions, to use the vender’s phrase, “better than new.” There might be, here and there, a portly-looking personage looking out for a “*Virgil cum notis variorum*” for a son beginning the troubles of school life; and three or four listless figures, smelling villanously of tobacco, whom I set down as young surgeons or students. These, and one strange-looking gentleman, who seemed to have slept in his hat the preceding night, and was now indulging in a doze, stretched full-length on a form, made up the “entire strength of the company.”

I had, in this manner, mentally decided on the occupations of nearly all the audience, before the business of the night had commenced—I say, nearly all; for there was one little, old fellow, clad in a surtout coat, whose position (he was standing immediately under the lamp that diffused its beams through the apartment) prevented me from examining his features. The coat I could perceive was of a light brown, approaching to a snuff-colour, and seemed, like its master, to have seen better days. There was something about this figure which struck me; yet I cannot even now define what it was. Whether it was that nameless spell, which attends on faded gentility, or the caustic remarks he passed during the auction on every modern author put up to sale, I know not; but I felt my curiosity excited, and my whole attention became rivetted on this individual. I certainly never saw a man take snuff with such emphasis, or give a greater intonation to that simple monosyllable—“Pshaw!” and, in truth, very few authors that came before him but felt its effect.

During these cogitations, the auctioneer, with an appropriate remark on each, had disposed of sundry books, whose appearance not only promised much


reading, but also a quantity of paper; at last he came, after divers pamphlets, magazines, statistical surveys, blue-coloured novels, and dog-eared plays, to a little, square, odd looking book, decidedly not of English manufacture, whose large red letters on the title page, (it had no cover,) and Greek characters, made it altogether a very mysterious-looking volume—so thought the auctioneer, and his audience fully concurred in the opinion. One glanced at the beginning; another looked at the end. Here, a long, lank man, whose profession I knew to be that of a book-binder, scanned its pages, and reprobated its stitching: there, a knot of youths, whose white neckcloths proclaimed them scions of Trinity, after sundry quaint oaths, declared, in a mixture of the clear Kerry accent and the soft “Bocca Corkana,” that “they knew nothing about it, as it was not in the course:” and thus, passing from hand to hand, it reached the old gentleman at last. Before this, I felt not the slightest interest in the matter; but when I saw the intense eagerness with which he regarded it, I thought it had really an odd look; and some dim idea of its being a treatise on “Glamourie,” or a disquisition on “The Cabala,” took possession of me.

After glancing for a moment over its pages, and giving an approving “Hem!” he returned it to the auctioneer. Never yet was approbation better expressed than by that sound; simple as it was, it spoke volumes of praise.

The book was offered for sale—he bid for it; another offered—he bid again, somewhat testily; and, yet, there was a trembling cadence in his voice, that seemed to bode it as his last.

There was a pause, and a deep silence. He felt it, and tried to look unconcerned; but the gleam of anxiety that sparkled in his eye belied the effort. “Going, gentlemen, for five shillings!” cried the auctioneer, with a graceful wave of his hammer—“quite a sacrifice!” He repeated, with a more extended flourish—“Positively, gentlemen, going for five shillings!—the third and last time!” Still no bidder was heard; but, ere the fatal “Gone!” was pronounced, and as the old gentleman, with a hand that trembled with eagerness, stretched for the book, “Six shillings!” was loudly bid from the corner of the room where my friend with the hat lay.

‘Twas a check! The outstretched arm fell, and the old man’s hopes with it: there was a half sound upon his lips, as if he was going to bid again; but the consciousness of his poverty checked the tone, and he was silent.

There are times, when trivial circumstances will affect us more for the moment, than all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune” ever did—when the heart will feel lonelier, and the soul sadder, from some passing pang, than from whole years of suffering. It might be so with him: he might have thought of happier days and brighter prospects; and I turned away from him. I am not anatomist enough in human feeling to calmly trace on a man’s brow the marks of bitter reflection. I bid for the book; none opposed me; I was declared the purchaser: when I again turned to where the old man stood——he was gone!

I rushed to the street; but still I saw him not: it was a fine moonlight night, and the shadows of the houses were long and dark; by these means he must have escaped my search. There came upon me a strange thrill of baffled curiosity and uneasy feeling. I turned homewards, and, on my passing by the portico of the Bank, I thought I perceived a figure stealing by its pillars; and, rushing forward, nearly met the bayonet of the sentinel with my breast. After many other equally ridiculous adventures, I got to Russell-place at last, and soon found myself in my bed-room.

My first object was naturally to glance at the mysterious volume that had caused me so much trouble; and Sir William Deloraine never viewed the wizard's tome with the awe I perused its musty pages. In doing so, I thought my candle cast a very dim light, and, raising my head, to ascertain the cause, I beheld the old gentleman's visage gazing intensely on me: I coughed; but, still, he glared at me, with his burning eye fixed on mine. I looked at him sideways, and tried to whistle; but the sound died on my lips, and I felt a choking sensation in my throat, which mocked the attempt. "Pshaw!" said I; "'tis mere imagination." "Pshaw!" was echoed from the corner! I grew frightened, and seemed to rise from the floor and approach the ceiling. The chairs and furniture whirled round me, and everything grew dim and misty. I looked at the book, and it seemed to be written in characters of fire: as I did so, he raised his hand in a threatening manner, and, approaching me, pointed to its leaves. In an agony of terror, I roared out, and fell upon the floor. On recovering my senses, I found the table overturned; and, on looking for the book, saw, alas! nothing but a heap of charred and burnt paper!

I have, since that momentous night, been a constant attendant at the auction-room, in the vain hope of either seeing the old gentleman or his book; but all my exertions have been without success—all my inquiries useless. Many a snuff-coloured coat have I since examined—many a "Pshaw!" have I listened to—"oh! how unlike my Beverly's!"—but never again did I lay eyes on that mysterious stranger, or see another copy of his equally mysterious book!

ADIEU.

Adieu!—yet at that sorrowing tone
What varying passions swell—
It says that friends must now be gone,
Tho' loved and cherished well.
It seems to say in accents low,
Perhaps we ne'er may meet—
Yet, ah! remember me, although
Your face I ne'er may greet.
And covered by a simple guise,
It steals into the heart,
And brings a tear to dim the eyes
In anguish ere we part.
It speaks of many a painful thought—
It tells of coming sorrow,
That tho' to day's with pleasure fraught
With pain may be to-morrow.
Farewell! through all life's varied page,
And changeful it may be,
May pleasure ripen with thine age—
From care and sorrow free.
Should aught then come thy grief to move,
Or care to cloud thy way—
May it but then a prelude prove
To many a bright'ning day!

LONG.

IMPRESSIONS OF LACE, PLANTS, &c., DRAWN BY LIGHT.—Take a smooth sheet of paper, without marks, rub it one side with a little white of egg dissolved in water, one part to six; put a mark that you may know it again, and let it be perfectly dry. Dissolve ten grains of nitrate of silver, or lunar caustic, in half a wine glass of clear rain water. Brush the side of the paper you have marked over with it, and immediately allow it to dry in a dark place. When thoroughly dry, have ready a board, or cover of a book, and a piece of glass, each larger than the pattern of lace you intend to copy. Lay the prepared side of the paper uppermost on the board—then the lace—and lastly the glass. Hold it firmly in the sunshine, and in one or two minutes an exact impression will be obtained.

MISS EDGORTH.

If we have ourselves been useful in communicating knowledge to young or old; if we have succeeded in our hopes of promoting virtue and goodness; and more especially if we have, even in a small degree, attained our great purpose of advancing the welfare of our country, we owe at least much of the desire to do all this to the feeling derived in early life from intimacy with the writings of Miss Edgworth—writings which must have formed and strengthened the just and upright principles of tens of thousands, although comparatively few have enjoyed the high privilege of treading, no matter at how large a distance, in her steps. Much, too, we have owed to this estimable lady in after life. When we entered upon the uncertain, anxious, and laborious career of authorship, she was the first to cheer us on our way, to bid us "God speed," and to anticipate that prosperity of which we would speak only in terms of humble but grateful thankfulness.—*Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

THE LATITUDE.—In consequence of the spherical surface of the earth, the polar star appears to a person travelling due north or south to ascend or descend in the heavens in proportion to the space passed over. Upon this fact a most important principle in geography is established—namely, that the latitude of a place in the northern hemisphere always corresponds to the altitude of the polar star; and hence, to ascertain our distance from the equator, in the Atlantic Ocean for instance, we have only to take the altitude of the polar star, and our latitude is determined. If the polar star, for instance, is 10, or 20, or 53 deg. above the horizon, we may conclude, with perfect certainty, that our distance from the equator is 10, or 20, or 53 deg., as the case may be. To make this perfectly clear—suppose we were at the north pole of the earth, our distance from the equator, or *latitude*, would be 90 deg., and the distance of the polar star from the horizon, or its *altitude*, would be 90 deg. also; for in that position it would appear in our *zenith*, or right above our heads, and, consequently, 90 deg. above the horizon. Now, suppose we travel 10 deg. in the direction of the equator, or due south, our distance from the equator would be diminished from 90 to 80 deg. and the polar star would appear to have descended in the heavens in the same proportion, that is—our *latitude* and its *altitude* would be each 80 deg. If we travel 20 or 30 or any number of degrees under ninety due south from the pole towards the equator, our latitude and the altitude of the polar star will be found to decrease in proportion. *Half-way* between the pole and the equator, for instance, our latitude will be 45 deg., and the altitude of the polar star 45 deg. also; and if we travel to the equator, there will be *no latitude*, because we are no distance from it; neither will the polar star have any *altitude*, for it will in this case be on the horizon. This simple and beautiful principle in geography not only enables us, even in the middle of unknown seas, to ascertain our position on the earth's surface with regard to the equator, but it also furnishes us with the means of measuring the surface and determining the magnitude of the earth.—*Sullivan's Geography.*

HUMAN VOICE AUTOMATON.—A mechanician of a little town in Bohemia, says a French paper, has constructed an automaton which imitates perfectly the human voice, particularly the soprano notes. It sings several difficult airs with the greatest accuracy. Shakes, runs, and chromatic scales are all executed with surprising precision. This automaton, in singing, even pronounces certain words, so as to be easily understood. The inventor hopes to arrive at such a point of perfection as to bring his machine to pronounce all the words of the best operas.

THE CLOSE CONNECTION BETWEEN REASON AND INSTINCT.

On Friday evening, Nov. 11, we attended the first meeting of the session of the Dublin National History Society, and were highly delighted with a lecture delivered by the Archbishop of Dublin on the subject of *Instinct*. This society is essentially an Irish one, containing a well-furnished museum of the natural curiosities of Ireland, and it is very generally patronised. Gentlemen of every profession are among its members; and if philosophical subjects, as well as those connected with Irish natural history, be steadily adhered to, it cannot but prove most invaluable. We subjoin some very striking observations of the lecturer on the above heading, feeling as we do that, in many respects, the beasts of the field appear to act more reasonably than man, and that it is not always easy to distinguish between reason and instinct. The truth of the poet's *dictum* is very telligible—

"Reason raise o'er instinct as we can,
In *this* 'tis God that works—in *that* 'tis man."

The lecturer, after a few preliminary observations, proceeded to say that a treatise upon the subject of animal instincts was a desideratum. He had seen in many books interesting descriptions of different instincts, curiously illustrated by well-authenticated facts; he had seen minute details of important and interesting characteristics of instinct, but he never saw anything like a philosophical or systematic view of the subject, nor had he ever heard a distinct and satisfactory answer to the question—"What do you mean by instinct?" It seemed, therefore, however far advanced they might be in a dictionary on the subject of instinct, a grammar was a thing very much required. When he spoke of animal instinct, it should be remembered that he included man. He presumed that they had all learned that man was an animal—although it was a fact frequently forgotten by many; and what he desired to convey was, that man possessed instinct in a lower degree than almost all the animals—and in a lower degree in proportion to his superiority in other respects; and he would add, that, as man possessed instinct in a lower degree than the brutes, so in a lower degree than man, brutes—at least the higher brutes—possessed reason. He was advancing little by little towards the question, the answer to which he did not presume to give with anything like a decisive voice; but what he meant was, that as some things felt and done by man were allowed to be instinctive, so many things done by brutes—at least by the higher description of brutes—would be (if done by man) regarded as resulting from the exercise of reason. He meant to say, that the actions of the brute sprung from the same impulse as those of man. A man built a house from reason—a bird built a nest from instinct. He did not want to say that the bird had reason, but that man not only did the same things, but did them from the same species of impulse, which should be called instinctive either in man or brute; and that several things were done by brutes, not only the same action, but done from the same impulse. He would not say that several things which were allowed by every one to be acts of reason when done by a man, were done by brutes manifestly under a similar impulse. He meant such things as brutes learned to do by their experience, and that they seemed to combine, more or less, the means of accomplishing a certain end, from having learned by experience that such and such means so applied would conduce to it.

The higher animals, of course, showed more of instinct than the lower; but there were many instances of its existence in domesticated animals. The dog was regarded as the animal most completely man's companion, and he would mention a slight specimen of the species of instinct to which he referred as exhibited in a dog, the incident connected with which was upon record, and of which he had no doubt, although it did not come under his own personal observation. This dog being left by his master, who had gone into a boat, upon the bank of a river, attempted to join him. He plunged into the water; but not making allowance for the strength of the stream, which carried him considerably below the boat, he could not beat up against it. He landed and made allowance for the superior strength of the river, by leaping in at a place which was at a distance higher up from the boat. The combined action of the stream and his swimming carried him in an oblique direction, and he at last reached the boat. Having made the trial and failed, it was quite clear he judged, from his failure of the first attempt, that his course was to go up the stream, make allowance for its strength, and thus gain the boat. He did not vouch for the accuracy of this anecdote; he had seen it recorded, but it had not come within his experience. He believed it, however, to be a fact, and was sure that other persons could adduce similar instances of animal instinct. But there was another instance of this nature which did come under his own observation, and was more worthy of being recorded, because the actor was a cat—a species of animal which was considered generally very inferior to a dog. The cat lived many years in his mother's family, and its feats of sagacity were witnessed by her, his sisters, and himself. It was known not merely once or twice, but habitually, to ring the parlour bell whenever it wished that the door would be opened. Some alarm was excited on the first occasion that it turned bell-ringer. The family had retired to rest, and in the middle of the night the parlour bell was rung violently. The sleepers were startled from their repose, and proceeded down stairs, armed with pokers and tongs, to interrupt, as they thought, the predatory movements of some burglar; but they were agreeably surprised to discover that the bell had been rung by pussy, who frequently repeated the act when she wanted to get out of the parlour. Here were two clear cases of actions done by a cat and dog, which, if done by a man, would be called reason. Every one would most readily admit that the actions were rational—not, to be sure, proceeding from a very high exertion of intellect; but the dog, at least rational, jumped into the stream at a distance higher up from the boat into which he wished to get, because he found that the stream would thus carry him to it instead of from it; and the cat pulled the parlour bell, because she had observed that when it was rung by the family the servant opened the door. It was quite clear that if such acts were done by man, they would be regarded as the exercise of reason. These were called acts of reason when done by man, and he did not know why they should not be called the same when performed by brutes. Upon the other hand, hunger and thirst were as instinctive in man as in brutes. The invalid did not act upon instinct when he eat without a desire to do so—he acted upon reason, which told him that unless he eat, his strength would not support him through the disease under which he laboured; but the man who eat when he was hungry, and drank when he was thirsty, acted as much from instinct as the new-born babe when it sucked. *He laid down the proposition, that brutes possessed a portion of reason—a man a portion of instinct.* Then the question naturally arose, which was one he proposed, but did not presume to answer—"What is the difference

between man and the higher brutes?" He had hinted with respect to one single step just thus far, what he considered it not to be. It was not that brutes were destitute of the power of exerting reason or understanding; it was clear they had that power, and innumerable instances analogous to those he stated might be produced to prove the fact. It was not a difference in mere degree, but in kind. An intelligent brute was not like a stupid man. The intelligence and sagacity shown by the elephant, monkey, and dog, were something very different from the lowest and most stupid of human beings. It was a difference in kind, not merely in degree. It struck him that all the instances in which brutes displayed reason—all the intellectual workings of mind, seemed to consist in the combination of means to an end. The dog who swam into the water to save his master; the cat who rang the bell to call the servant; the elephant, of whom he had read, that was instructed by his keeper, off hand, to raise himself from a tank into which he had fallen, by means of bundles of vegetable materials thrown to him by his keeper, with which the elephant constructed an inclined plane, and thus raised himself from the pit, and from which all the windlasses and cranes in the Indian empire could not have extricated him; the monkey in the zoological gardens who used to possess himself of a nut placed without the reach of his paw, by doubling a straw and casting it round it, by which means he was enabled to draw it towards him, and many other similar instances of sagacity and instinct, led him to think that the great difference between man and the higher brutes was the power of using signs—arbitrary signs—and employing language as the instrument of thought.

HYPOCHONDRIA.—Of all diseases, chronic or acute, there is none to be compared to this. Every man will of course insist that his own peculiar malady is the most heinous, and he the most exemplary of sufferers. Taken with its huge train of evils, which besiege and vanquish the body and mind at once, there is nothing which at all approaches the terrible "Passio Hypochondriaca." It is the curse of the poet—of the wit; it is the great tax upon intellect—the bar to prosperity and renown. Other ills come and pass away, they have their paroxysms, their minutes or hours of tyranny, and vanish like shadows or empty dreams; but this is with you for ever. The phantom of fear is always about you. You feel it in the day at every turn; and at night you see it illuminated and made terrible in a million of fantastic shapes. Like the bag of the merchant Abudah, it comes for ever with the night, in one shape or another—giant or hideous chimera; or it is an earthquake, or a fiery flood—or a serpent twining you in its loathsome folds; or it sits on your heart like an incubus, and presses you down to ruin!

ANCIENT CUSTOMS.—In the Northumberland household book for 1512, we are informed that a thousand pounds was the sum expended in housekeeping: this maintained 166 persons; and the wheat was then 5s. 8d. per quarter. "The family rosé at six in the morning—my lord and my lady had set on their table for breakfast, at seven o'clock in the morning: a quart of beer—a quart of wine—two pieces of salt fish—half-a-dozen red herrings—four white ones, and a dish of sprats! They dined at ten—supped at four in the afternoon. The gates were all shut at nine, and no further ingress or egress permitted."

LOVE OF SOCIETY.—This is occasioned in a great measure by the love of ridicule; we commit so many follies, that we are glad to look amongst our fellow creatures for something still more absurd, to keep us in good humour with ourselves.

OSSIAN'S POEMS. EPISODE OF MORNA.

FROM THE FIRST BOOK OF FIAN MACGUEHL.
(Translated from the original Erse.)

[ARGUMENT.—Cuthullin, General of the Irish in the absence of Fian, musters his army previous to giving battle to Swarren, king of Denmark, who had invaded the country. He misses two of his chiefs, and inquires the cause of their absence, which introduces the episode.]

Fergus advanc'd with slow and ling'ring pace;
A cloud of sorrow hung upon his face,
And sad and downcast was the warrior's look.
Cuthullin mark'd the change, and kindly spoke—
"What shades thy soul, thou foremost in the war?
Say where is Cathbat, and brave Duchomar,
Friends of my youth, and leaders in the field
When swords were shiver'd on the sounding shield?"

"They sleep in peace!" the pensive warrior said;
"These hands have laid them in one narrow bed;
No more to chase the swiftly-flying deer—
No more against the foe to raise the spear;
And four grey stones mark out the lonely spot
Where they repose—their jealous feud forgot.
They both lov'd Morna; but her secret sigh
Arose for Cuthbat of the dark-blue eye;
He was the light she lov'd to look upon,
More glorious to her vision than the sun!
But when Cuthullin, at thy high command,
The fiery signal pass'd throughout the land,
When Cathbat left her side, with Duchomar,
To aid thee in the coming storm of war,
The maiden sought the desolate recess
That frowns on heathy Branna's wilderness,
Within its lonely cave to sigh and mourn,
Till her heart's joy victorious should return.

"The rivals met, dark as the sombre cloud
That wraps the lightning in its airy shroud!
And then the storm burst forth—their swordsthey drew,
And on the earth their shining bucklers threw,
And clos'd in mortal strife on Branna's dell,
And long they fought ere noble Cathbat fell.
The victor, with his blood-stain'd sword, passed on,
And sought the cave of Morna all alone.
'Morna! thou lovely sunbeam of the west!
Morna! thou fairest maid, and lov'd the best!
Duchomar said—'why dwell'st thou thus alone
Within that cavern, sleeping on the stone?
Is it for thy soft form the rock was spread?
Is adamant fit pillow for thy head?
How fearful in that cave must be thy dreams!
Thou wak'st to hear the roar of angry streams,
And the oak's groan, when stormy winds arise,
And darken'd clouds are hurried thro' the skies;
But, midst the storm, thou still art bright and fair,
And like the mist of Cromla is thy hair,
Which on its rocks in radiant curls is roll'd,
When summer suns set in a sea of gold!"

Nov. 14, 1842.

BAZIERE.

LOSS OF AN INDIAMAN.—The Reliance East Indiaman, laden with teas, bound from China to London, was wrecked near Boulogne, on the night of the 11th Nov., 1842. There were on board 75 Englishmen, 27 Chinese, and 20 Dutchmen—total 122—of which number 116 were drowned! Among the survivors is W. O'Neill, of Kingstown, Ireland. The quantity of tea she had on board amounted to 1,884,748 lbs. The vessel was insured for £195,000—of which the British offices are responsible for about £15,000.

FOLLY AND MALICE OF MANKIND.—This is discovered by the intemperance of friends—by their tenderness of advice—by their fears for your reputation—by the care with which they tell you ill-news, and conceal from you any flattering circumstance.

LEAD.—Forty thousand tons of lead, it is estimated, are obtained annually from the mines of Great Britain.

SCRAPS FROM IRISH HISTORY.

DUNEGAL CASTLE.

In the year 1601, the celebrated chieftain, O'Donnell, (Hugh the Red,) having lost all hopes of success in Ulster, proceeded with his troops to join the Spaniards, who had landed at Kinsale, in the south of Ireland, ere he left his native hills, never to return. He reduced the castle of his ancestors to a ruined pile, alleging, as a reason, "That it should never become a fortress for the stranger!"—*Irish Annals.*

His good war-horse stands at the gate,
His helm is on his brow,
And in the court his vassals wait—
Why stops O'Donnell now?
And pace alone yon lofty hall,
Where moon-beams deck the casement tall.
Above him hang in silken fold
The banners of his race,
Around are shield and hawberk old,
And trophies of the chase;
While high, o'er all, the crests light
Reveals the wall with arras dight.
Silent he walks, with visage stern,
And downcast eye and look,
And from his mien well might you learn
Dark thoughts his bosom shook—
As oft he stopt his fiftful stride,
And round him wrapt his mantle wide.
The foe hath conquered, and this hour
The chieftain leads his train
Far o'er the hills, and Easka's tower
Shall never view again.
And now within its walls he stays
To muse alone on other days.
The very shadows of that place
Were unto him as friends,
And many a vanish'd form and face
In fancy o'er him bends,
Familiar to his heart and home,
While thus he kept his vigil lone.
Sad thoughts came o'er him, like a cloud,
And memories of the past,
And then his heart, with sorrow bow'd,
Pour'd forth its grief at last,
As thus, in husky tones, he spoke,
While hot tears from his eyelids broke:
"Home of my fathers, oh! how oft,
When captive in my cell,
I've thought of thee, and slumber soft
Upon my eyelids fell;
Back mem'ry brought with soothing dream
Thy stately walls and glassy stream.
"And when, in far Imala's glen,
I sank beneath the storm,
While winter's winds howl'd round me then,
And snow-drifts wrapt my form;
In that drear hour of woe and ill
'Twas thoughts of thee that cheer'd me still.
"Hall of my childhood! must I part
From thee, far hence to roam
A wanderer, with an aching heart,
An exile from my home?
While Saxon churls thy hearths shall take,
And in thy walls their dwelling make.
"The wild deer hunted on the hill
Will seek its lair to die;
The wounded bird doth ever still
Turn to its nest; but I
Have other lot, and never back
My feet shall tread thy well-known track.
"Yet better were the mountain side,
The forest lone and cave,
With freedom's smile our steps to guide,
Than live in halls a slave!
To kneel to strangers, and to claim
Alliance with their hated name.
"Aye, let them come; thy roofless walls
Shall greet them in the sun—
Fit home for Saxons; but thy halls
Shall never shelter one.
O'Donnell's birth-place, like his sword,
Must never know another lord!"

Thus spoke the chief, with haughty eye,
And lit the torches there,
And quick their flame caught rafter high,
Banner and dark oak stair;
And tower and roof, with sudden light,
Flash'd forth in brightness on the night!
Red blazed the pile, and far and wide
Illumed the country round—
The warder saw it at Dunbride,
The pilot in the sound,
And shunn'd the coast, and deem'd it made
As signal of a Saxon raid.
Long gazed the chief, till wild and shrill
His bugles pour'd their strain,
Then back'd his horse, and o'er the hills
Departed with his train,
And ne'er returned; beyond the wave,
In far Cordova, lies his grave. . . .

The history of Hugh O'Donnell, surnamed "The Red" from a stain on his forehead, is replete with romantic interest. Entrapped at the age of sixteen by the English, by an artifice unworthy of the chivalrous character of Sir John Perrot, he passed many years of his youth in the Castle of Dublin as a prisoner, and, having twice made desperate attempts to escape, at last succeeded in doing so, through the agency of one of the under gaolers, who was attracted towards his youthful charge by their both speaking one common tongue—the Irish. Having left behind him the walls of his fated prison, the young mountaineer at once proceeded to the Dublin hills, to the Glen of Imale, the country of the hardy sept of O'Byrne and M'Tuathil, who, "hanging over (as the chronicler has it) the neck of the city," laughed to scorn the attempts of the English to subdue them in their rugged fastnesses. From thence the fugitive proceeded, under circumstances of great difficulty, to the north of Ireland, where he was immediately elected chief of his powerful tribe, coalescing with Tyrone, Maguire, Tyrrel, and other native chieftains. He soon became one of the most formidable opponents the English pale had ever met with. Active, enterprising, and animated with the most determined hostility to the Saxons, victory for a long time crowned his efforts, until the battle of Kinsale, when, having disputed on the eve of the engagement with O'Neill, respecting the leading of the vanguard, (the only mistake, remarks the Rev. Caesar Otway, he ever made,) a distrust crept in between their respective followers, which led to the fatal results of the following day. So mortified was O'Donnell by that defeat, that for three days after, the Irish annalists say, he refused to eat or drink, overcome with emotions of shame and anger. Shortly after he sailed for Spain—a country always looked upon by the Irish as their fatherland—and, after struggling awhile with the feelings of disappointment and ruined hopes, died an exile, and was buried, I believe, at Valladolid.

WOOD PAVEMENT IN LONDON.—The whole of the immense thoroughfare, from Charing-cross to the Adelphi Theatre, is now in course of being paved with wood. The pine blocks selected for this portion of the road are of an octagonal shape, and very small, and apparently very durable. It has already been determined to pave Cheapside with wood, and when this is effected, no doubt the improvement will extend to Fleet-street. The line of road from Charing-cross to the Bank will then be complete. The whole line of Newgate-street is already paved. It is a singular fact, that although wood pavement is of so recent an origin, there are no less than nine different modes adopted of cutting the blocks; some are hexagon, some octagon, and some oblong. It is, of course, impossible to say yet which pattern forms the most durable road. We may boast now of the wooden streets of Old England as well as of her wooden walls.

AN INCIDENT.

In the year 1833 I had occasion to go to England on particular business. The vessel in which I went was crowded with passengers. Among the group I distinguished a tall, elderly gentleman, who seemed to be a military man: leaning on his arm was a beautiful young girl; she seemed to be very ill, probably occasioned by the heaving of the vessel to and fro. A short distance from them stood a handsome young officer, engaged in conversation with an elderly lady, whom I afterwards learned was his mother. Not having any inclination to introduce myself to any one on board, I went to my berth, and was amusing myself by conning over the morning papers, when the following caught my eye:—

"It is reported that Lieutenant A——, who is said to be very handsome, proposed for Miss M——, daughter of Colonel M——; in consequence of which, Major H——, who, it is said, is in love with the young lady, challenged Lieutenant A—— to meet him or give up all idea of Miss M——, and discontinue his visits; which proposal Lieut. A—— not wishing to comply with, the two gentlemen had an exchange of shots, which proved rather prejudicial to the major's nasal organs. This injury will be likely to ruin the gallant soldier in the estimation of the fair sex."—*Morning Herald*.

It immediately occurred to my mind, that Lieutenant A—— was the handsome young officer on deck, and that Miss M—— and her father were also passengers in the same vessel along with me. Being a little curious to know if I were right in my conjecture, I again went on deck, and endeavoured to enter into conversation with an old lady, whom I saw speaking to the young lady that first attracted my attention. Hearing her complain of being very ill, I immediately stepped forward, introducing myself as a medical man. At first she seemed surprised at my boldness; but, seeing me take out of my pocket a common restorative for all faint old ladies, she looked with more complacency on me, and thanked me for my kindness. The common topics of the day then ensued, when I found out, to my surprise, that she was an intimate acquaintance of my mother's in her youth, and that she was now going to England to spend the winter with Colonel M—— and his only daughter.

"Pray," said I, "is not that Colonel M——, yonder?"

"It is," said she; "he is now going to see his sister, who is dying of consumption; she resides in Chatham, from whence he will join us as soon as possible; his daughter is very ill, which I fear in a great measure is owing to a duel fought between two officers who were deeply in love with her. One of them I was quite surprised to see when I came on board. I have since heard that he is going with his mother to England to an old aunt, who is very rich and about to make her will in favour of Lieutenant A——, provided he stops with her while living. Some person or persons unknown have spread vile reports respecting the young officer, which I know to be untrue, and I suspect Major H—— to be the propagator. Colonel M——, notwithstanding my remonstrance, is determined not to sanction his visits to his daughter any more."

Here we were interrupted by a loud cry—"A man over board."

Immediately running up to the side of the vessel, I perceived a man contending with the waves: one time he would appear for a minute; then again he would sink, struggling with all the efforts of a drowning man to support himself above water. He seemed to grow fainter and was sinking again, when, just at this critical juncture, a loud splash was heard in the water,

followed by the huzza of the sailors, when I perceived Lieutenant A——, who was certainly one of the finest swimmers I have ever seen, with a rope in his mouth, making for the drowning man: immediately tying the rope to his own arm, he supported the face of the other above water, calling to the sailors to draw in. Both were taken upon deck, where every means was resorted to to recover the gentleman, whom I now perceived to be Colonel M——. I ordered hot cloths to be applied, and that he be immediately taken to bed and kept as warm as possible. The next morning he was so much better as to be able to join us at breakfast, when, stepping up to the young officer, he shook him by the hand saying—

"God bless you; you have saved an old man, and prevented my only daughter from being an orphan. I fear I have wronged you, but when we arrive on shore you can explain all."

It was about a month after the event which I have related when I called to a large house in Regent-street; I was shown into a splendidly furnished room, where I sat down amusing myself by looking over the periodicals of the day, until Miss M—— entered, followed by her father, Colonel M——. Both received me most cordially, when I was given to understand, that in another week Lieut. A—— was to wed Miss M——; that he had been shamefully spoken of by his enemy, Major H——, who, annoyed that he should have a rival, did not scruple to tell the most barefaced lies of Lieutenant A——. I leave it to the reader's imagination to picture what a happy couple Lieutenant A—— and his young bride were in one short week.

Nov. 1842.

P. H.

CANADIAN VOYAGEURS.—The dress of these people is generally half-civilised, half-savage. Their language is a French *patois*, embroidered with Indian and English words and phrases. The lives of the *voyageurs* are passed in wild and extensive roving in the service of individuals, but more especially of the fur traders. Never are they so happy as when on long and rough expeditions, toiling up rivers or coasting up lakes; encamping at night on the borders, gossiping round their fires, and bivouacking in the open air. They are dexterous boatmen. The steersman often sings an old traditional French song, with some regular burden in which they all join, keeping time with the oars. The Canadian waters are vocal with these little French chansons that have been echoed from mouth to mouth, and transmitted from father to son, from the earliest days of the colony. But we are telling of things that are fast fading away! The march of mechanical invention is driving everything poetical before it. The steam-boats, which are fast dispelling the wildness and romance of our lakes and rivers, and aiding to subdue the world into common-place, are proving as fatal to the race of Canadian *voyageurs* as they have been to that of the boatmen of the Mississippi. Their glory is departed: they are no longer the lords of our internal seas, and the great navigators of the wilderness. Some of them may still occasionally be seen coasting the lower lakes with their frail barks, and pitching their camps and lighting their fires upon the shores; but their range is fast contracting to those remote waters and shallow and obstructed rivers unvisited by the steam-boat. In the course of years they will gradually disappear; their songs will die away like the echoes they once awakened; and the Canadian *voyageurs* will become a forgotten race, or remembered, like their associates the Indians, among the poetical images of past times, and as themes for local and romantic associations.—*Washington Irving's Astoria*.

BURLESQUING THE IRISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR—Will you just insert, for the edification of your readers, the following "good joke"! (as it is called by some of the London papers,) which is written by an *Irishman*? Will we never cease to raise a suicidal hand? Must Irishmen still caricature their character and their country? Certainly it may be well said—" *Tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis tempus eget!*"

Yours truly, EREGINA.

ICING CHAMPAGNE.

(From the last number of *Loover's* "Handy Andy.")

Dick gave the necessary directions for icing the champagne, which he set apart, and pointed out most particularly to Andy, lest he should make a mistake, and, perchance, ice the port instead.

After Edward and Dick had gone, Andy commenced operations according to orders. He brought a large tub up stairs containing rough ice, which excited Andy's wonder, for he had never known till now that ice was preserved for and applied to such a use, for an ice-house did not happen to be attached to any establishment in which he had served.

"Well, this is the queerest thing I ever heard of," said Andy. "Mush! what outlandish inventions the quality has among them. They're not content with wine, but they must have ice along with it, and a tub, too!—just like pigs!—throth, it's a dirty thrick, I think. Well, here goes," said he; and Andy opened a bottle of champagne, and poured it into the tub with the ice. "How it fizzes," said Andy. "Faix, it's almost as 'live as the soda-water that bothered me long ago. Well, I know more about things now; sure its wondherful how a man improves with practice!" and another bottle of champagne was emptied into the tub as he spoke. Thus, with several such complacent comments upon his own proficiency, Andy poured half-a-dozen of champagne into the tub of ice, and remarked, when he had finished his work, that he thought it would be "mighty cowl on their stomachs." The discovery of Andy's blunder is thus related:

Dinner was announced by Andy; and, with good appetite, soup and fish were soon dispatched; sherry followed, as a matter of necessity. The second course appeared, and was not long under discussion when Dick called for the "champagne."

Andy began to drag the tub towards the table; and Dick, impatient of delay, again called "champagne."

"I'm bringin' it to you, sir," said Andy, tugging at the tub.

"Hand it round the table;" but, finding he could not manage it, he whispered Dick, "I can't get it up, sir."

Dick fancying Andy meant he had got a flask not in a sufficient state of effervescence to expel its own cork, whispered in return, "Draw it, then."

"I was drawin' it to you, sir, when you stopped me."

"Well, make haste with it," said Dick.

"Mister Dawson, I'll trouble you for a small piece of the turkey," said the colonel.

"With pleasure, colonel; but first do me the honour to take champagne. Andy, champagne!"

"Here it is, sir!" said Andy, who had drawn the tub close to Dick's chair.

"Where's the wine, sir?" said Dick, looking first at the tub and then at Andy.

"There, sir," said Andy, pointing down to the ice; "I put the wine into it as you towld me."

Dick looked again at the tub, and said, "There is

not a bottle there. What do you mean, you stupid rascal?"

"To be sure there's no bottle there, sir. The bottles are all on the side-board; but every drop o' the wine is in the ice, as you towld me, sir; if you put your hand into it, you'll feel it, sir!"

SALT MINES.—The most extensive deposition of rock-salt in the world is found at Wielitka, near Cracow, in Poland. It has been worked as a mine since the year 1251, and its excavations are said to extend more than a league from east to west; the salt produced being of an iron-grey colour, in which are enclosed cubes of a pure white. After being let down by a rope for 230 feet, the visitor is led through galleries perfectly dry, and of considerable height and breadth, until he arrives at two chapels composed entirely of salt, and hewn out of the solid mass. Images, as well as pillars and ornaments of the same material, adorn the place, and reflect the rays of light issuing from the lamps of the guides, producing a beautiful and novel appearance. Descending lower by ladders, the visitor finds himself in an immense hall or cavern of salt cut with great regularity, and many hundred feet in length. A thousand persons might dine in it without inconvenience; and when illuminated by flambeaux, its splendour is not inferior to that of a palace hall. There are some extensive beds of rock-salt in England; two found in Cheshire are known to extend a mile and a-half north-east and south-west, and upwards of three-quarters of a mile in width. The mines are worked by galleries, masses of salt being left as pillars to support the roof. When illuminated by candles, numerous fixed on the sides, the effect produced is exceedingly brilliant. Of the Cheshire mines, many yield 16,000 tons of salt per annum for home consumption, and 140,000 tons are annually exported from Liverpool. Salt is also obtained in England from brine springs, the chief of which are situated at Droitwich, in Worcestershire. They are four in number, all situated within a square furlong, and seem to issue from a bed of rock-salt. The quantity of brine rising from these pits is immense; and although that which is used bears but a small proportion to that which runs to waste, nevertheless the quantity of salt annually made from these four pits, or springs, is about 16,000 tons, two-thirds of which are consumed in England. The brine is perfectly limpid, and contains about one-third its weight of salt, which is separated from it by evaporating processes.

IMPORTANCE OF PRINCIPLE.—Whatever station in society we fill—whatever be our employment—whatever the character we sustain—by whatever name called—or whatever hopes, expectations, or desires animate our bosoms—if not guided by *principle*, we shall not perform our parts so as to please our friends, (if we have any,) or to insure satisfaction to ourselves when we come to die. It follows, then, that the man of business should be a man of principle—the man who can live without business should be a man of principle—the man who rolls in affluence, and the man who labours hard for his subsistence, should alike be men of principle—the politician should be a man of principle—and last, but far from least, the man who professes to be a Christian, should be signally distinguished among his fellow men as a man of principle.

PARISIAN DIAMONDS.—Those beautiful imitations of the "priceless gem," which have lately attracted so much attention, are made by a chemist in Paris, and are only the oxide of tin. It is to be regretted that the brilliancy which has rendered this imitation so famous cannot be depended upon, as, after exposure for some time, they become as dull as common glass. *Mining Journal.*

ANGLO-SAXON ROMANCES.

The romances of the Anglo-Saxons hold historically the same place in literature which belongs to the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. Their subjects were either exclusively mythological or historical facts, which, in their passage by tradition from age to age, had taken a mythic form. Beowulf himself is, probably, little more than a fabulous personage—another Hercules destroying monsters of every description, natural or supernatural, nicors, ogres, grendels, dragons. No weak or selfish feelings ever interfere with his straight course of heroic probity. Courage, generosity, and fidelity are his virtues. The coward, the niggard, and the traitor, whenever they are mentioned, are spoken of with strong marks of abhorrence. The weaker sex, though it has scarcely any share in the action, is always treated with extreme delicacy and respect. The plot of the poem is at once simple and bold. Among the other romances, that of Finn had for its subject the mutual injury of two hostile tribes, and acts of vengeance repeated until the one was vanquished and became dependant on the other. Sometimes the ladies stand forth as more active and powerful agents. Thus the romance of Offa was founded on the marriage of a king with a wood-nymph, and the hatred with which she was regarded by his mother—a story frequently reproduced in the romances of the thirteenth century. The old German romance of the *Nibelungen* has for its subject the disastrous consequences which arose out of the vanity and petulance of two royal dames. The subject of that of *Waltharius*, preserved to us only in a Latin dress, is the escape of a prince and his affianced bride from the court of the Huns, where they had been detained as hostages.

We not only trace the preservation of these romances down to a comparatively late period, but we can discover marks of their continued influence in various ways. From time to time we detect them interweaving themselves with the graver recitals of the historian. As the Saxons became in course of time more and more firmly settled in, and identified with Britain, their recollections of their old country became continually less vivid, the traditions connected with it less definite, and they began to forget the meaning of many of the old legends, although they were still punctually handed down from father to son. In ages like those of which we are now speaking—indeed more or less in all ages—the popular mind ever connects its traditions with some object which is constantly before the eye, and thus the old romances were associated with new places. A particular tribe who had brought with them some ancient legend, the real scene of which lay upon the shores of the Baltic, after they had been settled for a time in England, began to look upon it as a story connected only with the spot where they now dwelt, and to perpetuate the error by giving the name of its hero to some object in their vicinity. Thus came such names as Grimesby in Lincolnshire, Wade's Castle in the North, which took their names, one from Havelok's supposed foster-father, the other from a Saxon or northern hero, whose legend appears at present to be lost, although it was still preserved little more than two centuries ago. Thus, too, the legend of Weland was located in Berkshire. It was in this way that the Ongles, or Ongles, settled at an earlier period near Sleswic, became by degrees confounded with the East-Angles in England; and thus the romance of Offa, one of the ancient Angle princes or "heroes," was, under the hand of the historian Matthew Paris, transformed into a life of Offa, King of the Angles in our island. Some such process seems to have produced the modern romance of Havelok, that of King Atla, still preserved in Anglo-Norman and Latin, though in either form inedited,

and perhaps all the other Anglo-Norman romances which form the cycle commonly attributed to the period of the Danish invasions, such as Guy of Warwick, Bevis of Hampton, and King Horn. In more than one instance we find the events of some older family romance mixed up with the life of an historical personage. Such, no doubt, was the origin of the history of Hereward's younger days, which his biographer acknowledges to be taken from what appears to have been a poem written by Leofric of Bourne; and there are several incidents in it which are most remarkably similar to some parts of the romance of Horn, just mentioned. These were not the most humiliating transformations to which, in the course of ages, the Anglo-Saxon romances were condemned: as they had been originally formed in the childhood of nations, so at a later period they re-appeared in the form of chap-books and ballads for the amusement of children; and it is more than probable that the great god Thor, the never-ceasing enemy of the Giants of the old Teutonic mythology, has degenerated in, that popular but no less remarkable hero of the nursery, the famous Jack-the-Giant-Killer, the all-powerful hammer and the girdle of strength of the god having been replaced by the equally efficient sword of sharpness and the cap of invisibility.—*Wright's Biography*.

MAKING WINES IN THE IONIAN ISLANDS.—The grapes are gathered by women and children, and carried in baskets to the press. If the grapes are black, and the skins thick, as they usually are, they are allowed to remain heaped together six or seven days to soften; they are next subjected to the pressure of the feet of men, and next to the powerful pressure of a screw. The must obtained is fermented for a few days, with the addition of about a fourth of the husks of the black grape, to heighten the colour. It is then drawn off, and allowed to remain and complete its fermentation in casks. In the instance of white grapes, their skins being sufficiently tender, they do not require to be further softened, and they are subjected to the press without delay. Often, and most commonly, the black and white are mixed; this process is followed in Zante. It is much the same in the other islands; the variations are inconsiderable. The best wines of the Ionian Islands are those of Ithaca and Cephalonia, and of the hilly and mountainous parts of Zante. In these islands hitherto little or no encouragement has been given to the making of good wine; quantity is attended to rather than quality—a rapid sale, rather than a just remunerating profit. Much of the wine that is sold is cheaper than small beer; much of it is sold quite new; little of it is kept a year; none is exported, except from one island to another. There are no capitalists—no regular wine merchants; each proprietor is his own merchant; his cellar is commonly the ground-floor of his town house; having little room—no apparatus—apprehensive that the wine will spoil if kept—he sells it as soon as possible, either by wholesale or retail. If the former, the doors of the cellar are thrown open—two or three forms are provided—and a flag of white paper, or of paper stained red, according to the quality of the wine, is hung out on a stick. Should the wine be approved, the cellar is crowded with customers, and suddenly becomes a scene of merriment, uproar, and gambling—filled with people talking loud, singing, or playing at cards, or the noisy, vulgar, and classical game of *Moro*, the *micare cum digitis* of the Romans.—*Davy's History*.

AMBER.—A discovery is said to have been made in the neighbourhood of Zehdenik, near Potsdam, on the Havel, of a rich mine of yellow amber, of hardness equal to rock crystal.

TEMPERATURE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

In all climates, in the temperate zones, as well as at the equator or the poles, the temperature of the body in man, and in what are commonly called warm-blooded animals, is invariably the same; yet how different are the circumstances under which they live? The animal body is a heated mass, which bears the same relation to surrounding objects as any other heated mass. It receives heat when the surrounding objects are hotter; it loses heat when they are colder than itself. We know that the rapidity of cooling increases with the difference between the temperature of the heated body and that of the surrounding medium; that is, the colder the surrounding medium, the shorter the time required for the cooling the heated body. How unequal, then, must be the loss of heat in a man of Palermo, where the external temperature is nearly equal to that of the body, and in the polar regions, where the external temperature is from 70° to 90° lower. Yet, notwithstanding this extremely unequal loss of heat, experience has shown that the blood of the inhabitant of the Arctic circle has a temperature as high as that of the native of the south, who lives in so different a medium. This fact, when its true significance is perceived, proves that the heat given off to the surrounding medium is restored within the body with great rapidity. This compensation takes place more rapidly in winter than in summer, at the pole than at the equator. In the animal body the food is the fuel; with a proper supply of oxygen we obtain the heat given out during its oxidation or combustion. In winter, when we take exercise in a cold atmosphere, and when, consequently, the amount of inspired oxygen increases the necessity for food containing carbon and hydrogen increases in the same ratio; and, by gratifying the appetite thus excited, we obtain the most efficient protection against the most piercing cold. A starving man is soon frozen to death; and every one knows that the animals of prey in the Arctic regions far exceed in voracity those of the torrid zone. Our clothing is merely equivalent for a certain amount of food. The more warmly we are clothed, the less urgent becomes the appetite for food, because the loss of heat by cooling, and consequently the amount of heat to be supplied by the food, is diminished. If we were to go naked, like certain savage tribes, or if in hunting or fishing we were exposed to the same degree of cold as the Samoyedes, we should be able with ease to consume 10lbs of flesh, and, perhaps, a dozen of tallow candles into the bargain, daily, as warmly clad travellers have related with astonishment of these people. We should then, also, be able to take the same quantity of brandy or train-oil without bad effects, because the carbon and hydrogen of these substances would only suffice to keep up the equilibrium between the external temperature and that of our bodies.—*Leibig's Animal Chemistry.*

WILD FLOWERS.—One characteristic of our native plants we must mention, that if we miss in them something of the gorgeousness and lustre of more tropical flowers, we are more than compensated by the delicacy and variety of their perfume; and just as our woods, vocal with the nightingale, the blackbird, and the thrush, can well spare the gaudy feathers of the macaw, so we can consign the oncidiums, the cactuses, and the ipomæas of tropics, for the delicious fragrance of our wild banks of violets, our lilies-of-the-valley, and our woodbine, or even for the passing whiff of a hawthorn bush, a clover or bean field, or a gorse-common.—*Quarterly Review.*

POPULATION OF PARIS.—According to the census of 1841, the population of Paris amounted to 912,330; and if the troops of the garrison and strangers are added, to 1,035,000.

AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT.

The Marquess of Waterford has about forty thousand acres of land in the county of Derry, on which there are about eight hundred tenants; but until this season there had not been any thing done by them in the way of draining their land on any regular system. By the advice and encouragement held out to them by Mr. Beresford, agent to the noble Marquess, upwards of sixty of the tenants have been, and are, thorough draining on Mr. Smith of Deanston's system, and have already completed upwards of 16,000 perches (5½ yards each) of drains, all filled with broken stones: ere long every tenant on this estate will "do likewise," having suffered much from wet for the last five or six years. Messrs. Drummond have furnished the estate with sixty full sets of draining tools, with subsoil and furrow ploughs, of which Mr. M'Leish, the Marquess of Waterford's land steward, speaks in the highest terms.

HOT WIND OF THE DESERT.—In central Africa, in Libya, in Syria, and in Arabia, where the soil is covered with thick stratum of loose sand, and where the sun's rays are very powerful, the wind is often absolutely insupportable. At such time it is called *simoom*, or the "poison-wind," by the Arabs; and *khamsin* by the Syrians, from a word expressive of the period during which it prevails, viz., at the equinoxes. When this wind is about commencing, the atmosphere takes an unquiet aspect; the sky becomes overcast, the sun loses his brilliancy; the air is not cloudy, properly speaking, but is loaded with small gritty particles, which penetrate everything. At first the wind is not very hot; but, as its duration continues, the temperature rises. Respiration becomes short and difficult, the skin becomes dry, and the body seems consuming by a scorching heat. All objects are alike heated; iron, stone, even water, fail to yield any cooling effect. The inhabitants of towns and villages shut themselves up in the houses, while those in the open desert take refuge in their tents, or in pits dug in the ground. Miserable is the state of those travellers who are surprised by such a wind at a distance from any asylum! They feel the full effects, which frequently end in death. When the hot blast is passing rapidly, the heat is so increased as to take away life almost instantaneously. This death is a true suffocation; the lungs, respiring in a kind of vacuum, enter into convulsion; the circulation becomes disturbed in the vessels: the blood flies from the heart to the head or the chest; and hence ensues hæmorrhage at the nose and mouth after death. This wind attacks especially men of a full habit of body, and also those whose muscles are weakened by fatigue. The only mode of checking these violent effects is to cover the mouth and nose with a handkerchief; the camels bury their mouths and noses in the sand, and there keep them till the violence of the blast is abated. Another quality of this wind is its extreme dryness. If water is thrown on the floor of an apartment, it is evaporated immediately; and, by the extreme dryness of the air, plants become shrivelled up and reduced to fragments. This thirst of the air for moisture, so to speak, increases the effect of the wind on the animal frame, by evaporating too rapidly the perspiration exuding at the pores. These hot winds are always found to occur in countries where deserts abound, and where the air, meeting neither with brooks, nor lakes, nor forests, becomes heated by the action of a nearly vertical sun, and by reflection from the sandy soil. When from any atmospheric cause, this mass of air is set in motion, the phenomenon of the hot wind ensues, and particles of scorching sand are wafted along with the wind itself.—*Knight's Mag.*

AMERICA.

GREAT JUBILEE IN NEW YORK—ADMISSION OF THE CROTON WATER.

NEW YORK, OCT. 15, 1842.—Yesterday this city exhibited a universal jubilee, produced in the presence of fully half a million of persons of all nations. The admission of the Croton water, from a distance of forty-seven miles—the labour of nine years—and at an expense of nine millions of dollars—was celebrated by the New Yorkers with a general feeling of patriotic pride. It was a grand civic spectacle. From the first thunder of artillery that at sunrise roused about 400,000 inhabitants to the recollection of the occasion, and also 25,000 visitors from their slumbers, to the closing of the grand procession, the city displayed a sight of grandeur that cannot be adequately conceived. The procession, most numerous and admirably regulated, including thousands of military, firemen, trades, societies, (literary, charitable, and scientific,) extended in its circuit fully seven miles from the park; it occupied two hours and a half in returning to the position it moved from—every roof and window were crowded—the day smiled in autumnal beauty on the scene, and joy and gladness beamed in every face when the hundreds of fountains opened their stores to refresh and invigorate the hearts of those that rejoiced at the introduction into our city of thirty-five millions of gallons of the purest water daily. This blessing, accompanied by the certainty of the means of averting a similar calamity to that of 1835, when the commercial pride of the city was buried in ashes, combined with the effects it must produce upon the general health, the reduction of insurance, and an unlimited profusion of other local advantages, claimed and received the homage of a grateful community. The park fountain is the finest in the world for violence and force of jet. From a basin of 100 feet in diameter, 18 subordinate jets throw up their crystal columns round six large ones, whose great volumes again encircle the larger central pillar, which rises in sparkling lustre 60 feet, falling back in showers of germs, giving the appearance of a willow crystallised. There is another of lesser size, but of equal grandeur and beauty, in Union-square, and others are extensively projected. This great event will be remembered when the "Declaration of Independence" will cease to be an anniversary—an event rapidly diminishing in general observance.

SHIPWRECKS—GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.—The ships *Abercromby* *Robinson* and *Waterloo* (the former with upwards of 500 of the 91st regiment on board, bound from London to Algoa Bay, to relieve the 75th, ordered home; the latter with 240 male convicts, a guard of 30 soldiers, 5 women, 43 children, with crew, in all about 330, bound for Sidney,) were wrecked in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on the 28th of August, 1842. All on board the *Abercromby* *Robinson* were saved, the vessel having been driven ashore on a sandy part of the beach. The *Waterloo* was dashed on the rocks, and went in pieces. When the vessel came broadside on the breakers, the hatches were opened, and the convicts rushed on deck, 50 of whom jumped overboard, about 20 reached the shore; the remainder were drowned! A letter from Cape Town gives a heart-rending account of the calamity. The cries of the convicts on deck, as each succeeding wave swept off dozens, were agonising. The water was full of the struggling and the dead. In an hour and half not a particle of the vessel was to be seen. Of 330 souls, 250 were drowned, comprising 143 convicts, 47 soldiers (with women and children) of the 99th regiment. Subscriptions were raised in Capetown for the sufferers.

GREAT PRINCIPLE OF MACHINERY.

The most stupid man that ever existed is, beyond all comparison, a machine more cunningly made by the hands of his Creator, more perfect in all his several parts, and with all his parts more exquisitely adapted to the regulated movements of the whole body, less liable to accidents, and less injured by wear and tear, than the most beautiful machine that ever was or ever will be invented. There is no possibility of supplying in many cases a substitute for the simplest movements of man's body, by the most complicated movements of the most ingenious machinery. And why so? Because the natural machinery by which a man even lifts his hand to his head is at once so complex and so simple, so apparently easy and yet so entirely dependent upon the right adjustment of a great many contrary forces, that no automation, or machine imitating the actions of man, could ever be made to affect this seemingly simple motion, without showing that the contrivance was perfect—that it was a mere imitation, and a very clumsy one. What an easy thing it appears to be for a farming-man to thrash his corn with a flail; and yet what an expensive arrangement of wheels is necessary to produce the effects with a thrashing-machine. The truth is, that the man's arm and the flail form a much more curious machine than the other machine of wheels, which does the same work; and the real question as regards the value of the two machines is, which machine in the greater degree lessens the cost of production. We state this principle broadly, in our examination into the value of machinery in diminishing the cost of producing human food. A machine is not perfect because it is made of wheels or cylinders, employs the power of the screw or the lever, is driven by the wind or water or steam, but because it best assists the labour of man, by calling into action some power which he does not possess in himself. If we could imagine a man entirely dispossessed of this power, we should see the feebleness of animal beings. He has no tools which are a part of himself to build houses like the beaver, or cells like the bee. He has not even learnt from nature to build instinctively, by certain and unchangeable rules. His power is in his mind; and that mind teaches him to subject all the physical world to his dominion, by availing himself of the forces which nature has spread around him. To act upon material objects he arms his weakness with tools and with machines. Tools and machines are in principle the same. When we strike a nail upon the head with a hammer, we avail ourselves of a power which we find in nature—the effect produced by the concussion of two bodies; when we employ a water-wheel to beat out a lump of iron with a much larger hammer, we avail ourselves of the same power. There is no difference in the nature of the instruments, although we call the one a tool, and the other a machine. Neither the tool nor the machine has any force of itself. In one case force is in the arm, in the other in the weight of the water which turns the wheel.—*Results of Machinery.*

GENTLEMEN.—By the appellation of gentleman, it is not meant to draw a line that would be invidious between high and low, rank and subordination, riches and poverty. The distinction is in the mind. Whoever is open, loyal, and true—whoever is of humane and affable demeanour—whoever is honourable in himself and in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement—such a man is a gentleman, and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth. High birth and distinction, however, for the most part, insure the high sentiment which is denied to poverty and lower professions.

COMMUNICATION BETWEEN LONDON AND DUBLIN.

It is projected to have a line of communication from Wicklow to Portdynllaen, and from thence to London. The alleged advantage of this route is that the passage from Dublin to London can be accomplished in twelve hours, forty minutes! The distance from London to Portdynllaen is 220 miles, which a packet could accomplish in 7h. 20m.—the passage from Portdynllaen to Wicklow 4h. 30m.—railway from Wicklow to Dublin 50m.—total, 12h. 40m. Letters dispatched from London at eight o'clock on Monday evening could by this means be delivered in Dublin early next day, and could be answered by the mail of that night.

A public meeting has been held in Dublin on the subject—the Lord Mayor in the chair. Alderman Purcell (ever active for his country's welfare) spoke in favour of selecting Holyhead as the packet station, it being seven miles shorter by sea than Portdynllaen; besides, a small sum of money would suffice if Holyhead was chosen; whereas, the erection of a railroad in connection with the Great Western, and running through a great part of the Welch mountains, would cost an enormous sum of money. Sir Edward Borough, high sheriff, and other gentlemen spoke also in favour of Holyhead—the Portdynllaen line likewise had several supporters. The Lords of the Admiralty have given their decision in favour of Holyhead. A resolution was adopted, appointing a deputation to wait upon Earl de Grey, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, earnestly to request that government would, during the recess, take steps to procure further information on the subject.

THE FRENCH PRESS.—In 1812, Paris reckoned only 45 journals, or periodical writings; in 1826 she had 179; at the commencement of 1833 they amounted to 309; and in the month of August, 1842, there were 493. Of these 35 are daily papers, 95 weekly, 218 monthly; 5 appear once in three months, 8 three times a week, 31 twice, 8 three times a month, 4 six times a week, 2 every second day, 3 every fifth day, and every ten days; 1 every six months, and the rest at irregular intervals. They vary from 120 francs to 2 francs 50 centimes per annum; and as regards their speciality, may, leaving politics out of the question, be classed as follows:—15 are religious publications, 29 are devoted to jurisprudence, to medicine 27, natural sciences 14, fashions 22, naval matters 4, theatricals 10, philosophy 4, morals 5, administrative affairs 19, education 28, literature 37, freemasonry 1, advertisements 28, agriculture, horticulture, &c. 18; the book trade 10, mathematics 4, industry 4, commerce 33, music 14, &c.

RESENTMENT.—No one can endure to be hated, and submit to indications of contempt, without practising some species of resentment in return; and if this sort of silent but inveterate hostility happens to be maintained between an irritable and an apathetic temper, it is quite incredible the advantage which the latter obtains, and the indescribable torture which, from its very calmness, it has the power to inflict upon the other.

RAILWAY WHEELS.—The commission on railways in Paris is unanimously agreed to recommend to the minister of public works to prohibit the use of cast-iron wheels, on account of their brittle nature. All the companies in future will have to employ wrought-iron wheels. In England and Belgium cast-iron wheels have disappeared, unless, indeed, they may be sometimes used in the transport of coals and goods.—*Railway Times.*

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

The casement rocks; the pattering hail
Is whistling on the moaning gale;
The earth's great dome is dark and drear,
No twinkling stars keep vigils there;
The *ignis fatuus* light is low,
The rain descends, the wild winds blow;
The snow is drifting down the moor,
While hapless homes await the poor!
Alas! how sad's the peasant's fate!
His cabin void of tile or slate!
The storm beats against its walls,
The sleet sweeps on, the tempest squalls;
Th' lightnings flash, the thunders roar,
And billows madly lash the shore;
The dying embers faintly glow,
While nothing soothes his wail or woe!

Such scenes the heart with horrors fill,
And make life's current cold and chill.
Oh! could the rich one thought but give,
To know how half the people live—
To bear their pangs and hear their woes,
Or feel their bosoms' throbs and throes—
Then might compassion hold her sway,
And make a night of sadness, day.

Go where you ivy'd turrets rise,
And mighty oaks meet starless skies:
There some proud lordling sits in state,
With mind content and heart elate;
And, oh! he cares not tho' the clouds
May wrap the mountains in their shrouds;
Or lightnings flash, or beacons blaze,
For claret sheds its genial rays.

F.

SPANISH PROVERBS.

There is no better looking-glass than an old true friend.

Gifts break through stone walls.

Enjoy that little you have, while the fool is hunting for more.

You had better leave your enemy something when you die, than live to beg of a friend.

Keep out of a hasty man's way awhile; out of a sullen man's all the days of your life.

No price is great enough for good counsel.

TRUTHS.—The two rarest things to be met with are—good sense and good nature. For one man who judges right, there are twenty who can say good things. The judgment seldom is wrong where the feelings are right. He who has any cause at heart, seldom ruins it by his imprudence.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of the DUBLIN JOURNAL regrets that he cannot insert the "Legend of Killyduffy," in accordance with the system which characterises this periodical—viz., of not publishing anything that borders upon personalities, politics, or religion. Sparkling as the "Legend" is with true poetic gems, it is in a measure painful to set it aside; but, if the truly-gifted author would woo the muse on *neutral* territory, we would be delighted to have his assistance. The "*mens divinator*" of the genuine bard is stamped on his productions; and, if he prunes his wing for a different region than that heretofore essayed, he must succeed.

"C. E. W." Belfast.—We shall attend to you in time.

"R."—Your communication is inadmissible. Many of the expressions are unfit for eye or ear.

"J. W. S."—Your communication is under consideration.

"E. C."—We shall probably pay our respects to you in our next.

A variety of contributions arrived so late, that we cannot give them a specific notice. Our increased circulation obliges us to go to press very early in the week.

Printed for the Proprietors, at the Office, 32, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications (post-paid) are to be addressed, to the Editor.

Published by T. Tegg & Co., 8, Lower Abbey-street, Dublin; and all Booksellers.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 5.—Vol. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

LITERARY MEN.

Study, it is said, tends only to shorten life. What a terrible undertaking would literature be, if such an opinion were founded in truth! Of what importance is it, that the learned surpass the ignorant—that he who is rational transcends the fool—that the understanding of the cultivated is as greatly superior as that of the diamond which the lapidary has polished is to that which lies hidden in the mine—if, as we advance in knowledge, we curtail our existence? Seneca compared learned men to the gods. Virtue is the *summum bonum* and the highest part of knowledge; and yet, how many are there who in dying are ready to exclaim with Brutus—"Oh! wretched virtue, if that same light that crowns man is the fire that consumes him!" Honor, the inseparable companion of virtue, will be a weak stimulus to his application, who believes that the road which conducts him to man's esteem is the same road which brings him to a premature grave. It is no wonder that literary men, who have minds so constituted that the constant excitement which preys on them, like a Promethean vulture, settles upon their inmost soul, and broods over them only to destroy—that these should be short lived; but literature never caused her votaries to be so moulded. Men of a peculiar cast of mind, under any circumstances, and in any profession, like a fire that burns too briskly soon resign their vital spark. It is true also that newspaper writers become worn out not uncommonly in a short time, by the constant state of excited feeling which attaches to their profession: even we of the DUBLIN JOURNAL, in our own sequestered walk, occasionally feel lassitude after our weekly labours; and, had not a kind Irish public so largely patronised us and cheered us in our path, our Native mercury would be sometimes below Zero. Yet, after all, such are not the literary characters we should at present take into consideration. They are not like the solitary student that paces his College cloister, and, separated from the world of the living, only communes with the mighty dead. They are not like the great Newton, the starry Galileo, the stoic Zeno, the laughing philosopher Democritus, or the great Samian Sage, who all lived to a good old age. They are not like the seven sages of Greece, who are said by Solon to have all been more than one hundred years old. No; we are perfectly convinced that learning and study, if it be not excessive, conduce much to longevity; and for this simple reason, that it brings in its

train a company of attendant virtues that secure good health. Need we mention Temperance, as of itself the inseparable companion of the mass of literary men? It may, of course, sometimes be said, that—

"Science self destroyed her favourite son,"

because some men kill themselves by excessive study and watching, and by their reclusive and misanthropic habits; but these are the exceptions to the rule—which, we hesitate not to say, is, that literary men are generally long-lived—and, therefore, only prove the rule. How beautifully Byron, in imitation of Waller, has expressed the case of over application to a darling pursuit destroying its possessor:—

"So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own pinion on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel;
And the same feather that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop from his bleeding breast."

What can be compared to the communication with great and learned men afforded by books? If the conversation of a literary acquaintance be agreeable, how much greater the pleasure of conversing with numbers through the medium of the press? and none can doubt how captivating study is, when we read of Archimedes tracing figures in the sand while Syracuse was besieged, and Francesco Vieta, by some called the inventor of algebra, who remained three days and three nights without food or sleep, involved in mathematical speculations.

PUBLIC LIFE.

Public men are exposed to greater hazard than the possessions of private and secluded life. The reputation of public characters is perpetually committed into the hands of those whose tenderest mercies divine wisdom has pronounced to be cruel. "Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent;" and the imposition in such hands is often too heavy to be borne. He is liable to be pierced and wounded on every side, and the wider his honours extend, the more ample is the mark which he spreads for the arrows of an enemy. Every scene and state in life have, indeed, their peculiar temptations. Even perfect solitude is not entirely without them, since every man carries about him a vain imagination and a polluted memory and heart—nor can any retreat in this world screen the most vigilant from the assaults of spiritual wickedness in high places. Still, however, the temptations of privacy are few and feeble compared with the dangerous snares which public life spreads for the consciences of men.

THE SUICIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WAKE AT SEA."

Live!—what have I to live for? Are not all my hopes withered, dead, and cast upon the ground to rot and be forgotten, even as the leaves of yonder tree? Have not all my schemes been frustrated, and my plans without success? Have I not laboured—toiled by day and night, until the very energies of my mind and body have been blighted, and the day-springs of my youth dried up as a well in the desert? Where is my boyhood's home? Where are the friends of my youth? Where are the hearts that loved me? Gone—gone; or, what is worse—false! Ask me not, Henry, to prolong an existence that is a blank, dark sheet of hopeless misery."

Thus spoke Charles W., the hero of this too true sketch, to his friend Henry C., as they rambled upon the banks of Lough N.

Charles W. was the last of a once respectable family, who dwelt for many happy years near the shores of the above lake. When he first entered upon the stage of this world, his father possessed a property amounting to about five hundred a-year; up to which he lived, but no higher, even in the opinion of his most intimate friends. As Charles was an only child, and, of course, heir to his father's property, it never entered the head of either parent to educate him for any profession. Once, indeed, the father threw out some hints as to the necessity of sending him to college for that purpose, saying, at the same time, "that all young men, no matter what their circumstances might be, ought to have within themselves the means of support;" but to this the mother made the objection, "that it was impossible Charles should ever be dependent, as they lived within their income, and Charles was a wise and prudent boy, and would, when a man, never be led to squander away his property; and were I," she continued, "to lose the society of my son at this time, owing to the delicate state of my health, I would not be long alive, for of late, my dear, you know you are never at home." This was the first and last time the subject was ever introduced; and thus it is that fond mothers too often, by their mistaken ideas, effect the ruin of their children. "I'll die," says the too-fond mother, "if I lose the society of my child." The PAST might have answered her—"I have heard that sentiment too often from the lips of mothers, whose children have starved, because they could not bear a short departure from their beloved ones."

In the mean time, Charles entered his seventeenth year, before anything occurred to him of more consequence than usually takes place in the happy, joyous years of infancy and boyhood; of a frank, open, generous disposition, mingled, at times, with a love of solitude, he continued on his onward course towards young manhood, loving and beloved of all. At this time no laugh was more hearty and joyous than his, nor no pleasure-boat cut the water more swift, nor was

more graceful than his, nor was any more skilful in its management. One clear breezy summer's day, while amusing himself in sailing, now up and down, and close in, and far from the shore, he perceived a strange young lady watching his irregular sailing. Putting the helm hard up, he ran the pleasure-boat in within a few yards of her. His surprise may be guessed when the young lady asked—

"Will you take me on board?"

"Oh, yes to be sure," he answered, running the boat in at her feet.

"Oh, dear! you are very rude; why, now, you were very near running that stick through me," she continued, alluding to the boltsprit.

Charles stared, as he jumped on the beach, to assist her into the boat.

"I don't think I'll go with you, after all; you are too young, and perhaps a fool, and may drown me."

"A fool!"

"Yes, a fool, Mr. W.; why, I am as old as you, and mamma says I am a great fool."

"I dare say your mamma is always right."

"Indeed she is not; for instance, she says you and I are to be married; now, I am determined not to have you."

"Indeed! and why, pray?"

"Because your nose—no, I like your nose well enough: let me see—your eyes; they are a shade too dark; but I always liked dark eyes. Well then your figure is—is—oh! your figure is handsome; but—but I won't have you."

"Very good, truly; but may I ask who it is that refuses to honour me by her acceptance?"

"Oh! only your cousin Kate."

"My cousin Kate!" he exclaimed, flinging his arms around her, and snatching a kiss; "why, you rogue, I would not know you; another, Kate—eh!"

"Oh, dear! let me go—faugh—Oh! I'll tell my uncle what a pretty son he has got in you."

"Consider, Kate, I have not these eight years got a kiss from you but this one."

"Well I forgive you; but come into the boat; will you promise not to drown me?"

Charles, of course, promised he would not. So away they went, to quaff deep of the cup of earth's purest happiness, but, alas! too often the most evanescent.

Kate Morley was one of those light, happy, joyous beings, whose very nonsense makes us laugh and admire them, and, knowing no cares or fears themselves, think this world is one continued scene of gladness and sunshine. She richly deserved to be numbered among the most beautiful of her sex; but what particularly struck the observer, on first seeing Kate, was the pure freshness and originality that seemed peculiarly her own.

"Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
From the heart, with a burst like the wild bird in spring."

Kate was the only daughter of a widowed mother, and the sole heiress to a property, equal at least to that which Charles might expect. From their infancy they were, by their parents, designed for each other, should they, when of age to form an union, feel that affection, without which, the married state is a burden and a curse. Owing to Mrs. Morley residing on the continent for eight years, Kate and Charles had not met since they were children; consequently, the latter was unable to recognise in the tall, fair girl who addressed him from the shore in such familiar terms, the delicate little maiden, whom he used to play with, and draw in his little coach up and down the garden walks.

Mrs. Morley had lately returned from Brussels, and was now in Ashfield Park to spend the summer with her brother, Mr. M., and his family. Looks of mutual congratulation were interchanged between the

brother and sister, as they perceived the daily increasing attachment of their beloved children.

In the society of Charles, Kate lost much of the child-like carelessness of passing events, and became more thoughtful; but, at the same time, far more happy than ever she had been before. Every hour of their waking existence now brought some new pleasure, awoke some new hope, or presented some new flower to be woven in the garland of happiness. Sometimes they glided over the sweet face of the lake in their boat, whilst he recounted some tale of ancient castles, war, or love, until the tear-drop which trembled upon the silken eye-lash of his Kate informed him how much her heart beat in unison to his own. At other times they wandered upon the

“—— banks where the fisherman strays
When the cold clear eve is declining,
And sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining;”

nor was there any wild flower, herb, or grass growing there of whose history or use Charles was ignorant, or failed to impart to his willing pupil and intended bride.

We said he was seventeen; he looked to be twenty—tall, his frame strong knit, faultless as to shape, having a high noble forehead, which bespoke a mind of no common stamp; but—

“’Twas in the language of his dark blue eye
That you could read his soul as in a page;
There you might see the pride that soared on high,
And passion which could like a tempest rage—
That spurned at all attempts it to assuage;
There, too, what sent to fields of blood the maid
Of Saragosa’s towers, to engage
In battle’s strife, and in the red blood wade
Of them who sent the youth she loved to Hade’s shade.”

Moreover,

“Those eyes that flashed in passion could in love
Melt in softness as a summer’s eve,
Which would the breast to sweet affections move—
And spoke a heart that knew not to deceive,
And prone for other’s woes to feel and grieve,
And lift its thoughts from earth above the skies—
A heart which only inward worth could prize—
A heart which never sought its feelings to disguise.”

Such was Kate Morley and Charles at this time, as they wandered on the banks of Lough N. Oh! sweet youth, season of hope, joy, and love, how happy, how very happy art thou when life is a sunshine undimmed by a cloud, and flowers of bliss spring up in our pathway through the world! Oh! how fondly do we recur to these years! Alas! how brief, when no ambitious dreams disturbed our peaceful slumbers, nor our waking thoughts; when no recollection of neglected good, or misspent time, or crime which we would hide from the eye of our fellow men, planted in our breasts the thorn of remorse, nor banished the smile of innocence and peace from our lips—when we ourselves planted the thornless rose-tree of gladness within our hearts, and from whose flowers we inhaled the fragrance which made sorrow a short companion, and fear a momentary guest! Ah! how foolish are we, when young, to wish to be men, and think we shall be more happy when such. The life of man, even with those who possess the most of what is thought the ingredients of human happiness, is a weary pilgrimage to “that bourne from whence no traveller returns.” Where is the man who has not, when a boy—a dreaming boy, ere he awoke to the dull realities of human life—felt as Charles did at this time, and was not content?—nor was he secure of the affections of his Kate without a rival, or the fear of one. His love rather increased than diminished the strange wild passions of his soul, and the

phantoms of his mind. Within the last few years he had taught himself, with very little assistance save his own powerful mind, the German, French, and Italian languages. An uncle, who taught him the rudiments of these languages, died a short time after he commenced his studies, leaving Charles a large, valuable, but ill-selected and dangerous library, many of the works of which were written in the above tongues—in the latter, “Petrarch,” “Dante,” “Ariosto;” in the first, “Goethe,” “Schiller, H.,” and in French, “Voltaire,” and that self-torturing sophist, wild “Rosseau.” Oh! what a dangerous mixture of mental food and poison was there! He read not as others—no; he drank deep even into intoxication of the honey and hell-bane that were mingled for him in this literary banquet, until his thoughts—his words—took the form and fashion of them who wrote to bless and to curse their kind. Even in his young mind ambition raged like a storm through a wintry sky; he longed to be great, without one particle of that essence which makes greatness—application to one subject for one end until attained. He liked not the sages of Greece and Rome, nor their works; he just tasted of their springs, and dashed the cup from his lips in disgust.

“I will write,” he exclaimed one day in the latter end of the autumn of that year in which we introduced him to our readers—“yes, I will write. What? Poetry! Its fame, though the most difficult to attain, is the most glorious, as well as the most lasting. The fire is within; I feel it; it burns in my breast, and with it I shall kindle a flame that shall be seen throughout the world, and which will light me to the high mount of heaven, and burn above my tomb for ages yet to come. Yes, even from this neglected spot, from the chambers of yonder old hall, I shall send forth a voice loud enough to be heard by the civilised world that now live, and the countless millions that are yet in the womb of the future. Yes,” he continued, with elevated brow, flushed cheek, and a voice that seemed to come from the depths of his heart—“yes, thou immortal spark that burns within me, thou whispers to me that I shall not live, die, and rot like the vile herd around me, without bequeathing an imperishable name to my race. Should I not succeed, (he laid his hand upon a dagger that lay upon a table,) this shall cure me of the disappointment. Yes, fame, glory, praise from the world, shall be my fate, or—death!”

The soul of suppressed sorrow grated upon his ear as he concluded his wild soliloquy. He flew to the door, and on opening it he beheld Kate Morley in a flood of bitter tears.

“Kate, my own sweet Kate, what ails thee?—who has made thee weep thus?” he said, as he led her in and placed her on a sofa.

“You,” she answered—“you, Charles.”

“Me, Kate! I never hurted an insect, much less thou.”

“Charles, it is because you hurt yourself, you hurt me; it is because I see in the wild passions that agitate your soul the seeds of future misery—perhaps of destruction.”

“You heard me, then, and see in what I feel, aye, and know to be the first whispers of the soul, that a deathless fame shall be mine, the seeds of misery; but, Kate, you dream.”

“No, Charles you dream, and may one day awaken, perhaps when it is too late, to find that the mariner who runs his ship upon a rock in broad daylight, is a philosopher compared to you.”

“I understand you not.”

“You understand not yourself when you thus feed upon poisons more deadly, aye, than the night-shade, whose history you gave me this morning.”

“What poisons, Kate?”

"They are before you—'Voltaire,' 'Rousseau,' 'Goethe,' 'Shelley' and 'Byron' are little better; the rest, the most dangerous, are within your own brain, are raging in your own heart."

"Vain, foolish imaginings, air-built castles, phantom bays, won by nothing," she continued, after a pause; "nameless phrenzy and wild enthusiasm, these are the materials from which you expect to gather a deathless fame. Charles, remember no murderer shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." She laid her hand upon the dagger, as she said, in a warning voice—"Beware of eternal misery."

Charles stood abashed before that weak girl; he covered his face with his hands; when he took them away, she was gone.

Had Kate remained near him, he would have been saved from himself. Kate, the thoughtless Kate, had grown at once a wise, faithful monitor. What a strange thing is this love! how it changes the foolish into wise, and often the wise into fools, and makes the coward brave, and the very miser liberal! How strange was the transformation of Kate in five short months! But the truth is, long before Kate and Charles met on the banks of the Lough, she learned to think and that deeply: learned, did I say?—nay, thought was innate with her, no matter what Mr. Locke may say against the doctrine of innate ideas. She also learned to read and know the heart of her wild wayward cousin; and although she saw much to be loved, she also saw much to be feared in him. Day after day, she watched him, and trembled for him, but could never summon sufficient courage to tell him all she feared, or to warn him of his danger, until she overheard his strange wild soliloquy on that day, when he gave loud vent to his burning thoughts. "Tis true, he never spoke to her on the subject of his yearning after fame, but she gathered sufficient from some notes on his favourite authors, and verses which he had written, and she had seen, to make her believe he was heaping fuel upon a fire within his breast which would one day consume him to ashes.

Several conversations afterwards took place between them, in which his faithful mistress endeavoured to show him the folly of his schemes and thoughts, and the utter impossibility of his succeeding in the course he had marked out for himself, and the dangerous effects which the intemperate perusal of his German, French, and Italian authors had upon his mind. At first he listened to her with a smile of pity upon his handsome lips: but by degrees he learned to examine his own heart, and was forced to acknowledge that some of Kate's accusations were but too true. By her advice he changed his studies to works of a more serious and reasonable kind, and he found himself a wiser and a better man—if we call a boy of eighteen by such a name. But, alas! his maiden mentor was about to be taken from him. Her mother gave it as her reason for leaving Ashfield, that on account of the increasing delicacy of her health, the winters of this country would be too severe for her, therefore she would return again to Brussels, ere that inclement season set in; but the truth was, she watched with no kind eyes the failings of poor Charles, and, being both cunning and selfish, she came to the conclusion that he would be anything but a desirable husband for her child. To bring Kate to some place where she would be likely to forget him, and to form an engagement with some other person who was more worthy of her hand, was the sole cause of her returning to the continent at this time.

About three weeks after the time when Kate and Charles had those conversations alluded to above, the latter was startled by the entrance of Kate into the library one morning while he was reading there. Her eyes were red with weeping, and the tears still trickled fast down her cheeks.

"Kate, my own sweet love, what ails thee now? why those tears? Come, dry them up, and tell me from what cause they flow."

He entwined his arms around her slender waist as he inquired. She hid her face in his bosom as she sobbed—

"We are going to part; mamma is going to Brussels again."

Alas! poor Charles, this was a heavy blow to him; the first real sorrow he ever felt in his life. 'Tis very, very bitter to part even for a time with those we love. To see them not—to hear them not—to miss their beloved form, smile—to hear not their words of affection—to have them not to speak to—'tis bitter; but not as bitter as—what?—deceit. That is the gall in life's cup—the two-edged sword—the thorn in the side—when we love, fondly, faithfully, friend or mistress, for whom we would gladly labour, suffer, bleed, die—for whom our first best prayers are offered, to whom we turn as the needle to the pole—from whom we look for, are entitled to a return of love, advice in difficulties, assistance in need, consolation in suffering, protection in danger, but only find deceit. This has made robbers, murderers, suicides, seducers, misers, and broken hearts. Away, fiend, to hell! thou was born there.

Too well did Charles know the *now* *mis*status nature of Mrs. Morley's decisions to attempt to change her in this.

"We shall meet again, Kate," he said; "at least in three years. I shall then be of age, to claim my promised bride. When do you go?"

"To-morrow morning."

"So soon, Kate! this is a dark thread in the web of life—the first in mine."

"And the last, I hope."

"No, Kate, not the last; there is that within me that says, all that is bright in that web shall be changed dark, dark as the raven's wing."

She shuddered.

"Kate," he continued, "forget me; if you link your fate to mine, I fear you will not be happy."

"Do you intend to forget me?"

He led her to the window—the sun was shining bright in the cloudless sky.

"Do you see that bright sun, Kate? Those eyes shall look their last on its glory when you shall be forgotten by me."

"And I, Charles, shall receive no more warmth from its beams when I cease to love you."

"Enough! I can now bear my fate."

Neither sought any private conversation with each other after this.

At day-dawn the next morning the old heavy family chariot received Mrs. Morley and her daughter, who departed for Belfast, where they were to take shipping for London, and from thence to the continent. Kate felt chagrined that Charles was not present to bid her farewell. After they gained the road, she perceived through the carriage window the tall form of her cousin, as he stood on a declivity near to which the carriage must pass. When the old coachman perceived his young master, just as he arrived opposite to him, he was about to stop; but Charles waved his hand for him to go on. Kate saw at once from the disordered state of his dress that he was abroad all night. She burst into tears; he saw her do so; he raised his hat as she passed by, and stood uncovered until a turn in the road hid the carriage from his streaming eyes; he turned to go home. Having reached the house, he went to his room; he threw himself upon the bed, exclaiming at the same time—

"The sun of my life is set for ever!"

It might have been about six or eight months after the incidents related above, that two gentlemen were seated together in a house in a fashionable street in

Dublin. It was after dinner. The wine was old and of the very best quality which was placed before them; but it would be evident, even to a casual observer, that something of more consequence than their wine occupied their attention at the present moment.

"So you say you have been only three days in Dublin, and already lost two thousand pounds?" said the junior of the two.

"Such is the case, Mr. Closefist, and I want to know if you will give the ten thousand pounds for the property or not?"

"'Tis full five hundred a year; no annuities or anything of that sort?"

"None, Mr. Closefist. Will you give the money?"

"I am not to get the property till after your death?"

"Not a stick of it till then."

"Why, you may live these fifty years."

"I hope so; but I am subject to fits of apoplexy."

"Sure to kill at last," was the comfortable assurance of the attorney.

"All the better for you, Mr. Closefist."

"So it is."

"I am to have the old hall also?"

"All! Mr. Closefist."

"Well, Mr. M., the money is yours as soon as the papers can be got ready. Are your debts very heavy?"

"I only owe debts of honour. A thousand to Lord Crow, another to Mr. Raven; two to Sir Harry Hawke;" and on he went enumerating debts to the amount of seven thousand pounds, all contracted by play; play, that damning vice—that beggar-maker—that crusher of all that is noble, lovely, and good in the human heart—that destroyer of domestic peace. What would the world call this man—what punishment would the human laws inflict on him? I take a pistol and present it at the head of my fellow-man, and cry—stand!—your purse or your life. I am taken and condemned to a fate, even worse than death. But here is one who robs his child of his birth-right; who at his death turns him out a beggar, and he is not only not punished, but is even permitted to do this by human laws.

Alas! poor Charles, thy father is thy greatest foe.

For months after the departure of Kate, Charles was bent to the earth by sadness; but time, that infallible physician of human suffering, lifted up his heart and his eyes, but it was only to fix them on the dangerous mount to which few can ever ascend—the mount of fame. He dreamt; he wrote; he chose the sea for his subject, on which to write a poem that should astonish the world. Having it almost finished, he placed it triumphantly in the hands of a nautical friend, upon whose judgment, even Charles set some value, for Captain Adams' literary attainments and taste were felt and respected by him. Poor Charles—his dismay may be better conceived than told, when his blunt sailor friend told him, however good the language, however smooth the verses of his poem might be, yet it was all nonsense.

"Look at this verse, my young friend," said Capt. Adams; "in speaking of the ocean in a storm, you have—

'It swept the moon with its raven wings.'

Now, my dear boy, the sea never sweeps the moon at all, and, in a storm, the tops of the billows are crested with white foam. And again, in speaking of the ship which is tossed on the waves in this wild night, you have—

'She rushed to where the wild blast blew.'

Now we always scud before it when it blows that way, if we have plenty of sea room; and, if not, we beave the ship too. I would advise you to give up this sort of thing; you do not understand it; and if you must write poetry, take up some subject you do understand. Good morning, Charles."

His poem—the labour of months—the first hour of

his fancy and brain—the first step to the high pinnacle of fame, was thrust into the flames. He caught up the poker and thrust it deep into the fire. 'Twas well for Captain Adams that he was not before the almost frenzied Charles, as he glanced upon the dying embers of his darling treasure. Months passed away after the circumstance related took place, before Charles again took up his pen. When he did, his subject was "Waterloo." Having finished his poem, he sent it to a well-known publisher in London; a month elapsed before he had heard anything from that personage; at the expiration of that time he received his MS. and a polite note, in which Mr. Pagot "was very sorry that he was unable to publish Mr. W.'s poem, and (if he was asked) he might offer an opinion, he thought Mr. W. not likely to succeed in that line." With fear and trembling, he rode over the next morning to the residence of Colonel B., who not only had fought at Waterloo, but had also a high character in the country for talent in many departments of literature, poetry among the rest, and was, beside, a kind and benevolent man. After having perused the poem, he told Charles that the battle which he described was no more like that of Waterloo than of Clontarf. This was too much anguish for Charles to suffer in body as well as in mind; a fever seized upon him; a brain fever too, and he narrowly escaped with his life. His poor mother watched him night and day, but a heavy cold caught, in the discharge of her tender duties, was the harbinger of a consumption, which defied the skill of medical aid, and which in a few months brought her to the grave. The loss of his mother had a greater effect in awaking Charles to the realities of human existence than anything that ever occurred to him before. He was alone in the world; his father and he had no thoughts, feelings, or tastes that bore the slightest resemblance to one another; consequently, his mind and heart turned with painful fondness to Kate, and the time when she should become his bride. They corresponded with each other regularly, from the time she left him for another land; her letters were full of affection, warning, and advice.

"My betrothed!" she wrote at this time, "how much must you suffer for the loss of your dear mother; would I was near you to console you under this great trial; but my mother is determined not to leave the continent until the time comes when we are to be united: you know how impossible it is to change her determination; we are at Geneva, and—

'Take Leman woos me with its crystal face;'

but neither it nor the tomb of Julia Alpinula, nor the gloomy turrets and towers of the castle of Chillon, now fast mouldering to decay, and made immortal by the pen of Byron, can win me from the grief I suffer from my own Charles; but remember—" *Les amertumes sont en morale ce que sont, les amers en médecine.*"

This letter was balm to the wounded heart of poor Charles.

In the course of a few months his father again relapsed into his old habits of play, and even to a greater extreme than before the death of his wife. All his money was lost, and he retired into the country with feelings which cannot be described. He now for the first time was haunted by remorse for his base conduct towards his son. What if he should die before the marriage of that son with Kate Morley? Alas! he knew that his sister would never consent to their union, were Charles a beggar. If she came to hear that he had sold his property to Closefist, the consequence would be the same. These thoughts, all too late, haunted the wretched man like so many fiends: he fled the society of his fellow-man, shut

himself up in his chamber, and confined himself to his bed, without any illness save that which preyed upon his mind—and what disease is like that of the heart? what agony, what pain, like that of remorse? Ah! little does the man of crime—no matter what his rank, riches, or honours—know of peace; hell is already raging within, burning and devouring up every pleasure in its very bud. The recollection of his former innocence adds fuel to the flame, and he would willingly purchase a year, a little year, of his boyhood's innocence and joy, with all his rank, riches and honours.

It only wanted six months of the time when Charles and Kate were to meet to part no more in this world, save by death, when the former entered the bedroom of his father, who had never left his bed for four days before.

"Father, dear father," begun his affectionate son, "you must let me send for Dr. M., as I fear you are very unwell."

"No, Charles, my disease defies the doctor's skill; 'tis in my heart."

"My mother is now long dead, sir, and my grief has yielded to time; why not yours?"

"The young tree bends to the blast, Charles, that prostrates the old oak in the forest."

Charles was deeply touched by the tone of utter misery with which his father expressed that smile; he fell upon his knees at his bed side, and took his parent's hand in his own, and bathed it with his tears.

"Father—my dear, dear father," he exclaimed, "do not thus resign yourself to hopeless grief. Oh! do not make me mourn for you now more than I do for her that is gone. Rise from this bed of sorrow and I will strive to charm away your grief, and bid you hope and enjoy again. There is a bright world without, father, and ten thousand things to bring back the happiness you have lost. Rise, father, rise; we shall be happy again. Come with me to the woods and to the lough; in the first, the spring's new creation bursting into life shall bring forth, in your sorrowful heart, new buds of bliss which in time shall bring forth much fruit. Rise, sir, and come, or you will make me even more wretched than yourself."

Mr. M. hid his face under the clothes, and groaned in the agony of his soul. This love, anxiety, and grief for him, manifested by his son, was too much even for his heart.

"Leave me, Charles, leave me," he gasped out, "in an hour I shall do what you desire; leave me, leave me now—quick, quick."

Charles obeyed him. When he did, the wretched man gave free vent to the feelings that in his breast raged like a tempest through a wintry sky.

"And is this the son," he burst forth, "whom I have robbed of his heritage? is his the heart against which I have launched a spear that may wound him even unto death?—is it him I am about to crush, whom I have crushed, even as a serpent the dove? I made a beggar of him—my only, my noble child. I will not live," he continued, as he became phrenzied by his passions. "My pistols, and I soon shall—"

He was in the act of springing from his bed with the intention of putting his threat into execution, when he fell back upon the pillow; he gasped as if for air—shuddered; a moment he seemed to writhe in agony; his whole frame became convulsed, and a torrent of blood rushed from his mouth, nose, and ears.

"O! God, have me!"

He could not finish the sentence; the blood stopped his utterance. He raised himself upon his elbow, fell back, and expired.

A servant who had been passing his master's bedroom after Charles left it, hearing him speak, stopped, thinking that he might be calling for something. When he heard him mention the word pistols,

he ran down stairs and told Charles what he had heard. Swift as the lightning the latter flew to the chamber of his father, and bursting open the door, beheld him weltering in his blood and quite dead.

Alas! poor Charles, he was an orphan and a beggar.

(To be continued.)

THE GARDEN OF LIFE.

As thro' the garden of life we stray,
Where infant blossoms greet the spring,
And the vernal sun, with genial ray,
Expands their petals with his wing;
We there the tenderest stems behold,
And purest drops of crystal dyed
Bespangle the native woodland wold,
And bathe the flowers as they rise.

The flow'rets nurtured by the showers,
Shed by the arch of varied hue,
Blush into fragrant rosy flowers
To sip the sweets of morning dew.
How happily now they blush and bloom,
Spreading their leaves to summer's sun;
Shunning the shadowy cloud of gloom,
Till their season of joy be run.

Yet, alas! too soon the blighting blast
Of withering autumn spreads decay,
And hurries them on to death at last,
In winter's dull and cheerless way.
For, oh! the flowers which rose in spring,
And bloom'd when summer's sunbeams burned,
Have flown on Time's all-senseless wing,
And are to silent dust returned.

F.

THE ALLIES IN PARIS.—Nothing more strikingly marked the incongruous host that filled Paris in 1814 than the different guards of honour which were mounted at the several hotels where officers and generals of distinction resided. At one door might be seen the tall cuirassier of Austria, his white cloak falling in heavy folds over the flank and haunches of his coal-black horse, looking like some Templar of old; at another the plumed bonnet of a Highlander fluttered in the breeze, as some hardy mountaineer paced to and fro, his grey eye and stern look unmoved by the eager and prying gaze of the crowd that stopped to look upon so strange and singular a costume; here the impatient schim of some Hungarian hussar pawing the ground with restless eagerness, as his gay dolman slashed with gold glittered in the sun. The Jager from Bohemia—the deadly marksman with the long rifle; the savage Tartar of the Ukraine, devouring his meal on his guard, and turning his dark suspicious eye around him, lest every passer-by might mean some treachery—all denoted that some representative of their country dwelt within. Nor were the horse men less dissimilar. The stately Prussian, with his heel *aplomb* beneath his elbow; the Cossack, with short stirrups, crouched upon his horse's mane; the English horse artillery-man powdering along with massive accoutrements and gigantic steed; the Polish light cavalry soldier, standing high in his stirrups, and turning his restless eye on every side—were all subjects of curiosity and wonder.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

POPULATION.—Supposing the earth to be peopled with 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants, and allowing 83 years for a generation, the deaths of each amount to 30 millions—of each day to 32,000, and of each hour to 3,416. But, as the number of deaths to the number of births is as ten to twelve, there are born yearly, 36,000,000—daily, 98,630—and hourly, 4,109. Out of every 1,000, it is computed, there die annually 30; and the number of inhabitants of every city and country is renewed every thirty years.

HUMBLE ORIGIN OF CELEBRATED MEN.

Columbus, the discoverer of America in 1492, was a weaver. Franklin, the illustrious philosopher, was a journeyman printer. The eloquent and sainted Massillon, as well as the brilliant Fletcher, arose amidst the humblest vocations. Niebuhr, the celebrated historian, was a peasant. Sixtus the Fifth was the son of a gardener, and in his youth was employed in keeping swine. The great Rollin was the son of a cutler. Ferguson and Burns, the celebrated Scottish poets, were shepherds. Æsop, the author of the fables which have so often delighted us in days gone by, was a slave. Homer, a great poet, was a beggar. Daniel Defoe, author of *Robinson Crusoe*, was apprenticed to a hosier. Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the English Admiral, was apprenticed to a shoemaker and afterwards a cabin boy. Demosthenes, the greatest orator, was the son of a cutler. Hogart, the painter, was an apprentice to an engraver of pewter pots. Virgil, the great Roman poet, was the son of a baker. Mallet, a good writer, rose from extreme poverty. Gay, the poet, was an apprentice to a silkmercer. Ben Johnson, a celebrated writer, was a bricklayer. Porson, the renowned professor, was the son of a parish clerk. Bishop Prideaux was at one time employed to sweep Exeter College in England. Akenside, the poet, was the son of a butcher. Pope was the son of a merchant. Cervantes, a well known Spanish writer, was a common soldier. Gifford and Bloomfield, both excellent poets, were shoemakers. Howard, the philanthropist, was apprenticed to a grocer. Halley, the well known astronomer, was the son of a soap boiler. The parents of Sir Richard Arkwright were very poor, and he was a barber for a number of years. Belzoni, the celebrated Egyptian traveller, was the son of a barber. Barry, the eminent painter, was originally a mason. The illustrious Thomas à Becket was the son of a merchant in London. Blackstone, the celebrated lawyer, was the son of a linendraper. Blacklock, a Scottish poet, blind from his infancy, was in a distressed state of poverty. Buchanan, the Scottish historian, was a private soldier. The witty Butler was the son of a farmer. Canova, the celebrated sculptor, was the son of a stone-cutter. The Empress Catherine of Russia was born a peasant, and lived in the state of a servant for many years. The intrepid navigator, Captain Cook, began his career in the merchant service as a cabin-boy. Curran, the orator of the Green Isle, was the son of poor parents, and had to contend with many hardships. The celebrated Sir Humphrey Davy was the son of a carver, and was apprenticed to an apothecary. Dodsley, the author of several works, was at one time a stocking weaver, and afterwards a footman. Drake, the great navigator, was the son of a shepherd. Hunter, the anatomist, was apprenticed to a carpenter. Falconer, the poet, was the son of a barber. The ingenious Ferguson was the son of a shepherd. Lord Hardwicke was the son of a peasant, and became Lord Chief Justice of England purely from his own virtues and abilities. Haydn, the celebrated music composer, was the son of a poor cartwright. Herschel, the astronomer, was the son of a musician. The great Dr. Johnson was the son of a bookseller. Sir Thomas Lawrence was the son of an innkeeper. Le Fontaine, the unequalled fabulist, was the son of an overseer of woods and forests in France. Milton, the poet, was a schoolmaster. Parkes, the eminent chemist, was the son of a small grocer. Pizarro was never taught to read when young, but employed to keep hogs. Pollock, the poet, was the son of a carpenter, and worked some time at that business. Ramsay, the Scotch poet, was the son of a miner. Raphael, the eminent Italian painter, was the son of a peasant. Richardson, a well known writer, was

the son of a joiner, and worked as a printer. Shakspeare, the great dramatic writer, commenced his career as a menial. Stone, the celebrated mathematician, worked as a gardener, and taught himself to read. Kirk White, a young poet, who died at the age of 20, was the son of a butcher.

AFFECTATION.—It is from secret pride and a desire to please, that certain persons quit their natural character, and disfigure themselves. If those who affect these airs of singularity could comprehend how offensive is every species of affectation, and how much it disgusts persons of good taste, they would take care to affect nothing. To please, we must conform to the manners and customs of others; this is the rule. There is no need of being regarded for extraordinary qualities, which always produce a bad effect when they are borrowed or affected. What is the intention of those who thus assume a singularity of deportment removed from common manners? It seems that they would be sorry to speak, to walk, or to dress like others: their apparel is unaccountably affected, or carried to extremes, which always outstrip the extravagance of the fashion; they consult not what becomes them; they want to display themselves in the most obvious manner, to attract notice, and surprise the world by the novelty of their dress. If we knew ourselves better, we should confine ourselves to our natural gifts and talents; but a man, disgusted with what he knows, wishes to speak of what he does not know, and evinces ridiculous ignorance. In this manner is pride punished; the means employed to obtain applause draw down upon us nothing but contempt, and occasion us to be regarded with indifference.

LIFE.—It is astonishing how much more anxious people are to lengthen life than to improve it; and a misers often lose large sums of money in attempting to make more, so do hypochondriacs squander large sums of time in search of nostrums, by which they vainly hope they may get more time to squander. Thus the diurnals give us ten thousand recipes to live long, for one to live well; and hence the use of that present which we have, is thrown away in idle schemes of how we shall abuse that future we may not have. No man can promise himself even fifty years of life, but any man may, if he please, live in the proportion of fifty years in forty; let him rise early, that he may have the day before him, and let him make the most of the day by determining to expend it on two sorts of acquaintance only; those by whom something may be got, and those from whom something may be learned.

INSANITY.—In the village of Ghiel, in Belgium, there is a colony of not less than 700 lunatics, who, from judicious treatment, have become perfectly harmless, and live and labour with the same inhabitants, to whom they become so much attached, that, when cured, they are frequently unwilling to quit the place. These lunatics are made useful in agriculture and manufactures, and their cost, compared with that of ordinary asylums, is very small. The origin of this colony, it is said, is to be traced as far back as the sixth century.

SIR JOHN CURTIS, F.L.S.—At the instance of Sir Robert Peel, the Queen has granted a pension of £100 a year to this eminent naturalist, whose "*British Entomology*" alone, the labour of twenty years, so justly entitled him to the royal favour.

It is said there are realities in life more sad and wild than the boldest inventors of fancy, and when they occur at the gate, almost of the calm dwelling, and near the happy fireside, they startle us far more than if met with on wilder scenes, on the stormy wave, or on the desert shore

IRISH LEGENDS.

THE BANSHÉE.*

(A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.)

"——— But O, the shriek
That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I speak !
It cried———" MARDER.

It was a cold stormy night in the month of November, 1818; the howling winds were whistling across the mountain side, ever and anon sweeping small showers of sleet before it, which, at intervals, pelted heavily against the small window-panes of the comfortably situated dwelling of Paddy Doyle, an apparently respectable farmer in the town of Killalongford. But, notwithstanding the rage and roar of the boisterous element without, which often threatened to overturn the whole fabric from the foundation, there was a scene of unusual bustle and festivity amongst the smiling company which graced the interior on this memorable night. Seated in a reclining posture, by the fire side, was Paddy himself, who eyed the happy children with intense interest as they plied their whole energy at a large churn of milk which stood in the centre of the floor, while the joke, song, and legendary tale went round the whole, with that mirth and buoyancy so peculiar to the peasantry of our Isle. It is not an unusual occurrence in this part of the county Carlow to see such a sight; and, as the task was performed periodically, generally once or twice a week, hands were not wanting to share in the sport, and lighten the work; as the gorseons and colleens all assembled for that purpose at the regular hour, who were subsequently regaled with a sample of the delicious butter they assisted to churn, with large fragments of homely bread, when their labour was concluded. As they were vieing with each other at every stroke, the churning was going on to the good woman's satisfaction—the butter had already begun to appear; when, to the utter disappointment of the expectant throng, the head of the dash broke into pieces in the hands of one of the eagerest of the assembly.

"Here, Larry," said the good woman to her eldest boy, a youth who had just attained the age of seventeen, "run down as fast as yer legs can carry ye to Brien Dolan's, for a loan of their dash—make haste a mock, an' don't have the butter coolin'; let me see now how soon yer back, an' I'll promise to give ye the biggest print of the whole of thim. That's my son, avick."

"Bud, Larry," interposed the youngsters, think-

* Banshee, derived from *Bheon*, woman; *Bha*, a fairy—i. e., the fairy-woman. Although this is the literal signification, yet, the peasantry do not believe them to belong, in the slightest degree, to the regions of Faery, but consider them as some of their own immediate relatives, who erst resided, perhaps, on the very place they cry over. And unless they were in some manner connected with the folks living on the earth, we see no reason why they should appear, with such tokens of sorrow and distress, at the demise of any human being. And the representing them as bearing a striking similitude to the families they deplore, as in the present instance, where the bow (as they call her in those parts) is described as having the black curled head, and long sharp features of the family of the Byrnes, confirms the aforesaid opinion.

ing to frighten him, "In yer goin' take care of the big thing with the legs like rake-handles, that'll walk across the lane over yer head; or the big rowlin' barrel that Bill Doolin seen t'other night; or the pack of wool we seen Saturday evenin' comin' home from the ball-alley."

But it was no use in striving to deter him; the big print was in his mind, and, though the night was as dark as pitch, he had closed the door after him, and was pursuing his way down the lane before the last word was out of their mouth. During his absence, various stories went round the juvenile portion of the company to divert the time away, till an hour had elapsed, and still no Larry came. His mother grew uneasy about his non-appearance, and, as she attempted to speak to her husband concerning him, she thought she heard a cry as if of one in distress.

"O, Paddy aughrue," said she clinging to him, "did ye hear anything? As shure as day somethin' has befallen Larry. O, my darlint boy! why did I let ye out by yerself such a night, an' so many idle strollers here that might have wint wid ye!"

"Whisht, woman," replied Paddy, "'twas only the win' ye heard: yer always that way goin' on; any thing at all frightens ye; there's no fear of the poor boy; he's able to care himself, I know. Don't ye remember t'other night, when—"

He could not say another word; a terrific scream just above the house prevented him from uttering another syllable, as the whole group of boys and girls fell up in a panic into his arms. The good woman having demanded silence, the whole company could distinctly hear the crying and sobbing, as the voice retreated away up the fields from their hearing.

"O, Paddy, Paddy, there it is again," she cried; "my poor ready-reared boy is gone for ever! what will I do! what will I do at all! an' to say that he's taken from me in the prime of life; my *lanna coora*, that I was so fond of!"

"Stop now," replied the old man, who, 'till now, seemed lost in thought; "don't fly into such a fright at wanst, till ye know the sartinty of it: that's not Larry's cry at all, for he couldn't roar so pitiful, bud, as shure as I say it, it's the bow that's cryin' for poor Tom Byrne above, who, they say, wont live till mornin'."

"The bow, Paddy!" she said, getting somewhat calm; "arrah shure enough, that's what it is; an' oughtn't I know the same cry? O, well do I remember the night it was cryin' for ould Dinny, his father; an' more by token, it will be thirteen years next Candlemas since he died. Poor Tom," she resumed, "it's you war the honest, good man, an' rared yer family so dacent and respectable; 'tis a pity yer goin' so soon: the Lord be good to yer sowl this blessed night."

The conversation was here interrupted by the arrival of Larry, who entered with the greatest haste, his eyes blazing in his head, and the greatest symptoms of fear and dread depicted on his countenance, who no sooner got a glimpse of the light than he swooned away in his mother's arms. After considerable exertion, he began to show signs of life, which was a scene of inexpressible joy to his mother to see him open his eyes and gaze wildly round. At length, being perfectly recovered, he was seated by the blazing fire in a large two-arm chair, when the whole circle clustered round him to learn the cause of his fright, unmindful of the churn of milk, which was left unfinished that night.

"Musha, Larry," at length inquired his father, "in the name of all that's curious, what's come over ye at all? we war thrimblin' in our shoes for ye all the time ye war out, ye sted so long, afearid anything 'id happen ye, especially whin we heard the bow, that I know is comin' for poor Tom Byrne—go a'n a *Dhia*

trocarie. Sure it can't be it that frightened ye out of yer sinses; its a thing I never knew afore, for a body to faint for hearin' a bow."

"Ah! ye may talk," replied Larry, "about hearin' the bow, bud 'tisn't to say that I heard it, bud I seen it wid my two eyes!"

"Ye seen it, Larry!" they all inquired; "do tell us what kind of a thing is it, or where was it?"

"Yes, seen it," he began, "an' a quare thing it was, shure enough; an' if yez have a little patience I'll tell yez all about it as soon as I draw my breath awhile—an' the fright I got I'll never recover the longest day I live. Well, whin I left this, I run around down the lane thro' the *pluddough* in such haste, as the savin' is, that if I fell I wouldn't wait to get up. So whin I came to Brien's door, I demanded the churn-dash in a great hurry—an', as I said the milk was coolin', yez may be sartin they didn't delay me long. After I came out, wid the dash on my shoulder, I begun to think of what yez could me an' I goin' out of this about the evil sperits that's in the lane. Bedad, ses I to myself, I'll not go through any more an' the night so dark, so I mounted the style to go the short cut, whistlin' 'The *bouchal a grogha dhouna*' to keep every bad thought out of my head. So I was about three perches from t'other style in the field, when I heard a tremendous scrame down below at Phil Byrne's in Coolalaw, as if some poor crathur was stuck to the heart an' that it was the last dyin' shout she gave. I turned round to listen, whin I could hear three or four more easier ones comin' nearer to me, quite pitiful like, an' after them another awful screech like the first arose by my very lug. O! such a shout as it gave—I thought it reached the very skies; it pierced my very brain in horror; my teeth knocked together; a cold chill run through my whole body, an' I felt my knees were failin' me, as I stood like a lump of a stone in the middle of the path. Wid fear an' dread I was unable to rise my hand to my forehead to bless myself, or even to say one word, as the sight so terrible just by me frightened the very wits out of me. On lookin' down the path I was after comin' up, I saw an ould woman wid a red thing like a bed-gownd about her, stannin' a few yards from me: the top of the gownd was pulled half way over her face, blowin' to an' fro in the win'. Her face bore evident marks of internal sorrow; 'twas long, pale, an' a little wrinkled, for all the world the dead pictur' of ould gran'mother Poff afore she died. She also wore a short linsey petticoat, which reached only to her knees, lavin' the legs an' feet quite nakid, which seemed to be of great beauty intirely, which I suppose accounts for her nimbleness on foot, to say that she came from Coolalaw to there, a long mile, in the space of a minnet."

"Tut, man," observed his father, "'tisn't on her feet she travels at all; doesn't she ride on the win'?"

"An' what if she does?" he continued; "shure she should walk some time; bud, anyhow, she was walkin' whin I seen her first, altho' she stood before she came up to me plump, while the blast that came from the nor-est nearly swep' her an' I away wid it. At length, bein' tired lookin' at her, tho' she held down her head from my gaze an' wep' to herself, I collected all my courage, an' faced about an' pursuied my way home, closely followed by the weepin' woman, sobbin' an' sighin' as if her heart would burst into pieces. At last I came to the style, an' just as I was a' top of it she gave another screech that wint through me. O! my jewels, 'twas too much for me to bear; down I fell at t'other side as dead as a door nail, an' lay there 'thout a *dhuigh* in me, I don't know how long; but it must be a good while, for I was stone cold whin I got up. Whin I recollected myself, I arose an' rubbed my eyes, an' looked round me, an' what should be sittin' over me bud the woman still,

cryin' away 'thout cessation, tho' not near so loud as at first. It was on the path I fell before her, an' that, I suppose, is what previnted her from goin' along wherever she wanted.* O! goodness, ses I to myself, I'm gone for ever! my ind is come, an' the bow is cryin' for me; I aint long for this world—the Lord be merciful to me; so sayin', I got up, an' resolved to face home, as I didn't much care what ind came first, determined not to die in the ditch like a baste anyhow. So whin I came to where the path divides, an' turned toast my own house, the cryin' woman swep' by me like a blast of lightnin', screechin' an' scramin' as loud as ever till she wint up to Tom Byrne's, an' yez all know the way I came in here; in fact, such a start I never experienced since a yard made me a coat."

"An', Larry, what way did it cry?" they demanded.

"Why its loud shout seemed to be 'Ullagone,' an' thin it used to sob 'Ochone' three or four times, an' thin renew the loud shout agin. I never heard anything so truly sorrowful or mournful afore; every sob seem'd to come from the very heart, as if she intended to pour her whole soul out in grief before me."

Next day the report was circulated that the bow had been heard all that night at the holly-hedge just by the said Tom Byrne's house, in the greatest grief imaginable. Tom himself heard it also, and, turning in his bed, remarked to the persons in the room with him that he had not long to live, as the bow was crying for him—an omen which appeared at the demise of every member of his family from time immemorial; and he departed about seven o'clock the next evening, and was laid in the picturesque chapel-yard of Clonmore by his father's side, and along with the rest of his ancestors; and to this day it is known amongst the peasantry that, though many persons in his immediate vicinity heard his death warning the night before his departure, none were favoured with a sight of the dire apparition but the said Larry Doyle.

Nov., 1842.

M.

* It is the prevailing notion amongst the country people, that all invisible wanderers on this earth have a certain district pointed out to them to remain on; and, should any person be found before them on the path in their progress, they are obliged to remain till such time as they find it unoccupied again, as they cannot deviate from their course one inch. Hence the protracted delay of the banshee with Larry recorded above.

SONG

OF THE CAPTIVE CHIEF THE EVENING BEFORE HIS DEATH.

My home is o'er the green sea wave,

The wide, the far, the free,

And dearer far its darkest cave

Than fetter'd pomp to me.

My heart, my hope was ever there,

Within that rugged dell,

That saw my struggle of despair,

That h and my last farewell.

Fetters that, ere they stamp'd me slave,

Were dappled in my gore,

Now clank the dirge of many a brave

Free heart that throbs no more.

And here am I a lonely thing,

The only joy I know,

Amid my torturing to sing

Defiance to the foe.

To-morrow's dawn decides my fate,

And ends this slavish spell;

To all on earth I love or hate

A long, a last farewell.

W. H.—x.

PAINTINGS IN HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.—

There is nothing like Herculaneum and Pompeii in all the world! If nothing but one street of an ancient city had been excavated, the interest would be immense; but all the objects of daily use in the domestic life of the Romans were found in these streets, and every year is adding more! For ourselves, we found incessant interest in the paintings of the museum, taken from these walls—more, indeed, than elsewhere, besides the progress of that first of arts, so exactly ascertained, and the branches in which it was originally defective are excellently exposed. The figure drawing is sometimes admirable—wonderful! in other pieces it is false and faulty. The expression is often marvellous—the grouping not seldom well conceived, and the story, of course, well told. One has only to study the *Æschylus*, and a female figure sacrificing to *Melpomene*; either of the *Medeas*; the *Perseus* liberating *Andromeda*; the discovery of *Orestes* by *Electra*; to be satisfied on this head. The attitude of the *Medea*, in full front of the spectator, with the two children in the background, is incomparable, and fit for the study of a *Siddons*. The sacrifice of *Iphigenia* is finely conceived. Then there are some pretty fancies: *Cupid* fixing an earring into a lady's ear; or putting his head into the helmet of *Mars*—who has removed it, as an embarrassing article of dress, during a little colloquy with *Venus*. The sale of *Loves*, of which there is a careful, was an early discovery in Herculaneum. A female seller of that mischievous sort of poultry is taking one out by the wings, for the choice or approval of a lady purchaser. The representation of common objects identifies them as our own. The napkin-press; the hooped frame for airing clothes over charcoal; the caraffes for water; the inkstand; the trussed fowls; the fish of to-day's market; the triglia or red mullet, in all its flesh pink colour; the hedge-birds; the Etruscan vases, painted into ornaments. There is no end to these things! A concert, in which one party plays the harp, another blows the double-flute, and a third signs from musical notation on a sheet held in the hand. How well they painted water! There is the head of *Medusa*, of which the reflection is seen in the sea below.—*Blackwood*.

WEDDING RINGS.—The custom of wearing the wedding ring on the fourth finger of the left hand arose from a belief, which anciently prevailed, (though the opinion has been justly exploded by the anatomists of modern times,) that a small artery ran from this finger to the heart.

GINGER BEER.—This, when well made, is an agreeable as well as a wholesome beverage. The subjoined receipt for producing it in high perfection may be found useful:—Take 1½ oz. of ginger, well bruised, one ounce of cream of tartar and one pound of white sugar; put these ingredients into an earthen vessel, and pour upon them a gallon of boiling water; when cold, add a table-spoonful of yeast, and let the whole stand till next morning; then skin it, bottle it, and keep it three days in a cool place before you drink it. Be sure to use good sound corks, and secure them with twine or wire.

TO PREPARE A LUMINOUS BOTTLE.—A vial of clear white glass of long form should be chosen, and some fine olive-oil heated to ebullition in another vessel. A bit of phosphorus, the size of a pea, should be thrown in when the vial is one-third filled. The vial must now be carefully corked, and when it is to be used must be unstopped, to admit the external air, and closed again. The empty space of the vial will then appear luminous, and give as much light as a dull ordinary lamp. In cold weather the bottle should be warmed in the hands before the stopper is removed. A vial thus prepared may be used every night for several months.

THE SHULER'S TALE.

Taking my customary evening walk, about a month ago, into the country, I strolled far beyond my usual bounds, captivated by the aspect of all around me. The evening was clear and mild, and the glorious announcer of day, sinking into the bosom of the west, shed a soft ruddy light on the scene before me. Suddenly a huge black cloud covered the face of the sky; a flash of lightning darted across my eyes, and I was stunned by a terrific peal of thunder. Immediately, torrents of rain burst from the clouds, deluging the ground in every direction. Confused and blinded by the thunder and lightning, and drenched with rain, I found a welcome shelter in a public-house by the road-side. On entering I saw, seated on a bench by the fire, an old-looking personage, whom I at once recognised as one of those characters too often seen in Ireland, denominated "*Shulers*." He was a tall heavy-looking old man, apparently about sixty, with a large swollen face, that bore evident marks of close acquaintanceship with the bottle—heavy grey eyes, which, though their only expression seemed to be vulgar humour nevertheless, sometimes shone with something of intellect. His nose was large and hooked, and his mouth was fenced with a set of firm regular teeth. He, certainly, must have been once good-looking, but dissipation had gone far to mar nature's work. He was dressed in an old pair of trowsers, which might have been grey at one time, but now bore a very close resemblance to an antiquated pair of *Barlequin's* pantaloons, so spangled were they with patches of all colours in the rainbow; a faded blue waistcoat, and an old soldier's watchcoat, bound firmly round the waist.

"Ha! young sir, the storm has caught you!" said he, as I entered; "you've got a sound drenching."

"Yes, my good friend," answered I; "I'm wet to the skin."

"Ah! you'll find the fire more pleasant on that account; I never like it so well as when I'm half dead with the cold. Oh! there's lightning!" he continued, as a flash illumined the room, followed by a peal of thunder that seemed to shake the house to its foundation. "How the thunder roars!—'twas just such another night as this—just such another night—"

"What was such another night?" I asked, surprised at the sudden change in his manner. "What do you mean?"

"Oh! nothing, nothing," he answered; "I was merely thinking of old times."

"Ay, but something particular must have been brought to your recollection by to-night's storm."

"Well, then, to-night's storm does recall sad events to my memory; and, as it appears the storm won't abate for some time, and, as your curiosity is excited, I'll relate them to you; but I'm—I'm rather thirsty."

Taking the hint, I ordered in some drink, and he thus began—

"As it would be tedious and uninteresting to give any long detail of my early life; it will be sufficient to inform you, that I was the son of a poor man, who, on the death of my mother, thought fit to give me a good education; and who, by the time I arrived at my eighteenth year, was pleased to depart from this wicked world, leaving me alone, and dependant on

it. After his death, I gathered together what little means he had left me: being master of as many pounds as years, I soon fell into bad company. In a short time I found myself eased of my money, and no other resource being left, I listed. After being six months a soldier, it was thought fit—for my good conduct—that I should depart from my regiment, with all due ceremony, to the tune of a certain well-known march. In fine, I was ‘drummed out.’ Being now quite an outcast, avoiding, and avoided by, all my former acquaintances, I determined to *live by my wits*. I soon became a well-known character in nearly all the villages and farmers’ houses in Ireland. I became Fairy-man, Prophecy-man, and *Shanahie*; cured cattle, drove off bad spirits, related prophecies, and was accounted an excellent chronicler of ancient events. The village of — I visited more frequently than any other. Here, at farmer M’Daniel’s, I spent whole nights relating old prophecies and legends, to all the young men and women of the village. Amongst those who usually assembled to hear me, was Mark Mahon, a young farmer. He was a fine manly fellow, of about twenty-three years of age; owner of a small farm, the support of himself and mother; and, being a steady, sober young man, was courted by many a father for miles around; but Mark was affianced to the widow Kavanagh’s handsome daughter, Mary. Now my story comes to a point: A little before the time I speak of, a person of the name of Dalton had settled near the village, having purchased some land and a handsome country house. He was rich, and made proposals to Mary Kavanagh, but was rejected. He swore that she should be his by fair means or foul. Mahon and Mary were to be married in a fortnight’s time, and I was forced, by Mark, to remain in the village till the wedding-day. Walking about the country one evening, I lay down by the side of a hedge to rest myself. Suddenly I heard a slight rustling at the other side of the hedge, and two persons began to converse eagerly; I recognised the voices—they were those of Dalton and his servant.

“Well,” said the former, ‘every preparation is made.’

“Yes, sir,” answered the servant, ‘I’ve done all you told me; but really I’d advise you to think twice on’t—that Mark Mahon is a dangerous fellow, and—’

“Rascal!” cried Dalton, ‘do you mean to dictate to me?’

“At the name of Mahon, I drew near to hear them more distinctly.

“Very well, sir,” answered the servant, ‘I’ve done all as you directed. I’ve sent her a letter, signed ‘A Friend,’ asking a few minutes’ interview in the garden behind her own house, between nine and ten o’clock. And now, sir, the rest is left to yourself.’

“Now, Mary,” muttered Dalton, ‘revenge is mine.’

“Not so fast, my good friend,” said I, and rose to return to the village. I had scarcely proceeded half-way, when the rain began to fall in torrents, obliging me to turn into a house on the roadside. It was one of those denominated ‘*shebeen-houses*.’ Being hailed by name from within, I entered, and was immediately pressed on all sides to drink; I sat down, and soon began to mingle in the mirth, the fiery liquor washing away all recollection of what had passed. It was about half-past nine when I reeled out perfectly intoxicated. Oh! when I recollect that night, and the evils which my accursed folly had caused, it distracts me! The thunder rolled fiercely, and the lightning, in frequent flashes, darted across me, as I staggered along, singing some ribald song in drunken humour. As I turned an angle of the road, I received a smart tap on the shoulder, and looking

round, beheld Mark Mahon! Like a thunder-clap, the whole of what I had heard near the hedge rushed to my mind, and I was sobered in an instant!

“Mark! Mark!” shrieked I, horror-stricken at the danger of Mary, ‘is that you?—tell me for goodness sake, what’s the hour?’

“What’s the matter, man?” asked he, surprised. ‘You look as pale as a ghost! Its just half-past nine.’

“Oh! run, run! Mary! Mary!”

“Ha! what of her?” he asked. ‘Quick, what of her? What mean your frightened looks?’

“As you love her, ask no more, but follow me.”

“We ran, with the speed of lightning, towards the garden behind Mary’s house. Just as we arrived within a yard of the fence, our ears were assailed by a loud shriek, and breaking through the hedge, we heard a man exclaim, “gag her!” In an instant he was stretched by a blow from the blackthorn of Mark, who immediately attacked the second, Dalton. I was rushing towards Mary, who had fainted, when I was stopped by a report of a pistol. I looked! I saw Mahon leap into the air with a convulsive hiccup, and fall dead at my feet! How can I describe the rest? Dalton fled the country, and was never seen after—Mary died of a broken heart—her poor mother didn’t long survive her; and Mark’s mother—when she heard of her son’s murder, she fainted, became delirious, and died next day. And I— I was the cause of all this! You wonder,” continued he, “why, after this, I still drink? I do it to drown me in oblivion—to keep me from going mad! But see! the weather has cleared up, I suppose you’ll return. Well, God bless you!”

“INTEMPERANCE!” sighed I, as I turned away, “thou art, indeed, a curse!”

D. H.

NATURE AND ART.—Cecco maintained that nature was more potent than art. Dante asserted the contrary. To prove this principle, the great Italian bard referred to his cat, which, by repeated practice, he had taught to hold a candle in its paw while he slept or read. Cecco desired to witness the experiment, and came not unprepared for his purpose. When Dante’s cat was performing its part, Cecco, lifting up the lid of a pot which he filled with mice, the creature of art instantly shewed the weakness of a talent merely acquired, and dropping the candle, flew on the mice with all its instinctive propensity. Dante was himself disconcerted, and it was adjudged that the advocate for the occult principle of native faculties had gained his case!

UNCERTAINTY OF THE SEASONS.—The seasons are a mixture of regularity and chance. They are regular enough to authorise expectation, whilst their being in a considerable degree irregular, induces, on the part of the cultivators of the soil, a necessity for personal attendance, for activity, vigilance, precaution. It is this necessity which creates farmers; which divides the profit of the soil between the owner and occupier; which, by requiring expedients, by increasing employment, and by rewarding expenditure, promotes agricultural arts and agricultural life, of all modes of life the best, being the most conducive to health, to virtue, to enjoyment. I believe it to be founded in fact, (observes Paley,) that where the soil is the most fruitful, and the seasons the most constant, there the condition of the cultivators of the earth is the most depressed. Uncertainty, therefore, has its use, even to those who complain of it the most. Seasons of scarcity themselves are not without their advantages. They call forth new exertions; they set contrivance and ingenuity at work; they give birth to improvements in agriculture and economy; they promote the investigation and management of public resources.

TELEGRAPHS.

For some time past the Lords of the Admiralty have had the project in contemplation of establishing semaphores from Portsmouth to Plymouth, Falmouth, and the Land's-end, as it very often happens that ships cannot make the British channel, and are obliged to run up the Bristol or the St. George's channel for safety, and their arrival off the coast is not known to the merchants until they have put into port. A government survey is now being made under the direction of experienced engineers to carry the line on to the Land's-end, and to fix the points most eligible for the erection of telegraphs, a report of which will be laid before parliament when it assembles in February next. At present the deficiency is felt daily by the Admiralty Board, as there is but one line, and that only to Portsmouth; the stations of which are as follows:—1st, the Admiralty, Whitehall; 2nd, Chelsea Hospital; 3rd, Putney; 4th, Kingston-upon-Thames; 5th, Esher; 6th, Cobham; 7th, Guildford; 8th, Godalming; 9th, Haslemere; 10th, Medhurst; 11th, Beacon-hill; 12th, Compton-downs; 13th, Portsdown-hill; and 14th, Portsmouth; the whole of which are under the command of lieutenants of the Royal Navy. Intelligence and orders for the sailing of ships of war from Portsmouth can be thus communicated by the Admiralty, and *vice versa*, in three minutes and a half, from one end of the line to the other, should the weather be clear. As soon as the signal is made, it is instantly answered by the next one, and so on until it has gone the whole line, when another is made, till the whole communication is despatched from the chief office to the officer in command, who communicates it to the admiral on the station. The contemplated line to the Land's-end will pass through Truro, Falmouth, and Plymouth, Gosport and Portsmouth, thereby embracing the whole of the English channel. A despatch from one end to the other is expected to be made in nine or ten minutes, the distance being rather better than 200 miles. It is also in contemplation to establish a line from Holyhead, to Pembroke, Bristol, and Liverpool. The only line at present to Dover and the Downs is by Watson's telegraph at London-bridge but not through the Admiralty, who are indebted to this for their intelligence of arrivals of ships of war in the Downs. A line to Hull and Harwich is much wanted. On the continent telegraphs have been established for the last eighty years, but particularly in France, to whom we are indebted for invention. The French government have lines of communication from every port and large town throughout the kingdom. From Calais, Dunkirk, Boulogne, Dieppe, Havre, Caen, Brest, Nantes, Rochefort, La Rochelle, l'Orient, Bordeaux, Bayonne, in the north and west; Perpignan, Marseilles, Toulon, Antibes, &c., in the Mediterranean, Montpellier, Aix, Grenoble, Avignon, Lyons, Dijon, on to Paris, Metz, and all the fortified towns on the borders of Germany; Lille, Valenciennes, Douai, Cambrai, and the frontiers of Belgium; so that in case of *émets*, or the advance of any foreign power, the arrival of vessels, &c., is immediately communicated to the Admiralty at Paris, who is daily made acquainted with whatever is stirring from one end of the country to the other. In Algeria the French have also established a regular line of telegraphs from Algiers to Bona all along the coast to Constan'ine, and through the interior, in case of a sudden attack by the Arabs under Abd-el-Kader. In Spain there is a line of telegraphs from Cadiz, Puerata Santa Maria, Seville, to Madrid; from Algeiras, opposite Gibraltar, Malaga, Carthage, Barcelona, in the Mediterranean, Corunna, Vigo, Bilbao, &c., in the north-west of Biscay, along the frontiers of France, to Catalonia, and the principal towns of the capital. The same in Portugal, Belgium, Holland, Prussia, Russia, and

Austria, there are lines from one end to the other, from Trieste and Venice in the Adriatic to Vienna and the Baltic. England is the only country where telegraphs are scarcely used, although so surrounded by her commerce. Should this plan of the Board of Admiralty be carried into effect, it will prove highly beneficial to the merchants for early intelligence and to the shipping for assistance.

THE DEAD BELL.

In the gloom of the night to the waking ear
How sad is the toll of the bell—
It creeps to the heart with a sick'ning fear,
It whispers of something so dismally drear,
Of joy crushed by sorrow, the earth and the bier,
In its creak and its mourning swell:
'Mid the wind and the silence it seems to groan
Ding—dong; dead and gone!

And the moon peeps in, with a sickly leer,
Like a lamp in a lonely tomb—
And the dull cold things in the chamber wear
A frigid and death-like nightly gear,
And the weary hours tenfold appear
In their crawling on in the gloom;
While the bell sings sullenly, dully on,
Ding—dong; dead and gone!

Oh! that midnight hour, and that waking time!
How they busy themselves with fate—
And bear in the heart every lurking crime,
From the far—far depths of long past time;
Then deeper, and gloomier still, is the chime
Of the bell, in that waking state;
And there's horror of death in its wailing tone,
Ding—dong; dead and gone!

'Tis an awesome sound to the guilty soul,
For it howls like a voice from the grave—
And the reeking blade and the poisoned bowl,
And the traitor-plot, and the perjured scroll,
Like bidden things, appear at the toll,
To torture the passive slave;
For there's warning and gloom in that worldless moan,
Ding—dong; dead and gone!

And the mother hears with a boding start,
And she mutters an anxious prayer—
As she strains her babe to her beating heart,
And weeps, with a mother's dread to part;
Oh, God! avert the death-winged dart;
Fool!—'tis punishment to spare—
For the time must come, and the chant go on,
Ding—dong; dead and gone!

And the doomed one hears it within his cell,
And he sickens with gasping dread;
He cannot pray with that hideous bell,
It strikes down his thoughts with an icy spell,
And it roars out a doom, and a death, and a hell!
Ho!—tug not the rope 'til he's dead;
Let it sing forth its dirge when the deed is done,
Ding—dong; dead and gone!

And the miser, upon his sock-bed cold,
Hears the dull, unearthly knell—
And he rises to gloat o'er his hoarded gold,
Grown in his avarice wildly bold,
For often he thinks he had heard it told,
That thieves love the noise of the bell; [crows,
And he glares thro' the gloom towards the singing
Ding—dong; dead and gone!

Ha!—the high winds sweep with the sounds along,
Mingling their piercing shriek—
Now hoarse, now yell'd, is the elfish song—
Now hushed to a whisper, now fiercely strong—
Now smothered the boisterous storm among—
Now querulous, low, and weak;
But, true to its plaint, it still moans on,
Ding—dong; dead and gone!

J. T. C.

THE HYDRANGEA.—Turf ashes, or still more, the ashes of the Norway spruce, applied to the roots of the hydrangea, will produce the fine blue colour sometimes observed on the flowers of that plant.

MAXIMS.

They who employ their time the worst, are generally the first to complain of its brevity. As they consume so much in dressing, in eating and drinking, in sleeping, in foolish chit-chat with their companions, in resolving what they will do, although too often they neglect these praise-worthy resolutions, it is no wonder that when the hours of business or amusement are at hand, they should not have time to attend to either.

Incivility is not so much one vice as the effect of many; it proceeds from stupid vanity, from ignorance of real duties, from contempt, and from jealousy.

Men are more anxious to secure pleasure than happiness; and in the search, the latter is generally sacrificed to the former.

Pernicious sayings which have passed current as being excellent, are worse even than bad actions. Unbridled passions give rise to wicked deeds; but evil sayings corrupt reason itself, and leave no hope of amendment.

In early life the foolish man is apt to wish that his ancestors had been wiser than they were. At thirty years of age he begins to suspect he is not overstocked with knowledge; at forty he knows it, and resolves upon obtaining information, that he may pass respectably through the thorny path of life; at fifty he reproaches himself with delay, and determines that he really will execute his good designs; at sixty his resolutions are shaken, and he dies, wishing that his children may be wiser than himself.

That man who will commit an act of injustice for another in order to obtain his protection, makes himself a slave. As soon as he has suffered himself to be made a tool to accomplish a criminal action, he shuts the door to every honourable employment. You cannot stop after having once allowed yourself to be degradingly instrumental in another's service. By a steady refusal to act unjustly when first solicited, you may obtain even the esteem of the man who asks your assistance; but should you consent to commit the first wicked action, you must be at his beck to do a second and a third, and, in short, you become his slave. Every body ridicules the scruples of a rogue.

Calumny is a monster born without eyes and without ears, but it has a hundred tongues, and bawls forth what it neither sees nor understands.

Do not confound true courage with that ferocious conduct which is always ready to pick a quarrel and to fight. In what does this mistaken view of the rules of good society consist? In the most extravagant and barbarous opinion which ever entered into the human mind—viz., that all the duties of life are supplied by what is called in fashionable cant, *bravery*. That a man is neither a rogue, wretch, nor calumniator, but that he is polite and of gentlemanly habits when he is ready to defend himself, and, in short, is never to be condemned, provided he can kill his man in a duel, is a most extraordinary opinion!

The most disagreeable man in company, and the most tedious reciter of stories, believe themselves very amusing companions.

Every thing which elevates man in the world, as riches, power, or authority, is apt to make him more attached to his own sentiments. As he is seldom told of his errors, he is accustomed to believe that he does not possess any; and should any person presume to acquaint him with the truth, he is both surprised and offended at what he considers liberty, and he goes on wilfully blindfold in his obstinacy.

CURE FOR STINGS.—Take a leaf or two of the broad leaved plantain (*plantago major*) and bruise it, by rubbing it on the part stung, and in ten minutes' rubbing, or less, all the pain and inflammation will cease.

THE CLOSE OF DAY.

How tedious seems the approach of the close of day to the empty being, who, knowing not what to do with himself, is glad to see the termination of the day which has appeared so long, and already torments himself with thinking how he shall employ the succeeding one. It is sweet to the industrious artisan, who, after employing the entire day in labour, joyfully hails the moment when he can return to his home. There he meets the tender objects of his love; sups with appetite, and sleeps in peace, without caring for the morrow; whose occupations will be those of to-day, and which, after toil, will also bring to him the same enjoyments. How sad is the close of day to that pale and wasted being, who moves along unconscious where he goes, casting around him gloomy and ferocious looks. Whence does he come? From a gaming-house, where he lost the little he possessed—where he has seen swallowed up in five minutes the fruits of many days' labour. The day closes in a thousand different ways to a man according to the uses he has made of it.

HATCHING FISH.—The Chinese have a method of hatching the spawn of fish, and thus protecting it from those accidents which ordinarily destroy so large a portion of it. The fishermen collect with care on the margin and surface of waters all those gelatinous masses which contain the spawn of fish. After they have found a sufficient quantity, they fill with it the shell of a fresh hen-egg, which they have previously emptied, stop up the hole, and put it under a sitting fowl. At the expiration of a certain number of days they break the shell in water warmed by the sun. The young fry are presently hatched, and are kept in pure fresh water till they are large enough to be thrown into the pond with the old fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose forms an important branch of the trade in China. In this, as in some other matters, we may perhaps take some useful lessons from the Chinese. The destruction of the spawn of fish by troll nets threatens the existence of the fishery on many parts of our coasts. While so much care is taken for the preservation of game, some care ought to be bestowed on the preservation of fish.

CURIOUS PROPERTIES OF FLOWERS.—The seed vessel of the *Impatiens*, or touch-me-not, consists of five divisions; each of these, when the seed is ripe, on being touched, suddenly folds itself into a spiral form, leaps from the stalk, and disperses the seed to a great distance by its elasticity. The capsule of the geranium, and the beard of wild oats, are twisted for a similar purpose, and dislodge their seeds on wet days when the ground is best fitted to receive them. Hence one of these, with its adhering capsule or beard fixed on a stand, serves the purpose of an hydrometer, twisting itself more or less, according to the moisture of the air.

CONVERSATION.—When five or six men are together, it is curious to observe the anxiety of every one to speak. No one wishes to hear—all he desires is an auditor. Rather than defer telling their respective stories, they frequently all speak at the same time. Every one has a subject of his own that he wishes to introduce; therefore he is miserable till he has an opportunity to drag it in. One is desirous to discuss some religious subject; another would engage in a political disquisition. One would talk of the price of stocks; and another would expatiate on the merits of a favourite horse. The glass circulates, and the confusion becomes general. The Tower of Babel would be an excellent sign for a modern tavern.

THE MIND.—It is with the diseases of the mind, as with those of the body; we are half dead before we understand our disorder, and half cured when we do.

TEMPERANCE.

AUSTRALIA.—A kind Wexford Correspondent has furnished the Editor of the DUBLIN JOURNAL with a copy of the *Port Philip Gazette* of May 18, 1842, which contains a report of an excellent address against the vice of Drunkenness, delivered by Judge Willis from the Bench of the Supreme Court of that colony, to a jury, on the 16th of that month. Our Correspondent also communicates the gratifying fact, that “a letter from a friend in Melbourne states, that the cause of Temperance and Teetotalism is progressing gradually in that colony of drunkenness; there being at the time he wrote (June last) a Temperance Society, and also a Teetotal one.”

Judge Willis, in the course of his address, made the following admirable observations:—“We live in a colony, gentlemen, where the effects of the unrestrained use of ardent spirits have been for a long time too evident: we know that they produce in almost every one a high opinion of his own merit; that they blow the latent sparks of pride into flame, and therefore destroy all voluntary submission; that they put an end to subordination, and raise every man in his own opinion to an equality with his master, or his governor; that they repress all that awe by which men are restrained within the limits of their proper spheres, and incite the drunkard to press upon the man who stands before him and occupies that place, which the sudden elevation bestowed by drunkenness makes the inebriate think himself more worthy to fill. Ungoverned pride is the parent, and reckless daring is the fosterer of resentment; and this is the reason why men are almost always inclined in their drunken debauches to strife and bloodshed; they then think more highly of their own merit, and therefore more readily conclude themselves injured; they are wholly divested of fear, insensible of present danger, and, therefore, thoughtless of future punishment: what then can hinder them from expressing their resentment with the most offensive freedom, or pursuing their revenge with the most daring violence? Thus, characters are maligned, quarrels take place, and sometimes lives are lost at a time when those who set them to hazard are without consciousness of their value—without sense of the laws which they violate—and without regard to any motives but the immediate influence of rage and malice. When we consider these effects of drunkenness, it can be no wonder if the magistrate sometimes finds himself resisted, if not overcome, by a drunken brawler, followed not unfrequently by a multitude united against all constituted authority, and thus united by general debauchery. Government subsists upon reverence, and what reverence can be paid to the law by a man, or any crowd of men, each of whom is exalted, by the enchantment of intoxicating spirits, to the independence of a monarch, the wisdom of a legislator, and the intrepidity of a hero—who deems those laws oppressive which oppose the execution of his present intentions, and considers every magistrate as his persecutor and enemy? I attribute it to drunkenness in a great degree that the laws are so much neglected and defied among the lower orders in this community—and this neglect, this defiance of the laws, without doubt, produces insults and robberies. It is happy that men who are thus inclined to mischief are on many occasions preserved from the hand of the executioner by the very means which exposed them to it, and that palsies either disable them from pursuing their villainies, or fevers put an end to their existence. Public happi-

ness must bear a stated proportion of public virtue; this mutual trust is the cement of society, and no man can be trusted but as he is reputed honest. To promote confidence is the tendency of all laws. When the ties of morality are enforced by penal sanctions, men are more afraid to violate them, and therefore are trusted with less danger; but when they no longer fear the law, they are to be restrained only by their consciences; and where is the conscience of an habitual drunkard? Thus drunkenness destroys authority, renders all property insecure, and overspreads the whole community with confusion. That man who, before he tasted ardent spirits, contributed every day, by honest labour, to the happiness or convenience of life—who supported his family in decent plenty, and was himself at ease, becomes at once miserable and wicked—is detested as a nuisance to the community, and hunted by the officers of justice. Nor has society now anything to wish for regarding him but that by his speedy destruction the security of the traveller may be restored, property may remain in safety, and the tranquillity of the night be free from the alarms of the robber and the murderer.”

PROFESSOR WILSON'S SKETCH OF A DRUNKARD.

Drunkard, stand forward, that we may have a look at you, and draw your picture. There he stands! The mouth of a drunkard, you may observe, contracts a singularly sensitive appearance—seemingly red and rawish; and he is perpetually licking or smacking his lips, as if his palate was dry and adust. His is a thirst that water will not quench. He might as well drink air. His whole being burns for a dram. The whole world is contracted into a caulker. He would sell his soul in such extremity, were the black bottle denied him, for a gulp. Not to save his soul from eternal fire would he, or rather could he, if let alone with it, refrain from pulling out the plug, and sucking away at destruction. What a snout he turns up to the morning air! inflamed, pimpled, snubby, and snorty, and with a nob at the end on't like one carved out of a stick by the knife of a schoolboy—rough and hot to the very eye—a nose which, rather than pull, you would submit even to be in some degree insulted. A perpetual cold harasses and exhausts him, and a perpetual expectation. How his hand trembles! It is an effort even to sign his name; one of his sides is certainly not by any means as sound as the other: there has been a touch of palsy there, and the next hint will draw down his chin to his collar-bone, and convert him, a month before dissolution, into a slaving idiot. There is no occupation, small or great, insignificant or important, to which he can turn for any length of time, his hand, his heart, or his head.

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.—Take of ammonia egum half an ounce, with as little water as possible; reduce it into a smooth pulp; then add, of extract of hemlock half an ounce, and of strong mercurial ointment three drachms; the whole to be well mixed together. When used, it should be spread on soft leather. For the cure of recent chilblains, and for their prevention, this plaster is infallible. It does not require to be changed oftener than once a week.

TO EXTRACT GREASE FROM WOOLLEN CLOTH. One pound of pipe-clay, half-an-ounce of spirits of wine, the juice of one lemon, a quarter of a pint of ox-gall, half-an-ounce of spirits of turpentine, and one ounce of cream of tartar, mixed together; cover the grease spot with a little of this, and brush it off with water; if this composition gets hard, soften it with any of the above named liquids.

CORAL.

The examination of a coral reef, during the different stages of one tide, is particularly interesting. When the tide has left it for some time it becomes dry, and appears to be a compact rock, exceedingly hard and ragged: as the sea rises, and the waves begin to wash over it, the coral worms protrude themselves from holes which were before invisible. These animals are of a great variety of shapes and sizes, and in such prodigious numbers, that, in a short time, the whole surface of the rock appears to be alive and in motion. The most common worm is in the form of a star, with arms from four to six inches long, which are moved about in rapid motion, in all directions, probably to catch food. Others are so sluggish, that they may be mistaken for pieces of the rock, are generally of a dark colour, and from four to five inches long, and two or three round. When coral is broken, about high-water mark, it is a solid hard stone, but if any part of it be detached at a spot which the tide reaches every day, it is found to be full of worms of different lengths and colours, some being as fine as a thread, and several feet long, of a bright yellow colour; others resemble snails, and some are not unlike lobsters in shape, but soft, and not above two inches long.

The growth of coral appears to cease where the worm is no longer exposed to the washing of the sea. Thus a reef rises in the form of a cauliflower, till its top has gained the level of the highest tide, above which the worm has no power to advance, and the reef, of course, no longer extends itself upwards. The other parts, in succession, reach the surface, and there stop, forming in time a level field, with steep sides all round. The reef, however, continually increases, and being prevented from going higher, extends itself laterally in all directions; but this growth being as rapid at the upper edge as it is lower down, the steepness of the face of the reef is still preserved. These are the circumstances which render coral reefs so dangerous in navigation; for, in the first place, they are seldom seen above the water—and, in the next place, their sides are so steep, that a ship's bow may strike against a rock before any change of soundings has given warning of the danger.

It appears that the accumulation of habitations thus formed by these apparently insignificant tribe of animals, sometimes attain to an immense extent, and constitute in part the bases of many islands within the China seas, and in the Pacific ocean. Thus to rear a stupendous fabric from the very depths of the ocean and some feet above its surface, is a task which might well appal the most powerful and civilised nations. And yet it is performed with ease by an insect, small, and to all appearances helpless and contemptible. Here, therefore, we meet with another of the numerous instances which natural history affords us, of the infinite wisdom which has planned the universal creation, and watched over the formation of every one of the parts of this truly stupendous whole. In preparing their own habitations, insects prepare a future abode for man. When the coral reef is once raised above the reach of the tide, and is thus secured from the inroads of the sea, the insect leaves its labours in this direction, and now extends the immense mass it has raised laterally. Sea-weeds are thrown upon the bare and barren mass, which decaying, and aided soon after by biterns, form the ground-work of future vegetation. Mosses succeed, birds are attracted; manure and seeds are brought at the same time, and by the same individuals,

and, at length, in process of time, a bed of vegetable mould is formed, which is capable of producing larger plants. This simple process seems to be that which the ever active causes that spread fertility and life throughout the earth employ to enlarge the land, and to prepare a place upon which man may fix his residence.

INVISIBLE-VISIBLE INKS.—If letters be traced on paper with *muriate of cobalt*, the writing is invisible; and by holding it before the fire, the characters speedily assume a green colour, which again disappear as the paper cools. The writing made with this ink may, therefore, at pleasure be made visible or invisible, by alternately warming and cooling the paper, if care be taken not to expose it to a greater degree of heat than is necessary to make the invisible writing legible. This experiment is rendered more amusing, by drawing the trunk and branches of a tree in the usual manner, and tracing the leaves with sympathetic ink. The tree appears leafless till the paper is heated, when it suddenly becomes covered with a beautiful foliage. The sympathetic ink is prepared in the following manner:—Put into a vessel one part of cobalt or zaffre, and four of nitro-muriatic acid; digest the mixture, with a gentle heat, until the acid dissolves no more cobalt; then add *muriate of soda*, equal in quantity to the cobalt employed, and four times as much water as acid, and filter the liquor through paper.

LOVE.—Society has never failed to invent aught that was necessary for its welfare or support. Genius is not the grand discoverer and inventor in the ranks of society. The grand inventor is love; genius is but a faculty, whereas the love of man is an impassioned virtue; and for our honour or excuse let it be said, that this passion for the improvement of any class of human beings is the characteristic passion of the present age.

PROFANE SWEARING.—Among the vices which fashion has too great a share in encouraging, none is of worse example, or less excusable, than that of profane swearing, or by the practice of interlarding one's conversation on all occasions, even the most trifling, with appeals to the Deity.

HUMILITY AND PRIDE CONTRASTED.—Humility must be a very glorious thing, since pride itself puts it on, not to be despised. Pride must be of itself something deformed and shameful, since it dares not show itself naked, and is forced to appear in a mask.

THE ANTELOPE.—The legs of this animal are so slender, and brittle at the same time, that they break in the attempt to convey the animal from place to place; or even when it is kept upon a pavement or a floor which is smooth enough to be slippery. The Arab, however, mounted on his courser, overtakes these swift-footed animals, and throws a stick at them, by which their legs are most commonly entangled and broken; so that it is very rare to procure one alive, without its being so crippled that it is impossible to keep it.

INDIAN-RUBBER.—This is a large tree, growing fifty or sixty feet. Its flowers are very inconspicuous, and are terminal. It is a native of South America, and grows abundant in the province of Quito, and along the border of the river Amazons, in the kingdom of Mexico. Our Indian-rubber, as it is called, is from the juice of this tree. For medical use it is dissolved in ether, and then made into various surgical instruments by evaporation, and coated gold wire becomes an excellent metallic elastic bougie. The Indians make boots of it, and burn it for candles and flambeaux, which procure a clear dazzling light without smoke.

LOVE

"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

There's might in the storm, in the ocean's dash,
In the blazing lightning's scorching flash;
In the earthquake's awful heaves and throes,
In the burning mount where the lava flows;
In the battle cry when the fight's begun,
In the flashing light of the roaring gun;
In the squadron's charge, in the clashing steel,
There's might and power the heart must feel.
But the storm will cease, and the foamy shore,
And the lightning's flash be seen more;
And the earthquake's dreads no more return,
And the gloomy mount no more shall burn;
And the cry shall end, the fight be o'er,
And the slaughtering gun shall hush its roar;
And the furious charge, the clash of arms
Shall cease—their might no more alarms.
In the sounding waterfall there's might,
As it tumbles down from its craggy height;
In the beetling cliff where the eagle soars,
In the sound of dread when the lion roars;
In the thunder-cloud with angry frown,
In the whirling pool that sucks you down;
In the whirlwind's strength, in the simoom's breath,
In time there's power—there's might in death.

But the waterfall shall sound no more,
The eagle scream, the lion roar,
The thunder cloud shall pass from sight,
The whirling pool, the whirlwind's might,
The simoom's sweep shall end in peace;
And time and death alike shall cease;
And all their might and power shall be
Engulphed in vast Eternity!

But, Oh! there's a power without controul,
Immortal as th' immortal soul;
It lives and beams on all around,
"Without a mark, without a bound,"
In cloud and sunshine, storm and calm,
A soothing power, a healing balm,
To all on earth 'tis freely given,
It reigns supreme, and governs Heaven!

If all the waters of the deep
Would join in one terrific sweep;
If all the founts and all the streams
That sparkle 'neath the sun's bright beams,
Would fall in one tremendous shower,
They could not quench this vital power,
In height, and depth, all power above,
The EVERLASTING FATHER'S LOVE!

Tandragee, 15th Nov. 1842.

H.

POOR RELATIONS.—A poor relation is generally considered the most irrelevant thing in nature—a piece of impertinent correspondency—an odious approximation—a haunting conscience—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noon-tide of prosperity—an unwelcome remembrancer—a perpetually recurring mortification—a drain on the purse—an intolerable dun upon pride—a drawback upon success—a Mordecai at the gate—the one thing not needful—the hail in harvest—a bore! His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, his chair is dismissed into a corner as precipitately as possible, and two nuisances are thought fairly got rid of.—Alas! *poor* human nature!

HAPPINESS AND MISERY.—These are among the most relative of all terms. The happiest moments in the life of a savage would strike an Irish mendicant dumb with despair. The beggar's ideal bliss is placed in the anticipation of a full meal and constant work; the mechanic, who possesses both, often longs for the corporeal indulgences of the tradesman; the tradesman for the glitter and show of the independent man.—"Thus runs the world away!"

PASSION.—Nothing doth so fool a man as extreme passion. This doth make them fools which otherwise are not, and shew them to be fools that are so.

THE HALF-PAY OFFICER.

There he sits—tall, thin, pale, a man of iron, all bone and muscle, over whom sixty years and forty campaigns have passed, leaving fewer wrinkles than wounds. He is bald, and that temple of thought, his lofty, expansive forehead, terminates in shaggy black eye-brows, which partially conceal the bright, keen, inquisitive orbs that roll beneath them. You can find little in the expression of his face, of sympathy with the affairs of others; his features are moveless and bust-like. You would start, were those lips to mould themselves into a smile, and a joke from that mouth, would sound like a merry tune from the organ in St. Patrick's. Yet there is nothing morose or cynical about him—an infant would not fear to entwine its arms about his neck—a ragged mendicant would not be afraid to solicit his charity. If he has no spirit of communion with his kind; if the common places of the world have no charm for him; if the amusements of the young and the gay excite no corresponding emotion in his bosom, it is not misanthropy, but disappointment, which has ossified the surface of his heart—for that heart is still tremblingly alive at the core to every call of pity, to every tender and generous impulse; and the man, whose looks you might fancy would "freeze Spitzbergen," has often earned the blessing of him that "was ready to perish," and called from heaven a beam of joy to lighten the mansions of despair, though the soul-healing ray was never to visit his own breast. He loved passionately, was loved truly; but "not even love can live on flowers." He strove to hew a way to fortune with his sword—found honour, but not wealth—and, after bootless years of hardship and suffering, returned to his native land to bury his betrothed one, (they told him she died of a broken heart,) and sink into that bemocked, unconsidered thing—a half-pay officer.

HEALING OF BURNS.—After being scalded or burned, apply cotton wool as soon as possible to the sore. Put it on thick, and so close as to exclude the air, and do not take it off till the burn is healed. If the cotton gets wet, more must be put above it; but none taken off. Should there be a blister, the water may be let out, by opening it at the under side before putting on the wool.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"M."—We shall insert with pleasure not only the "*promissæ carmina*," but also the MSS., provided the Rubicon be not passed. Our painstaking and highly-valued Correspondent shall, at all times, meet a cordial welcome.

"J. K." Cork.—Most certainly. A well executed and faithful translation will be acceptable. We would recommend our Correspondent not to dilute the spirit of his original, but take "Father Prout" as his model.

"IDA."—You shall probably see yourself in our next. We shall at all times be happy to hear from you.

"IONA."—Received, and under consideration.

"C. J. L."—The crucible and alambic, and all that therein is, we shall most gladly accept. "*Brevi esse laboro*" is a good rule, and we trust our Correspondent will observe it.

"W. H."—The subject is, of course, interesting, if managed with a view to brevity and instruction.

"The Gamester's Fate."—The tale has not come to hand.

"J. S."—Not suitable to our pages.

Numerous communications are under consideration.

Printed for the Proprietors, at the Office, 32, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications (post-paid) are to be addressed, to the Editor.

Published by T. TUGO & Co., 8, Lower Abbey-street, Dublin; and all Booksellers.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 6.—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

IRISH HISTORY.

Of course, the glowing eulogium of "the immortal Tully" upon history, and the advantages of the study of it, is fresh in the memory of many of our readers. Having, therefore, so eloquent and impressive a panegyric on so noble a perpetuation of the deeds of days gone by, we shall not attempt "to gild refined gold," or "paint the lily." Be it our province to speak of the records of our national achievements, and, in the pride of love of country, to point to that history which has been so shamefully neglected by Ireland's own sons, that it may literally be said of the best of her worthies, that

"Unhonoured they sleep in the cross-roads of fame!"

It is with shame we confess it, that even here in our home, and in the land of our forefathers, the Irish youth are systematically taught Roman, Grecian, and English history, but that the annals of Irish patriotism and Irish glory are utterly disregarded! It is plain, that this feeling is not only unnatural, but *unnatural*; that it generates anything but respect and veneration for those illustrious men, than whom brighter specimens can no where be found of genius, energy, and martial spirit. It may be said, however, that all early Irish annals are apocryphal, and that clouds and darkness rest upon their indistinct horizon. This, we know, is the common excuse for the absence of that studious consideration of Irish history, which is so largely given to other subjects. But what country in the world is there whose early origin is not a little obscure? Who forgets that the story of Romulus and Remus suckled by a wolf is just as legendary, and of as absurd a class of fiction, as is the wildest of our own tales, as has been ably shown by Niebuhr, the German historian? What story have we in the roll of Irish antiquity, to which an equally incredible narrative cannot be found in the pages of the iron Tacitus or the briefly-eloquent Livy? And we hesitate not to declare, that, in the case of Irish history, there is a mighty combination of phenomena which belongs not to the record of

even any other modern European land. So that the "Emerald gem," in position and peculiarity, stands, in a historic view, upon a perfect level with any other ancient land, and presents features, moreover, which no modern country enjoys. She has a host of ancient testimonies—a long line of tradition—customs, decidedly primeval—superstitions, which must have had their beginning at an early era—language, of a structure that harmonises only with distant antiquity—names of places, that recall long-lost customs—and monuments, which defy not only the tooth of time, but the deepest learning and research of the most devoted antiquary. Her fractured pillars, her Cyclopean fabrics, her singularly-grooved arches, her cairns, her rusted weapons, are the scattered relics of skill in the Arts, the Sciences, and the comforts of life; while her ancient ecclesiastical ruins are evidences of her early attachment to Christianity. Our best authorities all concur in the opinion, that, at a very early period indeed, the highest civilisation then existing was possessed by the Irish; and all we can do now is, to deplore the sad reverse which the vicissitudes of centuries have brought with them, and to try again to raise the land of our fathers to a scale of intellectual and moral greatness. We of the DUBLIN JOURNAL are supplying a mighty lever towards the wished-for consummation, and are happy to say our exertions have been enthusiastically seconded in all parts of the island. We are, in point of fact, the only cheap Irish periodical exclusively given to national subjects. We number among our contributors some of the *élite* of the talent of the land, whose names, we have no doubt, yet will be emblazoned on the scroll of fame; and, if an IRISH PUBLIC will still smile on us, we may yet be a mighty instrument in effecting, under Providence, a great and permanent change in the minds of our people. Let them study the narratives of the distant past, and cull from them lessons likely to make them wiser and better; and let them feel, that, to be nationally great, they must be individually worthy members of society. What is true of the universal, is true

of the particular. As we now stand on ground which is common to both Trojan and Tyrian, we ask the sympathies of all. The pen shall only be with us the vehicle of instruction, so that we can safely say with Flaccus—

"——— *Sed hic stilus haud petet ultro
Quenquam animantem.*"

Irishmen are remarkable for being, as a nation, perhaps, the wittiest and the most brilliant people in the world. Our object will be to make them *the best*—to supply them with tales of good moral point and effect, and aid them in the developement of their natural powers. It cannot be said of us—

"*Dextrâ tenet calamus, strictum tenet altera ferrum;*" or with the passionate lover of the favoured Laura, whose beauty called forth the sweetly-flowing sonnets of Petrarca—

"*Come dogliosa e disperata scriva,
E'l ferro ignudo tien dalla sinistra.*"

No—"PEACE" is our watch-word, and we rest our heads under the olive branch. We shall neither speak daggers, nor use them.

DUELLING.

Towering insolence, brute force, or unprincipled coxcombry, it is said, could not be kept in awe or chastised without duelling. This assumption is as showy as false. They are not kept in awe by fear of duels; for challenges are what such characters love to provoke, and delight to receive; they are subdued by the opinion of society—by the dread of that opprobrium which almost invariably follows insolence, violence, or insulting frivolity. The truth is, duels have injured more men than ever they benefited. Those who have been "called out"—those who have been "in the field"—those who have been attended with the sound and nonsense of "seconds," if they were tolerable members of society before, are seldom bearable afterwards. They are "touchy unto death." They look bullets and destruction, if you talk warmly to them, or hint at what may be tortured into "an attack on their honour." The laws of God and man being set aside, the important question of right or wrong—of character and reputation, is left to the decision of the best marksmen. The folly of duels is equal to their guilt—they decide nothing. They neither prove the courage, the justice, nor the innocence of the parties. The greatest cowards may be urged on to fight duels, and the bravest men may, from a feeling of duty to God and man, and from a conviction of the absurdity, refuse this mode of settling disputes. They occasionally rid the world of a fool or a madman, but sometimes deprive society of a worthy man, who, though possessed of many virtues, has not courage enough to follow his own convictions of duty, and who is so afraid of the imputation of cowardice, that he acts the part of a coward—for, induced by fear of the censure and ridicule of a misjudging world, he deliberately does what his conscience condemns.

The practice of duelling is absurd, unjust, and unreasonable. That society should continue to extend towards it a negative countenance, is deplorable. In Ireland, as in other countries, what melancholy records have we of fatal effects occasioned by it!

OSSIAN'S POEMS.

THE EPISODE OF MORNA.

(CONCLUDED FROM NO. 4.)

"Whence com'st thou, Duchomar?" the maid reply'd;
"Whence com'st thou, brow of gloom and heart of pride
Why near my lonely cavern dost thou stand,
When Swarran, dreadful king, is on our land?
Meter for thee to face th' invading foe,
Than trouble Morna in her cave of woe!"

"From the brown hills, the dwelling of the deer,
With hasty footsteps have I wandered here,
To seek my lonely love. Three roes I slew,
With pointed arrows from my polish'd yew;
And three my trusty dogs have also slain,
As they were bounding over Lena's plain:
Another stately deer then came in view,
And once again I bent my polish'd yew;
The string resounded, and the arrow sped
Between his branching horns, and pierc'd his head.
For thee I slew them, lovely, lonely fair;
Then come with Duchomar the feast to share!"

"I will not go with thee!" the maid reply'd;
"I love thee not, thou harden'd heart of pride!
Go, share among thy friends the fallen deer;
But lonely Morna will continue here,
Till him she loves, comes like the sunny beam
That sheds its noontide radiance on the stream—
Cathbat the young, the beautiful, and brave,
To carry Morna from her rocky cave."

"Then long will Morna wait!" he fiercely cry'd;
"The sword I hold with Cathbat's blood is dy'd!
His dogs are howling on the lonely heath
Of broomy Branna, where he sleeps in death.
Yet, him on Cramla's head his stone I'll raise,
And birds shall sing the fallen warrior's praise;
But, Cormac's daughter, come with Duchomar,
Whose heart and steel are true in love or war!"

A thought of vengeance fired her flashing eyes,
Like lightning bursting from the darken'd skies:
"And is the son of Ternan fall'n!" she cry'd;
"And was't by thee my youthful hero dy'd?"

Dark art thou, Duchomar, as winter cloud;
Cruel that heart of thine, so hard and proud;
Cruel thine arm of death, thou hated foe;
Yet, if thou pityest lonely Morna's woe,
Hear my request, and grant what I implore:
Give me that weapon stain'd with Cathbat's gore;
No blood shall, after his, increase the stain;
I'll hide it from the dews and falling rain;
And when I'm call'd to join the fallen dead,
That sword shall share with me the narrow bed!"

Her bosom swell'd, and, through the starting tear,
Her radiant eyes like morning gems appear,
When dew is on the grass; but wild her look!
The blood-stain'd weapon in her hand she took,
And, with a frantic arm, the blade she held
Was through the haughty victor's heart propell'd!

He fell, as falls the bank of mountain flood;
And, stretching out his arms, disdain'd with blood,
Exclaim'd—"Oh! Morna! soon shall come my rest
Cold is that deadly weapon in my breast!
But when my latest sigh is on the wind,
And pale I lie before thy cave reclin'd,
Give me to Morna—to my early love;
She'll raise my stone upon the hill above,
Where the dark yew a darker shadow throws,
To mark the place of Duchomar's repose.
The hunter, passing with his bended bow,
Will see it, and regret the chief below!
But draw the cold sword, Morna, from my breast,
And let me sink, in peace, to lasting rest!"

She came in all her tears: with trembling hand
She from his treach'rous bosom drew the brand.
He seiz'd the pointed steel, and pierc'd her side!
Her heart's warm blood springs forth—a purple tide
Her shining tresses on the ground are spread!
Her snowy arm is stain'd with gushing red!
She sinks in death!—and Branna's cave replies
In feeble echoes to her dying sighs!

A STORY OF HOLLANTIDE.

"Upon that night, when fancies light
On Cassile Downmans dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance."—BURNS.

The conversation at Ravensdale, on Hallowe'en, 18—, having, as might have been expected, turned on the subject of dreams, visions, incantations, and things of that nature, our little circle drew close to the fire, for the purpose, I suppose, of heightening our sense of conviviality; though I cannot but confess that the movement had something like the appearance of the effects of fear; however, as we all professed to be *spavens* of the first order, that idea must be repudiated.

Stories suitable to the festival circulated, and Mr. Barry, one of the most serious of our company, took an opportunity to observe, in a quaintness of manner peculiar to himself—"Who knows but dreams may be visions sent from above to forewarn us of what is to happen here below?" Whereupon another gentleman, Mr. O'Leary, told a story which seemed to support strongly, if not confirm, the hypothesis. Of its authenticity he did not speak very positively; but he mentioned as his authority a great grand-aunt by his mother's side, who, though not altogether infallible, yet deserves a good deal of credit in narrations of this kind, as being one of the ancient and respectable Anglo-Irish house of Cusack, who were noted as being under the tutelary guardianship of at least one-half of the sisterhood of banshees of the county of Meath.

In the castle of Ratholdren lived, some eighty years ago, Thomas D'Cusack and his sister, Maud; they were the lineal descendants of Sir Thomas D'Cusack, who was speaker of the Irish House of Commons in 1541, when the title of King of Ireland was granted to Henry the Eighth—all the preceding monarchs of England, from the time of Henry the Second, having been merely called "Lords of Ireland," and "who, in that capacity, made a right good proposition in laud and praise of his Majesty, most worthily deserved; and also declared what benefit came of obedience to princes and observance of laws."

During the revolutions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the family had adhered to their ancient principles, by which they lost considerable portions of their patrimonial estates. Their support of James the Second had nearly deprived them of the remnant; and their possessions, at the time of which we write, had dwindled to the castle of Ratholdren and the lands attached thereto, within the circuit of about two miles in one direction, and not quite half-a-mile in the other. Since that time even this portion has passed from the hands of the Cusacks, and in a few years the very name may be forgotten in the county where it once was so important. Families are petty types of whole races and nations, which, having supplanted their predecessors, flourish for a time, perhaps a long one, and then yield to some more powerful intruders, who take their place. The descendants of the Anglo-Irish now generally hold the possessions which the Melesians wrested from the earlier occupiers of the soil, and it would be worse than useless to speculate who may be their successors.

To return to our story.—Thomas D'Cusack was a bachelor, and his sister a spinster, and, for reasons not recorded in history, determined to remain so. For many months in the year Ratholdren Castle was

an open house, and the bachelor and his sister dispensed the rights of hospitality in a manner which, to our refined notions, might seem boorish and extravagant; but which, nevertheless, indicates a warmth of heart and generosity of disposition.

Mr. D'Cusack and his sister, having had occasion to go to the continent, returned at Christmas, after an absence of nine months. The flag was hoisted on the tower of the old arched portal of the antiquated baronial residence; fires blazed on the hearths, and good fare and hilarity cheered the hearts of the numerous guests and visitors who thronged to welcome home their old friends, and to participate in the festivities that were going forward. Christmas morning was ushered in with the accompaniment of a heavy fall of snow, which, added to that already accumulated on the ground, deprived the revellers of any opportunity of field sports. Early prayers having been attended, the family and visitors repaired to the breakfast parlour, and, having partaken of a breakfast such as was usual in those times, separated in knots to amuse themselves as well as they could under the circumstances, being deprived, as we have just said, of out-door amusements by the unfavourable state of the weather.

How the day was spent is not our province to say, as we do not pretend to describe the manners and customs of the time; our object being merely to tell a tale as it was told to us.

The large bell that usually summoned the guests and domestics of Ratholdren tolled for dinner, at which, amongst other delicacies of the season, appeared the never-failing and substantial roast beef and plum-pudding. Justice was done to these, and the evening was spent in agreeable and mirthful conversation. Maud D'Cusack was in high and happy spirits that evening; she saw before her "old familiar faces" that told of years gone by, and recalled early recollections with the memory of childhood's happy home; she saw young faces, and was gladdened at the prospects of happiness that she hoped awaited them in future years, for her mind was of that mould which wished to look at the forthcoming time as fraught with happiness, and hopes of better things, whilst she looked back with interest, sometimes painful, sometimes pleasing, on the period that had elapsed.

How sweet is hope? What a waste would life be without it! It leads us into life—accompanies us in our youth and manhood—and reserves its sweets for old age—and, even after death, to the Christian it abounds with comfort.

The hour of midnight had long passed ere the company separated for the night, and Maud, having then performed her usual devotions in the family oratory, retired to her chamber. She disposed herself for sleep, but the bright visions of her day-dreams were changed into troubled anticipations and fore-shadowings of the future. In her dream she beheld a man, whose face she thought was not altogether unknown to her, glide stealthily along the corridor that led to her brother's sleeping-room. She saw the door slowly and silently opened, the strange visitant enter, and draw from his bosom a dagger, at which he gazed for a few moments, as if hesitating to perpetrate the horrid deed; and then, with one desperate effort, he plunged it in the heart of his sleeping victim, her brother. The murdered man started convulsively—opened his eyes with a horrible expression of terror—closed them again, and died with a half-suppressed groan. The murderer wiped the weapon in the hangings of the old fashioned bed, and glided across the room to the *escritoir* of Mr. D'Cusack, which he forced open with the same instrument, and ransacked its contents, taking away with him a large sum of money, and documents, which he

appeared to regard as more interesting and valuable. He passed out of the room, closed the door after him; but, as if in the hurry to escape and height of his agitation, forgot the dagger.

Maud awoke from this horrid reverie, and, by the light of a lamp burning in her brother's chamber, which was on the side of the castle court-yard opposite to her own apartments, she could perceive most of the articles of furniture, amongst others the *escritoir*, which satisfied her for the moment that her dream was unfounded, and that the dread vision had then, at least, no reality.

She again disposed herself for rest, and again was the horrible tragedy represented to her fevered imagination. She awoke with a convulsive start and palpitating heart. It was now a little after day-break, and the winter sun cast his slanting rays on the fields of snow that lay around, reflecting the colours of the rainbow in the pendant icicles which were suspended from the roofs of the farm offices and adjoining buildings. The lady hurried from her chamber to her brother's study, where she found him poring over some volumes of the history of his country. Her haggard countenance and woe-begone look bespoke the deepest mental anxiety. She rushed to a chair, and fell into a swoon. Her brother immediately summoned the domestics, and restoratives being applied, after some time she recovered. The cause of her terror being inquired into by her brother, she related her dream, which he desired her to treat as folly. Such an advice she, however, was little disposed to hearken to, and begged she might be permitted to inspect as narrowly as she possibly could, consistent with propriety, the persons of their guests at or before breakfast that morning, as the figure she had seen in her dream was indelibly impressed on her mind, with a conviction that he might be one of the persons who were then partaking of their hospitality. Trusting to the fidelity of his guests, her brother consented, and arranged that Maud and he should be first in the breakfast parlour, in order that all the visitants might pass in review before them, without being conscious of it.

The summons to breakfast was given, and our host and hostess welcomed all as they entered the room. On the appearance, however, of one young gentleman, Maud gave a slight scream and fainted. Her brother told the company of her having been unwell in the morning, and she was immediately conducted by some of the ladies present to her chamber. The fact of her having fainted at the presence of a rather cavalier-like youngster, of course, caused curious inquiries from some, and afforded amusement to others, who never thought of the true cause of her perturbation.

In the course of the day Maud pressed upon her brother to break up the festivities, on the pretence of her illness, as her mind was troubled with frightful forebodings, and she communicated her fears and her dream to the Abbé Powell, an Irish priest, who was chaplain to the family, and who, from his having been educated, and for some time a resident in France, was called L'Abbé.

The holidays passed, and Thomas D'Cusack remained unhurt. The year fled quickly, and occasionally during its course Maud's dream was made the subject of a jest by her brother. He told her that the young man whose presence caused her so much uneasiness was the son of a respectable and worthy gentleman of a neighbouring county; that they had served together in the Irish Brigade, and had in France been most intimate and faithful friends.

Christmas came again, and again to Ratholdren the "old familiar faces," with an occasional new one. Festivities similar to those of the preceding year commenced. The great day itself passed off with

the usual hilarity, but sounds of wailing opened the festival of the protomartyr of Christianity.

Mr. D'Cusack's faithful servant went to his chamber to call him, at the usual hour, when he beheld the body of his beloved master bathed in his own blood!—his *escritoir* broken open; papers scattered about, and a dagger, smeared with blood, laid on the upturned lid. The point of the dagger was broken, which proved that it was the instrument of plunder as well as murder.

Of the consternation of the guests, and distraction of Miss D'Cusack, it would be vain to attempt a description. The flag over the portal was struck, and no other sounds but those of woe and lamentations were heard. Conjecture and suspicion were every where busy, but no clue could be found to the discovery of the perpetrator of the monstrous deed. The gentleman that Maud D'Cusack saw in her dreams was there, but who could suspect him? She did, and actually sought to have him arrested on the grounds of her dream; but they, of course, were deemed insufficient.

Mr. D'Cusack's funeral was attended by all the ancient and respectable families of the neighbouring country, and his remains were lowered into the vault of his ancestors, 'midst the tears and wailings of the poor and now friendless, who mourned the loss of their guardian and benefactor. The crowd at length separated, and Ratholdren Castle was silent and desolate during the long minority of the next heir. Miss D'Cusack retired to a convent in France, where, after the lapse of twelve years, spent in total seclusion from the world, she died.

The gentleman upon whom her suspicions had alighted was not wholly exculpated by his neighbours, particularly by the peasantry. While on the continent he contracted habits of extravagance, and afterwards during his visits to the Irish metropolis and London, he ran into extremes of vice which debased his manhood, and deprived him of all moral principles. Being a younger son, his father thought it better to give him a sum of money and banish him from his home and presence for ever; all his attempts to reclaim him having proved fruitless.

With tears in his eyes, which but faintly bespoke the emotions of his soul, and were weak exponents of his bitter mental anguish, did the old man give his graceless son the parting blessing, and watch the prodigal as he rode heedlessly away, and turned his back on his father's home and the friends with whom he had spent many happy and guiltless hours, while he was now about to plunge into the gulf of misery that was yawning wide for his reception.

We will not attempt to trace the many scenes of dissipation and profligacy and wretchedness he now witnessed, nor strive to shew by what gradations a man falls from his high estate and purity of mind: it is sufficient to say, that no one falls at once from virtue to extreme vice; the descent is step by step; every new movement brings us lower, and renders the possibility of returning more difficult. The prodigal went from Dublin to London, and having there expended the last shilling of the money given him by his father (and which was ample to have laid the foundation of his fortune had he but had virtue and prudence,) his fashionable acquaintance deserted him, and he, pressed by hunger and misery of many descriptions, for the purpose of providing the means necessary for the support of his wretched existence, associated himself with a band of thieves who then infested the great city. He witnessed and joined in many of their deeds of infamy. At length he was captured, thrown into prison, and tried on a charge of burglary—found guilty, and condemned to death.

Early on the day previous to that fixed for the unfortunate man's doom, a messenger arrived from prison

at the residence of the Abbé Powell, who was now chaplain to the French Ambassador, to say that a culprit, whose death was fixed for the following morning, wished to speak with him. The old priest hastened off, and was introduced to the condemned cell; the criminal fell at his feet and bathed them with tears; with difficulty the priest raised him from the earthen floor, and catching a glimpse of his features, discovered the son of a former friend.

This life was now closing, and the next at hand for the wretched man. With care and fervour did the clergyman labour for the conversion of that being who stood upon the brink of a dreadful eternity. But conversion and repentance for an ill-spent life, were these to be obtained in a few hours? How difficult the task! Let us hope it was accomplished by Almighty grace.

The following morning brought crowds to witness the exit of the criminal. Did they come to receive a moral lesson?—No. Did they come to be deterred from guilt?—No. They came to gratify a savage curiosity, which is almost universal.

The culprit ascended slowly the place of execution, accompanied by the Abbé alone; his step was unsteady, and he whispered a few words in the ear of his confessor. He then delivered himself into the hands of the executioner, and in a few moments he ceased to live!

He had confessed the whole of his sinful career to the Abbé Powell, and, amongst other things, that he was the murderer of Thomas D'Cusack. The latter confession he had written and signed with his own hand, and empowered the priest to make it known to the D'Cusack family, to set all further suspicion at rest. This declaration was full and explicit, and corresponded, it was said, fully with the circumstances of Maud D'Cusack's dream. He murdered Thomas, and then with the same dagger forced open his desk, from which he took some papers, the exact nature of which he did wish should transpire, neither was it important that it should, and a sum of money which he needed for the payment of debts he had accumulated by his profligacy.

His subsequent life and fate has been told; the circumstances of the murder and of the life of its perpetrator are *facts*; the reader may give what credit or construction he pleases to the dream.

Nov. 1842.

M.

MANUFACTURE OF CLOTH BY FELTING.—In this new species of manufacture, the process of bowing and planking are performed by a carding machine, and a machine termed a hardener. The bat of wool is formed by means of a travelling apron, which receives from the doffer of the card the slivers, or thin layers of wool, the process being continued until the slivers accumulated upon one another throughout the whole length of the apron, are sufficient in number to give the required substance. The bat is then cut and referred to the hardener, in which it is forced through and compressed by a series of rollers, the felting action being performed by the top rollers, which have a slight alternating motion, while the cloth receives heat and moisture from perforated steam-pipes. After further compression in a third machine, which is immersed in a bath of soap and water, the cloth is transferred to the fulling-mill, and after being beaten a short time, is susceptible of the same degrees of finish as woollen cloth. The manufacture appears to be peculiarly fitted for carpets, horse-cloths, outer wearing apparel, &c., for which purposes it can be manufactured, it is said, for the mere cost of the oil used in preparing the wool for spinning the thread of woven cloth of the same description.

COME O'ER THE HILLS.

Come o'er the hills,
Far from the rills,
Where the western sunbeam's smile;
Flowers may rise,
Varied in dyes,
But none like those of Erin's Isle,
Where shamrocks bloom in the hawthorn bowers,
And daisies peep out at the rainbow's showers.
Then come o'er the hills, &c.
Oh! name me not
The silent spot
Where flow'rs grace a frigid clime,
Where all are lost
By biting frost
Before they feel the touch of time.
In Erin the leaves are spreading over
The briery path of the mountain rover.
Then come o'er the hills, &c.
Holland may hide
Her dahlia's pride,
When the Rhine in grandeur flows;
For we shall stray
Where the sun's ray
Warms the shamrock as it grows;
Where moss below and blue sky above us,
Kind friends around, with the maidens who love us.
Then come o'er the hills,
Far from the rills,
Where the western sunbeams smile;
Flowers may rise,
Varied in dyes,
But none like those of Erin's Isle.

F.

DIAMOND CEMENT.—This cement is much used for uniting broken china, glass, and the like, and is sold at an absurdly high price. It is simply composed of isinglass soaked in water, and then dissolved in spirit, to which a little gum-resin, ammoniac or galbanum and resin mastic are added, each previously dissolved in a minimum of alcohol. When it is applied, it is gently heated to liquefy it; and it should be kept for use in a well-corked phial. A glass stopper should not be used, as it may become fixed. This is the cement used by the Armenian jewellers in Turkey for gluing the ornamental stones to trinkets. When well made, it resists moisture.

ANIMAL ELECTRICITY.—To receive an electrical shock from a cat, place the left hand under the throat, with the middle finger and the thumb slightly pressing the bones of the animal's shoulder; then gently pressing the right hand along the back, sensible electrical shocks will be felt in the left hand.

CAOUTCHOUCINE.—This is a highly inflammable liquid, obtained from caoutchouc by destructive distillation. Mr. Barnard obtained a patent for its manufacture in 1833, and it has since excited considerable interest among chemists from two very extraordinary characteristics which it is found to possess—viz., that in a liquid state it has less specific gravity than any other liquid known, being considerably lighter than sulphuric ether, and in a state of vapour it is heavier than the most ponderous of the gases. When mixed with alcohol, it is a solvent of all the resins and particularly copal, which it dissolves at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere—a property possessed by no other solvent known. It is thus particularly useful for making varnishes in general. It also mixes readily with oil, and has been found particularly valuable for liquefying oil paints, which it does without in the slightest degree affecting the most delicate colours; for it speedily evaporates, and the paint is then dry and firm as before solution. Mackintosh's solution of Caoutchoucine is treated with hot naphtha—either that distilled from native petroleum, or from coal-tar, then triturated with a pestle, and pressed through a sieve. Caoutchoucine is, however, the best solvent of caoutchouc.

NAUTICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

No one can admire the character of a true-hearted sailor more than I do; and, yet, I can never see one attired in the garb of his profession, manly and graceful as it is, without a slight shudder. It matters not whether the individual be either, what Dana calls, "a salt," "a thorough-bred sea dog," or the more harmless specimen of yachting young gentlemen, in all the glory of broad cloth and gilt buttons—the feelings are still the same; and the sensations recalled to my mind are equally of an unpleasant complexion. I can account for this nervous peculiarity but in one way, and that, probably, will be best understood by my relating the circumstance from which I date its origin.

Many years ago (alas! how many!) I found myself, at the age of eighteen, a hopeful student of "Old Trinity." Fresh from the country, buoyant, full of health and hope, I had very little to fret me, and never let the shadow of the approaching morrow darken the sunshine of to-day—a temperament that was shared by my chosen companions and class-fellows, Robert Esmond, (commonly called "Spouting Bob," from an inveterate propensity to quote Shakspeare on all occasions,) and Frank Lonergan. Frank's taste lay more in the sentimental line; he was rather addicted to walking by the canal, at moonlight; and, of course, perpetrated poetry. With regard to myself, although

"On their own merits, modest men are dumb!"

yet, like all heroes in genteel comedy, I do not think that I was remarkable for any distinguishing attribute; or, if I was, like Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan's brogue, I am sure I never could perceive it.

I need scarcely say, it was necessary for three so hopeful specimens of the rising generation to be in love, and in love we were. Frank had two cousins residing in the neighbourhood of Blessington-street, very pretty and interesting girls; and with them, on a visit, was a third young lady, (I shall spare you *her* description,) who, in my eyes, was more than equally attractive. The number was therefore complete, and "*Voilà, une affaire fini!*" we had soon, all the symptoms of the tender passion (as described in novels) strongly developed, although expressed in a distinct manner in each individual case. Thus, while Romeo and Juliet was rehearsed by Bob, until the echoes of his chamber rang again; the parts of Juliet and Tybalt being sustained by his academical gown and great coat, hung up against the door, and invariably pinned to the pannel with a sword-cane in the fencing scene—Frank was seated in his room, regarding a spider on the ceiling with a stern look, in the vain hope of extracting from its cobwebs a sonnet to his "ladye love;" while I, even I, with my arms folded on my breast, my body balanced on my chair, and my legs disposed on each side of the fire-place, sat "sighing like a paviour," reflecting on the many accomplishments of the fair visitor, Arabella Thompson.

The ladies in question were not long in discovering the conquests they had made; and, as Frank visited their house in right of relationship, and I was introduced as a particular friend of Miss T.'s father, and Bob came as a mutual acquaintance, matters went on swimmingly. The elastic connection of "cousinship" (there is no knowing to what lengths it may be stretched) effectually silenced all inquisitive inquiries, and, secure in its protection, we attended our fair friends in sundry walks to the country; and, sometimes, though seldom, escorted them to the Rotundo

Gardens. By some kind of talismanic freemasonry we were enabled to calculate, with wonderful precision, the exact hour they would be visible in the neighbourhood of Mountjoy-square; and, equally astonishing, whenever they went shopping, was the correctness with which, "quite by chance," we happened to meet them on their return home during all these evolutions, as I made it a rule never to believe a word they said on the subject. How my friends progressed I know not, but, with regard to myself, I bowed and blushed,

"But never talked of love!"

At times I experienced a sensation, as if my fair companion was laughing at me in secret, and, although my vanity spurned the idea, yet there was a comical expression in her eye and a slight curl on her pretty lip, that boded anything but success to the hopes of the stripling on whose arm she leaned, and whom, I dreaded to think, she considered in the light of a walking-stick. However, these were passing spasms, and her good-natured familiarity and my own self-conceit soon effaced the painful impressions they left behind them.

It happened that on one occasion a week had elapsed since we last saw the objects of our devotion; and when we again met, which happened to be in the promenade at the Rotundo Gardens, we at once perceived a decided change in the manner of our fair friends. They had, a few days previous, been on board a man-of-war at Dunleary, and the gallantry and politeness of the blue-jackets had made such impression on their imaginations, that they could talk of nothing else; this, and a careful perusal of Cooper's "Pilot" the preceding day, had so completely filled their minds with nautical notions, that their entire conversation ran on the one subject, intermixed with a strange medley of sea phrases and quotations, about "the deep waters," "the dark blue sea," and "the foaming billows," enough to make a landsman jealous. To such a pitch was this carried, that my "faithless Bella" interrupted a long-winded compliment to her eyes, which took me half an hour the previous night in composing, by asking—"If I could tell her what oakum was made of?"

This was a quencher; but when I looked in my confusion towards my companions, I had the melancholy pleasure of perceiving matters were equally gloomy with them. Frank wore an expression of countenance between a Werter and a Don Quixote; and Bob was slapping the crown of his hat, and buttoning his coat—both symptoms, I knew well, preparatory to his either bolting instanter, or knocking a man down. In this state we saw the ladies home, nor at parting was our good humour restored, by their hinting their anxiety "to see us in naval costume, as they were sure the jackets would become our figures so much," and to our rather brief "good night," they, with great sweetness, responded, by singing the last bars of "All's well!" We parted in high dudgeon, and returned to college—a journey not without its difficulties, arising, chiefly, from Bob's asking every second man he met "did he mean to insult him?" However, we at last arrived there, and repairing to my room, we all sat, some minutes, looking in silence at the fire. I then arose and went to the cupboard, and, as was

"Our custom always of an afternoon,"

mixed (forgive me, Mr. Editor) some punch in a teapot, and, glasses being an unknown luxury, poured each of the indignant lovers a cup full; and helping myself in an equally equitable manner, and sipping some cigars on the table, sat down again to consider "this here most fatal go." Our debate at first was rather stormy—Bob swearing he would cut the connection, and Frank insisting "he would never speak

to Louisa again, and that to-morrow he would go and tell her so!" I said nothing, the oakum being too fresh in my recollection. However, by degrees, we became less irate, and milder measures were proposed. At last, a thought struck me, that as Esmond, the preceding day, had received a letter from his parents, containing four sheets of advice from his father, and a ten pound note in a postscript from his mother, we should direct our snip (our purse being a joint-stock one) to furnish us with jackets and unwhisperables to match, and that some evening we should astonish our fickle fair ones, by visiting them in our nautical attire. The idea was pronounced glorious, and the motion agreed to *nem. con.* with the addition, that, preparatory to the visit, we should make an excursion by water to either Howth or Dunleary, to prevent any invidious remarks as to our being fresh-water sailors. This, also, "passed the house," and Bob wound up the "the night's debate" by pointing to the tea-pot, and exclaiming in a tragic tone—

"Now let us to our holy work again!"

a hint I immediately complied with by replenishing the contents "same as before;" and, after discussing this last infusion, we all retired to our dormitories.

Our plans prospered; the fraction of humanity was agreeable, and promised to have the habiliments forthcoming, and, strange to say, was true to his word. Loneragan had engaged a stout four-oared gig, that occasionally carried a sail, and in which we were to embark below the Custom-house; and, next morning, having donned our jackets, taken the stiffeners out of our black silk handkerchiefs, and turned down our shirt-collars, (by which we had sore throats for a fortnight,) and arranged all our dress as "ship shape" as possible, we sallied forth from the house of our schneider, when we had effected the transformation in our attire, and being pronounced by Bob, after a minute inspection, "as exceedingly kiddy and quite the thing!" wended towards our bark, rejoicing. The day was beautiful, the water without a ripple, with a slight breeze, which the man, from whom we hired the boat, and who accompanied us, said, was quite in our favour; and as Bob, with prudent forethought, had sent down two baskets, a large and a small one, containing certain condiments and liquids, we had every prospect of a pleasant trip. As the wind was fair, we had no necessity of using the oars, and, hoisting our light sails, dashed merrily along. I took the helm, and performed the part of steersman with great *eclat*; for, except that I ran foul of two oyster boats, we cleared the Liffey without any accident.

As our light skiff rose and fell on the heaving surface of the bay, our spirits ascended in proportion; and when, owing to a shift in the wind, we stretched on a tack towards the white cottages of Clontarf, and our little craft cut the waters with its sharp prow, tossing, with playful ease, the foam on each side of its graceful-moulded bows, our ecstacy was complete. I shouted, Frank sang, and Bob recited at a fearful rate, begging of the winds, among other requests, "to blow and crack their cheeks." In fact, for three hours "all went merry as a marriage bell," but by that time the breeze had become sensibly rougher, and the long line of billows that came tumbling in from seaward, had the dark green bulk of their waters crested with foam. The sea-gulls screamed harshly as they swept by us, and everything portended a change. Nothing daunted by this, our little bark kept its course, and, with her bows pointed towards the Pigeon-house, bounded from the sandy shore of Clontarf on one of her many tacks. Bob and I now began to feel very hungry, and, opening the baskets, commenced an attack upon the viands. On handing Loneragan a portion of ham on a biscuit, I was struck

with the loathing expression of horror with which he refused it, and looking more closely, at once perceived, that he was struggling with the first agonies of sea-sickness; so much so, that when Bob told him

"To leave his horrible faces and soon,"

the poor fellow complied with the request with an energy and an activity that was not pleasant to behold.

I am sorry to confess his case met with very little sympathy; for while I assured him "it was an excellent remedy for bile!" Bob handed me some whiskey to make grog, and adding the simple direction of,

"Put this in any liquid thing you will!"

turned towards the importunate sufferer, and, in a commiserating tone of voice, inquired, "should he help him to pork?" a question which, it is unnecessary to add, plunged our victim in the very depths of nausea and disgust.

While thus employed, the boatman, bidding us look sharp, as there was a squall coming, took in the sails. Scarcely had he done so, when a fierce gust of wind rushed across the waters, and, lashing into foam the waves around us, swept over our heads with the violence of a hurricane. As our fragile vessel lay tossing violently on the excited element beneath her, we shipped several heavy seas, which drenched us to the skin and spoiled our provisions. However, the squall passed away almost as quickly as it came, and taking Bob's new hat with it, by way of a keepsake, swept onwards to the land, and in less than fifteen minutes all was clear again. Bob looked with a rueful expression after his castor, and though I pointed out to him "that he was merely like ourselves, drifting with a *bare pole*," and "that beavers were always aquatic," neither of these undoubted facts restored his composure; but our mishaps were not yet concluded, for, on my starting suddenly to my legs, to see what the boatman called "a porpus"—

"Oh, grief of griefs! oh, gall of all good hearts!"

by the action a large piece of cloth was forcibly abstracted from my trousers behind, and lay like a sticking plaster adhering to the fresh pitched plank on which I had just been sitting! Words cannot express my horror at the accident. The *hiatus* was dreadful, being, as Bob told me, "round as his father's shield;" nor can I describe the full extent of my misfortune to you, Mr. Editor, without offending your delicacy. Suffice it to say, that by this untoward event that portion of the human frame to which ladies usually apply bustles was left almost without a covering!

Further pleasure was now out of the question; we were all unanimous in a wish to land as soon as possible, and, hoisting our canvass, we quickly entered the basin at the Pigeon-house—the sun in the meantime, as if to mock our misery, shining merrily on the tossing sea, and the clouds looking as white and fleecy as if, like a pretty woman, they never knew how to frown in their lives. When we arrived at a landing place we took counsel as to what was the best to be done. Bob's loss was soon supplied by the boatman's lending him his sou-wester, (whose texture, by the bye, marvellously resembled diaculum plaster;) but my accident was not so easily remedied. Frank proposed tying his handkerchief over the "part affected," but that I declined as *infra dig*; and, after many other fruitless suggestions, Bob, dipping into one of the lockers of the boat, produced a large sheet of strong brown paper, and declared with a shout it was just the thing wanted; and then, after some useless opposition on my part, proceeded to insert it with great ingenuity so as to hide the awful vacancy, and fastening it with pins, not so adroitly as I could have wished, contemplated his work for a moment,

and then, with much emphasis, swore "I might enter any ball-room in Christendom with safety."

Unfortunately in his hurry he forgot that the paper had been previously used in packing, and that it bore in consequence some suitable directions. These he very injudiciously left exposed to public gaze, so that any person who viewed me, *a posteriore*, would perceive at a glance that I was labelled on a certain part with the following mysterious inscription in large characters:—

My Glass!
To be kept dry.

an oversight, although he endeavoured to excuse it by saying that I was merely

"Holding THE MIRROR up to nature,"

that very much added to my annoyance. However, in truth, the costume of my friends was very little superior, for having sat on a seat freshly painted with black, their white trowsers had suffered by the contact, and suggested the idea that some person had painted on the convex portion of their ducks behind a pair of spectacles, in oil and lamp black; in fact, so doubtful an appearance did we exhibit on landing, that Bob unconsciously declared, "He did not think there was a jailor in all Ireland who would refuse us a night's lodging!"

After enduring sundry criticisms from the few loungers on the Pigeon-house quay, we proceeded towards the metropolis, I taking in my hand the small basket by way of a shield: our intention was to dine at "Cockle-hall," in Ringsend, and thence, at dusk, to proceed without beat of drum to our quarters. To most of your readers it is unnecessary to describe the road connecting the fort called the Pigeon-house with the village of Ringsend. To those who never have been in Dublin it may be requisite to say, that it is an artificial causeway, originally built on piles, running a direct line into the sea about a mile, raised considerably above the level of the tide, and edged with high walls to protect the traveller from the spray on this road. We now proceeded and found it, as usual, deserted and solitary. However, when about half-way we perceived a vehicle (apparently a jaunting car with ladies) approaching. As it advanced, I thought the horse was not unfamiliar to me, and a horrible suspicion crossed my mind. Communicating my fears to my companions, we stopped, and gazed panic-struck, and soon, too soon, as the object neared us, our worst apprehensions assumed the shape of reality. I could have sworn to the identity of the blue silk bonnet on one side of the car, and Bob and Frank were equally positive about "The Tuscans" on the other. It was Frank's cousins and my Arabella that were coming towards us in a sweeping trot, and we were doomed men.

Escape was impossible. Bob peeped over the wall, and said, "Barring a cat, no living thing could descend with safety." Flight, with such an enemy on our rear, would be madness, and to stop and meet them little short of suicide: but we had no alternative, and with a desperate sort of calmness we prepared to abide the shock, and drawing up in battle array with our backs to the wall, I in the centre, Bob and Frank as my flanking companies, with a forced and unnatural patience, awaited the onslaught. I have often thought since that with some such feeling, at the close of the bloody day of Waterloo, when the French dragoons came thundering to the charge, the British general threw his wounded and wearied men into hollow squares, and bade them "stand firm and prepare for cavalry." Well, on they came, ribbons

flying, horse foaming, and shawls fluttering, and a keen hope shot through our hearts that they might pass without recognising us; but no! when abreast of us the horse was checked with a pull that nearly threw him on his haunches, and "the action," commenced.

"Good heavens! Mr. Jones, is that you? I had no possible idea of meeting you here. I perceive by your dress that you have been boating: this is really an unexpected gratification."

"I assure you, Miss Thompson, the pleasure is (hem!) quite mutual! We have been on the water, but, having an engagement in town, were obliged to return early; but let us not detain you from your drive—good evening."

And here (heaven forgive me) I breathed a fervent prayer that the horse might shy at something and start off in full gallop; but no, the brute remained quite quiet, and my fair tormentor continued—

"That she was in no hurry, and that really she was compelled to compliment me on my improved appearance. The jacket did so become me, and though Mr. Esmond's head-dress was rather singular, it certainly was very graceful and nautical."

And here the fair Arabella was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which sounded very like suppressed laughter. During the pause that ensued, I threw a hurried glance towards my rear guard, and perceived that, by a masterly evolution, consisting of a succession of side steps, it had "debouched" from its first position, and had made an imposing demonstration on the opposite side of the car, and were at that moment "actively engaged" with the enemy. So far well: and, although I saw that my faithless Arabella could scarcely conceal her merriment, still the dreadful secret was safe. The flank of "the allied troops" had not yet been turned, and a blessed hope sprang up in my breast that we might retire with honour.

While indulging this idea, and looking nervously towards Bob, whose movements were far too energetic while descending on the pleasures of aquatic amusements to his fair innamorata, I caught my beautiful tormentor regarding me with a look that sent the blood curdling to my heart, and made the very brown paper rustle with agitation. I saw, by the expression of her countenance, she suspected something to be wrong, and that she was, like a true woman, determined to find it out. This decided me at once to retreat, and, muttering to her polite offer of taking the basket on the car, something about "glass," and "to be kept dry," I again implored her to resume her drive, and, for the tenth time, bid her "good bye;" but in vain—"she was in no hurry, had much to ask me," and, consequently, with a groan, I resumed my position at the back of the car with the feelings of a man who knows he is standing on a mine, and expects it every minute to explode.

After a brief silence, she changed the conversation, and chatted on various subjects with such unaffected ease and pleasantry, that I insensibly forgot the terrors of my situation. Few possessed more fascination of manner than she was gifted with, and with the tact which all pretty women invariably possess, she flattered my self-love in a manner that was as pleasing as unexpected. There was a softness, too, in her voice and look that was most seductive, and the intoxication of my vanity completed the delirium of the moment. I conversed gaily and boldly, and, regardless of everything but the bewitching creature before me, my fancy soared to realms of bliss,

"Nor gave one thought AHEAD."

While thus thrown off my guard, and "ridiculously happy" in my ideas, it happened that, on leaning across the car to address one of the fair cousins,

Miss Thompson's pocket handkerchief fell from her hand, and a light breeze catching it, it was wafted some four or five yards down the road.

With distinctive politeness, oblivious of everything, impelled by the impulse of the moment, I hurried after it, stooped to pick it up, and—all was over!

Burning with shame, mortification, and dismay, I sank in a sitting position on the ground, and, as the car drove off, amid bursts of merriment from its fair occupants, sounding in my ears worse than the yells of a thousand demons, I wished that the firm earth beneath would open and hide me in its bosom.

Of the remainder of that day I have but a confused recollection, every thing being absorbed in the one deep and bitter sensation of ridicule that haunted me. We dined, I believe, at "Cookie-hall;" but I can recall nothing clearly; all is vague and misty; and the only circumstance of which I have any distinct idea is, that Bob, on leaving our hostelry, earnestly requested of the landlord, "as the night was dark, and the road lonely, to oblige him with the loan of a poker!" and that, obtaining his wish, during our walk home, he flourished what he was pleased to call "his trenchant steel" in a very alarming manner.

For three months after I never crossed Carlisle Bridge by day-light; nor was it until I heard my faithless Arabella had become the wife of an eminent cloth manufacturer in Yorkshire, and had sailed with her husband for England, that I revisited the haunts of men again.

Years have rolled on: both my companions have married the objects of their early attachment; but I am still a solitary, single man; and, though time has blunted the edge of my feelings, yet I can never see a sailor without a shudder, or open a brown paper parcel without a blush.

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

"The Spanish soldiers returned immediately after the victory to their homes. * * * They brought with them the dead body of a comrade, who had been summoned on his bridal day to the field of battle."

There is music on the summer breeze,
And a glittering host sweeps by,
With tramping steeds and proud array,
And shouts that rend the sky;
And many a fond mother's hope,
And love of maiden fair,
The beautiful and bright of earth,
The free and brave are there.

There is a strain of softer joy,
Up from the vales it comes,
Where 'midst the boughs of vine and rose,
Peep forth the warriors' homes.
And there is thrill of harp and lute,
And bird-like voices sing,
While sunny upland, and deep glen,
With thousand echoes ring!

'Tis midnight, and the feast is o'er,
And hush'd the voice of mirth,
And silence settles once again
By each lone cottage hearth.
The weary wanderers repose
Within their childhood's homes,
While fond and lovely eyes keep watch
By the beloved ones.

But there is one—one gentle girl—
Alas! doth none then care
The vigil of the breaking heart
Beside the dead to share?
The dance had many a votary,
And so had jest and song—
Was there no friend to turn to her
In all that festive throng?

None thought of her! Back to their homes
Each joyous group was gone,
And she beside her darken'd hearth
Sat by the dead alone.
And fearlessly upon that form,
Dear even in death's embrace,
That fair young mourner meekly bow'd
Her pale and tearless face.

"I need not blush to part the hair
From off thy loveless brow,
I need not shrink to press thy lip,
'Tis unimpassioned now!
I have loved thee with the deepest love
That woman ever knew;
And yet I may not weep for thee,
My beautiful and true!

"We stood before the altar,
And pledg'd love's holiest vow;
We parted ere the marriage crown
Had droop'd upon my brow.
I felt my soul grow strong that hour,
Strong in its quenchless might,
As I arm'd thee, bravest one and best,
For the distant field of fight!

"They've brought thee home to me again,
Home to thy own loved bride,
With thy flowing hair, and dark moustache,
And lips of graceful pride;
And thy broken sword is in thy grasp,
Dyed in thy foeman's gore;
And thy death-wound's on thy gallant breast—
What could I wish for more?

"Why dost thou look so sternly cold?
When wilt thou smile again?
An icy clasp is round my heart,
A fever in my brain!
The night-wind stirs the blood-stain'd curls
Upon thy cold, pale brow.
Awake! arise, young conqueror!
Alas! I'm wandering now!

"This must not be. Why should I fear
To slumber on thy heart?
In life I was thy plighted bride,
In death we will not part!
With fearless trust, with quenchless faith,
Beloved one, I am thine;
And they will make for us a grave
Where Eve's last sunbeams shine!"

L.D.A.

THE LIFE OF MAN.—The wise man divides his time sparingly, like one who has but little to lose, and yet has a long life in prospect. Life without changes is like a long road without inns. Nature has apportioned the life of man in the same manner as the seasons of the year. Infancy is the spring of life; the flowers of it are tender and modest, and the hopes gentle and flattering. Youth is the warm and exuberant summer of life; the blood is then heated, and the passions are headstrong and fierce. Manhood is the autumn; it comes crowned with the fruits of the understanding. Old age follows, and is the winter of existence; the leaves of vigour fade and decay, the veins become frozen like streamlets, the head is hoary like snow, or the hair and the teeth drop as leaves from the trees, and life totters over the grave. The voyage of life may also be divided into three parts. The prudent man employs the first part in conversing with the dead; the second in speaking with the living; and the third in communing with himself.

THREE GREAT THINGS.—The three great things that govern mankind are, reason, passion, and superstition. The first governs a few; the two last share the bulk of mankind, and possess them in turns; but superstition is the most powerful, and produces the greatest mischiefs.

A DAY ON LOUGH CORRIB.

A DESCRIPTIVE TRIP.

It was on a beautiful morning towards the end of October, that I awoke from sound repose, occasioned by the fatigue of the preceding day's journey. When I rubbed my eyes, and collected my senses, I remembered that I was in the pretty village of Oughterard, where I had taken up my abode, previous to my premeditated excursion on Lough Corrib.

The town is delightfully situated upon the western bank of the lake, about 15 miles north of Galway, and forms one of the entrances to far-famed Connemara. I quickly arose, and, as I proceeded with my toilette, every now and then took a glance at the quiet scene before me. The sun was slowly raising his head above the rugged hills, gradually thawing the silvery coating of frost which overspread the elevated grassy bank that overhangs the river Feogh, whose waters moved silently beneath my window. Upon the near bank of the stream two or three peasants were angling, not unaskingly, as I afterwards ascertained, by seeing their baskets stocked with some fine trout, for which this river is celebrated. After breakfasting, I bid adieu to the comfortable inn of Oughterard, and upon quitting the house was surprised to see a number of persons of every age crowding round an adjoining building, which answered the purposes of the post-office, and where is also transacted the business of a charitable loan fund—which, by the way, I believe, is of great benefit to the surrounding peasantry. I called a little gossoon, who was after depositing his grandmother's weekly instalment, and giving him my valise, whiled away the time by inquiring into his history, until I came to the house of the boatman, with whom I had previously arranged my route. Having arrived there, I was detained some time while the good man was finishing his breakfast, and remained in the outward apartment, where I was an object of surprise and speculation to a number of children, who gazed on me as anxiously as did the Lilliputians on Gulliver. The beauty of one of these children, a charming little creature of ten or twelve years of age, particularly struck me. She entered the cabin with a piece of new grey calico disposed as a shawl over her shoulders, and went to the fire-place, where she rested her head against the sooty chimney-place; upon which I spoke to her for being so careless of her beautiful black hair; when immediately her brunette countenance was lighted up by the blush which diffused itself over her face: her large black eyes sparkled with delight, while the smile that played upon her pretty lips dimpled her now vermilion cheeks.

So passed the time until the boatman made his appearance, when, bidding my juvenile friends farewell, we repaired to the boat, which lay concealed in rushes in a swamp, which I little imagined to be part of Lough Corrib. By dint of pushing, we at length got clear of this unsightly marsh, when a large unbroken sheet of water opened to our view. The boatmen had now room enough, and depth of water, to ply their oars; and in a short time fair Oughterard was lost amidst the encircling hills. We soon approached one of the larger islands, to which we steered, for the purpose of hoisting a sail. Having shipped ballast, consisting of large stones, we shoved off, crossing on our course a pebbly bank, which being frequently uncovered by water, forms a causeway, upon which cattle are driven to graze upon the island. After a good deal of pushing and rubbing, we got out of the shallow, and were once more in motion, our speed being somewhat accelerated by the canvass.

The scenery now became of a more interesting character, forming a striking contrast to the southern

portion of the lake, which is bleak and devoid of any object worthy of observation, with the exception of the ruins of Aughanure Castle. These memorials of by-gone days stand solitarily upon the verge of the water, and it was with regret I felt obliged to give up the idea of visiting them, and content myself with the glimpse I had of them, from the road, on the preceding day. Towards Galway, the lake gradually narrows, and not far from the town forms itself into a river, descending turbulently through a rocky channel into Galway bay.

But to proceed with my narrative.—Upon the western banks now rose a number of hills, cultivated to their summits, between which were emerald valleys, ornamented with clumps of trees. One of the vales stretched out into the lake; its extremity, which was covered with wood, forming a beautiful promontory. We now occasionally passed a heavy boat lazily ploughing the water, with its cargo of potatoes or turf, bound from Galway. A little further we encountered a fleet of a better description, the crews of which consisted of Connemara and Joyce country people, repairing with various commodities to the market of Oughterard. A sketch of one of them may give an idea of the group.

There sat, in matronly dignity, the mistress, enveloped in a cloak of bright scarlet cloth, with a cap white as snow, the borders of which flapped with the breeze; it was confined to her head by a kerchief of a deep orange colour. By her side sat her daughter, without bonnet or cloak; her hair smoothly combed above her ample forehead, and looped over the ears; her open countenance beaming with good humour, and perhaps with joyful expectation of meeting at the market some Paddy who promised to be there; while the master himself, with his two coats of frieze, cord small clothes, and yellow vest, in meditative mood kept his eye to the sail; and, to complete the picture, one of the sons and a "sarvan boy" plied the busy oars.

Turning our course to the north-west, we were leaving behind the main body of the lake, and directly before us rose majestically out of the water a beautifully shaped conical hill, densely clothed from base to summit with a variety of trees, whose foliage was of every hue, from the light green of the ash, to the more sombre shade of the holly, which was again diversified by the russet tinge of the beech. As we drew nearer to it, the hill lost its regular form, and presented a side, also wooded, spreading along the verge of the lake, which is here but a strait connecting the northern branch with the principal sheet of water. Behind this wooded hill, which, if I recollect rightly, the boatman called Drumsnav, towered the rugged head of a majestic rocky mountain, the name of which I now forget. A little further on, a cottage of very humble construction revealed itself upon the side of the hill, sheltered by the surrounding plantation: one would scarcely suppose it to be the residence of a gentleman of fortune, although I was told it was occupied by such. We now distinguished a sail, which proved to be the pleasure yacht of this gentleman, tacking about, and flying before the wind. Turning the point of a promontory, I at last got a view of the object of my excursion—Hen Castle. But how shall I describe the sensation I felt as I approached this long-wished-for object? I will not attempt it. But, reader, if you desire a trip to repay you, go next summer to Lough Corrib; and if you be so fortunate to have fine weather, as I had, you will then experience, perhaps in a higher degree, the rapture which filled my breast.

The day, although so late in the season, was delightfully mild and clear, and so calm that the breeze which wafted us along merely rippled the surface of the lake. We now gained our destination,

when, springing from the boat, I jumped upon the rocky islet, which contains the ruins of Caislean-na-Cira, or the Hen's Castle. This strange appellation is accounted for in various traditions, but the most probable derivation is as follows:—One of the O'Flahertys, who bore the soubriquet of "the Cock," and to whom the castle, with much of the surrounding country, belonged, being constantly at variance with his neighbours, the Joyces, when hunting upon the adjacent mountains, was surprised by his enemies, and, together with all his followers, slain. The Joyces, imagining that the castle was now theirs, immediately attacked it, but very unexpectedly found it to be bravely and successfully defended by the wife of their victim. It is said that this valiant lady was the famous Grania Waille, who, in honour of her victory, was henceforth called "the Hen."

The keep, or castle, is in the form of a parallelogram, having turrets at three of the angles, and in the fourth a flight of straight stone steps, reaching to the upper story. I could not satisfy myself as to the entrance to the ground floor, though I afterwards discovered upon the island, without the walls, a subterraneous vaulted passage which probably leads to the interior of the building. The only perfect apartment is a low vaulted dungeon, in the wall of which still remains an iron ring, as a token of the misery of many an unhappy captive, who pined away in its narrow compass. The centre of the building seems to have been one undivided hall, of large dimensions, whose now gloomy walls have oftentimes re-echoed the uproarious wassail of the chieftains and their retainers. Enough of the walls are still standing to give an idea of some of the other apartments, and time has not been so wanton as completely to destroy the beautifully carved windows and doorways.

The prospect from the loftiest of the towers, whose winding steps may be easily ascended, is certainly the finest I have ever witnessed.

The diminutive island, barely large enough to hold the buildings of the castle, is situated in the centre of a circular basin, completely surrounded by mountains; some of them rocky and sterile, rising boldly out of the water; others more distant, upon receding slopes, whose sides, partly cultivated, relieve the eye. To the north, lies the valley of Maam; its hotel delightfully situated upon the margin of the lake, and near to it a large stone bridge, spanning the now dry bed of a mountain stream, which, in rainy weather, descends from the majestic Maam Turk, which rears its gloomy head in solitary grandeur behind the valley.

Again, to the east is Drumsnav, partly cultivated, having its southern extremity covered with wood; while to the south, the panorama is completed by the conical hills of Mount Gable and Benlevis.

As I stood upon the time-worn pinnacle, lost in admiration of this fairy scene, I was awakened from my reverie by the plashing of oars, and when I looked up was not a little surprised to see that—

"A damsel gulder of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay."

The fair navigator, who was accompanied by a female attendant, evidently did not expect to find another boat in the creek; she, however, landed, and walked through a portion of the ruins; but, I suppose, owing to her solitude being disturbed by a stranger, in a very short time again embarked; while I still remained in the same position until I lost sight of her tiny bark.

The sun was now far advanced on his course, warning me that it was time that I should also take my departure; I, therefore descended from the tower, and taking another turn through the ruins, then stepped into my boat. But I have neglected

saying something of the history of this venerable spot, the leading details of which are the following:—The original castle is supposed to have been built by the sons of Roderic O'Connor, with the assistance of Richard de Burgo. It was demolished a few years after, when it was again repaired by the O'Flahertys, to whom it reverted, and in whose possession it remained until the time of Cromwell, when it was finally dismantled and left to decay.

I seated myself in the boat so as to keep the island in view as long as possible; and, as it gradually diminished, the loveliness of the scene increased. My mind reverted to the days of old, when these now untrodden wastes were a busy scene, and I thought that were the chronicles of those ruined walls familiar to us, what theme they would furnish for romance, and what room for description in the enchanting scenery!

But Irishmen can descant upon the Rhine, the lakes of Italy, and soforth; yet how grossly ignorant are they of the beauties of their native land! Why is this? Is it that Ireland is destitute? No! Speak ye spirits of Killarney, Erne, Gill, Corrib, &c., and let your echoes respond. Ye mighty wave-worn cliffs, and noble mountains, all comparatively unknown! Such were my meditations when we turned the miniature promontory which hid the castle from view. We swiftly glided through the strait, and as my destination for the night was Cong, kept to the northern shores of the lake, which are bounded by the mountains of Joyce country. We passed by one of the larger islands, which was occupied by a farmer, whose comfortable cottage and well-filled farm-yard spoke well for the fertility of the soil, as well as the industry of the owner. There is great diversity in the size and appearance of the different islands: some are naked rocks, on which perch the gull and cormorant; others, whose sole tenant is some stunted tree; with many, whose extent and verdure afford good pasture to the cattle which browse upon them.

The sun was now setting behind the western hills; it was truly magnificent to behold him, gathering expiring energy, and clothing the firmament around him with a mantle of fire; the reflection of which gave to the lake, which became for a time slightly ruffled by the evening breeze, the appearance of a sea of molten gold.

But too soon this sublime sight had passed away, and all was calm and still as death; no sound breaking upon the ear, save the regular plash of the oars. The pale silvery moon shortly came forth upon her nightly course, and, by degrees, becoming brighter, seemed to blush at beholding herself in the water, the surface of which was smooth and clear as the mirror. So passed we on in silence, none of us interrupting the stillness which prevailed. On our left lay the ancient demesne and mansion of the Orammore family; many of the noble trees growing upon the edge of the lake bent their drooping branches to the water. The approach to Cong, by Lough Corrib, is exceedingly picturesque; near the village is a semi-circular harbour, above which rise gently sloping hills, on which, are here and there scattered pretty white cottages, whose neatness give an idea of comfort seldom to be met with. A little above the town, the superabundant waters of Lough Mask, after following a subterraneous course for about four miles, burst forth from their confinement, and mingle with those of their sister Corrib.

We now approached the little quay of Cong, and were presently once more upon *terra firma*. The boatman took my luggage and conducted me to the town. We slowly ascended a long hilly avenue, passing by the ruins of the once celebrated abbey, where are said to repose the remains of Roderic

O'Connor, the last of Connaught kings; but I believe this assertion has been proved to be incorrect. However, there is no doubt that it was here he spent his latter days after, being deprived of his regal dignity.

The moon shed her pale light upon these venerable ruins, lighting up, with suitable effect, the mouldering walls, and revealing their beautifully pointed arches.

We at length arrived at a public-house, which my conductor told me was the only hotel in the town: the shop was in darkness, but, on entering, we perceived a merry party of men and women in the kitchen around a blazing fire, at which hung a joint of meat roasting; the office of cook was performed by a young girl of very low stature, whose long fair hair hung about her shoulders in graceful disorder—the only means she used of keeping it off her face being by a jerk of the head. My companion told this damsel that I was a traveller who desired shelter for the night, to which she replied, to my great discomfort, that there was no room for me in the house, as the only traveller's bed was already engaged. After a good deal of entreaty, finding the case hopeless, we left, to look for "dry lodgings" elsewhere, if, haply, we might find them; but we sought in vain, for, after wandering from house to house, not one would afford me shelter from the cold, frosty night. I, therefore, made up my mind to the necessity of returning across the lake to Oughterard with the boatmen, and, in passing by the hotel, inquired if they would afford us some refreshment before setting out upon our moonlight sail; when a young man rode up to the door, who, after hearing my story, procured a candle and conducted me up stairs to a comfortable room, where he said I was at liberty to remain until the return of the landlord and his lady, who were at a neighbouring fair; at the same time giving me to understand that he feared I should then be obliged to quit. The boatman left me, promising to return before he would leave the town, and drawing a chair I sat down before the fire, determined to wait patiently until I should know what fortune awaited me. I remained uninterrupted for about half an hour, when the door opened, and a tall masculine looking woman entered. I, of course, stood up, and, guessing this to be the landlady, apologised for my presence, at the same time expressing a hope that she would extend her hospitality to me for the night. Oh! how anxiously I watched her countenance, to see if my eloquence had any effect in mollifying her; but I gave up the matter as devoid of hope when she replied, that a number of her friends had returned with her from the fair, which circumstance would prevent her entertaining a gentleman as she would wish; but, (ah! glorious word,) but, said she, "I should be sorry to turn out a stranger at this hour; you will, therefore, excuse any want of attention on my part." I need not say how readily I gave the required assurance. Her landladyship then told me I could have my dinner of roast mutton, when she made her exit. What a happy consummation, after the suspense I suffered! Susan, which was the name of the girl who refused me admittance, now appeared with dinner, to which I did ample justice, for I had not tasted food for twelve hours; after which I had a visit from the landlord, an intelligent man, with whom I conversed until a late hour, when I retired to bed, grateful for the kindness of my host and hostess. So terminated, gentle reader, a day on Lough Corrib.

J. W. S.

REVENUES OF THE MIND.—The ear and the eye are the mind's receivers; but the tongue is only busied in expending the treasure received. If therefore the revenues of the mind be uttered as fast or faster than they are received, it cannot be but that the mind must needs be bare, and can never lay up for purchase.

REPRODUCTION OF ATMOSPHERIC AIR.

M. Thenard has submitted to the French Academy of Sciences a communication on the means of remaining for a long period in a limited quantity of air, by the absorption of the carbonic acid gas exhaled, and the renewal of oxygen in proportion to its consumption. That the carbonic acid gas exhaled, and which, in excess, becomes fatal, may be absorbed by lime, is a well-known fact; but as it is necessary, in the purification of air, to replace the oxygen, which is the vital principle, as well as to get rid of the excess of what is injurious, the great object to be obtained in cases where, as in diving bells, it is important to make the same limited volume of air serve for several hours, is to produce oxygen with ease and certainty. M. Thenard proposes to employ oxygenated water, and has shown that not less than 375 times the volume of water of oxygen gas may be compressed in this vehicle, and subsequently liberated as required. But to produce this result, great care and expense are necessary; and when obtained, the difficulty of preventing the escape of the oxygen, when not wanted for immediate use, is also very great.

This, together with Dr. Payerne's experiments upon living under water, by reproducing pure air fit for respiration in the diving bell, fall short of the following, which we find in "Bishop Wilkins' Mathematical Magick," published in 1691:—

"Mercurius tells us that there is in France, one Barriocus, a diver, who hath lately found out an art whereby a man might easily continue under water for six hours together; and whereas ten cubical feet of air will not serve another diver to breathe in for half an hour, he, by the help of a cavity, not above one or two foot at most, will have breath enough for six hours, and a lantern scarce above the usual size to keep a candle burning as long as a man pleases.

"As for the many advantages and conveniences of such a contrivance, it is not easy to recite them.

"1. 'Tis *private*; a man may thus go to any coast of the world invisibly, without being discovered or prevented in his journey.

"2. 'Tis *safe*; from the uncertainty of *tides*, and the violence of *tempests*, which do never move the sea above five or six paces deep. From *pirates* and *robbers*, which do so infect other voyages; from ice and great frosts, which do so much endanger the passages towards the Poles.

"3. It may be of very great advantage against a navy of enemies, who by this means may be undermined in the water, and blown up.

"4. It may be of a special use for the relief of any place that is besieged by water, to convey unto them invisible supplies: and so likewise for the surprisal of any place that is accessible by water.

"5. It may be of unspeakable benefit for submarine experiments and discoveries."

WISDOM AND FOLLY.—The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions. The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts; or, in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

MATERNAL IMPRESSIONS TRANSMITTED.—A hen's egg, sat upon by a magpie, was productive of a gamecock, surpassing every other animal of the same kind. Pigeons of a lofty flight, covered by heavy birds, were no longer able to quit the earth; and, *vice versa*, poulets produced from eggs sat upon by pigeons, have been observed to fly higher, and keep longer upon the wing, than other birds of their kind.

DRAINAGE OF LAND.

A well-conducted system of drainage adds one quarter per acre to the produce of arable land. The drainage water of ten acres is nearly sufficient to irrigate one acre; and irrigation adds, at least, a ton of hay an acre to the produce of upland grass land, and may be made to yield a profit of full 30 per cent. on the capital expended; and yet how little irrigation is practised in such situations! Poor lands may be raised in value nearly 20s. the acre by the outlay of less than £10 in claying and marling. Bones to the value of about £10 applied to clayey pastures have produced equal benefit. The drilling of turnips adds four or five tons to the average weight of the crop; and yet, in how large a portion of the country is the old broadcast system persevered in; while in others the cultivation of turnips and other root-crops is entirely neglected. By means of drill manures, such as bones, guano, rape-dust, &c., a crop of turnips may be obtained, at little cost, which would furnish manure for other crops, and increase the produce of the land, both in corn and cattle; and yet how little are those manures employed! On the other hand, we see some of the best managers expending £200 or £300 yearly in the purchase of these manures, while they suffer the same value of ammonia, (every pound of which is capable of producing 60 pounds of corn) to escape into the atmosphere, from their dung-heaps, or to be carried away by the rain. Two hundred weight of gypsum, at a cost of 7s per acre, will add, at least, a ton an acre to the produce of clover, lucern, and saintfoin; yet, because gypsum costs so little, and because the application of it has failed, in some cases, when the soil contained a sufficiency of it, or when this sparing soluble salt was applied, in very dry weather, it is difficult to persuade farmers even to try it. The summer feeding of cattle, in stalls, and the use of liquid manures, which are found so profitable in Belgium, are almost unknown with us. It follows, then, that the great object of the owners and cultivators of the soil, instead of aiming at that which, in the present state of the country, is impracticable—viz., the maintenance of corn at a fictitious value, by means of legislative enactments, should be to adopt practices which have long prevailed, with success, in other districts, and to strike out new and improved systems of cultivation, which shall enable them to raise an increased produce at a diminished cost. Science is ready to aid them, if they will accept her services.—*Farmer's Mag.*

EDITING A NEWSPAPER.—Editors of papers must have a most onerous task. It is not the writing of the leading article itself, but the obligation to write that article every week, whether inclined or not, in sickness or in health, in affliction, distress of mind, winter or summer, year after year, tied down to one task, remaining in one spot. It is something like walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours. I have a fellow-feeling for them, for I know how a periodical will wear down one's existence. In itself it appears nothing—the labour is not manifest; nor is it the labour—it is the continual attention which it requires. Your life becomes, as it were, the publication. One week is no sooner corrected and printed, than on comes the other. It is the stone of Sisyphus—an endless repetition of toil, a constant weight upon the mind—a continued wearing upon the intellect and spirits demanding all the exertion of your faculties, at the same time that you are compelled to do the severest drudgery. To write for a paper is very well, but to edit one is to condemn yourself to slavery.—*Captain Maryat.*

SCENE IN AN IRISH COURT.

The following anecdote is illustrative, in some measure, of the manner in which the dull monotony of court business is sometimes relieved by a droll incident, or by an occasional flash of wit, from a "learned brother;" and in no part of the United Kingdom is the tedious procedure of law argument carried on with more good humour than in Dublin. A motion, in which Mr. H. (no less celebrated for his depth of legal lore, than for his extreme readiness at repartee, and his unrivalled powers of fun in cross-examining witnesses) was engaged, having been called on, was postponed until the following morning, in order to give time to procure an important affidavit, which would be required when the motion came on to be heard. In the mean time the attorney in the matter exerted himself to prepare the necessary document, and before going to bed he deposited it along with his other papers in the bag allotted for their transmission to and from court. On one side of the peg usually occupied by the aforesaid bag there also hung another bag, which was devoted to the reception of the attorney's old boots, and which then contained a pair or two of such articles. The next morning the apprentice, (who happened to be late,) in his hurry, to make up for lost time, seized the boot bag and hurried off to court, where he found Mr. H. anxiously waiting the arrival of the important document, on which the result of the motion depended; when, upon thrusting his hand into the bag, what was his astonishment, when he drew forth, not an affidavit, but an *old boot*, whose sole had long since departed! This was an excellent opportunity for a witticism, and accordingly holding up the boot in his hands, amidst the roars of the bar and the court, and putting on a grave face, he exclaimed:—"I am sure your lordship can have no difficulty now in deciding in my favour, for nobody knows better than your lordship, that *there is nothing like leather.*" L.

THE SILLONETER.—This is an apparatus which has been contrived and patented by M. Clement, of Rochefort, for indicating the speed of ships. It has so successfully accomplished the purpose, that the French admiralty have ordered its application to the ships in the Royal Navy of France. It consists of a piece of copper, called the *agent*, against which the water acts. The agent is attached to a moveable plug of the same metal, which slides in a copper tube fixed through the centre of a vessel to the keel; to this plug is attached a lever, which, by means of a vertical rod, acts on a second lever placed on the deck of the vessel, and communicating with a spring; the tension of the spring constitutes equilibrium with the pressure of the water on the agent, and serves to measure the rate at which the ship is moving by means of a hand; the movements of which, on a graduated dial, indicates, at every moment, not only the speed of the ship, but also the distance passed within short intervals. A table annexed to the instrument allows the officer of the watch to note the distance traversed at the moment when his watch is relieved. The instrument indicates either the influence of a sail furled or unfurled, of a change in the placing of the ballast, or of the guns; and what is the most favourable direction of the wind for its action on the sails, which is very important, either in giving chase or endeavouring to get away. It offers also the advantage of measuring, when at anchor, the force of a current on the keel.

OPPORTUNITIES.—He who is catching opportunities because they seldom occur, would suffer those to pass by unregarded which he expects hourly to return.

GAMING.

Disquietude of mind, ill health, and premature death, are among the evils arising from this fatal passion. And is this the goal which the gamester, after the most indefatigable and severe exertions of the mind, which men of this description certainly sustain—is this the goal which they have thus toiled to reach! and are these the rewards? The defeat of virtue, and the triumph of vice! The exchange of all that is amiable, for all that is odious in human nature. In short, for contentment and peace of mind, misery and remorse of conscience! Such are the gifts which the demon of gaming bestows on its deluded votaries. Surely we must deem such men to act, as it were by certain rule and method, the part of a madman. Ask him, is it avarice that prompts him?—No, he will tell you he cares not for money. What is it, then, allures him? He replies, it is the fashion of the day. Blush, O reason, since man, who boasts to have you for a guide, can form such an excuse for yielding himself to destruction! In order to be termed a man of fashion and spirit, he has recourse to the hazard table, where he soon falls into the snare laid for him; and play, from an occasional amusement, becomes a perpetual employment and fatigue; nor does he discover his error until he has gone too far to recede. He becomes, at length, a professed gamester, and associates with men who live in constant violation of the laws. The desire of gain is solely prevalent in his mind. To the shrine of lucre, he sacrifices both by day and night, the practice of virtue, and that peculiar happiness arising from rectitude of conduct. He plunders the young and inexperienced with as much apathy as his old and hardened associates; and, to crown the whole, he in time makes as *honourable* an exit. And shall this baneful indulgence, then, which includes so many vices, be fashionable? Is it fit that we, who boast of being civilised, should degrade ourselves in so unworthy a manner? No. Let reason reassume her empire; let us cherish virtuous industry, and shew our abhorrence of gaming by expelling its votaries from society.

THE GRANDMOTHER OF QUEENS MARY AND ANNE.—About the year 1625, there came to London a poor country wench, to get employment; and nothing better offering, she engaged to convey beer by the gallon on her head, from a brewhouse. Being lively and handsome, her master fancied her, and made her his wife, soon after leaving her a widow, with considerable property. Unable to read and write, she called in the aid of one Hyde, an attorney, who, liking her fortune, made her his wife. By her Hyde had children, and afterwards being returned to parliament, was made chancellor and created Earl of Clarendon. James Duke of York having gained the affections of one of his daughters, the Earl compelled him to marry her; and the fruits were Queens Mary and Anne, whose grandmother was, of course, the very country wench of sixty years preceding.

DESTRUCTION OF CATERPILLARS BY SPARROWS.—A pair of sparrows, during the time they have their young to feed, destroy on an average, every week, 3360 caterpillars. Two parents have been known to carry to the nest 40 caterpillars in an hour; and supposing the sparrows to enter the nest only 12 times during each day, this would cause a consumption of 480 caterpillars extirpated weekly from a garden. They likewise feed their young with butterflies and other winged insects, each of which, if not destroyed in this manner, would become the parents of hundreds of caterpillars.

CHILDREN.

Oh! what on earth can yield delight
When the heart's depress'd with care?
Say, what can cheer in sorrow's night
When life becomes both sad and drear?

Yes! childish innocence can raise
The heart when sunk in sorrow;
Can wile the mind with pleasing lays
Of gladness on the morrow.

Lovely, fond, endearing creatures,
Prattling tongues, with joy and mirth;
Your's the simplest, brightest features,
In this sinful, wicked earth.

Mark the fair and curling tresses
Shading eyes with beauty bright,
Mark the childish dear caresses
Which they lavish at first sight.

Are there any fools of fashion
Who dare frown at thy embrace?
Name them, slaves of sin and passion!
Offspring of some sordid race.

Thy way's so full of truth and love,
A solace sweet to man was given—
To raise his thoughts to things above,
To light and cheer his way to Heaven.

IOWA.

TEMPERANCE.

DRUNKENNESS.—In the Consistorial Court, Dublin, Nov. 28, arguments of counsel were heard in the case of “*Lord Galmoy v. Lady Galmoy*.” One of the charges alleged against her Ladyship was drunkenness. The Judge (Dr. Ratcliffe) observed—“I wish I had jurisdiction to divorce people who are given to habits of drunkenness. If I had, I would not hesitate to act upon it in the case of either husband or wife; and I shall certainly try to ascertain all the authority in this court in such cases.”

HOT PUNCH AT NIGHT TO CURE A COLD.—This is a frequent remedy. A more dangerous cannot be. What is called a cold is always depending upon partial inflammation, and as ardent spirits increase the action of the arteries, the inflammation may extend; and, if on the lungs, may prove fatal. In slight cases, however, a perspiration induced by the punch may relieve, but it is a dangerous experiment; such a remedy will be always esteemed by a certain class of people, and those will always have an excuse for it. If they get better the next morning, after this dose of delight, they extol to the skies its medicinal qualities; and if, on the other hand, they are worse in the morning, they tell you that if it were not for the hot punch which they took the night before, they are sure they would be still worse—if not gone altogether!—“How fortunate!” It is more dangerous than opium. A hot drink of *whisky* is a true remedy.

THE PASSIONS.—These like heavy bodies down steep hills, once in motion, move themselves, and know no ground but the bottom.

SINGULAR HEAT DEVELOPED.—If a piece of tin-foil is wrapped in a piece of platinum-foil of the same size, and exposed on charcoal to the action of the blow-pipe, the union of the two metals is indicated by a rapid whistling, and by an intense brilliancy in the light which is emitted. If the globule thus melted is allowed to drop into a basin of water, it remains for some time red hot at the bottom; and such is the intensity of the heat, that it melts and carries off the glaze of the basin from the part on which it happens to fall.

THE HUMAN BODY—THE JOINTS.

The ends of human bones entering into the joints, having their forms adapted to one another, are covered with cartilage; then they are tied together by ligaments; and, in addition, a membrane called *synovial*, is spread over the ends of the bones and lines the ligaments, forming a shut bag, whose inner surfaces are everywhere in contact, and, to obviate friction are moistened with a bland mucilaginous fluid, called *synovia*. The synovial membrane has a smooth velvety surface, like the membrane which lines the mouth and nose. The fluid which serves the purpose of oil to the joints, does not, in reality, contain any oil, yet it has very much the feeling of oil when rubbed between the fingers. When it increases too much in quantity, it produces dropsy of the joints.

The structure of articular cartilage seems to prevent any of that jarring which might be expected to result, were the hard surfaces of bones to be brought with violence immediately into contact.

The head is set upon the first vertebra of the neck, through the medium of a couple of joints, admitting of only flexion and extension. When a short nod of the head is given, the motion takes place here. The first vertebra of the neck is a circle moving round a pin projecting from the second vertebra—thence called the *axis*—carrying the head round with it, in the quick short movement of looking sidewise. The only complete dislocation that takes place in the spine is at this joint, in consequence of the destruction of a ligament which keeps the bones in their places. When this happens, the weight of the head makes it fall forward, carrying the first vertebra with it, and the spinal marrow is so nipt between its ring and the projecting pin of the other, that the sufferer dies as surely and as instantaneously as if his neck were severed by the axe of the executioner. In a man who is hanged, too, this is generally the cause of death; not, indeed, in one who deliberately suspends himself in his own handkerchief; but the criminal who is launched from the drop, with the fall of several feet, and dies instantaneously, has his neck dislocated, while he who struggles perishes from suffocation.

The articulation of the lower jaw, with the temporal bone, is almost completely a hinge-joint. The upper end, or *condyle*, of the jaw-bone is covered with cartilage, and so is the socket, and the two bones are tied together by side ligaments. Besides, there is a moveable cartilage in the joint which accompanies the condyle of the jaw in its motion. Notwithstanding all those appliances, the jaw is sometimes dislocated, slipping forward off the eminence upon which it gets when the mouth is opened. When this accident takes place, which generally happens from a violent yawn, the patient is left with his mouth wide open, and has not the power of closing it, presenting a very ludicrous figure to his companions, though his situation is to himself sufficiently uncomfortable. After this dislocation has happened it is exceedingly liable to be reproduced, in consequence of the torn ligaments never properly uniting.

Strong bands of fibres tie the collar-bone to a slight hollow in the upper corner of the breast-bone; the motion is very free, and, to render it more so, a moveable cartilage is interposed between them. This joint is very rarely indeed injured. The collar-bone and shoulder blade are very firmly bound together so as to move as one piece; and yet a slight yielding is permitted; otherwise, as they stand at right angles to one another, fracture or dislocation, about this joint, would much more frequently occur.

The shoulder-joint is of all others the most frequently dislocated. This results partly from its form, and partly from its being more exposed to

violence—since every fall, whether upon the shoulder, arm, or hand, has a tendency to displace it. The cavity on the shoulder-blade is so small and shallow, that the round head of the arm-bone is laid not in it, but on it; its barrel-shaped capsular ligament is strong, but loose, so that the bone depends for being retained in its place, upon the muscles which surround it; and if these be overcome, or taken by surprise, particularly when the arm is raised above the head, the head of the bone is dislocated down into the arm-pit. It is, in general, replaced without much difficulty, but is exceedingly liable to be thrown out again.

The elbow-joint is more complex than the shoulder. It is double in its motions, admitting of the flexion and extension of the fore-arm on the arm, and the rolling of the head of the radius. It may be dislocated in many directions. Both bones of the fore-arm are, most commonly, thrown backward, as in consequence of a fall on the hand—then the arm is nearly straight, and cannot be bent. Sometimes the fore-arm is thrown sideways, either outward or inward, and sometimes the radius is dislocated alone—backwards, forwards, or outwards. From its complexity it is also exceedingly subject to disease.

The wrist is a hinge-joint, moving backwards and forwards, and also allowing the hand to be carried a little edgeways, outwards or inwards. This joint is almost never dislocated; but it is liable to sprains, and to disease, producing occasionally the loss of the hand.

The bones of the hand are not subject to dislocations, except at the joint between the first and second pieces of the thumb—a seemingly trifling affair; but one which is extremely difficult to set to rights—so much so, that many of those who are the subjects of this accident, continue to go with the point of the thumb bent back all the rest of their days.

The hip-joint consists of a deep socket in the haunch-bone, into which the round head of the thigh-bone is set. A capsular ligament, of great strength, of a barrel-shape, attached round the edge of the socket and to the neck of the bone, fixes it in its place. The opposed surfaces of the bones are covered with cartilage, and are tied together by an internal ligament.

The knee is the most complicated joint in the whole body. The ends of the thigh-bone and tibia are each covered with cartilage, and in contact, but neither of them is hollowed—so that the joint does not depend for strength on its form, but on the number and strength of its ligaments. Two of these are placed externally and internally—as in all hinge-joints—and seven others are arranged, in different positions, within and without it. The knee-pan is placed in front of it, and the whole is lined with a synovial membrane, which is the largest in the body—hence the fever and extreme constitutional disturbance that arise when this joint becomes inflamed. It lies very superficial, being covered only by the skin in the greatest part of its extent; and hence it is very easily wounded by a cut or prick from any sharp instrument. It is never dislocated except by such a force as destroys it altogether, and necessitates the removal of the limb by amputation altogether.

The ankle is a hinge-joint, having one lateral ligament on its inner, and three on its outer side. The ankle-joint may be dislocated forwards, or to either side. This never happens without one of the ankles being broken off, the ligaments being so strong that the bone will break rather than they should give way. Dislocation of the ankle can scarcely take place without a wound coexisting.

The joints across the foot are numerous, and not easily described in a treatise of this kind.—*Engineer's Magazine*.

PRODUCTION OF DEW AND FROST.

Assuming the principle, that all bodies of the earth's surface are constantly tending to assume an equilibrium of temperature by the alternate radiation and absorption of heat, many natural phenomena may be satisfactorily explained. Thus, the formation of dew and frost are dependant on this important law in nature. Dew is most commonly observable during the Spring and Summer months, and seems to be a wise and provident provision of nature to assist and protect the growth and development of plants when the earth is parched up by the excessive drought which had previously existed, and caused the entire vegetable world to assume a languishing condition.

During night-time, after the departure of the solar rays, when the star-lit sky presents a clear cloudless aspect, and the circumambient atmosphere produces a cold and chilling sensation, dew is most copiously deposited. At this period, that harmonious interchange of heat, between the surface of the earth and surrounding bodies, becomes temporarily interrupted, and a reduction of its temperature necessarily takes place, from its heat passing off under the radiant form, and being lost in space.

The stratum of air immediately in contact with the ground becomes cooled by contact, and the watery vapour which it had previously retained in its more elastic state, becomes condensed, and is deposited in *pearly drops* as liquid water. The air itself at this moment being rendered specifically lighter than the superincumbent portions, ascends, whilst the heavier portions descend to supply its place, and undergo a similar change, a series of which proceed until some physical cause puts a stop to it altogether. Should the temperature of the air itself be very cool, and the night particularly clear, a still further depression of temperature may take place, so far, that the drops of dew at the moment of their formation may be congealed, and thus form frost.

Under ordinary states of our system, this change is prevented from taking place by the canopy of clouds that at all times invert the surface of the earth, and which equally radiate and absorb heat, and then maintain the temperature of the air and surrounding bodies at an equilibrium.

Substances that radiate heat best are those on which dew and frost are commonly found deposited; for example, leaves of plants, wood and filamentous substances generally; whilst it is never found on polished surfaces, metal, glass, sand, &c.

Vegetable plants are wisely protected from the nipping night frosts of Spring and Autumn, by covering them lightly with fibrous mats, to prevent the free radiation of heat from the ground, and retain it at a proper temperature for their preservation and growth; and in like manner, the mantle of snow that invests the surface of the ground in Winter time, prevents the loss of heat from the soil below and favours the vegetation of the seed. W. T.

THE HUMAN FRAME COMPARED TO A WATCH.—

The heart is the main spring, the stomach the regulator, and what we put into it the key by which the machine is wound up; according to the quantity, quality, and proper digestion of what we eat and drink will be the pace of the pulse, and the action of the system in general. When we observe a due proportion between the quantum of exercise and that of excitement, all goes on well. If the machine be disordered, the same expedients are employed for its re-adjustment as are used by the watchmaker—it must be carefully cleaned and judiciously oiled.

THE NIGHTS.

Oh! the Summer Night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne;
While the sweet Winds load her
With garlands of odour,
From the bud to the rose o'er blown!

But the Autumn Night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free,
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of the Thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea!

And the Winter Night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain;
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And the warm Spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain;

Oh, the Night, the Night!
'Tis a lovely sight,
Whatever the clime or time;
For sorrows then soareth,
And the lover out-poureth
His soul in a star-bright rhyme.

It bringeth sleep
To the forests deep,
The forest-bird to its nest:
To Care bright hours,
And dreams of flowers,
And that balm to the weary—Rest!

G.

TO OUR READERS.

"THE BALLAD SINGER OF LIMERICK."

The subscribers of the DUBLIN JOURNAL have so much increased during the interval that has unavoidably elapsed since the publication of the *first part* of the "Ballad Singer," that we will republish it in our next number, in order that they may read the entire story consecutively. We now have the entire MS., and will publish portions in each successive number, until it is fully completed. By this arrangement we will obviate much inconvenience which would otherwise arise.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"INQUIRY."—When the entire of the MS. is sent to us we shall be enabled to judge of its merits.

"W. T."—We shall thankfully accept the communications.

"Cork."—We shall most heartily avail ourselves of the suggestions of our able correspondent. We are highly flattered by his kind attentions. We uniformly supply our publisher with the DUBLIN JOURNAL in time for Thursday's post, every week, and are informed by him that they are duly despatched. We cannot, consequently, account for the delay complained of.

The FIRST PART of our Second Vol. was published on the 28th November, and ought, therefore, to be, ere this, in the hands of our subscribers.

Several communications arrived too late for notice this week.

Printed for the Proprietors, at the Office, 23, Lower Market-street, Dublin, where all communications (post-paid) are to be addressed, to the Editor.

Published by T. Tuce & Co., 8, Lower Abbey-street, Dublin; and all Booksellers.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 7.—Vol. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

REMINISCENCES OF A BARRISTER.

MURDER WILL OUT !

"An orphan's curse will drag to hell
A spirit from on high ;
But oh ! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye."

Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

Not very many years ago, whilst on circuit, the following extraordinary case came under my notice—a case which, all will admit, fully proves that a particular Providence never loses sight of the murderer, and, generally speaking, brings him finally to punishment. This occurrence excited, from its circumstances, a great deal of interest—so that, on the day of trial, the courts were crowded to excess. It was that of a foreigner, who was tried, at his own instance, on account of a murder, which would have inevitably remained buried in oblivion, had not the inward workings of a distressed conscience prompted him to reveal it. The circumstances which immediately led to his making the confession were so out of the common, that I shall briefly narrate them :

Happening to be stopping at an inferior inn in a small seaport town, during his stay, a poor sailor, who was a cabin-boy in one of the ships in the harbour, chanced to fall, by some accident, from the bowsprit, and being unable to swim, was drowned ere assistance could be brought ; his dead body was laid in an out-house of this inn, which was adjacent to the scene of his death, until an inquest could be held, but, as soon as that was over, it was placed in its coffin in a room in the house, whither multitudes flocked to see it, induced by that unaccountable spirit of curiosity, that derives a pleasure even from objects the most revolting : the fact of its being uncommon, as Addison says, "bestows charms even on a monster." Amongst others Monsieur D'Eleve, as we shall name the criminal, actuated, some will say by chance, but I would rather say by a just and retributive Providence, unwittingly entered this chamber of death ; but no sooner had he cast a look on the body, the eyelids of which, at this critical moment, were, by some movement of the bier, partly opened, than exclaiming—"Oh, my God !" he fainted away. This was, by the by-standers, attributed, of course, to the sight of a corpse acting on a perhaps very nervous mind, and any impression it made soon wore away ; but not so with Monsieur D'Eleve : after

he was recovered from the swoon, that a vast change had come over him, was remarked by even the casual observers of the house ; but their astonishment was still further increased when they heard, a few days after, that the stranger had surrendered himself into the hands of justice for a murder which had been committed by him upwards of twenty years before.

And now having, as it were, initiated our reader into the circumstances which led to the confession, we must give the story in his own words, or as nearly as possible :—

"When and where I was born, it matters not ; it will be quite sufficient to state, that my family was of a very high standing, and that I was a younger son. I early shewed a predilection for the army ; and, as this quite accorded with my father's intentions, my wishes met with no opposition. As soon as possible a commission was obtained for me, and I eagerly joined my regiment. It was in a time of peace that I got it, and all know how very bad a school for youth the army is at such a period. I soon acquired dissipated habits, and entered into expenses beyond my income : in short, I was becoming very much embarrassed, when the death of my father and elder brother, which followed each other in quick succession, raised me above my difficulties. I now, in some measure reformed ; in fact, every one said that I was quite altered : I no longer associated with the idler and the *roué*, nor indulged in unwonted extravagance ; but there was one vice which I had acquired, and this one never left me—it was the vice of *gambling* ! Often have I sat at the *rouge et noir* table for a couple of days with no interruption, and got up, sometimes a winner and sometimes a loser of thousands. My fortune was so very equally balanced, that at twelve months' end I had neither lost nor gained ; but, in the nature of things, this equilibrium could not long continue : a run came against me, and in two short days I arose a poorer man by two-thirds of my property. During the space of time I have been speaking of, it must not be supposed that I absented myself from the *beau monde*—not at all ; I was a pretty constant attendant on all the *fetes* and balls ; and, now that I am on the brink of eternity, it will not be accounted vanity when I say that I was both courted and admired. In my regiment there was another officer of my own age and standing, and one who was very similar to me in his tastes ; in a short

time we became bosom friends, and inseparable companions: one thing, however, there was, in which he mainly differed from me—he abhorred *gambling*! and it was well he did; for, being a younger son like myself, his means were not even so large as mine originally were; but those means, I must mention, for a reason which will appear by and by, were entirely at his own disposal.

“In the balls and assemblies which we generally frequented together, we frequently met a Miss S., a young English lady of great personal beauty, but possessing still greater attractions in the suavity and elegance of her manners. It was soon apparent to all who knew him, that my friend, whom we shall call D’Eperne, was deeply smitten, for he exhibited all the symptoms of a love-sick knight; at length it became so well known, that his brother officers used constantly to quiz him about the lady. When it came to this pitch, I resolved (for truly I loved him as a brother) to ask him the truth of the report; he acknowledged, without hesitation, that he did indeed love, and that to distraction, for he fancied there was no return. I strenuously advised him to hazard the inquiry of the lady herself; this he did that very evening, and was not rejected. From henceforth he was a changed man; but it was a change for the better in every respect. Shortly after this, some of his brother officers beginning as usual to quiz him about Miss S., he calmly got up and said, that he should ‘consider it a personal affront if any one in future should, before him, use that lady’s name lightly.’ Of course this was equivalent to an open declaration of the state of affairs, and as such was respected.

“A war had now broken out; it was hailed with joy by turbulent spirits, and men of broken fortune like myself; but the tidings fell like a weight of lead on the hearts of D’Eperne and his lovely wife, to whom he had been united six months, for now he must leave her, and perhaps for ever. But since it was inevitable, instead of spending their time in idle lamentations and useless regrets, they immediately began to cast about them to see what was best to be done. It was resolved that Madame D’Eperne should go to her family in England, until the war should be concluded. I was with this excellent pair the very last evening they ever spent together. An attempt to describe it would be vain; but oh! it was heart-rending to see that lovely woman hanging over a darling husband, while something seemed to whisper to her that it was for the last time.

“War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
That from the aged father tears the child.”

“A murderous fiend by fiends adored;
He kills the sire and starves the son;
The husband kills——”

“How graphic is this description of war!

“Time, however, stays for none, and D’Eperne saw his way on her way to England. Our regiment was one of the first that was ordered to the field of action, and many were the scenes of carnage and strife in which we were engaged. In about seven months my friend got a letter from his wife, in which she told him that she had borne him a son, and asked him what name he should have? He gave it my

name, ‘Louis,’ the name of his friend, for we were becoming more attached every day.

“We had a hard fight and had been victorious. During the heat of the engagement I had lost sight of D’Eperne; but now, as I was returning at the head of my company over the field of battle, I was attracted by a heavy sigh and a faint repetition of my name. I dismounted at once, and walked towards the spot whence the sound proceeded; and, oh! how much was I shocked and grieved to behold my friend stretched amidst a heap of slain—himself scarce more alive than they—his life was ebbing fast! ‘Oh! D’Eleve,’ cried he, ‘how thankful am I for this interview! I have not many moments to live, but I feel less the agony of death since I have so true a friend to whom I can confide my beloved wife and child. You will find my will in my desk; in it I have left you the guardian to my orphan son, and I know you will fulfil the trust. May Heaven bless you. Tell Ellen I never forgot her.’ He had scarce finished these few but pithy words, ere life was extinct. I need not say that they made a deep impression on my soul, and I internally vowed that I would accomplish the wishes of my friend to the utmost that lay in my power; and the perusal of his will, in which, with the noble generosity of friendship, he had left me his property, if I outlived his wife and child, and if his son died without issue, only strengthened my resolve. I, of course, without delay, communicated all these melancholy tidings to the widow. The army, after this, went into Italy, and I accompanied it. Oh! that I had been slain in some of those battles through which my destiny carried me scatheless—but it was fated otherwise!

“The war was at length concluded, and I, as soon as possible, came to this country. My friend’s widow had never recovered the blow inflicted on her by her husband’s death, but had died shortly before my arrival. I took the boy immediately under my own ken, without any opposition on the part of his friends, and went with him to London, that he might have the benefit of a first-rate education, for I was determined to make him all that my beloved friend could have wished. Louis, who was now six years old, soon wound himself round my heart, (for he was amiable and lovely, like his mother,) and I was very happy, but, alas! this was not to continue. After having been so long employed in an active and exciting manner, the tameness of every-day-life soon became insupportable, and the passion for play returned with overwhelming vehemence. I yielded! and it makes my blood now run cold whilst I reflect upon the consequences! My luck was for a long while very similar to that which I had when first beginning to play—I mean that I neither lost nor won. This ought to have been a warning, but I took it otherwise; for I calculated with the gambler’s false arithmetic of chances, that the same result could not twice follow, and that this time I would be as successful, as before I was unfortunate; moreover, I put a kind of gloss over my vice, making it appear almost a virtue, by persuading myself that it was for Louis’s sake I was playing, that I might leave him a large inheritance: thus concealing, even from my own heart, the utter selfishness of my proceedings. Fortune, in a few months, declared against me. I lost, in a few sittings, not only my own, but a great part of my ward’s property. I rose from the table absolutely frantic! My first thoughts turned to suicide, but something made me put it off. I threw myself upon my bed, and bitter thoughts and fruitless wishes passed through my mind—nay, sometimes a ray of hope shot across; but to all, the heart-rending thought that it was too late—which, we are told, will be a chief ingredient in the misery of the lost—arose an insuperable obstacle. I remained in this horrible

state, which none can tell but those who have felt it, for upwards of two days, during which period the caresses of the innocent little Louis added in no small degree to my torture. At length I recollected D'Eperne's will, and the dreadful idea of murder flitted vaguely and indistinctly across my mind; the thought was then involuntary—a suggestion, doubtless, of the demon. It did not seem as if I could do such a thing, but that such a thing might be done. This thought recurred often, until at length it became as it were naturalised to my mind, and I contemplated the deed without horror. I even still think that my senses were wandering at the time. It seems too horrible that I, in my right mind, should kill one I loved so well as Louis; but *gambling* makes all its victims fiends and madmen.

"I followed a hearse in the paraphernalia of woe. All remarked my altered look; indeed, I looked wretched; and was it wonderful, when I was a murderer? It was I who cut down this fair flower before its time, which all supposed withered by the fell hand of consumption! A slow and secret poison, of which I had learned the composition in Italy, served my purpose, and rid me from my embarrassment; but by the deed I had forestalled hell. I would have given worlds for even *that* peace which I had enjoyed before the committal of this act; yet how strangely infatuated was I! I had seen him die by inches, but never thought of saving him until I heard the knell-like sound of 'it's too late, it's too late,' singing in my ears!

"These words were never out of my mind for a minute together. I rushed to the gaming table for relief, and entered like a desperado into the deepest play. Strange to say, fortune was now on my side, and I won immensely; but even high play soon became insipid. I fell into a delirious fever, and none but myself can tell the agony of mind which I suffered on my recovery—dreading, as I did, that during my ravings I had revealed that awful crime with which my mind was burdened; for truly any one might have pointed me out as one

* Conscius, et cui fervens
Æstemat occultis animus, semperque tacendis.*

"This was betrayed in my looks, actions, and every thing else. My fears, however, were groundless. I next had recourse to travelling; but again, in the words of another Latin poet, might I daily have exclaimed—

* Scandit æratas vitiosa cura naves.*

"My crime was ever beside me; indeed I may say, without exaggeration, that since the event I have not enjoyed a peaceful moment. The great secrecy I was obliged to keep was itself a misery. Many times before this have I been on the eve of discovering myself; but something has hitherto prevented me. To account for my doing so now I shall only mention, that ever since the committal of the crime, I have had an absolute horror of looking on a corpse; but, more than all, if its eyes be at all open. It was these circumstances, combined with a striking likeness between the young sailor and Louis, which has led to my confession. Inscrutable, indeed, are the ways of Providence."

Here the unfortunate man broke off; he was several times during the narration interrupted by floods of tears, particularly at the part where he spoke of his friend's dying injunctions. After having, as the saying is, "made a clean breast of it," he seemed much happier. He was executed, by his own request, in this country; his own government having been written to for permission. His property he left to several charities, but principally to the Asylums for the destitute and orphan.

T. D. H.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MISS M. R., ELIGO.

She drooped, the sweetest of all flowers
That ever bloomed in Erin's bowers;
She drooped, but round her virgin bed
The hallowed tears of love were shed,
And faith's auspicious light was given,
Th' unerring light that leads to heaven.
When friends despairing round her stood,
Her ark was in her Saviour's blood.
Alas! that pale consumption's worm
Should riot in so fair a form.
Alas! that e'er the eye could trace
The wreck of even a single grace;
Nay, even before her budding charms
Had wooed the lover to her arms—
Before the gentle creature stood
Ripe in the flower of womanhood—
That death should all those charms deface,
The pride and hope of all our race.

Joy, joy, on t'other hand to see
The blooming shoots of such a tree
Transplanted to eternity.

Alas! for him who writes the dirge,
Tho' other themes his muse may urge;
Those scenes of life, as bright as gay,
May sometimes lend a holiday;
But the sweet memory of that maid
Shall come, like twilight's sober shade,
To tell him all that's fair and bright
In day, must end at last in night;
But when that night has passed away,
'Twill shine again in endless day.

Dec. 8, 1842.

J. A. O.

ORIGIN OF PUNCTUATION.

The learned German, Augustus Matthæi, in his Greek Grammar, says, that it was not till the great influx of strangers to Alexandria had impaired the purity of the Greek language, that the art of pointing became an object with the learned. Matthæi further states that Aristophanes of Byzantium, the Grammarian, who was born about the year 240, invented three marks, by which to distinguish the divisions of a discourse:—upon the authority of the Port Royal Latin Grammar, and from what is further stated by Matthæi, it appears that his statement, that there were three marks, is too large: in fact there was only one mark, a *point*, serving three different offices, each office being distinguished by the situation of the point;—for instance, if the position of the point was over the last letter of a word, it performed the part of our full-point, and denoted the end of a period or complete close of the sentence;—if placed in or at the middle of a letter, it served for our colon-point, perhaps also for our semi-colon-point, and denoted that the proposition was only partly finished, that another member, beginning with a pronoun or conjunction was necessary or about to be added, and from its position it was by the Latins termed *media distinctio*;—if placed at the bottom of the last letter of a word, from its position it was by the Latins called *subdistinctio*, and denoted that the sense was altogether incomplete or suspended. Afterwards when pointing came into more general use, to denote a period, the point was removed from the top to the bottom of the word—to denote a colon, the point bearing the form of our colon-point was adopted—and a point, bearing somewhat the form of the comma-point, was used to denote a comma;—these last three points are found in some of the oldest manuscripts now extant.—*Francillon's Essay.*

EXAMPLE.—Nothing is so contagious as example: never was there any considerable good or ill done, that does not produce its like. We imitate good actions through emulation, and bad ones through a malignity in our nature.

THE BALLAD SINGER OF LIMERICK.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Cork lads and Limerick lasses" being proverbially the boast of Munster, it is not surprising that we should choose a hero or heroine amongst them, in preference to the lads, however brave, and lasses, however fair, of less favoured counties. Our choice in the present instance renders a personal description of our heroine totally unnecessary. When we say she was a daughter of the city of the siege, who will require to be told that she was lovely? Could she, in whose veins ran the purest blood of its fair and high-spirited defenders, be otherwise than virtuous? This being sufficient to satisfy any Irishman or Irishwoman worthy of the name, we will, without further preface, relate the "true history" of one whose proudest distinction was that of being a "Limerick lass."

Kate O'Carrol was the daughter of a merchant, who, for many years, had maintained a high character for integrity in the city of Limerick. About the time that our heroine arrived at the age of eighteen, some of those circumstances which affect the credit of mercantile men, created a doubt of Mr. Carrol's stability. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," and when it turns, few, indeed, are able to swim against it: wave follows wave, till the poor struggling wretch is overcome—his own efforts but serving to accelerate his doom—and he sinks, at length, into the ocean of obscurity. And so with the poor merchant: bill followed bill, till the demands he could have met singly, became overwhelming when made together, and he found himself utterly ruined. Constant anxiety and depression of spirits brought on an illness of which he died, leaving to his wife and child little besides an unsullied name.

Reader! will you disturb your imagination from its soft arm-chair of fiction—from woes deep as cambric handkerchiefs and sal-volatile can make them—from heroes and heroines who "die of a rose in aromatic pain," to trace with us the *real progress* of the widow and her child, once rich and fastidious as yourself, towards utter destitution—to follow them from lodging to lodging—to mark the transfer of their scanty furniture, from the room of the poor widow to the shops of the rich pawnbroker—to watch their meals daily becoming poorer in quality and less in quantity, till every resource is exhausted, and they are starving!

Yes, there is such a thing as starvation! Oh! you who doubt its existence—you, who cannot bring your indolent mind to understand the meaning of so *vulgar* a word! terrible is the form in which conviction of its reality will reach your paralysed soul! You, who turn your eyes from the starving mechanic, from the palled workwoman, whom the cost of one of your fancied wants would support for weeks—is there no thorn in the bed of roses on which your conscience sleeps? And you, saintly Pharisee, who pay, in the *eye of the world*, with scrupulous exactitude for your high-priced luxuries, think you that they are paid for? No; their price is the tear wrung from poverty and misery—the struggle of the noble mind—the throb of the broken heart! Unfaithful stewards, when will the last farthing of your debts be paid?

The only memento of better days which now remained to them was a dog, which had been a great favourite of Mr. O'Carrol's. He had followed them through all the stages of poverty, with a degree of fidelity which endeared him to them, the more from the contrast it presented to the conduct of their

friends. Kate had willingly shared her own scanty meals with him; but on this, their first day of absolute want, when she had given her mother the last portion of their little store, the dog came as usual, expecting to get his share, and seeing that she took no notice of him, whined mournfully.

"I have nothing for you to-day, Lion," she exclaimed: "it would be no easy matter to share my breakfast with you; you must seek another mistress. Go, my poor fellow," she continued, as she opened the door to let him out, lest his whining may disturb her mother. Lion looked into her face as if he understood what she had said, and went quietly out of the room. The day passed slowly; and whilst Kate O'Carrol stood by the bed-side of the poor invalid, watching her feverish cheeks and parched lips, plan after plan for procuring means to relieve her wants suggested itself, and was given up as wild and impracticable. Her mother, always delicate, had been, since her father's death, in a state of ill health that rendered Kate's leaving her for any situation impossible. The only relative of her father's whom she knew, had been applied to as a last resource. A cold reply was all she received; he had all those claims on his purse, which, by an unhappy coincidence, rich people always have when appealed to by their poor relations. Her mother's only brother had been in India for many years. Mrs. O'Carrol had written to him before her husband's death, but months may elapse before the arrival of his answer. Poor Kate felt like a person standing in a lane blind at both ends; whichever way she looked, starvation seemed to close the prospect. Her sad reflections were interrupted by her mother, who now awoke, and, turning eagerly towards her, said—

"Kate, I am very thirsty. Is there any tea left?"

Kate took up the wretched tea-pot, and looked into it as a child seeks a lost plaything, when he has seen it in his dreams, unwilling to believe that it is really gone; she could not speak, but laid it down again, and burst into tears.

"Don't cry, my dear child," said the poor woman, as Kate threw herself on her knees by the bed-side: "this will only shorten my suffering; God's will be done."

Ten minutes had not elapsed, when, struck by a sudden thought, Kate started from her knees; she would sell Lion! she had frequently heard that he was valuable. Strange that it had not occurred to her before! Not having seen him since morning, she hurried down stairs to look for him, and knocked at the door of the room inhabited by the owner of the house, a rough but well-natured woman.

"Have you seen Lion, Mrs. Mullins?" she asked eagerly; "is he here?"

"Indeed I know nothing at all about him, Miss O'Carrol," replied the woman, in a rather uncourteous tone; "I suppose he's looking for what isn't here for him—something to eat."

"Oh! what shall I do, if he is gone?" exclaimed Kate, as, turning away from the door, and not wishing to return to her mother in uncertainty, she sat down on the stairs to watch for the return of the dog.

"There's guilty nature for you!" cried Mrs. Mullins, as she slapped the door after her; "the life dropping out of her poor mother, an' she has the face to come looking for her dog. 'Tis hard to expect they'd be good to us, when they are not natural to one another. 'Have you seen Lion, Mrs. Mullins?' Well, there is no use in talking, what is bred in the bone can't be got out o' the flesh."

Not a word of this was lost on Kate; she had never before felt so deeply humiliated. She could not, however, blame Mrs. Mullins, who had been very civil hitherto, as appearances seemed to justify her indignation. She had sat for some time absorbed in pain—

ful thought, when she felt her gown pulled, and, looking up, saw Lion, who had entered unobserved, and was trying to attract her attention to a piece of bread which he had laid at his feet.

"Noble, generous animal!" she exclaimed; "must I part you, my poor father's pet, my own faithful Lion!"

On hearing the sound of a voice, Mrs. Mullins opened her door, and seeing Kate, Lion, and the bread, at a glance, she said, in a softened tone—

"Dear knows you have more nature than some of the Christiansa."

"I was just going to call you, Mrs. Mullins," said Kate; "I wanted to ask you if you would try to sell this dog for me. I have heard that he is valuable; you will be paid for your trouble, if you succeed," she continued, seeing the woman hesitate and change countenance.

"God knows, Miss O'Carrol," she replied at length, "I was not thinking of my trouble. I ask his pardon an' yours for wronging you. I suppose you heard me, Miss, if you were sitting there since; but I thought 'twas an unnatural thing to be looking for a dog, an' the poor dear lady up stairs so bad; how busy I was with my tongue; God forgive me."

"What you said is of no consequence, Mrs. Mullins; but will you try to dispose of my poor Lion?"

"I'll go now, Miss, an' a thousand welcomes, the moment I give this little bit of bread an' milk to the baby. If you wouldn't mind giving it to him, Miss O'Carrol, 'twould hurry me of your message; only for that, Miss, I wouldn't ask you to do such a thing."

"I will do it with pleasure, Mrs. Mullins," replied Kate; "and I am very much obliged to you."

"If he doesn't take it easy from you, Miss, you needn't press him to it; I don't think he can be very hungry now. I'm sure I hope she'll take a bit of it herself, little as it is. An' God knows how I'll get it to-morrow," continued Mrs. Mullins to herself. "It goes through my heart to see herself an' her poor mother as they are; but I can't take the bit or the sup out o' my children's mouths for any body."

Mrs. Mullins prepared to go out, and Kate sat down to her task. She could not look at Lion, who sat opposite her, wagging his tail in happy ignorance of the fate that awaited him; whilst the baby opened his round eyes in wonder at the tears which were falling on his face—not such tears as the young lady sheds over her pampered favourite, dying on its satin Ottoman of a surfeit of plum-cake; but such as we shed at parting with the friend who has clung to us through poverty and neglect—who has sat with us under the shadow of wit, rather than bask in the light of a stranger's fortune.

When Kate had fed the baby, and put it to sleep, she placed it in a cradle, and stole up stairs to her mother's door; finding her asleep, she returned to watch the child during the absence of Mrs. Mullins. An hour had elapsed, and evening was closing in, before she made her appearance. As she approached the door, Kate perceived that Lion was not with her; and, in her heart chiding the poor woman for the slow pace with which she brought good news, she hastened to meet her.

"Don't hold out your hand that way to me, Miss O'Carrol, or you'll go through my heart!" said Mrs. Mullins, as she wiped her eyes and sat down, apparently exhausted, but more from emotion than fatigue.

"He was stolen from you!" said Kate, turning pale with disappointment.

"No, Miss, he was not," replied Mrs. Mullins; "but I must tell you how it happened, for fear you'd think 'twas spearing my trouble I was. The first house I went to, Miss, they said they didn't want him, an' only laughed at me. Then I went to two

or three others, an' got the same answer. At last, I went to a grand-looking house, an' a fine English servant opened the door; an' by a dale to do, I got him to go into his master, to know if he'd buy the dog. Well, Miss, while I was waiting, who should come to the window but an officer; an' when he saw the fine dog an' the poor *angishare* of a woman, he called out to the servant—'Stop that dog; she certainly stole him.' How little they think of helping the poor, God forgive 'em. With that, Miss, I got frightened, an' I called Lion, an' he ran as if he knew it all. Faix, when the servant saw me running, he ran too, as fast as the fat would let him; an' 'twas the providence of God, Miss, there was a crowd at the corner of the street, an' instead of running on, I turned round, an' stood as quiet as a mouse behind the people; an' I made Lion stand under my cloak, for fear the servant would see him when he'd be coming back. Away he ran, Miss, an' when he got to the end of the street, he stood looking about him with his mouth open; an' when he found what a wild-geese chase he was on, he went back to his master, and a purty pair they are."

With all her painful anxiety to learn the ultimate fate of Lion, Kate could not help smiling at Mrs. Mullins's imitation of the Englishman's stupid stare of surprise and disappointment.

"Well, Mrs. Mullins, what did you do with him at last?"

"I went to a house a good bit away from that, Miss, you may be sure, an' a decent, civil girl opened the door. When I told her how I was trying to sell the dog for a lady, that the money would be convenient to, she said she'd do her best, and she took Lion in with her. When she came out, she said her master wasn't at home, and wouldn't be back before to-morrow evening, an' her mistress said at the first word that she didn't want any dogs; but one of the children, Miss, God bless 'em! got up on his back, an' Lion let him ride about the room as gentle as a pony and the child, a great pet, the girl said, begged and prayed to keep him; so at last she said if I'd leave him till the master would come home, she'd try and make him buy him. I didn't know what to do, Miss; what the officer said made me afraid they'd take him away from me some where; so I thought 'twas better leave him."

"Oh! Mrs. Mullins," exclaimed Kate, "why didn't you ask for part of what they would give for him, if it were ever so little?"

"'Twas I that did, Miss, ask an' beg; but the lady said one day could make no difference to any one. Rich people have no thought, Miss; they think one dog is as good as another; an' when I said that 'twould make a great difference to them that wanted it, she come out herself as sharp as you please, an' asked me could I give back the money if the master wouldn't buy him. I had nothing to say to that, so I was to take him or lave him. An' now I hope you don't think I did wrong, Miss O'Carrol; God knows I couldn't do more if 'twas for my born sister. The stingy thing! may be I'd be up to her yet."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Mullins," replied Kate, "you could do no more than you have done; I am sorry you had so much useless trouble."

"Oh then, 'twas no trouble, Miss; sure I hope 'twont be useless neither; to-morrow evening is better than never."

"Useless!" said Kate. "Oh, no! I was wrong; it will buy our coffins."

"Oh! don't say that, Miss," interrupted Mrs. Mullins, as she turned to the baby to hide her tears; "God is good; who knows what he may do!"

In the bitterness of disappointed hope, Kate returned to her mother, who was still asleep. She cast an anxious inquiring glance at that care-worn face.

Alas! true index of that dial whose shadow cannot go back—it showed that the remaining hours of life were few indeed.

"Mother! my own dear mother! must you die thus? Oh, God, take us both together out of this unfeeling and unmerciful world!"

While speaking, she flung herself on her knees by the window of their miserable apartment, which overlooked the beautiful Shannon. It was one of those moments of unbroken stillness so rare in cities. The waves glided by noiselessly, breathlessly, bidding affection's "mute farewell" to the verdant banks to which they will never return. The moon was low, but one pale unsteady column glimmered on the dark waters; and each wave in passing rose to cast a parting smile on those peaceful shores, ere it vanished on its path to the stormy ocean. The silence was broken; St. Mary's silver chimes pealed forth; their sweet sounds were borne to her ear like the bells of heaven to the banished Peri; and a "still small voice" murmured, in answer to her prayer—"The gift thou must bring is patience."

They ceased; and she rose, no longer hopeless or despairing, but resolved to "bide her time" with the resignation befitting a Christian, when the silence was again broken by the shrill scream of a ballad-singer from one of the neighbouring streets. There was a time when the fastidious ears of the rich merchant's daughter would have been closed by her white hands to shut out those discordant sounds; but now you would have deemed they bore those magic words which restored to life the marble knights and dames of old; she started, and exclaimed, in a voice of hope and joy—"Why not I, too, be a ballad-singer?" She cast one glance at her sleeping mother, and all timidity and irresolution vanished. She covered her face as well as she could, though feeling little fear of recognition under her present circumstances, and stealing softly down stairs, to avoid Mrs. Mullins's questions, walked quickly towards Newtown Perry. She stopped before a handsome private house, and sung with all the taste and science of which she was mistress. Alas! poor Kate—for vanity will linger to the last—she had thought that none could listen thus unmoved to her oft-praised melody. She moved on, with hopes a little lowered, and made one or two other attempts, which met with a similar fate. She drew near to her father's house—her own happy home—now inhabited by a family with whom she had been acquainted. The eldest son, who was what is commonly called a "musical person," had been a constant visitor of her father's, and a professed admirer of herself and her singing. Actuated by a strange desire to dare at once the very crisis of humiliation—perhaps hoping that her song might awaken some thoughts of "Auld lang syne" favourable to her present purpose, Kate O'Carrol stopped to sing opposite the house which had resounded with her childish mirth—to those people who had been her own guests. The window was thrown up; her sad tones faltered; and the voice of the gentle, the "musical" William, was heard exclaiming, in no gentle manner—"Be off! none of your squalling is wanted here."

It was his favourite song; but everything has its proper time, and just now it had interrupted his conversation with an heiress. The young lady, however, though rich, was not spoiled by fortune, and, to his great mortification, she insisted on having the window raised again, that she might reward the poor ballad-singer, whose melancholy tones had excited her pity. But Kate had passed on; not as before, with the weak feeling of mortified vanity, but with the deep scorn of the high-minded and generous for the mean and unfeeling. "It was the sound of my father's gold he so much admired!" she exclaimed; and, strengthened in her resolution, she turned into one of the more pub-

lic streets, and stopped before a large grocer's shop, belonging to a Mrs. Creagh,* whose son, a clever though shy young man, Kate had met occasionally in society, but knew little of, for it must be confessed that our heroine had had in her day no small portion of pride. Feeling that the united dignity of the O'Carrols and the Comyns† was committed to her care, she was by no means inclined to lessen the distance which, she thought, ought to be between a merchant's daughter and a grocer's son. Her song was scarcely concluded, when a young man came out of the shop and told her that Mrs. Creagh wished to speak to her. Kate hesitated; if she went into the shop, they might recognise her; and yet—her mother! He relieved her painful deliberation by saying, in a kind tone—

"If you will go into the hall, my mother will speak to you there; you see it is quite dark; believe me it is not from any idle curiosity she wishes it."

Kate followed him into the hall, but her heart was too full to thank him for his kind consideration. He left her, and in a few minutes Mrs. Creagh came.

"I need not ask you," she said, "if you have seen better days; your singing is not that of an untaught person; but I wish to know if you could find no more respectable way of supporting yourself? Unless ballad-singing is your choice, I think it would be very easy for you to do so."

"I could not even try, Madam," replied Kate; and she related the circumstances which induced her to attempt ballad-singing, with a sad simplicity that brought tears into the eyes of her kind-hearted auditor.

"My poor child!" she exclaimed, "you shall never be obliged to do so again, if I can help it." Telling Kate to wait for a few minutes, she went into the shop, and returned with a parcel containing tea and sugar, and putting it into Kate's hand, together with a guinea, she said—"Tell me if I can do anything more for you now?"

Kate burst into tears, but they were tears of joy and gratitude. "Oh, Madam!" she exclaimed, "how can I ever return your kindness?"

"I will tell you," Mrs. Creagh replied; "promise me that you will not let your mother want anything I can get for her, and I will be more than rewarded for anything I could do for you. We must help each other in this changeable world, so think nothing about it."

"I will do anything you wish, Madam."

"I don't know why I feel such an interest in you," said Mrs. Creagh. "Perhaps 'tis because you have done for your mother what my dear boy would do for me. From what you have told me of her, I fear she will not be spared to you long. I do not wish to hurt your feelings, my dear, but it is better you should be prepared for the worst. If it be the will of God to deprive you of her, remember that you will have a home with me till you can get a respectable situation."

"But you do not know who I am, Madam," said Kate.

"No matter, my dear; I know you are a good

* "The Creaghs have been numerous and respectable in the county and city of Limerick ever since the expulsion of the Danes. They are descended from the O'Neils, whose name they formerly bore—a tribe of whom had resolved to assist the citizens of Limerick in expelling the Danes, whom they attacked with vigour, pursuing their broken troops across the river Shannon. In this exploit the O'Neils distinguished themselves by their valour, and wore green boughs in their hats, from which they took the name of Creagh; and the action happening near Creagh gate, that and the lane received their names from them."—*Ferris's History of Limerick*.

† "Thirty-three Creaghs, twenty-four Roches, forty-six Arthurs, twenty-five Comyns, twenty-three Whites, and twenty-one Strichs, have been Mayors of Limerick."—*Ibid*.

daughter; your mother may not wish to have her name known to strangers at present. I hope we will know each other better hereafter."

"Mother," said Arthur Creagh, who had entered at the other end of the hall, "I want to speak to you," and drawing her aside he whispered something to her, of which Kate heard the concluding words—"messenger's name, remember, mother."

"God bless your thoughtful head, my dear boy," said Mrs. Creagh, as she returned to our heroine. "Only for my son I would have forgotten to ask you where I can send a message for you; you had better leave me the name of some shopkeeper near your lodgings, where your own messenger can call, and no one need be the wiser of it. I am sure you are too good to have any foolish pride about allowing me to be of use to your mother."

Kate's cheeks burned with shame at the remembrance of some of her foolish pride, but it was all gone now, and she gave the name of a person with whom Mrs. Mullins used to deal.

"Now tell me the name of your messenger," said Mrs. Creagh, "and I will detain you no longer."

Kate replied, "Mrs. Mullins;" and, after once more thanking the kind-hearted woman, she bade her good night, and hastened joyfully home.

In how different a mood did Kate O'Carrol now pass the house where she had received so cruel a repulse a short half-hour before! Where was the scorn and indignation with which she had left it? The harshness of the sordid suitor was forgotten in the kindness of the generous benefactress: for harshness, like the waters of our northern lake, will turn the heart to stone; whilst kindness, like the divining rod of the ancient sage, need but be directed towards it, and the "sealed fountains" of its best affections will spring to meet it.

"Mercy on us! Miss O'Carrol, where were you?" asked Mrs. Mullins, who had been standing at a neighbour's door, and perceiving, as she thought, a stranger enter her own house, returned quickly, and, to her great surprise, saw that it was our heroine. "Law, Miss, I thought you were upstairs all the time!"

"I was seeking my fortune, Mrs. Mullins," replied Kate cheerfully, "and met with a kind friend."

"Well, Miss, who was right now? He does all in His own holy time, praise be to Him! if we have confidence in Him."

"You were right, and I was wrong, thank God!" said Kate; "but put down the kettle now, and we will settle it afterwards. I must go and see if mamma is awake."

She was awake, and as Kate stooped to kiss her, she said—"Where were you, my dear child, and what makes you look so glad?"

"Cheer up, dear mamma; you will have a drink in a few minutes; but you must ask no questions until you have taken it; you are weak now."

It was not long before the welcome sound of "The kettle is boiling, Miss," brought Kate down stairs to make the tea. Giving Mrs. Mullins the guinea, she desired her to bring some bread, and a few biscuits for her mother.

Mrs. Mullins looked at the gold, as if the unusual sight had supplied a missing link in memory's galvanic circle, through which the current of long-forgotten thoughts now ran with irresistible rapidity, and, sighing heavily, exclaimed—"Faix we think 'tis too seldom we see your yellow face, tho', by all accounts, you are no great things. But I'm an old fool to be thinking when I ought be going o' my message; 'let bygones be bygones,' as the Scotch serjeant that was coorting me long ago used to say, when they'd be talking o' the 'potheary's boy in Dundalk that burned his foxy whiskers trying to dye 'em."

Kate had the happiness of seeing her mother

refreshed and strengthened by Mrs. Creagh's gifts—in the distribution of which Mrs. Mullins was not forgotten; and, with a lighter heart than she had for months, she sat down by her mother's side, and related the events of the evening, passing lightly over the repulses she had received; but when she came to Mrs. Creagh's unexpected kindness, all her real Irish heart displayed itself as with deep and sincere gratitude she recounted it; nor was Arthur's thoughtful delicacy forgotten.

"And you did all this for me, my darling child!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Carrol. "God bless you, my noble Kate! He has given you a friend already; for I feel assured that she, who was so generous to us both, will be a friend to you hereafter."

"She made me promise, mamma, that I would go to her if—I wanted a home, or until I could look out for a situation for myself."

"If I die, Kate!" said her mother with a sad smile.

"Oh! mamma, you must not talk of dying; you will get strong and well again, now that our misfortunes are over."

"As God pleases, my dear child. I can now die in peace. Oh! Kate, how little you knew the cause of my sighs. You used to think it was the want of my usual food and comfortable bed; but no! it was the frightful thought of leaving you friendless and unprotected in the world—your poor uncle far away, if he is still alive. But that generous woman has taken the last care from my heart; I thank her for this more than all the rest."

Kate had spoken thoughtlessly, but she could not regret what had given her mother comfort; she could not, however, persuade herself that proper nourishment would fail to restore her to health.

"Do not think of these things at all, mamma," she said; "when you are stronger, I can look out for a situation as governess, and you will live near me, where I can see you every day."

Mrs. O'Carrol smiled; she could not throw a damp on her daughter's hopes at such a time; so, telling her that she wished to go to sleep, she kissed her and bade her good night.

In a corner of their apartment was one of those triangular cupboards to which our grandmothers were so partial. Two of its sides were fitted, with admirable precision, to the walls; the third formed the front, and opened in the middle. It was placed, by the ingenious contriver, at a distance from the floor that admitted of a chair being put under it. That this chair could be occupied by none but a dwarf, probably took nothing from the merit of such an economy of space in the opinion of the notable house-keeper who had caused it to be constructed. It was a relic of the good old times, before Queen Conscience thought of making Taste Prime Minister, having been made, Mrs. Mullins asserted, for her grandmother, "who was married the year of the great frost." It was a cupboard whose contents you knew by intuition:—a cup without a handle; a spoon which had lost its better half; an egg-cup to hold halfpence (when there were any to be held); a liqueur stand, "without a leg to stand on," though belonging for an indefinite period to the Teetotal Society; in fact, it was a cupboard which the most brilliant imagination would fail to invest with a charm. It had a cold determined look, and kept its doors wide open, as if obstinate in refusing to aid you in any delusion about the number of slices in your loaf; displaying nothing to advantage but the grocer's bill: a sort of pecuniary barometer, showing the rise or fall of your funds with terrible fidelity. It was the object on which Kate O'Carrol's eyes fell first every morning: as if the boundary of "the land of dreams," whether sleeping or waking it terminated them alike. It was associated in her mind with

want and humiliation ; and she felt a degree of dislike to it, almost amounting to horror. This may seem strange, but surely it is not unnatural. We dislike the person who has frequently brought us bad tidings ; he is identified with the misfortunes of which he has been the messenger. Why may not this feeling attach itself to inanimate objects having similar associations, though their tales are involuntary ?

J. M. R.

(To be continued in our next.)

SCRAPS FROM IRISH HISTORY.

BATTLE OF KNOCKTHU.

About this time (1188) the Anglo-Norman power in Ireland received a severe check by the death of Sir Armoricus Tristram, brother-in-law, and, after the chivalrous fashion of the day, sworn comrade of Sir John De Courcey. Having gone with a strong force to Connaught on an expedition, he was attacked with a far superior army by Cathal O'Connor, surnamed "The Red-handed," and slain, with all his followers.

Irish History.

Close hemm'd by foes, in Ulster hills, within his castle pent,
For aid unto the west country Sir John De Courcey sent ;
And, for the sake of knightly vow, and friendship old and tried,
He prayed that Sir Armor Tristram would to his rescue ride.

Then grieved full sore that noble knight, when he those tidings heard,
And deep a vow he made, with full many a holy word—
That, aid him Heaven and good St. Lawrence, full vengeance should await
The knaves who did De Courcey wrong, and brought him to this strait.

And a goodly sight it was, o'er Clare Galway's glassy plain,
To see the bold Sir Tristram pass, with all his gallant train ;
For thirty knights came with him there, all kinsmen of his blood,

And seven score spears and ten, right valiant men and good.

And clasping close, with sturdy arms, each horseman by the waist,

Behind each firm-fixed saddle there, a footman light was placed ;
And fast they spurred, in sweeping trot, as if in utmost need,
Their harness ringing loudly round, and foam upon each steed.

They cros'd the stream—they reach the wood—the bending boughs give way,
And fling upon their waving plumes light showers of sparkling spray ;

But when they past that leafy copse, and topp'd the hillock's crest,
Then jumped each footman down—each horseman laid his lance in rest.

For far and wide as eye could reach, a mighty host was seen
Of Irish kerns and gallowglass, with hobbelaers between,
And proudly waving in the front fierce Cathal's standard flies,
With many more of Connaught's chiefs, and Desmond's tribes likewise.

Then to a knight Sir Tristram spake, with fearless eye and brow,
" Sir Hugolin, advance my flag, and do this errand now :
Go, seek the leader of yon host, and greet him fair from me,
And ask, why thus, with armed men, he blocks my passage free ? "

Then stout Sir Hugolin prick'd forth, upon his gallant gray,
The banner in his good right hand, and thus aloud did say—
" Ho ! Irish chiefs ! Sir Armor Tristram greets ye fair, by me,
And bids me ask, why thus in arms ye block his passage free ? "

Then stept fierce Cathal to the front, his chieftains standing nigh :

" Proud stranger ! take our answer back, and this our reason why—

Our wolves are gaunt for lack of food, our eagles pine away,
And to glut them with your flesh, lo ! we stop you here this day ! "

" Now, gramercy for the thought ! " calm Sir Hugolin replied,
And with a steadfast look and mien that wrathful chief he eyed ;
" Yet, should your wild birds covet not the dainty fare you name,
Then, by the rood, our Norman swords shall carve them better game ! "

Then turned his horse, and back he rode unto the little band
That, halted on the hill, in firm and martial order stand ;
When told his tale, then divers knights began to counsel take,
How best they could this peril shun, and safe deliverance make.

" Against such odds, all human might is valueless ! " they cried ;
" And better 'twere at once to turn, and thro' the thickest ride."
When, high o'er all, Sir Tristram spake, in accents bold and free—

" Let all depart who fear to fight this battle out with me :

" For never yet shall mortal say, I left him in his need,
Or brought him into danger's grasp—then trusted to my steed !
And, come what will, whate'er betide, let all depart who may,
I'll share my comrade's lot, and with them, stand or fall this day ! "

Then drooped with burning shame full many a knightly crew,
And nobler feelings responsive swell'd throughout each throbbing breast ;

And stout Sir Hugolin spoke first—" Whate'er our lot may be,
Come weal, come woe, 'fore Heaven, we'll stand or fall this day with thee ! "

Then from his horse Sir Tristram lit, and drew his shining blade,

And gazing on the noble beast, right mournfully he said—

" Thro' many a bloody field thou hast borne me safe and well,
And never knight had truer friend than thou, fleet Roanecelle !

" When wounded sore, and left for dead, on far Knockgara's plain,

No friendly aid or vassal near—yet, thou did'st still remain !
Close to thy master there thou madest thy rough and fearful bed,
And on thy side, that night, my steed, I laid my aching head !

" Yet now, my gallant horse, we part ! thy proud career is o'er,
And never shalt thou bound beneath an armed rider more ! "
He spoke, and kist the blade—then pierced his charger's glossy side,

And madly plunging in the air, the noble courser died !

Then every horseman in his band, dismounting, did the same,
And in that company no steed alive was left, but twain ;
On one there rode De Courcey's squire, who came from Ulster wild ;

Upon the other young Oswald sat, Sir Tristram's only child.

The father kist his son, then spake, while tears his eyelids fill :
" Good Hamo, take my boy, and spur with him to yonder hill ;
Go, watch from thence, till all is o'er—then, northwards haste in flight,

And say, that Tristram in his harness died, like a worthy knight."

Now pealed along the foeman's ranks a shrill and wild halloo !
While boldly back defiance loud the Norman bugles blew ;
And bounding up the hill, like hounds, at hunted quarry set,
The Irish kerns came fiercely on ! and fiercely were they met !

Then rose the roar of battle loud !—the shout !—the cheer !—the cry !

The clank of ringing steel, the gasping groans of those who die ;
Yet onwards still that little band, right fearless cut their way,
As move the mowers o'er the sward upon a summer's day.

For round them there, like shorn grass, the foe in hundreds bled ;

Yet, fast as ere they fall, each side, do hundreds more succeed,
With naked breasts, undaunted meet the spears of steel-clad men,

And sturdily, with axe and skein, repay their blows again.

Now, crushed with odds, their phalanx broke, each Norman fights alone,

And few are left thro' out the field, and they are feeble grown ;
But, high o'er all, Sir Tristram's voice is, like a trumpet, heard,
And still, where'er he strikes, the foemen sink beneath his sword.

But once he rais'd his beaver up—alas ! it was to try
If Hamo and his boy yet tarried on the mountain nigh ;
When sharp an arrow, from the foe, pierc'd right thro' his brain,
And sank the gallant knight a corpse upon the bloody plain !

Then failed the fight, for gathering round his lifeless body there,
The remnant of his gallant band fought fiercely in despair;
And, one by one, they wounded fell!—yet, with their latest
breath,

Their Norman war-cry shouted bold—then sank in silent death!

And thus Sir Tristram died! than whom no mortal knight
could be

More brave in list or battle-field, in banquet halls more free;
The flower of noble courtesy—of Norman peers the pride—
Oh, not in Christendom's wide realms can be his loss supplied.

Sad tidings these to tell, in far Downpatrick's lofty towers,
And sadder news to hear to lone Ivora's silent bowers;
Yet shout ye not, ye Irish kerns—good cause ye have to rue,
For a bloody fight and stern was the battle of Knockthú!

• • •

The romantic circumstances alluded to in my text, as connected with the death of Sir Armoricus Tristram, are faithfully recorded by the chroniclers of the day; but from the grave silence observed by Moore, in his history of Ireland, on the subject, I fear we must class them with those "embroideries of fact" of which he so pointedly accuses Stanihurst, as well as other ancient writers; still, even as a legendary figment, the account is most interesting, and the concluding sentence of the narrative conveys so just an idea of the character of a worthy Paladin of old, that I cannot forbear quoting it:—"Thus died," says the ancient author, "Sir Armoricus Tristram, who, among a thousand knights, might be chosen for bravery and heroic courage, for humility, and courtesy; yielding to none but in the way of gentleness." I need scarcely remark, that the present Earl of Howth is the direct descendant of Sir Armoricus, and retains to this day the possessions won by his ancestor six hundred years ago, at the bridge of Ivora. It is also a singular fact, that Sir Nicholas St. Lawrence, 16th Baron of Howth, commanded the Bill Men at the second famous battle fought at Knockthú, in the reign of Henry VIII., when the Earl of Kildare, assisted by the Lords of the English pale, and many native chieftains, totally destroyed the combined forces of Connaught, commanded by Alick De Burgo; thus, on the very spot where it occurred, avenging the death of his ancestor.

Knocktuadh, "The Hill of Axes," lies within a few miles of Galway.

TRUE END OF KNOWLEDGE.—The greatest error is the mistaking of the true end of knowledge; for men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes, to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes, for ornament and reputation; sometimes, to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction; and most times, for lucre and profession; but seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason, to the benefit and use of men: as if there were sought in knowledge, a couch, whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace, for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down, with a fair prospect; or a tower of state, for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground, for strife and contention; or a shop, for profit and sale; and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate.—*Lord Bacon.*

BELIEF.—To believe without examination, is no belief in reality, but merely an assent that such and such things are believed by others, and is in fact only believing that we believe.

ASSISTANCE.—Those who are constrained to solicit for assistance are really to be pitied; those who receive it without are to be envied; but those who bestow it unasked, are to be admired.

CALCULATIONS.

The Marquess of Waterford has £72,000 per annum; £6000 a-month; £1384 14s. a-week; near £200 a-day; £8 6s. 8d. an hour; £1 3s. 4d. a-minute; 44d. a-second. A man earning 1s. a-day, will be 3945 years before he has £72,000 earned. He will be near 11 years (at 1s. a-day) before he has earned what the Marquess has in a day; 180 days at work before he has an hour's pay of the Marquess; 23 days at work for a minute's pay of the Marquess. He will be three hours earning, with the sweat of his brow, what the Marquess has in a-second, or while you clap your hands. The Marquess has 1,440,000 shillings, or 17,280,000 pence, or 69,120,000 farthings per annum. Long may he enjoy it!

E. B. B.

[We heartily echo—"Long may he enjoy it!" It is in good hands and well dispensed. Benevolence is the brightest gem in the coronet of the noble Marquess.]

HEROISM OF SPARTAN MOTHERS.—Much has been said of the stern virtue and patriotism of the Spartan women, and high praise has been bestowed on the callous indifference which they sometimes exhibited on learning the death of their sons; but English mothers who have given birth to sons as brave as ever fought or bled for Sparta, will, I think, agree with me in rating very low their boasted stoicism, which if properly analysed, might prove to be nothing more than a coarse and unnatural apathy. The reader of the Greek Anthologia will here remember her who, meeting her son a fugitive among the flying from a victorious enemy, inflicted on him with her own hands the death he thought to shun. Had Nature, which is but the voice of God indistinctly heard, anything to do with virtue such as that? Supposing the youth to have been a coward, which the fact of his flying before the enemy by no means proves, was it for the hands that had nursed him to become his executioners? A mother deserving of the name, would no doubt have sorrowed not to find her boy numbered among the brave, but her maternal heart would not the less have yearned towards the unhappy youth; she would have fled with him into obscurity, and uttered her mild reproaches and shed her tears there.—*St. John's History.*

ARCHITECTURE.—During the last century architectural taste declined in a lamentable degree, and merged altogether into a motley something, difficult to be characterised. Even latterly, structures, on which vast sums of money were lavished, have been erected on the most miserable conceptions of the Grecian style. However, there are indications which the present time is developing, of a revival to better and purer taste. In the cultivation of a national domestic architecture, where, in most instances, the noble simplicity and imposing effect of a pure classic order cannot be attained to for want of due limits, the next best choice lies certainly with the Gothic pointed or old English styles, either of which, while its character may be preserved, can be rendered applicable to buildings, however diminutive. Although perhaps no country in the world is equal to our own in respect of being dotted thickly over with happy homes, lying like gems set about with the poetry of external nature, yet we still hope to see the higher impulse of architectural genius expressed in the erection of many a still more beautiful sylvan retreat. *Engineer's Magazine.*

FRIENDSHIP.—The world would be more happy, if persons gave up more time to an intercourse of friendship. But money—the pursuit of worldly lucre—engrosses all our deference.

THE COURTSHIP.

"Listen to me, my lovely shepherd's joy,
And thou shalt hear, with mirth and mickle glee,
A pretty tale, which, when I was a boy,
My toothless grandame oft hath told to me."

DRAYTON.

We challenge this wide terraqueous globe to produce, within its vast circumference, one favoured spot whose inhabitants can at all compete with our Irish peasantry in the art of story telling. To use the words of a recent writer, "there is a roundness and a fulness in his brogue, a twinkling humour in his eye, a richness and a raciness in every word he utters, which render him the glory of a social circle, the very heart-strings and life-blood of merriment." As we have already stated in a former number, it is when enjoying the luxury of a comfortable fire that this national peculiarity is said to receive its fullest development, especially when his friends are crowded round him, listening in mute attention to his droll phraseology. The individual whose story we are now going to introduce to our readers, was a person of no ordinary talents in the story-telling line. He may be imagined as seated, with a knot of his associates, by a neighbour's fire, each comparing to see which would produce the heartiest laugh at their grotesque discourse. And as fortune-hunters and marriages, good wives and bad ones, was an early theme with the ablest of them, our favourite Andrew Bailey commenced his story on that head, about his own courtship and marriage, which were rather singular in their way, as we shall see by the sequel. In the mean time, we shall allow him to speak for himself.

"Ah!" he began, "yez may all clatter whin yez get so near the fire; yez may say that a good wife is aisey got, bud I tell yez it isn't, nor even a bad one either, for many is the cowl foot an' heavy perishin' my very self got, sarchin' high an' low for a better-half, an' yez all know the thesrel I got afther all. Here I am that coorted rich an' poor, great an' small, gintle an' simple, beggars, *boughoughts*, *shulers*, an' every wan in Wickla, Waxfert, Carla, an' Kildare, an' wanst that I wint to the Queen's County to coort a Miss Meyler; an', afther all, there never was an unfortunat wretch so complaitly lit on in all his life, to say wid all my choosin' I got such a tarmagint as I did, that tarmints me night an' day. Many is the time I laughed at a young slip that was fond of me; many a time I slighted a lovely girl, whin she opened the sintiments of her mind towards me, an' often did I despise the kind-hearted farmer, as he recounted his daughter's forkin to me, an' prest me to an union wid the fair one; an', I often think since, it was but the just dispensation of Providence to have me plagued as I am wid the wan I got. Stay now, boys, an' I'll tell yez all how I first came to be acquainted wid her, an' all to the time we war married. It was on the Holyday-fair of Hacketstown—that fearful day I'll ever remimber—as I had nothin' to do, I sauntered along to the fair to look at the shows, an' see the great faction-fight between the Bryans an' the Ryans that was to come off that day; an' last, tho' not laist, to pimp among the *colleens* that croud to the same place from all parts, that fine saison of the year. So I moped about the whole day, was in the cinter of every fun an' miskiff, met a friend now an' thin, an' had a dhrop for *grangh's*

sake, till at last I didn't much care what I done. I danced an' sung up stairs in many houses, an' was cook of the walk that night to the whole fair, kissin' an' coortin, an' huggin', an' thraitin' every nice girl that came across me. So, in the heel of the hunt, who should I streck up to bud the Keoghoses of the mountains; there war three brethers of them, an' all of them was in as good humour as myself; there was no divilment I proposed bud they backed, an' afther stavin' out all night, an' was consarned in many a skrimmage, as I was a young, rollickin', sportin' fellow, nothin' 'id do me bud to go home wid them, an' coort the sither. So I spint a very pleasant day an' evenin' there; I made very famelard wid Miss Keoghoe, who took a great likin' intirely to me: there was lashin's of tay got ready for me, an' afther that I drunk punch till I was skupid, an' coorted away, like murther, till the mornin' dawned. Afther breakfast, the ould man brought me out to look at his craps, an' view the beautiful fields, an' his stock of cattle on the pasther; twas thin he told me of his daughter, the good girl she was, an' the forkin he'd give her; an', in short, before we parted, he made me promise to come bak on Sunday night to arrange all. So Sunday came at last; a finer day I never witnessed. Afther takin' my dinner, I put on my bottle-green body-coat, a red waistcoat, an' a white oorduroy small-clothes, wid tapes in the knees that sthreeled the gutther; an' havin' put a flashy knot on my neck-tie, greased my new pumps, an' put my new wool hat on three hairs, I started off wid a good oak stick in my fist to bate the dogs on my way, wid two rowdy chaps from the next house to accompan' me. There was the greatest welkim in the world for us; I was placed next to my ducky, who seemed highly delighted wid my company, while the two young sisters ingrossed the whole attention of my comrades, who by that manes didn't at all mind how I fared. At length supper was announced: wid great reluctance we all quitted our hoults to taste the delicious vines (viands) that was unsparinly sarved out, regardless of expinse to us: a whole quarter of a sheep, smokin' hot, was interduced to the table, which was carved by my own darlint, who looked a great deal the better in the compleckshun, wid the hate of the mate. What wid the thoughts of me, an' the idea of bein' so soon married, I suppose, she was complaitly bewildered in the way she sarved out the mate around; bud (I don't say she intinded it) what should she put on my plate bud an ould tough *fail-coque* (a gristle.) Heavens to my sowl bud I was raily prit to a stau'; all the knives an' forks in Britten couldn't get a taste off it: I cut an' haughed, bud I might as well let it alone, for the devil a morsel could I get; an' as it was a strange house I was in, I was ashamed to say anything, bud kep' mungin' away, lettin' on I was aitin', till they war all done, tho', if yez b'lieve me, the same time I was very paikish, (hungry.) Afther a little chat, we all yoked in at the coortin agin, bud I wasn't long ingaged whin an accident occurred that perplexed me. Always whin I'm hungry my belly roars, an' as I was sittin' by the girl's side stallin' a kiss, what should I do bud take the roarin' in my belly, that frightened every wan in the house. Yez may depind I was hobbled; I turned blue, an' yolla, an' red, an' scarlet, an' pale alternately; an' at last it grew so bad that I had to get up an' laive the lass altogether. I run over, an' threw myself on my belly on a table behind backs, thinkin' to smuther it, bud all to no use: I pulled the skin of it, an' used to pray that the belly 'id dhrop out of me, sooner than be exposed, bud still it roared as loud as a bull, changin' the notes the same as the 'lew' of a heifer. At last I could 'stan' it no longer; in a fit of desperation I got up, run to the door, an' out wid me across the country like a

mad dog, wid the other two chaps afther me, splittin' their sides at my imbarassmint. Afther sich an advinker, 'twas full three months afore I could muster up courage enough, to put the bould face on me, an' proceed on the mission agin. An' the first night I did put my nose inside the door, the thoughts of the race wasn't out of their heads, for they bust out into a kink o'laughin' that I thought they'd die off on the spot, an' uot to turn it all on myself, I, of coorse, joined thim. Whin that had subsided, an' order an' regularity in some degree restored, I was again placed by Miss Keoghoe's side, whom I found as lovin' as ever, notwithstanding the short cut I gev her the last night we sot together. It is useless to recount the various journeys to the same place; throth I wint so often, that I had a beaten path made all along to the very style forninst the door; suffice to say, that my appearance at last became proverbial wid all the naibours in the coorse of my journey. 'It's seven o'clock,' they'd say to oneother. 'How d'yeknow?' 'Id be the inquiry. 'I know,' 'Id be the reply, 'ther's Andy Bailey just afther passin' by;' so regularly did I make my appearance at the usual hour. In my courtship I often walked her out to take the fresh air, an' it was durin' wan of those strollin' hours that I first took a dislike to her, an' I'll tell yez the way it came, an' very silly it was too. As we war walkin' down by the back of the haggart very lovingly together, in great discourse, as it looked to be a lonesome spot, I stole a kiss, as I thought anoaust to the world bud herself, an' in puttiu' my hand round her waist, what d'yez think, bud a great big corker pin, or a darnin' needle, stuck to the very but up in my finger. O, lads jewel, the blood spouted out as if it was a pig that was stuck; the girl shrieked, an' fainted away. I roared for help, an' indeavoured to rise her in my arms, and both of us war found in that condition, covered wid blood from top to toe, by her brothers whin they came to our assistance. She wasn't long till she recovered, an' we all wint into the huse agin, an' throth if I gave forty book oaths they wouldn't believe how it happened. From that day out I took a turn agin her—a core of yoemin couldn't get me near either her or the house any more, principally from sich carelessness in regard to her dress, by which I was put into sich a hobble intirely. She wrote an' wrote, the most lovin' letteths to me; she sint many a message by the beggars to me,* an' wanst or twice by her near relation; bud all in vain; I was still detarmined not to go near her any more, to get myself into fresh difficulties. At last I resaiwed a note by her own sister; in the most beseechin' terms it prayed me to meet her that evenin' in the grove, a short distance from her house, an' take a last farewell at laist; it also stated that night or day she got no paice till she gave me the final adien. So, boys, yez see, as it was written in sich a feelin' an' implorin' strain, I couldn't resist the temptation of doin' as it desired me. At the appointed hour we met, an' intered into a long conversation, an' wid one palaver an' another she wheedled me to go home agin wid her an' make up the match. That night they made me blind drunk, that I did not know what I was doin'; an' what d'yez think? bud the match-makin' was moved, an' I, like an ass, consinted to every thing they proposed. We agreed any how to get a promissary note for ten pound, five pound in money, a breedin' sow, an' a yearlin' heifer, an' keep the wife for a month for me. Whin all was clinched, we drunk an' caroused till the mornin' broke, an' 'twas thin I began to reflect on

my sityation. 'Well, Mr. Keoghoe,' sis I, 'haven't we all settled to yer likin'?'

"'Bedad we have,' sis he, 'an' I'm glad to see it brought to a termination so aisy.'

"'Well,' sis I, 'I'll bid ye good mornin' for awhile; I want to go home an' acquaint my father, an' get ready, an' bring a few friends wid me to witness the ceremony.'

"'O,' sis he, quite cool, 'it'll be time enough to do that whin ye come back from the clargy's; there's no use in goin' so far an' to have to come back agin so soon; make yerself aisy, an' wait till yer married first, an' thin ye may go where ye wish.'

"'Is that the way, ye ugly brute!' sis I, gettin' into a passion; 'is that the way ye intind to sarve me afther all? I suppose I must marry agin my will, or whether my father an' friends are pleased or not? bud, ye skamer, I'll show you the deffer. I'll let ye see I wont take her at all, so I wont, to tarmint ye; so good by to ye, an' I wish ye luck wid her,' sis I, gettin' up an' 'raichin' for my hat.

"'Wait till ye get my laive to go first,' sis he, gettin' up before me, an' lockin' the door, an' puttin' the key in his pocket; sit down agin an' make yerself quite, for the dickens a toe ye'll go till ye marry my daughter; ye were long enough pestherin' me, an' no chance of ye takin' her; bud as long as the thief runs, they say, he's cotch at last. Here, Mickaleen,' sis he to the son, 'run out wid the winkers an' ketch the filly, an' yolk up till we get this rogue married; run, *avouchal*, an' mind shake a lock of clane straw on the car whin ye come back, to keep the quilt from bein' dirty; make haste, now, that's my son.'

"'An' must I be kep' here agin my will?' I demanded, 'an' be made to marry her tho' I don't like her? O! ye chatin' imposther; I'll see it out wid ye. I must know must an honest naibour's son be kep' in houlth this way till it shoots yerselves? I'll let yez know,' sis I, makin' a rear to break the door an' get out.

"'Bud it was no use in gettin' into a passion; I was soon surrounded an' bound hand an' foot; an', boys my jewel, sich shoutin' an' yellin' as I made all the time, yez 'id think I'd rise the roof off of the house all the time, till the car was yolked in the bawn. At length all was announced to be ready to start; the three brothers come at me, an' hoised me up on the car as if I was a sack of oats that was goin' to the market. All my roarin' an' ballin', plungin' an' twistin', bein' in vain, off they druv me toast the clargy's to get the word sed. O! maybe I didn't annoy the whole town that day. I never stopt my throat, bud shoutin' as loud as I was able—'O! naibours honey, will yez let 'im take me agin my will?—will nobody rescue me at all?—what 'ill become of me?—help, help!'—an' all sich till I got hoarse. In all my shoutin' not one that came near me 'id interfere, an' I gev myself up to be lost, whin who should come down the road bud Mr. Cooper, my own friend, who looked at me very perplex, not knowin' what to say.

"'O! Mr. Cooper dear,' I roared out, 'my life lies in yer hands! will ye let these villians use me so ruffanly in the middle of the noon-day? Assist me, an' if ever it lies in my power I'll stan' to ye, an' regard ye as my dearest friend on earth.' Here the two brothers, that war ridin' afther us, lest I should break loose an scamper off, drew a little closer to me, afeerd he might do any thing wid me.

"'I have nothin' to do wid ye at all,' sis he, quite gruff, at the same time winkin' at me anoaust; 'I wish ye a great dale of joy, Mr. Bailey; an', Mr. Keoghoe,' sis he, 'I'm happy to have the pleasure of spakin' to yer intinded son-in-law.'

"'This was a thorn in my side; I could say no more; an' as I could do nothin', I remained per-

* Beggars, the bearer of all messages and the carrier of newses in the country.

fekly quite till we anyokled at the clargy's door. As the novelty of a young man goin' to be married bein' tied down like a cauf was seldom seen, lots of people gother to look at me as we halted at the railin', whin they loosened me from the slats quite polite, an' marched me in thro' the long hall into the parlour. Luckily, his ravirance was at his breakfast, an' we had to wait a long time for him, an' this gev me an opportunity of spaikin' to Cooper, who had accompanied me to the spot.

"'Musha, Mr. Cooper,' sis I, quite mournful, 'what 'ill I do now, or how 'ill I get away? D'ye see how anconserned the Keoghoe's stan' at the door afeard I'd bault from thim? I'll be ruined. Is there no way to skame off at all, Mr. Cooper, dear?"

"'No way in life that I see,' sis he, shakin' his head; 'yer there, an' there yer bound to stay, an' sarry I am to say so, Mr. Bailey,' sis he.

"'Afther scratchin' my head for some time, a thought struck into it. 'I have it at last,' sis I, leapin' wid joy—'I have it. Whin I go into his ravirance I'll let on to be basely, an' thin he wont marry me in that state. D'you say I'm drunk, an' I'll hould ye a tasterh we'll be all run out agin. Let me see, now; stan' to me now or never, as the sayin' is.'

"'Is it me not stan' to ye?' sis he; 'begogsty, if I don't, never speak to me any more. I'll do the miskiff, depind upon it; an' remimber I say, ye wont be married to-day, I go bail.'

"'Why thin if I don't to-day,' sis I, 'I'll never, for the river an inch ever will I be cotech here agin in haste.'

"By this time the door was opened, an' we all called in, an' lads honey, I tumbled in on my head about the flure, an' smashed a whole set of tay-tacklins that was on the table, an' rowled about the place like a hedchalk.

"'Ye unrepintin' sinners,' thundered out the priest, 'where ar' yes goin' wid a drunken man to be married? Begone, ye set, or I'll horsewhip every mother's soul of yez, for darin' to brin' him in sich a condition.'

"'Wid that I got up, an' stumbled over on his ravirance himself.

"'An' you, ye anforkinate tippler,' sis he to me, 'why did ye come here to nearly kill me wid the weight of yer ugly carcass? Quit out of the primises in a minnet. Marry you in sich a state! if I wanted to be stript of my gownd I might. An' you,' sis he to Cooper, 'is the worst of thim, to be an accompless in this affair—you that ought to have sinse; but I'll pay ye in prime style for yer handy work!'

"'O! yer ravirance,' sis Cooper, dreadin' all the wrath on himself, 'he's not drunk at all; it's only a skame to get off, as he's not willin' to marry the girl, an' that's the drunkenness ails him.'

"At this I began to thrimble, for I was now fairly sowld by the wan that I put all my thrust in.

"'Is that the way?' sis the priest, eyin' me from head to foot so sharp. 'Come up wid ye till I marry ye this instant; I'll show ye that ye wont decaive yer clargy, ye notorious villian,' an' he ordered me out by the girl's hip.

"Here her brethers, who till now war thunder-struck, not knowing where I got the liquor, seain' I wasn't willin' to obey the clargy's command, advanced to ketch me, an' bring me to the scratch, an' as I retreated backwards, an' they follayn' me, to hould me, what should I do bud fall into the fire. Oh, I roared louder thin whin I was comin'; the pains of the scald, an' the thoughts of what I was to go thro', so terrified me; 'twas with much to do that they pacified me, by oilin' the burn; whin I was brought to the fore, an' married in spite of myself. If yez war to see how continted they all looked whin the cermony was over,

while my poor self was ragin' to be tuck in so silly, an' maybe I didn't give Cooper a whack whin we came out that sint him reelin' down into the channel, an' shure didn't be desarse it from me, for informin'? An' whin we came out on the road, if we didn't get a shower of cruistin', no matter: the bridegroom's reception, as they call it, was given in prime style by the multitude around us, which was every thing they could lay houl't of; sticks, cloda, cabbage-buns, an' every thing was hurled at me wid such force, that I thought they'd knock the day-lights out of me. An' whin they war tired, they got afore us on the road, and wouldn't let us go till I had to order thim lashin' of drink at the sheebeen on the crass-roads. There's no use in tellin' of the weddin' or any thing that way, till I come to the hallin' home. What d'yez think bud whin she was snugly insconsed at home in my corner, she turned out to be quite lame, whatever the deuce blinded me afore, that I didn't observe it till thin. 'Bedad,' sis I to myself, 'I'm nicely fitted afther all; bud there's no help for spilt milk they say, so I must put up wid her.'

"'Twasn't long till I was in the fair of Hackets-town again, wid a kish of *bonneens*, an' what did I see there bud my own heifer sellin' wid the Keoghoe's, so barefaced as it was.

"'Halloe! honest man,' sis I, 'that's my property ye have there; deliver her up to the right owner, or ye'll be sarry.'

"'If I hear another crucked word out of yer head, I'll run the two eyes out of it,' sis he, flourishin' his hazle around his head.

"I struck at him, an' he at me; our backs gother like lightnin' to our help: the mountainy men came runnin' like scalcrows wid their craws open, while this side fellows yez know wasn't backward on sich an occasion, an' maybe they didn't get a pepperin' in stylé. The fight spread thro' the whole fair, from wan ind to t'other, an' there was many a poor fellow beat into smishe the same day; it could be compared to nothin' bud Coolatin wood all the time; the oak sticks all up weltn' away in all directions for full three hours; ups an' downs war given an received, till at last we prevailed, an' obliged the sheep-mn to take to their heels up the fair green. An' thin we paraded up an' down the fair, hurrooin' for the sight of a Keoghoe till evenin', an' never looked for my heifer, who strayed about till it was put in pounds, where I got it next mornin' an' fetched it home to my own place, lest there might be any more racket riz about it.

"There now is my courtship an' all for yez: was there ever a bein' wint thro' more in his life about the wan girl? an' afther all see the wan I have, as lame as she can be; an' not alone that, bud she bates me every minnet in the day, if I repine or say a sintince out of my head. Young boys that are listenin' to me, that are not buckled yit, my constant prayer is, that yez may never be plagued as I am; for if yez do, its, bether for yez go an' drown yourselves in a boghole at wanst, thin suffer all yer lifetime as I do." * * M.

SUPERIORITY AND SENIORITY.—Seniority is a fine thing even when it does not secure one a fortune; it conveys such an inexhaustible fund of self-conceit, and such a perfect assurance of one's superiority to any person who has the misfortune to be a few years one's junior, that, judging from our own feelings towards our younger brothers, we should think Methuselah must have had a most satisfactory opinion of himself, compared with the rest of mankind—been the vainest and most disagreeable of men. *Blackwood's Magazine.*

SLANDER.—It takes two to make a slander; one to tell it, and another to listen to it.

TO-DAY.

To-day is like a child's pocket money, which he never thinks of keeping in his pocket. Considering it bestowed upon us for the sole purpose of being expended as fast as possible in dainties, toys, and nicknacks, we should reproach ourselves for meanness of spirit were we to hoard it up, or appropriate it to any object of serious utility. It is the only part of life of which we are sure; yet we treat it as if it were the sole portion of existence beyond our controul. We make sage reflections upon the past, and wise resolutions for the future, but no one ever forms an important determination for to-day. Whatever is urgent must be reserved for to-morrow; and the present hour is a digression, an episode that belongs not to the main business of life; we may cut it out altogether, and the plot will not be the less complete. In spite, however, of its being a truism, it must be admitted that to-day is a portion of our existence. Granted, exclaims the idler; but, after all, what is a single day?—A question which is peevishly repeated three hundred and sixty-five times in a year, when we commence a new score of similar interrogatories: so that we might as well say at once, "what is a single life?" Short as the interval might be, and however indolently we may have passed it, to-day has not been altogether unimportant. Perched upon our goodly vehicle, the earth, we have swung through space at a tolerably brisk rate in the performance of our annual rotation round the sun; so many miles of life's journey have, at all events, brought us so much nearer to its end; they are struck off from our account; we shall never travel over them again. With every tick of our watch in that brief space of time, some hundreds or thousands have started from the great antenatal infinite to light and life; while as many have returned into the darkness of the invisible world. And we ourselves, though we sometimes exclaim, like the emperor Titus, that we have lost a day, may be well assured that to-day has not lost sight of us. The footsteps of time may not be heard when he treads upon roses, but his progress is not the less certain; we need not shake the hour-glass to make the sands of life flow faster; they keep perpetually diminishing; night and day, asleep or awake, grain by grain, our existence dribbles away. We call those happy moments when time flies most rapidly, forgetting that he is the only winged personage that cannot fly backwards, and that his speed is but hurrying us to the grave.

Those individuals who seek happiness, will withdraw themselves from this whirl and vortex of excitement. They will not aggravate the diseased enlargement of the public heart, and share the painful intensity of its pulsations, by residing in the capital. There is no holy calm, no sabbath of the soul, no cessation of strife, in that vast arena of the passions, where life is a ceaseless struggle of money-getting and money-spending; a contest of avarice and luxury; a delirium of the senses or of the mind. If we desire

peace and repose, let us look out upon the variegated earth, ever new and beautiful—upon the azure doom of heaven, hung around with painted clouds—upon the wide waters, dancing and glittering in the sun, or lying in the stillness of their crystal sleep. Let us listen to the music of the sky, when the boughs are singing to the wind, and the birds are serenading one another; or surrendering ourselves to that more pleasing sensation, when the serenity of nature's silence imparts a congenial balm and tranquillity to the heart. Gazing on the face of nature, we shall encounter no human passions—no distrust—no jealousy—no intermission of friendship or attraction: even her frowns are beautiful, and we need not fear that death shall tear her from us. We look upon an immortal countenance. A morning thus dedicated is an act of the purest piety; it is offering to the Deity a heart made happy by the contemplation of his works.

THE EAGLE'S SONG.

Ho, ho! for the sky,
And the clouds, and the sun,
And the wild winds that fly,
And the lightning;
And the black cliff below,
That the waves' foamy snow,
With their dull plashy blow,
Is whitening.

Out, out! glorious wing!
Furl out to the breeze—
Show you bear the air king
By your rushing.
Unblenching I'll gaze
On the gold-living blaze,
From the world's lamp
Gushing.

Ho! higher; still higher!
Thro' vapour, thro' mist,
The air king will tire
Like the thunder,
When wearied with will,
It lulls and is still
O'er the pine-darkened hill,
And asunder!

Again to the earth,
'Mid the stormy mirth,
Of the chaos of air I'll whirl;
Now here! now there,
On the rock-cedar, where
The branches are bare,
And the peril
No mortal may dare.
See! it's dim summits bear,
Aye! for many a long year,
A diadem regal!
Formed of the snow,
And gemmed with the bow
Of heaven's own arch,
Where my dead victims perch.

Ho! ho! for the sky,
Where no bird can fly
Like the eagle.

J. T. C.

SENDING NEWSPAPERS BY POST.—Mr. Godby, secretary to the General Post-office, Dublin, in reply to a communication from Mr. Thomas Haughton, states—"Any writing, or mark whatever, or however made on any newspaper, in order to direct the attention of the party to whom it is sent by post to any particular paragraph therein, renders such newspaper liable to postage."

THE STILL.

Human ingenuity is never so effectually roused as when it feels the iron-weight of oppression; then it bounds, or rather twists, and tortures itself like a trodden worm. When free and unshackled, our thoughts are open and expanded; but when we are pressed down by the hand of tyranny, we turn on our oppressors, and when we cannot crush them, we sting them. Thus is it with reality; our feelings are the same when we *think* we are oppressed or injured. There are many persons in the world who have the latter sort of feeling. I could quote numerous instances of this, but I'll content myself with one.

In the pretty town of —, some thirty miles from Cork, there lived, a few years since, an individual remarkable for his apparent contempt of religion and society at all times, save when connected with his private interest. This man seemed to think himself a highly-injured personage—one who was an unresisting victim to the present order of things. He praised the “good old times of yore,” and utterly despised every thing belonging to the present age. He thought every body happy—parted from an amiable wife to share the society of a *jolie* neighbour, and lived in one continued round of intemperance and immorality.

I called upon him one evening; “he wasn’t at home;” the next night, “he could not be seen.” For three successive nights I received the same answer. “Come, come,” said I at last, “I must see him. Tell him a friend—his old acquaintance, Mr. K., from France, is desirous of seeing him.”

He came at last; I was electrified when I beheld him; such a change! There he stood before me with a candle in his hand: he wore an old blue shirt, and a pair of grey trousers hanging loosely from one suspender; his wig was off his head, that was perfectly bald, and his face so withered with deep blue streaks round his sunken eyes, bespoke a constitution worn down by incessant intoxication.

“Why, Dick,” said I, “what in the name of mercy can this mean?”

“A still, man, a still; keep dark; I wont pretend to conceal it from you. Come in, come in.”

I followed him in. Surprised as I was by the appearance of my friend, Dick, how much more was I when I entered the scene of his operations! He led, or rather dragged, me into a kind of back house, where I stood for some time quite blinded. The first thing I saw on regaining my sight was something like a fire obscured by a dark body apparently bending over it. When I looked round to inspect the place, I found myself in a room constructed after the fashion of a kitchen. In front before me was a chimney with a huge brick-work hearth projecting out—in the hearth was a coal fire, grated all round, on the top of which was a kind of kettle, with a short, stubborn-looking pipe that seemed to grin defiance to excise officers in general. In one corner was an affair like a coffee-mill, with a heap of barley beside it. On an old mattress near the fire lay a man, whose short, thick breathing told a sleep oppressed by copious draughts of the illicit liquor, and by the fumes and smoke of his unhealthy abode.

“Why, Dick,” said I to my conductor, “what’s all this? how do you manage to live in this wretched place?—by Jove, its enough to kill a Hercules, (the smoke was dreadful;) I’m almost fainting already.”

As I spoke, the man at the fire, who was so busily engaged that he did not notice our entrance, turned round, and his little eyes sparkled like phosphorus in

a dark corner. Dick, without noticing my observation, advanced to the fire, and, after examining the kettle, began lustily to kick the fellow on the mattress.

“Get up, get up, you lazy dog,” said he; “look here—it has already yeasted without the barm; up up, you lazy dog”—administering to him a farewell kick.

The fellow arose grumbling, and set about his occupation.

“Here,” said he; “the pot-ale is ready, sir.”

“Work away as hard as you can. Hallo there!” said he to the fellow at the fire, who had made some mistake; “confound you, you scoundrel, you were near letting that evaporate and burning the house.”

“Why, Dick,” said I, when we had left his laboratory, “you’re very hard on your poor fellows; are you not afraid of being betrayed by them?”

“Aye, that’s it,” answered he; “were it not that I fear treachery, I’d be harder on the rascals.”

“Why, Dick, it was not always thus; there was a time—”

“Yes, there was a time,” interrupted he—“there was a time when I had no need of this *trade*; but oppression—oppression!”

Well, thought I, here’s a fellow complaining of tyranny and oppression, and yet he is a very despot in his own little dominion.

Having received orders early next day to start for Cork as quick as possible, I called on him; he was yet in bed; I went up to his room and shook him; he started up with an affrighted look, and stared about the room; he thought I had brought officers to arrest him. “Don’t fear,” said I, “I have not betrayed you. I’ve been summoned to Cork, and come to wish you farewell.”

About six months after, happening one day to take up a newspaper, which I had just received, I was shocked to perceive on it an account of his death. It appears that he had, early on the morning of his decease, been removed to his bed quite inebriated, leaving his two men to take care of the still. By means of their neglect, the kettle through which they manufactured the liquor had burst, and the greater part of the spirits escaped in vapour: this taking fire, communicated itself to the rest, and in a minute the whole was one sheet of flame. While the men were endeavouring to save their implements, the fire reached the chamber in which their master slept. Before sufficient assistance could arrive, the whole house was on fire, and in a short time the roof fell in, burying the wretched inmate in its smoking ruins. Thus he perished, a melancholy victim to the horrid demon of intoxication!

Cork, Dec., 1842.

D. H.

TRUTH.—Truth, like beauty, varies its fashions, and is best recommended by different dresses to different minds; and he that recalls the attention of mankind to any part of learning which time has left behind it, may be truly said to advance the literature of his own age.

SIMPLICITY.—Simplicity is the great friend to nature; and if I would be proud of anything in this silly world, it should be of the honest alliance.—*Sterne.*

RAILLERY.—The raillery which is consistent with good breeding, is a gentle animadversion on some foible, which, while it raises the laugh in the rest of the company, doth not put the person rallied out of countenance, or expose him to shame or contempt. On the contrary, the jest should be so delicate, that the object of it should be capable of joining in the mirth it occasions.

VERGER OF SAINT PATRICK'S.

The evening had set in black and lowering, and the wind blew with violence along the pathway of Werburgh-street, as the old verger of St. Patrick's Cathedral directed his steps towards that edifice, to prepare it for early sacred service on the approaching sabbath. It was now late, and but few persons were to be seen abroad, and they seemed evidently hurrying to their fire-sides. It was such a night "as you would not turn your enemy's dog from your door in, even though he bit you"—dark, stormy, and desolate; and, except the wild curses, or wilder laughter, of the miserable wretches who lay huddled under the arched courtways, no sound but the howling of the wind, or the pattering of the rain, was heard in the deserted streets of the metropolis.

"Marry," exclaimed the old man, as he held by the lamp-post at the corner of the old range of buildings called Patrick's Close, "but 'tis a fearful night! How the wind howls and sweeps the slates from off the roofs!"

But he was now in sight of the venerable pile from which he derived his office, and, quickening his feeble steps, with difficulty got beneath the shelter of its walls, and, reaching the western entrance, took the keys from his girdle and attempted to open its wicket. For some time he toiled in vain; age, and the severity of the night, had relaxed his strength, and all his efforts were useless, until a sudden gust of wind aiding his exertions, the door flung open with a crash that pealed through the long and distant galleries of the church like thunder.

Accustomed as he had been for years to visit the cathedral at all hours and seasons, and familiar as he was with every crypt and cloister under its roof, still the old verger felt a chill upon his heart as he listened to the echoes of his own footsteps on the hollow flags, and felt the damp air of the arches upon his cheek.

It is a fearful thing to stand alone in the house of God in the silence and solitude of the night; and in such a spot the imagination speaks to the heart in tones of solemn import; the very rustling of the wind sounds as if the dead were watching us, and whispering to each other in strange, low voices; and, despite our will, we are conscious of a feeling of silent terror rising in our hushed bosoms, that all the efforts of our reasoning powers fail to extinguish.

Under the influence of this emotion, the old man, with greater haste than usual, busied himself in making the necessary arrangements in the body of the church, picturing to himself the social fire-side that awaited him at home. His labours were soon ended, and he prepared to depart, when suddenly a sound like laughter came upon his ear. He started, and listened. Could it be the wind? No. Again it came, more loud and wildly than before; the very echoes of the cloisters gave back the tones, and seemed alive with exulting bursts of merriment. With trembling hands the terror-stricken verger raised his lamp above his head, and looked fearfully around him. Almighty powers! a form in white was passing along the friar's walk, tossing its arms to and fro with frantic gestures. In a state of fearful agony, as if by fascination, he gazed on that nameless figure, watched its course as it passed from gallery to gallery, and, when at length it was shrouded in the

darkness at the end of these passages, sunk with a convulsive sob, fainting on the flags.

The family of Nicholas M'Manus waited for their sire in vain that night; it chimed eleven, but still he came not, and they grew alarmed. It was an awful evening for so old a man to venture forth, and their fears increased with the lateness of the hour; and when his eldest son came home from a distant part of the city, the whole family crowded round him, and acquainted him with their terrors and anxiety. Alarmed at what he heard, the young man lost not a moment in proceeding to the cathedral, accompanied by a few of his fellow workmen, whom the rumour had reached of his father's absence. A change had come upon the night—the storm still raged fiercely, but the rain had ceased, and the moon at times flung a wan and watery gleam through the broken clouds which swept across her disk.

On reaching the cathedral they found the wicket open, and searched the aisle and cloisters in vain; no appearance of the object of their inquiry was to be seen. A bunch of keys lay near the communion-table, and the old iron lamp he usually carried lay extinguished on the gallery stairs.

The place and the house were calculated to awaken uneasy feelings in stouter breasts than the little group could boast of which stood in the centre of the aisle, and as they imparted their fears one to another in low whispers, ever and anon they cast furtive glances on the shadowy passages around them.

"St. Patrick protect us!" exclaimed one of the party—"what is that?" pointing to a passing appearance in one of the cloisters.

Young M'Manus, and one or two of the stouter and younger of the group, ascended the gallery. They could barely distinguish the white drapery of the form before them as it swept swiftly along through the walks which surround the aisle of the church, and, while the eyes of the breathless and astonished group below were fixed on the chase, dashed in pursuit. The terrified son, impelled by eagerness and natural anxiety, was a few paces before the rest, and, on reaching the second gallery, could discover that it now was bearing something in its arms, and was apparently tottering with the weight, and as it passed a spot where the moonbeams poured their light from a window, recognising its burden, he rushed with a shout into the passages, in which the mysterious being had disappeared.

The interior of St. Patrick's Cathedral is very lofty, and, at a considerable distance from the pavement, the pillars, whose groined arches support the roof, are pierced by long and narrow galleries, which encircle the church, and are distinguished by the name of "Friars' Walks."

Through one of those which intersected the grand window in the centre, and thrown into full relief by a sudden burst of moonlight illuminating the stained glass, that figure now passed far above the heads of the horror-stricken group below, and, immediately after, rushed on the same track, a second figure, whom they recognised by the lamp he bore as their late companion. A pause ensued, and while they gazed on each other, with looks of dismay, the report of a pistol, followed by a piercing scream, rang upon their ears. Excited and alarmed, they now simultaneously ascended the steps leading to the passage, and at the extremity of the most elevated one, found young M'Manus kneeling by the cold and lifeless body of his father; while the hapless cause of all this night's horrors—a miserable female maniac, who had escaped from an asylum in the neighbourhood, and hid herself in the galleries of the cathedral—lay moaning on the flags, with her life-blood fast flowing from a wound on her breast.

MY OWN DEAR ISLE.

I linger'd on the sea shore,
And sported all the day;
I heard the angry sea roar,
And saw its surges' spray!
I have seen the sun above me,
I boister'd in his smile,
And vow'd I'd ever love thee—
My own dear Isle.

I wander'd o'er thy mountains,
And down thy daisied hills;
I've seen thy crystal fountains,
And heard thy tinkling rills,
Reclining 'neath the willow,
Apart from vice or guile,
Thy mossy banks my pillow—
My own dear Isle.

I love thy vernal flowers,
Thy glens and shamrock plains;
Thy groves and shady bowers,
Where pipe the shepherd swains.
To press thy banks of roses
I'd wander many a mile,
For there content repose—
My own dear Isle.

I prize thy woodbine fences,
Thy meads and mossy dells;
What rapture to my senses,
Where grow the heather bells!
No nation is above thee,
No tongue can thee beguile;
For Heaven appears to love thee—
My own dear Isle.

F.

TEMPERANCE.—The Rev. Mr. Mathew is to visit Jersey and Guernsey, by invitation, immediately after Easter. The arrangements for the proposed national testimonial to the Rev. Gentleman are proceeding very favourably, under the able and effective management of Alderman Purcell.

INTELLECTUAL CULTIVATION.—The highest purpose of intellectual cultivation is to give a man a perfect knowledge and mastery of his own inner self; to render our own consciousness its own light and its own mirror. Hence, there is less reason to be surprised at our inability to enter fully into the feelings and characters of others. No one who has not a complete knowledge of himself, will ever have a true understanding of another.

CRYSTALLISATION.—From numerous facts, it would appear that the crystalline arrangement is produced by electrical attraction and repulsion. The various changes of circumstances produce among bodies an electrical change, so we observe the same circumstances produce a change in the crystalline form. Bodies mechanically mixed with each other in the first instance, will subsequently assume a crystalline form, and here it would seem that induction had taken place, the particles becoming polarized. In all the processes of crystallisation a nucleus is formed, which draws the surrounding particles successively to it. This nucleus, which is often different from the external form of the crystal, being in a certain electrical state, in conformity to the laws of electrical attraction and repulsion, indiscriminately draws the other particles to it, consequently the formation of the aggregate crystal. And as the electrical state of the first formed nucleus, or the nucleus put in to hasten the process, is determined by its elementary constituents, and the nature of formation; hence the uniformity among bodies in their crystallised form under one circumstance, and the dissimilarity under the other, and why a nucleus of the same substance is the best excitant.—*Mechanic's Mag.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'W. H.—n.'—We are sorry to find that any of our correspondents, especially one of whom we thought better things, should commit an act of literary petty larceny, and actually be proved by another worthy contributor a plagiarist. *Homo trium litterarum* is an unworthy stigma. It appears that the "Song of the Captive Chief" was not the production of the person whose signature it bore in our 5th number, vol. 2, but that it was written by another most estimable poet, and was published by him so far back as 1834 in a Dublin periodical—a copy of which is before us. We cannot but acknowledge that the lines are of great merit, and are worthy of the real writer, who we are proud to acknowledge as one of our own corps; but we cannot give any meed of praise to "W. H.—n." except judicious selection. He has furnished us with other scraps of poetry, but we must hesitate to insert them. The main feature of the DUBLIN JOURNAL is the originality of its articles. On that ground we stand, and we seek not to be dressed in borrowed plumes. We wish all our kind contributors to bear this in mind.

"J. D. H."—We have given your sketch a prominent niche, and hope you will "follow it up from time to time." We gratefully acknowledge, and with pride too, that, as yet, in every instance we are upheld by a host of gratuitous assistance, which inspires us in our national work. Arduous, indeed, it is to establish a permanent Irish periodical; but, with the help we have, we know it must succeed.

"E. B. B." Castlebar.—Our remarks as to the character of our subject-matter was only intended as general. We have not received the communications adverted to.

"G. H."—In our next.

"E. C."—You are not forgotten."

"G. V. D., Limerick."—We have "enough and to spare" of original papers, and therefore need not draw upon contemporary periodicals. Proceeding upon this plan seems to give general satisfaction. The story of the "Ballad Singer" of your ancient city you will find commenced in our present number. In reply to your inquiry, we beg to state, that we intend continuing it in each successive number till completed. It is usual to pay the postage of all communications.

"A SAILOR."—You are "too nice about trifles." We do not look for perfection in all the contributions with which we may be favored. We are very anxious to gratify our correspondents.

"W. E."—Not admissible. Surely, if you read our Journal, as you assert, you would find that the line we have marked out for ourselves excludes such productions as you have transmitted. We will not insert any communication persons', religious, or political. There are avenues enough in Ireland through which you may convey your arguments to the public; but the DUBLIN JOURNAL cannot aid you in your purpose. We have other, and, we think, better objects in view.

"E. A. K."—A little patience, and all will be well. We have so many contributions to attend to, that some must break delay.

"P. R."—Yes; always acceptable.

We beg to inform our readers, that the author of "The Phouca," "The Banshee," and "The Courtship," in our present volume, as also several articles in our first volume, will in future sign himself "S. M." to distinguish him from another correspondent who has adopted the same initial.

Our first part of 2d vol. has met with a large sale—and has compelled us to have a relasue. Our advertising friends would do well to favour us with their commands in time.

Printed for the Proprietors, at the Office, 25, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications (post-paid) are to be addressed, to the Editor.

Published by T. LEMASURIER, (late T. TRUE & Co.,) & Lr. Abbey-street, Dublin; and all Booksellers.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 8.—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

CENTRAL TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH.

When we take into consideration some of the more important properties of heat, and the effects it is capable of producing in bodies situated at the surface of our earth, we must feel much less disposed to regard with superstitious awe some of those more fearful and wonderful phenomena of nature which occasionally arrest our attention: thus, those eruptions of liquid fire that constitute our volcanoes, and those mighty convulsions of the earth that are frequently manifest, may be attributed to the unrestrained workings of this powerful, innate principle. Independent of the sun, which sheds its fervent rays over the earth, and imparts to it a degree of warmth essentially necessary to maintain that vital energy which characterises the vegetable world and a portion of the animal creation, the earth itself contains a source of heat, which, at ages considerably remote, must have caused the general mass of all constituents of the mineral globe to assume a state of igneous liquefaction.

Descending a certain depth (about 40 or 42 feet) into the earth, we arrive at a stratum whose temperature is at an equilibrium both in summer and in winter time; it has been denominated by philosophers the *stratum of invariable temperature*; and is in general the mean temperature of the place—that is, its heat falls as much below that of the invariable stratum in severe winter, as it is raised above it in summer, by the excessive action of the solar rays. Descending still lower, and approaching more distantly the earth's centre, its temperature gradually augments, but irregularly so, in consequence of the different conducting powers of the rocks of different countries: however, as an approximation, we may assume that its temperature increases one degree for every 40 feet we descend, or 120 degrees for every mile. Assuming that this development of heat proportionately and progressively increases as we proceed downwards, we would, at the distance of two miles from the surface, arrive at a depth where water could no longer exist in its liquid condition, but be reduced to its more elastic state, or vapour,

were it not for the immense pressure it should be subjected to; and, at a distance of thirty miles, the earth's temperature should be so much elevated as to be capable of melting iron, which, in our ordinary furnaces, requires such an intense degree of heat to liquify.

The surface of the earth receiving heat from the sun, is transmitted inwards by its conducting power, and thus each summer a thin layer of elevated temperature moves inwards, whilst those of successive summers are separated by an intervening colder portion, which marks a diminution of temperature in winter, until they mix and compound themselves in the layer of constant temperature, beyond which the influence of the sun is no longer appreciable.

Hence it may be presumed, that although this internal temperature of the earth is rendered insensible to bodies at its surface, from its being so exceedingly remote from its influence; yet, there is every reason to believe that a state of intense action exists at a small depth below, and the incrustation of matter which we inhabit may be regarded merely as a thin pellicle of solid crystalline rocks, which extend and mantle to an extremely limited degree the melted mass below.

In various places, where openings or fissures may have formed in this mass of crystalline rocks, we may well imagine how those terrific commotions of the earth, as well as those majestically and beautifully grand volcanic phenomena, are produced.

W. T.

IRRESOLUTION.—The river that runs slow and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollownesses, and spends itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigorousness and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted by little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels: so in a man's prayer, if it moves on the feet of an abated appetite; it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at heaven. Any thing can be done by him that earnestly desires what he ought; secure but your affections and passions, and then no temptation will be too strong. A wise man, and a full resolution, and an earnest spirit, can do any thing of duty.

THE BALLAD SINGER OF LIMERICK.

(Continued from No. 7.)

When Kate woke on the following morning, it was with a mind freed from a load of care and anxiety : she could not believe that proper food and her nursing would fail to restore her mother's health ; and she was absorbed in plans for the future—when her glance fell on the cupboard, now well filled, and, recollecting her nervous dislike to it, she burst out laughing.

"What ails you, child?" asked her mother, starting with terror, as it occurred to her that the change from the misery of the preceding day, to comfort, if not happiness, had unsettled her mind. "What makes you laugh, Kate?"

"Did I disturb you, mama?"

"No, my dear; I have been awake for some time; but you frightened me!"

"I could not help laughing, mama, at my dislike to that poor cupboard, that I used to say was so odious, because it would never stay closed. I am beginning to feel more amicably disposed towards it, now that I am not afraid to look into it; we will be great friends by and by."

"'Tis a long time since I heard you laugh so merrily, Kate," said her mother: "it does me good to see you like yourself again."

"If you were like yourself, once more, mama, all would be right; and, as one step towards it, I'll go and get breakfast."

In pursuance of her promise to send a messenger to the shop which she had named to Mrs. Creagh, Kate explained to Mrs. Mullins what she was to do, saying, in conclusion, "that she need not call for some days." But Aladdin was not more anxious to test the powers of his wonderful lamp, than was Mrs. Mullins to try those of her special commission; and a compromise between Kate's orders and her own curiosity was the result, which she justified by saying:

"Sure I want a ha'p'orth o' soap for the child's petticoat at all events, and I may as well go there as anywhere else; I'll say nothing to 'em about Miss O'Carrol; indeed they have good soap too!"

In a short time Mrs. Mullins returned, looking like a bold child detected in analysing the contents of one of his grand-mama's jam-crocks; for old ladies are sometimes as tenacious of their *preserves* as a Highland laird. It was after considerable deliberation that she summoned courage to take the basket which she had brought to Mrs. O'Carrol's apartment. Kate was mortified and annoyed at the want of delicacy displayed by sending so soon: after Mrs. Creagh's kindness on the preceding evening, to appear anxious to try her generosity farther, was shocking. But, as Mrs. Mullins philosophically observed, "there was no help for spilled milk;" and she stood in silent vexation looking at the basket, without seeming to feel the least degree of compassion for Mrs. Mullins's curiosity to see what it contained.

"Yea then now, Miss Kate," she said, in a coaxing tone, "don't look so vexed; I'd rather you'd soold me than look that way. An', after all, didn't the boy tell me that the gentleman that came with the servant and the basket asked him did he know me, and desired him call me, if he saw me passing by, for fear I wouldn't go in?"

"I am sorry you went so soon, Mrs. Mullins," replied Kate; "but, however, as you did so, I may as well open the basket."

"If it was mine, I'd have it opened long ago," exclaimed Mrs. Mullins; "I couldn't for the life o' me be looking at anything covered up that way, when 'twould be no harm to open it; but, I suppose, you know what is in it before, Miss."

Kate smiled, and proceeded to gratify the thirst for information so frankly owned by her landlady. The basket contained some fowl, a few bottles of fine old wine, and a note from Mrs. Creagh, begging that Kate would insist on her mother's taking the wine regularly; and that, as a particular favour, she would send Mrs. Mullins, every second day at least, to leave a little bulletin of Mrs. O'Carrol's health for the servant who would call for it at the shop, which Kate now laughingly denominated the "neutral ground." When Mrs. Mullins left the room, Kate read the note for her mother.

"How few confer favors with such unpretending kindness!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Carrol; "the more I know of them, the more does it comfort me to think that you have found such friends, Kate."

"They do not know who I am yet, mama," said Kate, as her face was clouded by a look of mortified pride and self-reproach.

"I do not see what difference that can make, my love."

"I am almost ashamed to own my folly, even to you, mama."

"What is this high crime and misdemeanour you have committed, my bonnie Kate?" asked Mrs. O'Carrol smiling: "something very terrible, I suspect."

In order to spare our heroine the awkwardness of a public confession of her foibles, we will tell the story in our own words. That our readers may understand the "head and front of her offending," we must relate some circumstances connected with her former associates. One of her schoolfellows, named Anna Roche, a gentle, amiable girl, had lost her mother when very young, and some years after an elder and favourite brother, who had been their schoolfellow, and, despite of different circumstances, the intimate friend of Arthur Creagh; knowing that his father, a worldly-minded man, though almost idolising his only daughter, could neither understand her character nor correct her faults, and that his brother, a wild-spirited boy, was ill-calculated to be the adviser of one, who, from her timid and rather indolent disposition, required a friend whom she could both love and respect—his dying request had been, that Arthur would supply his loss to his little sister. Fearing that his father would oppose their intimacy, he explained his wishes, and urged them so earnestly, that Mr. Roche, though not regarding Arthur as his children's equal, consented, and eventually became so fond of his son's friend, as to regard his daily visits as equally indispensable to himself and his daughter; whilst Anna looked on him as an elder and beloved brother, who was ever ready to advise or instruct her; and, up to the time of her going to the finishing school, at which she formed a girlish friendship for our heroine, she had never supposed it possible that any one could ridicule her sisterly affection for Arthur Creagh. On her finally leaving school, Mr. Roche, anxious that his only daughter should "come out" with *eclat*, gave a series of dinners and balls, brilliant enough to gratify any young lady; but Anna was of too retiring a disposition to feel any real pleasure in gaieties which required her to fill so prominent a part, which her father's wishes, and the certainty of having Arthur always near to support and encourage her, could alone induce her to undertake. As, unhappily, in this poor world of ours, everybody cannot be pleased at the same time, Arthur's presence, which supported Anna through all her little difficulties, was the source of great annoyance to some of her fashionable friends, who, being the sons and daughters of her father's mercantile connexions, were invited to all their parties. Dining or dancing in company with a person whose brother kept a grocer's shop, was awful! The alternative of staying away was disagreeable—"people

may say they were not asked." The dinners and balls were pleasant, but they could enjoy nothing "while Mordecai was sitting at the King's gate."

At a ball given on Anna Roche's birth-night, some young ladies, who, happening to be the earliest arrivals, assembled in a corner to enjoy what they called "a little quiet conversation," leaving their mamas to weary poor Anna with directions and corrections with regard to her household arrangements.

"I wonder if we shall have many beaux!" exclaimed Miss Whyte, a smart looking girl, whose nose gave ample indications of an aspiring mind.

"We shall have one certainly," replied her sister Mary.

"Who is that, pray?" demanded the young lady, with a glance that plainly said, "I did not ask you, Miss Pert!"

"Arthur Creagh—I know Anna Roche always invites him."

"I think you may know, Mary, that I didn't mean such beaux as Mr. Arthur Creagh."

"Indeed, Sarah," said Mary Whyte gently, "I think Arthur is very handsome and very good-natured, and I'm sure I don't know what more you could require."

"Handsome and good-natured, indeed!—don't you think we ought to return him a vote of thanks?" demanded Miss Whyte, turning to her next neighbour, Miss Kelly, a delicate looking young lady, whose interesting paleness had been caused by over anxiety to promote the philosophic spirit of observation on occurrences unattended to by ordinary mortals. "As to Mary," she continued, "she never had spirit enough to keep up her own dignity or ours, and so I told mama when she insisted on bringing her out so soon."

"Your sister is rather young certainly," remarked the young lady appealed to, as she glanced at the pretty face of the culprit; "but, if I may be permitted to offer a suggestion, my dear Miss Whyte, I would say that we may mark our sense of the impropriety of asking such a person by refusing to dance with him, or to encourage his presumption in any way whatever."

"I don't think he ever presumed to ask *you* to dance," said Mary Whyte, with a look of mock deference towards the dignified Miss Kelly.

"Hold your tongue, Miss, or I'll get mama to send you home to bed, where you ought to be."

Mary was about to reply angrily, when she was stopped by our heroine, who had joined the circle a few minutes before.

"Don't be saucy to your sister, Mary," she said.

"Sarah is right in saying that we ought associate only with our equals."

"And exclude all vulgar people from our houses," added Miss Whyte eagerly.

"Certainly, I fully agree with you, Sarah," replied our heroine.

"I often hear papa say," remarked Mary Whyte, "that the Creaghs are an old respectable family, and distinguished in—"

"The reign of Queen Dick," interrupted her sister, sneeringly.

"Oh! Sarah; who's vulgar now?"

"Evil communication corrupts good manners," my dear. I suppose you have not quite forgotten your copy-book yet, Miss Mary."

"I didn't write a copy these three years; you know that very well, Sarah."

"Indeed it is very easily seen by those who know less about you," said Miss Whyte, looking as scornfully indignant as if her sister Mary's early emancipation from the school-room had caused the utter subversion of society in Limerick.

"I'm sure," said Miss Raleigh, who had not spoken

before—"I'm sure I was so much ashamed the other day when I was speaking to Captain M'Clintock in William-street, that Mr. Creagh passed so near, that I could not avoid recognising him. The captain looked so surprised, and said—'Is it possible that you are acquainted with that person? I had no idea that society was so mixed here.' I had not time to explain that I never met him any where but here, for mama hurried me away. Alice, my maid, told me afterwards that she saw the captain one day in Mr. Creagh's shop, disputing about a bill, and they were actually impertinent enough to doubt his word!"

"Shameful!" "How mean!" "Vulgar people!" ejaculated the young ladies.

And on the foregoing evidence of the terrible result of keeping low society, a sentence was passed on poor Arthur, putting him into Coventry during an indefinite period; while "obstinate little Mary Whyte" narrowly escaped being sent to join him, for venturing to dissent. Who would not be tried by a jury of young ladies fresh from a boarding school? Not that we mean this as a general reflection on females so educated, for many amiable and intelligent girls may be found amongst them; but there is a restless vanity, and a mistaken pride, too often acquired at boarding-schools, (particularly those intended for a "limited number of young ladies,") which favour the endless discussions on the rank, wealth, and pretensions of the pupil's respective families, which are rarely seen in girl's educated at home, where all are equals in birth, and where those struggles for superiority in other respects can scarcely take place.

Judge not our heroine too harshly, gentle reader, for taking part in a resolution so unworthy of a generous mind: pride was her besetting sin, and, though she could not stoop to the manoeuvres of Miss Kelly or Miss Whyte, it blinded her completely to the absurdity and silliness of their ideas on this subject. Accustomed to take the lead in everything of her weaker-minded companions, she determined to out-do them even in impertinence.

The ball-room was soon crowded; dancing began; and, as our heroine sat in the quietest corner of the apartment, it chanced that she was still disengaged, when she saw Arthur Creagh coming towards her, evidently for the purpose of asking her to dance. At the same moment she perceived Miss Whyte give Miss Kelly a gentle nudge with one of her red elbows; and, determined to excite their admiration of her "proper spirit," she waited till he had come near enough to make his intention manifest, and then, coolly turning her back to him, addressed some observation to Miss Whyte's brother—a vain, silly young man, whom at any other time she would have wished to avoid.

"Now, that was done in what I call a masterly manner," drawled the young gentleman, as slowly as if he had been endowed with the fairy gift of Cinderella's godmother, and feared to enrich his friends with "the pure and precious pearls of splendid thought." "No half measures for me!"—and he laughed triumphantly as he saw Arthur colour and turn away. "That was so well done, Miss O'Carrol, that, 'pon my soul, though I seldom dance, I think I could venture to encounter a set of quadrilles myself, if you will do me the honour."

"I don't intend to dance at present," replied Kate haughtily, as she half regretted having done anything that could induce Mr. Robert Whyte to sacrifice his affectation of indolence for a moment. Though pride was still busy, she could not avoid a feeling of degradation at such praise, which not even the triumph of excelling her friends, and mortifying the "grocer's son," could wholly efface from her mind.

About an hour after, our heroine joined the country dancers. Having gone down the dance, she took her

place at the foot, within a very short distance of Anna Roche, who appeared fatigued, and had declined dancing. She had not stood there many minutes, when she heard a low voice, which she recognised as Arthur Creagh's, say—

"I come to bid you good night, Anna."

"Are you going away so soon, Arthur? I thought you were dancing."

"I have not danced at all this evening," said Arthur.

"You used to be very fond of dancing: something must have vexed you, Arthur, I am sure."

"Vexed, Anna! I was more than vexed, to think that some of the people here this evening should presume to call themselves your friends."

"What happened, Arthur? do tell me," said Anna earnestly: "they are all talking and laughing, so you need not be afraid of any one's hearing you."

"When dancing began this evening," replied Arthur, "I asked Miss MacMahon to dance—she was engaged; Miss Fitzgerald—engaged also; Miss O'Flaherty did not intend to dance the 'first set'; I asked her for the second—she really did not know that she would be allowed to dance at all; she had had a terrible cold last week, and her mama dreaded dancing for her.' Don't you think her mama was right?" asked Arthur, as the young lady went down the country dance at the moment, her face crimsoned from exertion; she was exceedingly fat.

They both laughed.

"Well, then," said Arthur, "to continue my sad tale. I asked Miss Raleigh—she begged to be excused, but gave no reason for declining to honour me with her fair hand; so, of course, I asked for none. In a few minutes after I saw her dancing with Captain McClintock. Though I do not think I was ever before so anxious to dance, as if through perversity, I may not have asked any one else after Miss Raleigh's polite refusal; but I saw looks exchanged between some of the young ladies, which determined me to disappoint them if possible: so I crossed the room for the purpose of asking Miss O'Carrol, not supposing that your friend would join such a clique. What do you think she did?"

"I don't know what to think," said Anna sadly, "everybody changes so quickly."

"She deliberately turned her back to me as I was about to speak, in order to enjoy the intellectual conversation of Mr. Robert Whyte; so that you perceive, my dear little sister, I am a decided ineligible."

"I would not believe from any one else," exclaimed Anna indignantly, "that Kate O'Carrol would be guilty of such unkindness! such rudeness! I am sure, Arthur, that they persuaded her to do so."

"I am much mistaken," he replied, "if Miss O'Carrol is not a person more likely to lead than follow. Do not imagine, my dear Anna, that I wish to quarrel with your acquaintances; but I should like you to know them, lest you may waste more of your warm little heart on them than they deserve, and be bitterly disappointed. As for my own part, I have been watching them for the last half hour, and have come to the conclusion, that, by deeming me unfit to be their partner, they have conferred the greatest honour in their power to bestow."

"I will ask Kate about it, however," said Anna.

"If you value my affection, Anna," exclaimed Arthur, "you will never mention it. I was angry at the moment, but a few minutes' reflection sufficed to show me the absurdity of resenting the impertinence of a few silly young ladies. I thought Miss O'Carrol superior to her friends, but I was mistaken. Don't look so serious, Queen Ann!" he continued in a playful tone; "this is a most fortunate occurrence for me; you were making me terribly dissipated."

"Oh, Arthur! you surely cannot mean to stay

away from me! Who could understand my foolish dilemmas, or get me out of them, as you do?"

"I will never stay away from you, Anna, when I can be of any use to you; but at those large parties you don't want me: you have little time to speak to me, and I am sure you are too kind to wish me to court impertinence."

"I will not ask you to meet those people again," said Anna; they are unworthy of you.

"You are looking awful in your indignation!" said Arthur, laughingly. "Don't trouble yourself about this foolish affair, Anna; I am very much obliged to the Misses Raleigh, O'Carrol, & Company; I never truly appreciated the value of gentleness and good-nature before. Good night!"

Fair ladies of Limerick! think not that we give Arthur Creagh's tale as a general description of your society. It would not be more unjust to condemn a nation for the acts of a party, than to judge of the inhabitants of a city by the manners and sentiments of a female coterie. That into which our heroine was unhappily thrown, belonged to a class not confined to any city, perhaps to any country. It is a melancholy truth, that they who have risen in society by the path of honest industry, have little sympathy for their less-favoured fellow-mortals, who are still toiling up the steep. Instead of reaching out to them the helping-hand of fellowship and encouragement, the moment they attain a certain height, they throw up behind them the bristling barrier of exclusiveness, rudely constructed, and destitute of even the picturesque creepers of antiquity, to shield its defects from the searching gaze of those below. Sedulously effacing all tokens of their own progress—burying in oblivion all remembrance of the virtuous exertions of which they may so well be proud, no class of people give so earnest an attention to the Scriptural prohibition of "letting the right hand know what the left hand doth." Marvellous modesty! which disclaims even the merit of exercising its taste and judgment for the benefit of its friends.

What were Kate O'Carrol's feelings during the conversation we have related? She could not leave her place without offering some excuse for doing so to her partner: if she spoke, Arthur and Anne would recognise her voice. She could not deceive herself as to Arthur's sentiments; she could not flatter herself with having made him angry; every tone of his voice, varying from pity to contempt, had reached her ear; but, as yet, awoke no echo in her conscience. One thought occupied her mind—Arthur Creagh had dared to despise her—to class her with Miss Raleigh and her friends, whom she believed silly in everything but the love of exclusiveness, which alone had induced her to seek their society. She went through her part of the dance mechanically, and as soon as possible returned home. She could not sleep; she tried to persuade herself that she had done right. Anna Roche's tearful eyes seemed to reproach her. Every minute's reflection brought additional evidence of her heartless and unfeeling rudeness. But pride was not conquered; and, while forced at length to admit that she had not acted as she ought, she still considered Arthur's presumption as unjustifiable. She felt a heart-burning anxiety to convince him that she was superior to those with whom he had classed her; yet, angry with herself for thinking his admiration or esteem of any consequence, she wished to meet

* "MONS. JOURDAIN—Il y a des sottés gens qui me veulent dire qu' il a été marchand !

"COVIEL—Lui marchand ! O'est pure medisance. Tout ce qu' il faisait, c'est qu' il était fort obligeant, fort officieux, et comme il se connaissait fort bien enettoffes, il en allait cho'sir de tous les cotés, les faisait apporter chez lui, et en doanait à ses amis pour de l' argent."—*Bourgeois Gentilhomme.*

him again, without knowing what conduct to adopt towards him. She wished, in vain, Anna Roche invited her only to those parties from which Arthur, at his own request, was excluded. She avoided all mention of his name in Kate's presence, lest she may betray the indignation which she had promised Arthur to conceal; and Kate could attempt no explanation without a sacrifice of pride, which a still severer lesson was necessary to prepare her for. A short time before her change of fortune, Anna's father had died suddenly, leaving his children amply provided for. Having appointed his brother to be their guardian, Anna and William Roche had gone to reside with him in a distant part of the country. Kate regretted the gradual cooling and eventual breaking off of her friendship with Anna, whom she sincerely liked; but she soon had more serious misfortunes to occupy her mind, and Anna and her memorable ball were almost forgotten, 'till recalled by the kindness of Mrs. Creagh and her son, whom Kate did not at first recognise, on the evening which introduced her to our readers.

"Is that all, Kate?" asked Mrs. O'Carrol when her daughter had concluded her confession. "I dare say he has forgotten it long since."

"He has forgiven it, I am sure, mama; but he is just the sort of sensitive person to remember it for ever."

"You will have an opportunity of apologising, for all that, Kate."

"Apologising, mama! I could not say a single word about it. He would think that I was humble only when I had no means of supporting my pride. Oh, no! I could not add meanness to want of feeling."

"There is no meanness, my dear child, in acknowledging an error."

"If I be ever again independent and able to show my gratitude, I will indeed apologise to him. You smile, mama; it seems a trifling occurrence to you, but—"

"You were wrong certainly, Kate," interrupted her mother; "but, still, I cannot help thinking that you reproach yourself too bitterly; most girls of your age have vain and silly ideas, which time alone can cure."

A knock at the door interrupted their conversation. Kate desired the person to come in. The door was opened, and Lion rushed in, leaping and gambolling wild with joy at seeing his mistress once more.

"Well, Miss O'Carrol," said Mrs. Mullins. "I thought you'd be glad to see poor Lion again, so I didn't wait to be told to go for him; and if I didn't pay 'em in their own coin, call me Darby."

"It was very thoughtful of you indeed, Mrs. Mullins, and we are very much obliged to you," said Kate, whose delight was nearly equal to Lion's. "Give the paw, my poor fellow, and thank Mrs. Mullins for bringing you back: we'll never part again, my own faithful Lion!"

"I wish you saw me, Miss Kate, when I knocked at the door as stiff as twopenny, and told the girl that the lady changed her mind, and wouldn't part him. Faix they thought to keep him right or wrong. The masher took a great liking to him, for he came home sooner than expected, the girl said. The mistress came out herself, and said it wasn't fair to refuse selling him after leaving him on purpose. 'Oh! sure a day can't make any difference to any body ma'am,' says I; 'but, if all goes to all, I'll pay for his board and lodging.' Didn't I serve her right, Miss Kate, the stingy negur?"

Kate might have preached to her on the propriety of doing good for evil; but, feeling that her smile would neutralise her sermon, she wisely abstained from doing so. The event, however, was not destined to be unproductive, for Mrs. Mullins was in a moralising mood.

"God help us!" she exclaimed, "how little we know what's good for us! I'd give all the world to sell that poor dumb creature yesterday, and now I wouldn't wish for three thirteens into my hand that Mrs. Pinch, or whatever her name is, bought him."

"Oh, Miss O'Carrol!" exclaimed Mrs. Mullins, as she entered the room a few days after, with a bunch of beautiful flowers and a parcel containing books, in addition to the little basket usually sent for Mrs. O'Carrol, "such a nice young gentleman as I saw to-day! he wasn't in the shop, Miss, but walking at the other side of the street, and when he saw me coming out with the basket, he came after me and gave me the flowers and the parcel; he said if he left 'em in the shop the flowers may be spoiled."

"Did he ask—?" exclaimed Kate, eagerly, but suddenly stopping, she continued to herself—"No! I will not wrong him by such a question."

"Faix he asked nothing in the world, Miss, but went off the other way, as if he had all the business of a Waterford merchant to do."

The flowers were rare and beautiful, and Kate loved flowers; yet she looked on them with a feeling of irritation and annoyance, which she could not conquer. They seemed to be performing the curious process of self-division into bouquets for a ball-room. "The sentiment of flowers" was lost on her—the sentiments of Arthur Creagh were of greater consequence to Kate; and, sighing bitterly, she exclaimed—

"Oh, if he knew whose taste he is consulting so kindly, so delicately! Silly fool that I was, when I might have acquired the esteem and friendship of such people on equal terms, I forced them to dislike and despise me."

The books were a great resource to Kate and her mother, to whom she used to read aloud. When returned, the next day was sure to bring a fresh parcel, always of the newest and most interesting works. He sent neither Chapone's Letters nor Fordyce's Sermon for Young Women; for Arthur Creagh was not one of your over-good people who think that the moment of greatest unhappiness is the happy moment for giving a lecture: knowing that no lessons sink so deeply into the mind as those taught by misfortune. He holds a mental microscope before us, pointing out the worm of pride which destroys our best feelings, and the film of vanity which obscures our understanding. Who would seek to distract our attention from such a master? They only, who have not heard, in sorrow and in suffering, his lessons echoed by the "still small voice" of conscience.

For several weeks Kate was enabled to send a favourable account of her mother's health to Mrs. Creagh; but, at the end of that time, a perceptible change took place. The impulse given to her worn-out constitution, by the sudden removal from the brink of starvation to comfort, was exhausted. The day following the first unfavourable report, Kate received a note from Mrs. Creagh containing money, and a request that she would send for a physician—"As this change for the worse may be but temporary," wrote the kind-hearted woman, "there may be no real necessity for a doctor; so that you cannot deny that I have a right to pay for the gratification of my wish. I would offer to send you my own physician, but my son suggested that you may prefer one who had attended your mother before."

Kate easily perceived that the motive which actuated Arthur was unwillingness to make them appear dependants on his mother's bounty, and she was more affected by this suggestion, which to Mrs. O'Carrol seemed so simple and natural, than by all his previous kindness. She had wounded his pride deliberately and publicly; he had generously and

delicately sought to spare *hers*. It is true she believed him ignorant of her name : but, had it been otherwise, she did not for an instant doubt that he would have done the same. Kate possessed none of that petty meanness of mind which prompts us to refuse to others the merit of unmixed generosity. The pride and self esteem that had alloyed her character were gone, but all its native nobleness remained. A person of weaker mind may have refused to accept benefits from Arthur Creagh, or hated him the more for his kindness; but Kate did not wish to deprive him of one iota of his noble revenge.

The opinion of the physician was decidedly unfavourable.—Mrs. O'Carrol he pronounced in consumption. "She *may* live," he said, "for some months, but ultimate recovery is out of the question."

"I need not ask you what the doctor's opinion was, Kate," said her mother when he had gone : "I see it in your face. It is only what I thought myself. But now, my dear child, you must send for a clergyman."

Kate's tears were her only reply.

"Kate, this is sinful, ungrateful grief. A few months ago you would be satisfied if my death were not caused by want—if I could die in comfort; and I should be resigned and happy if my mind were relieved from anxiety for you. We both have been gratified; my dear child, ought we now repine?"

"I am ungrateful—God forgive me! but I will be alone in the world."

"What's all this about?" exclaimed Mrs. Mullins, who had had her own interview with the doctor, and came to administer consolation as well as she could. "Indeed now I wonder at you ma'am, to be crying, when 'tis eating and drinking and trying to get sthrong you ought to be. Never mind her, Miss Kate, we'll make her live in spite of her teeth. The priest won't do her any harm to be sure, but let him come to-morrow when she's after her breakfast, and strong enough to talk to him: the docther was enough for one day. The deuce a bit of a priest shall enter my house this blessed day, if I had to take up the Alderman to him."

"The Alderman" was the remnant of a very large kitchen poker which had been worn away to within a half-foot of the head, and which Mrs. Mullins had so named from the resemblance it bore to the figure of the worshipful gentlemen of the city.

There is comfort in words prompted by true feeling, however rough they be, which the most refined condolence of fashionable life cannot bestow. Was it the hopefulness of Mrs. Mullins's tone, or the tear that glistened in her eye, that soothed the mother and the daughter? We know not; but, in justice, we must say, that when the Rev. Mr. Russell came on the following day, from the lowness of her courtsey and the respectful affection of her manners, it would scarcely be supposed that she had ever entertained an idea of using "the Alderman."

J. M. R.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE AGED.—Age is the season of imagination; youth of passion : and having been long young, shall we repine that we are now old? They alone are rich who are full of years—the lords of Time's treasury are on the staff of Wisdom; their commissions are enclosed in furrows on their foreheads, and secured to them for life. Fearless of fate, and far above fortune, they hold their heritage by the great charter of nature for behoof of all her children, who have not, like impatient heirs, to wait for their decease; for every hour dispenses their bounty. It is not merely a late bequest, but a perpetual benefaction. Death but sanctifies their gifts in gratitude : and their worth is more clearly seen and profoundly felt within the solemn gloom of the grave.—*Professor Wilson.*

CARE.

Oh! how happy the man by care unoppressed!
His days are all pleasure, his nights are all rest;
And thus day after day glides smoothly along,
And he rivals the lark in his light-hearted song.

His mirth and good humour shed pleasures around,
And so largely he adds to laughter's light sound,
That the ball and the banquet seem only gay
When the heart without care is tempted to stay.

I've drawn a picture not easy to copy,
For where is the balm in vine or in poppy
Can so lull the breast, when afflicted with care,
That no spark remains to rekindle it there?

I have gazed on the sea convulsed by the storm—
I have looked on the ship dismantled and torn—
I have shrunk from the thunder that loudly pealed—
I have thought on the dead in battle's red field.

Far better to look on is the sea in its rage;
Its heavings will cease—its waves will assuage;
But the heart that is torn with care and with sorrow,
Only heaves on, to heave more on the morrow.

And better the ship in its pitiful plight—
Its sails may be trimm'd, and its seams made all tight;
The heart that's oppress'd can ne'er weather the gale,
It is still tempest-torn—its efforts all fail.

Thunder is awful! but it does not long last;
Soon its peal ceases, and its shock is gone past;
But the groans of the breast with care overcome,
Only daily increase in their mournful sum.

E'en the dead who lie without coffin or shroud,
Are to be envied—their position is proud;
Far better they seem, so easy and quiet,
Than doom'd to this life of eternal riot.

Do not believe me, though at times I seem gay;
My looks may deceive thee, and have e'en this day;
They are but false, whilst by care I'm oppress'd—
My days have no pleasure—my nights have no rest:

8.

NECESSITY OF A STEADFAST CHARACTER.—The man who is perpetually hesitating which of two things he will do first, will do neither. The man who resolves, but suffers his resolution to be changed by the first counter-suggestion of a friend—who fluctuates from opinion to opinion, from plan to plan—and veers, like a weathercock, to every point of the compass, with every breath of caprice that blows—can never accomplish any thing great or useful. Instead of being progressive in any thing, he will be at best stationary, and more probably retrograde in all. It is only the man who first consults wisely, then resolves firmly, and then executes his purpose with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by those petty difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit—that can advance to eminence in any line. Take your course wisely, but firmly; and having taken it, hold upon it with heroic resolution, and the Alps and Pyrenees will sink before you—the whole empire of learning will lie at your feet; while those that set out with you, but stopped to change their plans, are yet employed in the very profitable business of changing their plans. Let your motto be—*Perseverance*. Practice upon it, and you will be convinced of its value by the distinguished eminence to which it will conduct you.

IMAGINATION.—It is often from the storehouses of imagination that strong minds draw the rich ore from which they manufacture splendid realities. Ambition finds there her materials—love his gayest robes; passion gains there many a choice for his own ends; and even science and philosophy have often to thank imagination for many a grand discovery, for many a bright and happy suggestion.

THE PASSIONS.—Direct rather than suppress the passions; when properly directed, strengthen rather than subdue them.

FIRST INVASION OF IRELAND.

In the month of May, 1169, Robert Fitzstephen, then Governor of Cardigan Castle, in Wales, accompanied by Harvey de Monte Marisco, collected a force of 30 knights, 60 esquires, and 300 archers, and embarking in two ships, called *Bagg* and *Bunn*, according to the tradition of the country, they ran for the nearest headland, and disembarked at a point called at this day Baganbun, from the names of the vessels which brought them over. They were next day joined by Pendergast, with 10 knights and 200 archers, making in all an army of 600 men. Dermot had remained secreted in his castle of Ferns, waiting the arrival of the strangers; they therefore apprised him of their coming, and in the meantime fortified themselves on the promontory till some expected reinforcements, which he promised to send, should arrive, to assist and guide them. In a short time he was able to dispatch his natural son, Donald, with 500 horse; and with this reinforcement they set out from their positions to penetrate into the interior of the country. Their direct road would have been through the parish of Bannow, which lay opposite to them; but as they had two deep and rapid channels of the sea to cross, at the mouth of the bay, they were obliged to proceed round the extremity of it. In their way they were opposed by some Irish collected hastily at Feathard. Here the first encounter took place between the Anglo-Normans and the Irish; and it is called by the peasants "Battlestown," in commemoration of the circumstance. It is further added by tradition of the country, that Feathard was a name given to the town built on the spot, by the conqueror, who called it "Foughthard," which was, in process of time, corrupted into Feathard.

From hence, ascending the river, which falls into Bannow Bay, he passed through Goffe's Bridge, and so to the town of Wexford. Wexford was originally built by the piratical Danes at a very early period, and called by them "West, or Wexford," the western bay. It was rudely fortified, but could not resist the invaders, now reinforced by all Macmorogh's adherents. It was therefore taken, and Dermot made it a present to Fitzstephen and Fitzgerald, as a reward for their services. Fitzstephen built on the river not far from it, a castle, on the promontory of a limestone rock, and so erected the first Norman fortification ever built in Ireland. This still stands, commanding the navigation of the Slaney, and is a very curious and conspicuous object.

This expedition was followed by that of Strongbow, Earl of Chepstow, who has gained the reputation of a conquest, which had been achieved by his predecessor, as Americus Vespultius defrauded Columbus of his title to America. Strongbow passed the promontory Baganbun, and proceeded up the contiguous harbour of Waterford. Waterford was built by the Danes, and was a place of some strength and trade. It was called by them "Vader Fiord," the Father's Harbour, and dedicated to Woden, the father of Scandinavian deities, of which the present name Waterford is an absurd corruption. On one side of Strongbow stood a tower, erected by the Danes, on the Wexford shore; on the other a Church, built by the Irish, on the Waterford. It was necessary to land, but he hesitated on which shore he should disembark to march to Waterford. He inquired the name of the places he saw, and he was informed one was the tower of Hook, and the other the Church of Crook. "Then," said he, "shall we advance and take the town by Hook or Crook?"

And hence originated a proverb now in common use, Strongbow took Waterford, where his grim statue in blue limestone, stands at this day in the front of the Ring Tower, close beside the river. He was followed by Henry II. with a large army, and so the warriors obtained the same footing in Ireland as they had done in England, though it took them a much longer time afterwards to establish it. Henry adopted the example of Dermot; he made Dublin a present to his good citizens of Bristol, and the original of this cool and extraordinary gift of the capital of a kingdom to the traders of a commercial town is still extant in the Record office of the Castle of Dublin.

KNOWLEDGE.—This should be acquired gradually, and by study; for the superficial knowledge which is the result of the promiscuous and unregulated adoption of the discoveries of others, affects the mind, as a sudden removal of a person with weak eyes from a darkened room into a blaze of light does the sight—it overpowers and confuses.

READING.—Of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty space as the reading of useful and entertaining authors; and with that, the conversation of a chosen friend. By reading, we enjoy the dead—by conversation the living—and by contemplation, ourselves. Reading enriches the memory—conversation polishes the wit—and contemplation improves the judgment. Of these, reading is the most important, because it furnishes both the others.

AMBITION.—This is a lottery, where, however uneven the chances, there are some prizes; but in dissipation *every one* draws a blank.

POVERTY.—Resolve not to be poor. Whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult.

FOOD.—Serpents are eaten in many parts of the world: the American Indians are very fond of rattlesnakes, cooked as we dress eels. The anaconda, and other boas, afford a wholesome diet to the natives of the countries they inhabit. Adders are stated to be used as food in many parts of France and Italy. Crocodiles, the guana, and other lizards, are eaten in South America and the Bahama Islands. The bull-frog is considered in America as good as turtle.

BEAUTY AND HONOUR.—It is with honour as with beauty; a single fine lineament cannot make a handsome face, neither can a single good quality render a man accomplished; but a concurrence of many fine features and good qualities constitute true beauty and true honour.

INFLUENCE OF THE FAIR SEX ON THE BEDOUIN ARABS.—So great and so sacred is the respect of the Bedouin Arabs for the fair sex, that the presence, the voice even, of a woman, can arrest the uplifted scimitar charged with death, and bid it fall harmless. Whoever has committed a crime, even murder, is safe if a woman takes him under her protection; and the right of pardoning is so completely established in favour of the sex, that, in some tribes where they never appear before men, and in others where they are occupied in the tents, if a criminal can escape to their tent, he is saved. The moment he is near enough to be heard, he cries aloud, "I am under the protection of the harem." At these words all the women reply, without appearing, "Fly from him!" and were he condemned to death by the prince himself, and by the council of the principal persons of his tribe, the punishment of his tribe is remitted without hesitation immediately, and he is allowed to go where he pleases.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

Christmas comes but once a year !
 By Jove, it hadn't need come twice,
 Unless 'twould ruin us outright,
 And turn our hearts to lumps of ice.
 It's very well for bachelors,
 Who get invited there and here :
 But us poor housekeepers !—Well, well,
 Christmas comes but once a year.

My "books" I've just been poring o'er ;
 Ledgers and journals, cash books, bills ;
 (Neglecting matters of this kind
 Is certainly life's worst of ills :)
 But oh ! confound that balance sheet !
 It's anything on earth but clear,
 That thousand pounds I can't make out—
 But Christmas comes but once a year.

The tradesmen's bills come tumbling in ;
 From Smith, from Brown, from Sprigs, from Leek ;
 For beef, for bread, for cheese, for beer—
 I wish I'd pay 'em once a week !—
 Two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve—I'm sure
 There's upwards of a hundred here ;
 And all begin, "To bill deliver'd"—
 But Christmas comes but once a year.

My boys are just come home from school ;
 Such ragged rogues were never seen.
 There's not an inch of unrent cloth,
 I'll vow, among the whole thirteen.
 Twice thirteen suits, and hose to match !
 And boots, and shirts, and such like gear !
 And each lad's grown a foot at least—
 But Christmas comes but once a year.

My wife declares she can't go on,
 (I think my wife is very silly,)
 Such chilly weather as this is,
 Without a new set of *Chimichilly*.
 A muff and tippet (furs, you know,
 Are "at this season" very dear ;)
 But Christmas, Christmas, still's the cry,
 Christmas comes but once a year.

The annual ball and concert too
 Are coming off ; and daughter Sue,
 And Kate, and Fan, and Nell, and Jane,
 Declare they must have dresses new.
 "But girls !"—"Yes, yes ; we know, we know :
 Those lilac frocks ! but now, pa dear,
 There's nothing worn but tartan plaids ;
 And Christmas comes but once a year."

The servants want new liveries :
 The lace, they say, is tarnished quite.
 I really do not think it looks
 So much amiss—by candle-light.
 But wifey says it must be changed,
 Or people else will think us "near ;"
 And neighbour Brown has had new suits,
 And Christmas comes but once a year.

Of relatives of every kind—
 Nephews and nieces, grandsons, cousins—
 I've lots ; and tow'ards this time of year
 Their billet-doux come in by dozens.
 They all expect some costly gift ;
 "Forget-me-nots" from uncle dear,
 "Keepsakes," or "Sporting Almanacks ;"
 But Christmas comes but once a year.

The gentry round are giving coals,
 And wifey says we must give too,
 Or friends will say (oh ! save me from
 My friends !) we are not well to do.
 Well, well, says I, I'll send the cart.
 "The cart ! good gracious me, my dear !
 Sir Thomas gave a wagon load :
 Lawk ! Christmas comes but once a year."

Sporting Almanack.

DAISY.—This word is a thousand times pronounced without our adverting to the beauty of its etymology—"the eye of day !"

THE HUMAN BODY.—Men can bear hunger for a long time under the equator, but cold and hunger united very soon exhaust the body. The cooling of the body, by whatever cause it might be produced, increases the amount of food necessary. The time which is required to cause death by starvation depends on the amount of fat in the body—on the degree of exercise, as in exercise of any kind, and on the temperature of the air. As an immediate effect of the manifestation of mechanical force, we see that a part of the muscular substance loses its vital properties, its character of life ; and all experience proves that this conversion of living muscular fibre into compounds destitute of vitality, is accelerated or retarded according to the amount of force employed to produce motion. With the external cooling, the respiratory motions become stronger—in a lower temperature more oxygen is conveyed to the blood ; the waste of matter increases, and if the supply be not kept in equilibrium with this waste by means of food, the temperature of the body gradually sinks.—*Leibey's Animal Chemistry.*

SOUND AND LIGHT.—When the medium of substance through which sound or light passes is homogeneous, or of the same density, and is uninterrupted by cracks or openings, the light and the sound will be transmitted with the least loss, and with the greatest distinctness ; but if the medium has different densities, or consists of different bodies imperfectly mixed, or is interrupted by empty spaces, the light and sound will be either greatly diminished or entirely destroyed. When we add syrup to water, or brandy to water, and look through the glass at a candle before they have combined, the candle will appear like a cloud, as if we had viewed it through a piece of ground glass. When the light passes from a portion of the water to the brandy, or from the brandy to the water, a part of it suffers reflection, and, as the separating surface can seldom be perpendicular to the direction of the ray, a part of the light will also suffer refraction. Now as this must take place many hundred times while the light is passing through a large glass of these imperfectly blended liquids, it is not difficult to understand how we are unable to see objects distinctly through the mixture. The very same effect is produced if we transmit light through a piece of glass full of cracks.

INSECT ORIGIN OF SMALL-POX.—At the Institute on the 4th of July, M. Serres mentioned the following fact, seeming to favour the hypothesis of animalcules in small-pox :—By covering each pustule with a glass capsule, which is kept for some days in its place, he has seen the process of eruption either go on or languish, or be completely abortive, according as the glass was transparent or more or less opaque. This influence was evidently due to the contact of the air. The experiment, he adds, was not merely curious, for it led to a modification of some of the hygienic measures adopted in small-pox. Previously patients were generally placed in situations as well aired and lighted as possible ; but now one knows that dark situations are far better for this kind of disease, and that this change alone is enough to insure the most favourable progress of its revolution. The success of La Pitie was never more complete than during one year, when all the patients with small-pox had, of necessity, to be put into a low, ill-aired, dark ward—a sort of cellar.—*Medical Times.*

BEGGARS.—Among the 178,000,000 individuals who inhabit Europe there are said to be 17,900,000 beggars, or persons who subsist at the expense of the community without contributing to its resources. In Denmark the proportion is 5 per cent. ; in England 10 per cent. ; in Holland 14 per cent.

A DAY ON THE SHANNON.

"The spider's most attenuated web, in cord
Is cable to man's tender tie on earthly bliss—
It breaks at every breeze."

Young's Night Thoughts.

"Oh! come to me again, in pity come,
And bless with thy light voice my silent home."
J. L. L.

With an old retainer of my host's, I launched an overgrown canoe, and found myself, for the first time in my life, on the bosom of the broad and beautiful Shannon, bound for a day of pleasure on the pretty "Island-More."

Everything I saw was new to me, and by any one who loves to look on nature in her proudest and most majestic drapery, that fine river must be always hailed with the highest enthusiasm of national exultation.

The Kilbarron hills looked beautifully and clearly blue in the distance, binding the interior landscape of brown woodland, and sombre vales, with a glorious framework of solid magnificence; and tiny palaces, and rural seats, in all the symmetry of art and elegance—with sloping lawns and gardens breathing loads of perfume on the passing winds, crept gorgeously along, even to the very verge of the water.

Like a young bird's first travel through the green woods, my untiring eye scarce rested on one delicious spot, ere others, afar off, seemed more captivating still; and, between rill and rock, and mount and mansion, the cloudless heaven and the fragrant and fresh-flowered meadowing, the elastic element that bore me along, and the glorious sun-blaze that flashed along our feathering oars, my heart was up! my gazing eyes ached with delight. Aye! even Erin's own Moore never loved "the old land" more rapturously than I did then.

My companion seemed to read my kindling thoughts, for there was a gleam of satisfaction over his countenance as he observed—

"To be sure ye look innocent and smiling to-day, Kilbarron hills! God bless ye, and everything the Lord made! though not long ago your dark breath sent sorrow over the country, and made that house a lonesome one to-day."

As he spoke, he pointed to a comfortable looking dwelling, near the banks of the river, and as we rowed leisurely along towards our destination, half in soliloquy and occasional consecutive narrative, I picked up the details of the following little episode on the uncertainty of earthly hopes, and the wholesomeness of the warning that the poet Young thus announces—

"Lean not to earth—it is a broken reed—
Twill pierce thee to the heart."

In this favoured little nook of the world, for many years lived old Mr. Campbell and his family, consisting of his wife, two grown-up sons, and a very beautiful daughter.

Ellen Campbell was just such a creature as a wild fancy might conjure up to play the heroine in some

fairy dream. She was tall, graceful, and fascinating gentle as the fall of the snow-flake, and as purely innocent. In her large blue eyes rested the sunny summer of the mind, and her sweet face beamed love, happiness, and repose.

The elder son, William, was to inherit the paternal acres; whilst the younger had, long since, become a student at Alma Mater, and was destined for the Church.

They were a happy group together, and it only pained the tender-parents to think, that the time was near at hand, when it would be necessary to send their long fondly-guarded offspring forth into the world; for well they knew how sad and sorrowful it would be for young hearts to meet with the cold stranger and the frown of adversity: and while the adoring mother, in her fervent prayers to Heaven, humbled her imploring heart to the dust for her idolised daughter's welfare, the old man was equally solicitous for the weal of his youngest born.

But there is another individual still to be introduced to the reader, in the person of Henry Stephens—a fine specimen of a southern, with the full proportion of that mercurial temperament so peculiarly characteristic of the natives of that part of the Irish compass; his eyes and hair were black as jet; his form firm, tall, and muscular; his manners, though a little coarse, agreeable; whilst his only glaring faults were those borrowed from the metropolis in the course of studies introductory to the medical profession, fraught as they always are with temptations and examples, which ever assail and vanquish, for a time at least, every youth exposed unshielded to their syren whirl. An only child, he lived with his father on a small inheritance, a few miles from the home of the Campbells.

For many years a warm attachment had existed between him and Ellen, which was at first encouraged by both parents; but when his delinquencies became known, through the wanton, though, perhaps, well-meaning zeal of some busy friends, and when bitter letters of rebuke, from his father, remained either totally unheeded, or tritely replied to, it was deemed a stroke of wise policy to apprise him that he had for ever forfeited the faith and affection of the young object of his love. This was a cruel experiment—and imprudent. 'Twas breaking the clue that led back to virtue, and destroying the only charm whose magic influence might yet recall the proscribed truant—'twas forestalling the future; but woman found a gentler and a truer way to lure to righteousness the erring heart. Ellen wrote to him; yes, in the true spirit of love and friendship, she conjured him for *her* sake, in the name of the troth he had pledged to her—for the pride's sake she felt in his honour and generosity, to put it beyond the power of his enemies' tongues to bring a blush to her cheek, or a charge against his character, which she might not, in his name, indignantly repudiate. But if her appeal came too late—if she was forgotten—if other fascinations had won him away from the care of her peace, then would she endeavour to forget his ingratitude, and never seek another Harry.

Woman conquered!—and from that time forward Harry Stephens was a changed man: soon and well did he redeem his faltering reputation; for Ellen's letter produced a bright ægis against all allurements; and Ellen's love, the hope that beckoned him forward through every labour. After a short period he received his surgical diploma, and once more returned home, the received and acknowledged lover and betrothed husband of the fond and spirited girl, who had boldly stepped beyond the delicate bounds prescribed for her sex, to save from ruin an imprudent lover.

Now, there was joy in the home of the Campbells; bridal dresses were preparing; balls and revelries

occupied the long evenings, whilst the days were spent in pleasant parties both by land and water.

The young lovers wound deeper and deeper into each other's affections, and that tender expression of silent solicitude which beams upon the face when the heart is thus first awakened to its best and noblest feeling, was seen in every glance, and acknowledged in every innocent endearment. A few days more, and they were to be married; a few days more, and a new existence, more exquisite in its promise than earthward bosom could ever have anticipated, would spread out its thornless path before them; a few days more, and George Campbell would seek a fellowship in college; a few days more, and the greater portion of the parents' care and anxiety for their offspring would terminate in a flood of happiness. Yes, there was, indeed, joy—joy unutterable!—at the hearth and home of the worthy Campbells.

'Twas a beautiful morning on the day preceding that of Ellen's intended nuptials, when 'twas proposed to trim up their little yawl on the river, and take a sail on to Portumna. Mrs. Campbell, Ellen, Henry, and George constituted the party, nor did the Shannon ever bear upon its broad bosom a freight of merrier hearts.

The little vessel shook out its snowy plumage to the winds, and undulated gracefully on its way; surging the waters before its prow, and leaving a wake of silvery foam behind, which rippled lustrously and wide beneath the golden gush of rays streaming from the risen sun.

What a glorious scene was before them! That broad expanse of waters—like a hushed and dreamy sea—lulled asleep by tranquil nature; the ample green and flowered garment of mother earth diamonded with morning dew; the immensity of cloudless Heaven canopied everything; whilst, passing up and down in their unwieldy barges, the labouring boatmen trolled out their wild snatches of melody, splashing their clumsy oars heavily, yet musically, into the current, and bending down to their work in measured motion as they rowed along.

William Campbell and his father having watched the progress of the sitting yawl till it weathered the first tortuous winding of the river, slowly turned homeward to give directions for a glorious banquet, which was to be prepared for the happy rovers on their return, early in the evening.

That eventful day at last began to close, and slumbering nature seemed to droop her weary eye-lids, when, from the beach, they saw the expected sail, with all her canvass full, and wending her way right bravely homewards—'twas about half a mile from the shore.

Seating themselves on a green swelling mound of earth, and conversing cheerfully on the coming events, the father and son awaited, quietly, the arrival of the party. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed, when they were startled by a wild yell from the house. One of the servants sprang from the drawing-room window, and rushed towards them—

"A squall!—a squall!" he roared in a voice tremulous with terror; "look at Kilbarron hills!—there's a cloud over them as black as ink, and I can't see the yawl any where!"

All eyes glared in the direction.

"Turned over!" shrieked the horrified father; they're lost!"

In another instant a boat was torn from its moorings, and all three shot out for the life, towards the scene of the disaster. Not a syllable was spoken; each held his breath hard, and ground his feet into the boards; everything depended on their speed,

and well the good boat, groaning at every timber, answered to each tug. A cold sweat poured down the old man's death-pale face; William's was sternly calm, but the oar trembled in his hands, and he panted painfully as he bent to the pull. Horrid fear was gnawing at their hearts.

"Look sharp now, sir!" cried the servant; "this is about the place;" and, as he spoke, another boat approached with raised and balanced oars.

"Here! here, men!" uttered a shrill, tremulous voice—'twas Mr. Stephens! For a moment the two bereaved fathers looked distractedly around—

"There was no hope!"

They raised their arms in mute agony, and poured out a despairing wail, so full of bitter anguish and heart-breaking sorrow, that the boatmen hid their bronzed faces in their hands and wept like children. 'Twas the requiem of all their earthly happiness; the loosening of the last frail web that hope left clinging to the heart. There they stood crushed and withered above the untimely tomb of those they had loved best on earth. Young Campbell stood upon the gunwail, and glared over the surface of the waters, like a maniac; but not the slightest vestige of the faithless yawl was to be seen; it had gone utterly down, bearing with it in the crash and the vortex, the pride of the land—the young beings, within whose grasp, a few hours since, was the whole bliss of existence.

Hundreds of boats soon pushed from the land, with all the implements necessary for a long and diligent searching of the river; and the three forlorn relatives, through that sad and tedious summer evening, plunged about untiringly, though in vain, under every current, and ripple, and eddy that showed themselves on the surface; but the waters seemed resolved to hold their treasure, and, when night fell, exhausted in spirit, and stiffened at every limb, they were obliged to be borne by the boatmen to poor Campbell's house, and there put under the care of vigilant attendants.

Another day dawned, and with it came a continuation of gloom and woe. The bodies were found; the mother's and son's first, and, after a long interval, the two young lovers. They lay locked in each other's embrace on the dark weedy sand.

Stephens' face looked convulsed and black, as if the fresh vital spark had warred violently with death, till 'twas crushed to a sable ember; but she—the fond, the beautiful—appeared mild and gentle as in life, but paler, and there was a slight crimson blood-streak on her colourless lip.

"She is still—she is cold—

On that bridal couch!

One step to the white death-bed,

And one to the bier,

And one to the charnel, and one—oh! where?

The dark arrow fled

In the noon."—*Shelley.*

Four rude litters of boughs and brushwood were constructed, with covering of boat cloaks and canvass; the bodies were placed thereon, and the solemn and sorrowful procession, moving along the base of the hill, slowly approached the house of mourning.

The movements and low wailings awakened the sleepers within. The dead bodies, one by one, were laid down at their feet. The fathers—the brother—looked on the clay-cold forms. No one spoke a word of comfort—no one attempted to console the mourners; theirs was a grief, an anguish unspeakable, only to be discussed between God and the afflicted. Another day still, and four hearses, three of them bearing white plumes, and followed by the sorrowing dwellers

of a whole country's side, entered the church-yard of Borrisokane.

Such was the too true and melancholy story that greeted me on my only day's trip along the Shannon, and, gazing once more upon Kilbarron hills, I felt an unholier sensation towards them than ever I experienced to any thing inanimate before.

In due time we reached Island-More; but I was heartily sick of the excursion altogether.

J. T. C.

SERENADE.

Arise from thy pillow—I wait, love, for thee,
The full moon is throwing its light o'er the sea;
The stars brightly glisten in Heaven above,
And beam on thy slumbers with beauty and love;
The woodland is silent, the meek dove's at rest—
Come, Lizzie, come, to thy fond lover's breast.
The blue-bell is bending its head to the breeze,
And dew-drops hang heavy on blossoms and trees;
No longer the sweet rose is closed from the sight,
But blooms in the shadow and stillness of night;
There's freshness around me, there's beauty above—
Come, Lizzie, come, to the home of thy love.
A garland of flowers I've culled thee to wear,
Entwined in the tresses of thy dark flowing hair;
A lute I have bought thee, which thy fingers will wake,
As over the billow our flight we will take;
My swift boat is waiting to bear thee away—
Arise from thy pillow now, Lizzie, I pray.
I hear thee—I see thee—thy fleet step is near;
Thy young cheek is glowing with love and with fear;
Thy red lip is breathing fond words that have blest;
Thy form in its beauty to mine I have prest;
Thy fairy hand trembles, ah! fly not, but stay;
Thy melting eye flashes—consent, then—away!

W.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Oh, autumn leaves!
Summer's bright roses one by one have past;
Gone is the beauty of the golden sheaves;
Ye come at last,
Prophets of winter hours approaching fast.
Oh, autumn leaves!
Why look ye thus so brilliant in decay?
Why, for the dying year, when nature grieves,
Are ye so gay,
With richer hues than graced her opening day?
Oh, autumn leaves!
Ye, as ye don your crimson robes of mirth,
While dull decay a moment scarce reprieves
Your forms from earth,
Ye tell us—Happier far is Death than Birth!

DAHLIAS.—The Dahlia was a flower unknown in Europe until within the last 20 years; it is a native of the marahas of Peru; it is called after Dahl, the famous Swedish botanist. Its varieties at present amount to nearly 600. The most beautiful flowering time of the Dahlia is from the beginning of August to the middle of October; a temperature of ten or twelve degrees appears to be the most favourable for them. The Dahlia is multiplied by seeds and parting the roots; the French say, by slips and grafts; but they are so easily increased by the two first methods, that the others need not be adopted even if practicable. The double varieties, that flower first, are those whose time of florescence soonest terminates, while the latter plants, whose first blossoms are lovely, generally furnishes the finest flowers, even to the approach of winter.

ROME.—The population of ancient Rome is calculated at eight millions of souls; it is now 160,000.

OBSTINACY.—He that declines physic till he be awakened by illness, is bold too long, and wise too late.

AN INCIDENT.

Towards the close of the year 1824, Sir Edward Courtney and family, which consisted of an only daughter and son, went to reside in an elegant street of Tours, in France, called the Rue Neuve, or Rue Royale. From the elegance of the town and the beauty of the surrounding country, Tours is a great resort of travellers; it was the scene of the repulse of the Saracens, by Charles Martel, in 732; and, in after ages, its castle served as a place of refuge, in times of commotion, for the royal family. Miss Courtney was young, lovely, innocent, and interesting. Sweet, ingenious girl, she did not fail to gain the esteem and affection of all who knew her. Her eyes were dark and beautiful; her raven hair hung in natural curls on either side of her rosy cheeks, while her form was moulded in perfect symmetry. Sir Edward, aware of the great personal attractions of his daughter, regarded them with minor importance, compared with intellectual endowment. He instilled into her mind, when very young, those principles of virtue which ever adorn the female sex: neither pains nor expense were spared in her education; and his first care, on arriving at Tours, was to provide a competent teacher of the French language for her. As trivial occurrences often, in the sequel, lead to strange events, it was no ordinary manner by which Sir Edward found a tutor for his daughter. One morning, Miss C——, as usual, was taking exercise on horseback, when a party of French soldiers, striking up a popular air, frightened the animal. He began to curvet; with difficulty Miss C—— kept her seat, until a gentleman, who was passing at the time, seeing the precarious state of a young and handsome lady, immediately went to her assistance. Seizing the bridle, he endeavoured to pacify the horse; this made him more furious—he reared on his hind legs, broke the bridle: it was no time for etiquette. The stranger, with admirable presence of mind, pulled Miss Courtney from the saddle, not, however, before the animal had given him a severe kick on the arm. Miss Courtney was taken home insensible; Sir Edward, very much frightened at seeing his daughter pale and motionless, immediately ordered his servant to go for me. I was at the house as soon as possible; on feeling Miss Courtney's pulse, I found it to be very low. She had fainted; occasioned by the fright she had received. Merely ordering her to be kept quiet, I consoled Sir Edward by telling him that she would be perfectly restored in a few hours. The next day, Miss Courtney was, as I had anticipated, quite well; she was playing the harp for her father, an instrument of which he was particularly fond, when they were interrupted by the entrance of a stranger. Sir Edward knew him not; but his daughter, with a graceful expression of countenance, advances; shakes his hand cordially; introduces him to her father as the gentleman who had saved her yesterday.

"Generous stranger," said Sir Edward, "I sincerely thank you; and if ever you are in need of a friend"—and as he said this, he looked on his mean attire—"remember Sir Edward Courtney."

"I am in need of one at present; and as I am out of employment and have heard that you want

a teacher of the French language for your daughter, you can befriend me no better than by giving me employment."

"I am delighted," said Sir Edward, "to have it in my power to serve one to whom I am indebted for my daughter's life. You shall name your own salary, and whatever it may be, you shall have." So saying, Sir Edward and the stranger parted.

Precisely at the appointed time each day, Mons. D——, as he styled himself, came to give his lessons. She was most assiduous in her endeavours to acquire a proficiency of the French language, while he was as anxious that her laudable exertions should not fail, at least on his account.

Sir Edward, one day, happened to remark to his daughter, that he had never conversed with a more perfect gentleman, or seen so handsome a young man as Monsieur D——.

"Really, my dear, he appears to be above his present situation in life; true, it may be, that he is the younger son of a noble family who, having met with adverse circumstances, was obliged to let their children struggle through life; but then—"

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of Monsieur D—— himself.

'Sir Edward,' said Monsieur D——, "you are, no doubt, surprised at my coming here a second time to-day, but I came to apprise you that, as I go to Vendome to-morrow, and from thence to Bath, along with an English friend of mine, I cannot, in consequence, attend Miss Courtney as usual. I hope soon to have the pleasure of meeting you there, as I heard you say, if I remember aright, that it was your intention to quarter there during the ensuing winter; but one word with you before I go."—(Miss C—— had left the room)—"I cannot forbear telling, though it grieve you, that I love, nay, adore your daughter; and, could I, dare I hope that one day she might be my wife, I would strain every nerve to gain that paltry title of gentleman which your countrymen deny to those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, forsooth, because they are poor."

Sir Edward hesitated about what he should say. His better and generous feelings were struggling with his pride.

"I perceive, Sir Edward," said Monsieur D——, "that I have pained you—forgive me; and, now, farewell."

So, saying, he was about to leave the room when Sir Edward called after him—

"Stay," said he, "I will give you my daughter, if she consents; you saved her, and who has so good a right to her hand as her deliverer, though he be poor?" but before he had finished the last sentence Monsieur D—— was gone.

About six months after they had parted, a large and splendid house at Bath was brilliantly lighted; officers and lovely women crowded the ball-room; it was Miss Courtney's birth-night; Sir Edward had invited some of the nobility then residing in Bath. When all the guests, to whom Sir Edward had sent cards of invitation, had arrived, the drawing-room door was thrown open,

and the servant announced the Duke d'Angouleme. Nobody knew such a person; not even Sir Edward himself appears to know the name. The stranger enters; he is tall and strikingly handsome; there is an ease and grace in his manner, as he advances to Sir Edward, that at once denotes the perfect gentleman.

"So you don't remember your daughter's tutor?"

"God bless you!" said Sir Edward; I am for ever indebted to you for her life; and now that we are together, come into an adjoining room and explain to me how you are changed into the Duke d'Angouleme."

It is almost useless to say, that the young Frenchman having seen Miss C——, was struck with her beauty and accomplishments; he had won her heart in the disguise of a tutor, and, having a spice of romance in his character, did not disclose his real name until he met her at the ball. They loved ardently, and Miss C—— was soon the happy wife of the first object of her affections.

P. H.

RUSSIA.—It is by no means an uncommon circumstance to hear two people accost each other in the following dialogue, by way of salutation:—"I beg leave to acquaint you that your nose is freezing;" to which the other probably answers, "I was just going to observe to you that *yours* is already frozen." On such occasions the sufferers stop, and reciprocally perform on each other the operation of rubbing the afflicted part with a piece of stuff, or sometimes with a handful of snow, in order to restore the circulation of the blood. After this service, mutually rendered, the parties separate with the usual ceremonial of bows and salutations.

A KING'S STRAW BED.—It appears that even so late as Henry the Eighth's time, there were directions for certain servants in the royal household to examine every night the *straw of the King's bed*, that no daggers might be concealed therein.

GAMING.—A man ought to be looked upon as a suicide from the moment he takes the dice-box desperately in his hand. All that follows in his career from that fatal time, is only sharpening the dagger before he strikes it to his heart.

BAKING.—If the hearth of an oven be cleaned with a moistened wisp of *straw*, bread baked therein immediately afterwards will be improved in appearance, the crust presenting a fine yellow tint. In Paris, it is common to close the oven doors with a bundle of wet straw, to tinge the bread—the floor of the oven being laid so as to form an inclined plane, and the arched roof built lower at the end near the door, that the steam may be thrown down on the bread.

LONGEVITY OF FISHES.—Fishes are among the most long-lived animals. A pike was taken in 1754, at Kaiserslautern, which had a ring fastened to the gill covers, from which it appeared to have been put in the pond of that castle, by the order of Frederick II. in 1487—a period of 267 years! It is described as being 19 feet long, and weighed 350 lbs.—*Bridge-water Treatise*.

VITALITY OF VEGETABLES.—A bulbous root, found in the hand of an Egyptian mummy, where it had been 2,000 years, germinated! and when put in the ground, grew vigorously.—*Wilson's History*.

THE BRITISH PEERESS.

"There may be virtue without happiness, but there never can be happiness without virtue."—CORIUS.

It was a rich autumnal sunset; the moon, the soft, pale, silvery harvest-moon, stole gently through the heavens, shedding her virgin light over the yellow corn fields, cheering the reaper's toil, and, welcomed by his merry whistle, the air was still and calm as an infant's slumber; the trees, with their thousand variegated hues, lay hushed in the golden glories of the setting sun; the birds sang merrily, and ever and anon the lonely robin, with his ruby breast, put forth his plaintive chirp, as though he too welcomed the luxuriant beauties of the ripened earth; but, amid this scene of enchantment, how felt the crushed, the broken spirit of the unhappy, the beautiful Fanny Foster, as slowly her carriage wound its way up those hills of Alpine beauty, the Malvern? Alas! there are feelings too deep for utterance, too intense for thought—feelings that wind up to madness or sink to despair—feelings that none can understand, save the wretch who is doomed to drag on a chain of misery, to which fate, or perchance one *false step*, has linked her for ever. But, oh! how terrible this latter fetter, which leaves a woman without one touch of sympathy from her kind—without even that weak but human consolation, *complaint*! Mute agony is her portion, for her lips dare not lighten the burden that weighs heavily upon her heart, lest revilings should follow.

To describe the feelings which wrung the soul of the unhappy Fanny Foster, as she gazed on the well remembered scene around, would be painful as impossible. No words escaped her parched and parted lips. Sighs alone—deep, long-drawn sighs—like the moaning of the wind, echoed her troubled thoughts. Her cheek was pale even to ghostliness, and in her large lustrous eyes there was an expression of desolation and self abandonment almost fearful. She contrasted the past with the present, and shuddered! she thought of the objects of her journey—her spirit died within her! Ten years had now elapsed since she first crossed those lovely hills on foot in guileless poverty, gathering wild flowers, and chasing the bees and butterflies as she went along. Ten years!—she now moves over those same steep hills in guilty splendour. 'Twas *then* humble, virtuous happiness—'twas *now* tainted, wealthy misery; and the agonised expression of her face plainly told that her unhappy mind was filled with the painful contrast.

She was scarcely fifteen when her fairy foot first crossed those hills. The only child of obscure parents, but such a child! with a spirit as light as the wing of the lark, and a soul as soaring, for she was above all the littlenesses of life. In person she was singularly beautiful, but her innocent mind, pure heart, and fresh feelings gave a charm to her face and form which made even beauty dearer. Alas! *that charm* was fled—for ever fled; the gems were gone—the casket was valueless!

"Drive very slowly," cried she, addressing the postillions, "and pray do not enter the town till after sunset."

The men obeyed; and the wretched girl, flinging herself back in the carriage, gave vent to a burst of feeling that bordered on despair. She looked through the vista of the *past* with the keen eye of tortured memory; she remembered herself young,

pure, innocent, gentle, loving, confiding—betrayed, ruined, guilty, degraded, *lost*! Nor dare she hope for pardon from the world—that world which clings to sin, but has no mercy for the sinner.

How little do we know of each other's *real feelings* or sufferings in this hollow, heartless world—this world of *appearances*! Who could have believed, or would any casual observer have thought, that this pale, broken-hearted, self-upbraiding girl was the most celebrated comic actress of the day; the gay, the graceful, the lovely, the brilliant Fanny Foster!—that while she lay there with a bleeding heart, the pretty town of C—, one of the most fashionable watering places in England, was thrown into a state of absolute excitement, by the announcement of her expected arrival! Bills, posters, and newspapers told the coming event. Libraries, stationers, music shops, and fancy shops vied with each other in exhibiting likenesses of this fascinating actress!—the great London star!

By the light of the moon her carriage entered the great gate of the principal hotel at C—. The next evening saw the theatre crowded to excess, to witness the performance of this charming actress. The curtain rose, and with it rose the bright spirit of genius in the breast of the unhappy Fanny, who, when she appeared amidst all the witchery of the stage, was received by the audience with an enthusiasm which her beautiful acting kept alive until the close of the performance.

Pale, drooping, and exhausted, she returned to her hotel, ordered additional lights to her chamber, and rejecting all refreshment, sat down and penned the following epistle

"To Viscount Freeloze."

"Of my arrival here you must be aware. That *I am come* may surprise you, after my many vows that I would never revisit this scene of my early dishonour.

"It is now ten years since I first came hither—a young, guileless being, almost a child; a *novice* in every sense of the word. You then witnessed my first *debut* upon any stage; you beheld me an only child, whose solitary birth claimed protection from the happier circumstanced; but there was not one touch of mercy in your selfish breast. Although old enough to have been my father, you proposed and promised to become my husband. Had you kept that promise to the creature you have so shamefully deceived, you would have proved yourself a *better* and, consequently, a *wiser* man. You took advantage of my poor, misguided father's weakness, and obtained me by fraud, treachery, and brutal force; and afterwards secured me by promises of *honourable* retribution. You well know that from day to day I urged the fulfilment of these promises; but you artfully cajoled me into a belief that 'family circumstances forbade our *immediate* union;' yet that belief did not content me—my young heart loathed the idea of living with you on such terms. I grew sick of sin, and the birth of my two babes only added new stings to my writhing soul. *I felt* that they came into the world with *shame*—the wages of their mother's sin—upon their young and innocent heads: and, oh! how soon sorrow and suffering might follow I did not dare to think. You were *then* kind to me, most kind; you humoured all my little whims and fancies, even to the naming my children after my favourite characters. You seemed to love, doat upon me! but all failed to make me *happy*—my pleasures, whilst with you, were ever like

'Rainbow joys that end in weeping.'

Oh! what an awful situation was mine; I lived in sin, yet panted for virtue! and toiled in its cause: for, after having robbed my parents of

cate and devoted attention, she still had too many opportunities for reflection. She thought much and deeply of her infant daughters, and would weep for hours, as the disadvantages under which they were likely to grow up presented themselves to her mind's-eye. What a strange lot was theirs! Their father a Viscount!—their mother a Peeress!—yet they knew not the care of either parent! They were protected by a stranger—a hireling; they were the children of *shame*—without a grade—without a friend—without a claim even to the *name* they bore! Alas! alas! poor Fanny! The *past*,

"Like a serpent round her heart was wreathed,
And stung her every thought."

But the world knew nothing of her secret disquietude; her *exit* was a "nine days' wonder!"—every body said "she had a right to be happy!"—while all *charitably* agreed that Lord Everton was a sad fool ever to have made the frail Fanny Foster a "British Peeress!"

KATE.

A LEAF FROM LIFE'S BOOK.

THE STUDENT'S DREAM.

The sun had set, but still its rays
Were on the western clouds,
And summer's twilight fell upon
This city's motley crowd—
Upon the rich, the gay, the free,
The thoughtless and the sad:
On some that had no couch to press,
No home to make them glad.
The casements of an old gray pile
Threw back the last sweet ray
Of oh! as bright a sun as e'er
Had decked a summer's day;
And there, in one of those old rooms,
A pallid youth was seen,
Who sought the lore of some old tomes
Since morning's light had been.
Alas! his curling hair had not
Yet darkened on his brow;
His cheek yet smooth, and there the rose
Once shed its richest glow.
But ah! the mighty vigil kept,
The poring o'er those books,
Had chased his happy soul away,
And stol'n his sunny looks.
He threw the casement open wide,
And to the calm blue sky
He raised his fevered brow to feel
The zephyr passing by:
He gazed upon the rising moon,
And on each twinkling star,
And oh! he said, "they shine upon
My valley home afar."
He leaned his brow upon his hand,
He did not think to sleep;
But, oh! his weary eyelids, they
Such vigil could not keep,
He slumbered there, and, as he slept,
A lovely dream he had—
'Twas one of those bright visions
Who's waking makes us sad.
Once more he stands upon the hill
That overlooks the vale,
Where, in the silent green retreats,
The turtle tells her tale:
He listens to the evening sounds
That used to meet his ear;
But never till he left vale
Had known those sounds were dear.
And there, among the aged trees,
He sees the church's dome,
And oh! that snowy personage,
His childhood's happy home.
He paused to gaze upon each scene,
The trees, the shrubs, the bowers,
And every cot, where he would be
As welcome as the flowers.

Once more he gazed upon himself,
Reflected in the stream—
The very stream on whose green bank
He dreamed ambition's dream.
Oh! he would give the world to live
Again his childhood o'er;
Oft he would press the verdant bank,
But dream that dream no more.
He must go thro' the old church-yard,
Ere he can reach his home;
Once more he roams among the tombs,
Where oft he used to roam.
And voices are beyond the hedge,
That make his bosom swell,
But he must see his sister's grave—
It has some fearful spell.
He sees his little brothers bound
To meet him thro' the gate;
His mother and his father too,
With joy they cannot wait;
But to that grave he passes on:
He feels some boding gloom;
He sees it, and he starts—he reads
His own name on the tomb!
His dreaming soul comes back again
With one wild, fearful start;
The dews of night are on his brow,
Their chill is at his heart.
The lonely midnight hour is toll'd
By many a solemn bell;
It falls upon his heart, as 'twere
Of death the mournful knell.
He crept unto his lonely couch,
But could not sleep again,
The dew is seared upon his brow
With fire in his brain;
And many a frantic cry is raised
For water's cooling power;
Oh! that he had his mother's care
To soothe him in that hour!
Oh! little did that mother know
Such was her darling's doom,
Or that the path she chose to fame
Should be but to the tomb:
And never o'er her bosom's pulse
Shall rest his cherished head;
She never saw her child again
But as the silent dead.
Once more he is upon the hill,
Where oft in dreams he stood;
But oh! his eyes no more can see
That sun's last golden flood.
The breeze that used to fan his cheek
But stirs the nodding plumes,
As down that hill they bear him to
His home among the tombs!

E. C.

AERIAL BARRIER.—The extreme rarity of the air on high mountains must, of course, affect animals. A person breathing on the summit of Mont Blanc, although expanding his chest as much as usual, really takes in at each inspiration only half as much air as he does below, exhibiting a contrast to a man in the diving-bell, who, at thirty-four feet under water, is breathing air of double density; at sixty-eight feet, of triple, and so on. It is known that travellers, and even their practised guides, often fall down suddenly, as if struck by lightning, when approaching lofty summits, on account chiefly of the thinness of the air which they are breathing, and some minutes elapse before they recover. It appears from all this, that although our atmosphere be fifty miles high, it is so thin beyond three and a half, that mountain ridges of greater elevation are nearly as effectual barriers between nations of men, as are islands or rocky ridges in the sea, between the finny tribes inhabiting the opposite coasts.

their child, you left their sole support depending upon my exertions. Aware that in every profession *fame is bread*, how I laboured for *their dear sakes*! I myself cared little for an existence rendered hateful by circumstances. You know that from time to time I had many advantageous offers of marriage; as often as I rejected *them* I appealed to *you*, that 'even for the sake of our innocent children you would do me justice'; your last reply was—'Never.' That one fatal word, and the withering look which accompanied it, tore the bandage from my eyes, and I *then* saw with a glance, the deformity of your character. I left you—you became enraged against the creature you had so loved, so ruined. Your next step went to defame me, but the world laughed at your folly; for well it knew that I was but too true to you. Knowing the tenderness of my heart, you sought to break it by depriving me of my children, by bringing them *here*, where you thought I would not follow; and then your cruel mandate that 'they must not speak to me suppose we should ever meet.' Not speak to *me*—their *mother*!—alas! the *only* tie of kindred which their dishonourable birth gives them a right to claim! Oh! Free love, how can you be so heartless, so cruel, so unjust?

"The past is past! Now for the objects of my journey, and the occasion of this letter. I am come to seek an interview with my poor babes—to obtain, if possible, your permission; to beseech, supplicate you upon my knees, that you may suffer me to press them to my broken heart, and say, '*farewell for ever*!' An event is about to happen which will preclude the possibility of my ever seeing them again; therefore, deny me not; be merciful, as you hope for mercy! No pecuniary motive, no love of gain, no desire of fame, and certainly none of revenge, could have brought me hither—nothing earthly could have actuated me to revisit this fatal spot, save to take one last, long, loving look at my poor children! they whom it is *no sin* to love. These five long years a mother's heart has yearned for them! Grant my prayer but this once, and I shall never ask to behold them again; because in this world I *dare* not. But the event which must separate us for ever will reflect honour upon *them* as upon *me*.

"Oh! Free love, for the sake of Heaven, deny me not this last request; show one spark of feeling, one touch of generosity, one sign of mercy towards your unhappy victim,

"FANNY FOSTER."

Lord Free love was at breakfast when the unhappy Fanny's letter reached him. His quick eye glanced rapidly over its contents. With a look of fiendish triumph he started from the table, took from his writing-case a sheet of paper, upon which he hastily scrawled, in large characters, the chilling word—"Never!" and dispatched it without a seal. Oh! cruel, cruel man! had you witnessed the effect of this harsh deed—this bitter sentence—upon the wretched victim of your caprice, it would have smote you to the soul.

Lord Free love was a celebrated *roué*. That he had loved the unfortunate Fanny, and obtained her by foul means, was well known. A strange mystery hung over the affair. Rumour whispered she had been betrayed by her natural protector. That there was some sort of arrangement to which her father, while labouring under the exciting influence of wine, consented, is true; but Fanny's silence on the subject left surmise in the dark.

When she quitted Lord Free love, deep hatred took the place of affection in his selfish breast. He looked upon her virtuous resolve as cold desertion of himself, which he resented with all the bitterness of wounded vanity. He carried off her children to the town of C—, placed them in lodgings, and, having provided a governess, left them altogether to her

care and management, with strict orders "not to hold any sort of communication whatsoever with their unhappy mother."

Her sudden arrival at C—, after a lapse of years, was to him a matter of wonder. But he did not hesitate long. He at once sent a message to Madame Dumont, the governess, desiring "that her pupils should not be permitted to walk out, or quit their apartment, on any sort of pretence, during Miss Foster's sojourn at C—." Poor Fanny had no wish to sacrifice the best interests of her children to the indulgence of her own feelings. She knew that a stolen interview with her, would for ever deprive them of his support and protection; therefore did she write to him. His reply produced a desperate resolve.

It was a glorious afternoon; the sun shone out as brightly as though there was not a broken or a breaking heart in this fair world. The principal street of C— was thronged with fashionables, parading up and down, as is the custom of the place. Opposite the house of a jeweller an Italian boy played several light French airs on a chamber organ, while a most beautiful gipsy girl danced, in a style so singularly graceful, as to attract a dense crowd of persons round her. But she seemed quite insensible to their presence; her dark eyes wandered not—they were rivetted on the drawing-room windows of the jeweller's house, with an intensity of expression, as though life and death depended on that gaze. Once she ceased, but for a moment. The unusual applause which followed brought a lady to one of the windows, whereupon, the gipsy girl threw herself into the most bewitching attitude and resumed her dancing. The lady watched her admiringly—threw up the window-sash and retired, but returned almost immediately, leading two lovely children, whom she placed on the balcony. The moment they appeared, the gipsy again assumed an attitude which produced universal applause; but she heeded it not—there she stood fixed like a statue on its base—her deep eyes unmoved, full and wide—nor once did the eye-lids close, but every now and then a big tear would gather slowly as she gazed, and fall as tears never fell from human eyes before. Her whole heart seemed gushing to her eyes—she struggled to speak, but her swelling throat choked her utterance—again she tried, and in accents of the deepest, wildest tenderness, exclaimed—

"Rosalind! Variella! My dear, dear children!" and with one long, wild, piercing shriek, the wretched Fanny Foster fell to earth!

Such was the *last* scene of Miss Foster's public life. There there was no acting—no deception. The earth upon which she fell was nature's stage!—no curtain dropped—no artificial lights mocked the sight. The light drapery of the sky, and the sweet light of Heaven witnessed the pure feelings of natural affection—the maddened misery of a bereaved mother's heart, who sees, for the last time, the beings 'round whom her very existence is twined.

Miss Foster never afterwards appeared on any stage. She left C— that very night. Illness followed her; a low fever set in, and for several weeks her recovery was doubtful; but she did recover, and, ere the year ended, the newspapers announced in very florid style "the marriage of the celebrated and beautiful Miss Foster with the Right Hon. the Earl of Everton."

Poor Fanny was now a "British Peeress!" Did she feel happier in this elevated position? Alas! not much. Her husband's noble family did not notice her; the story of her early youth was too well known to permit her entrance into society; she was, consequently, often alone; and though Lord Everton gave much of his time to her, and paid her the most deli-

LINES

ON SEEING A SHIP GOING TO SEA.

I see her—she darts o'er the bright ocean's breast,
As the bold eagle soars from his high rocky nest;
And she dashes the spray round her beautiful prow,
Like a soft silken tress on a fair maiden's brow.
How boldly she floats o'er each high swelling wave,
And her crew how they cheer—manly, fearless, and brave.
On, on, how she moves; oh! no object's to me
Like a beautiful ship as she rides o'er the sea.

I see her, I see her; oh! how the white sail
Swells out and submits to the favouring gale;
Now, now how she leans on her well-formed side,
And again stands erect with such grandeur and pride.
See, she tosses her head with such angry disdain,
As you unwelcome swell ruffles o'er the blue main;
And her stern sinks down, and her head looks on high,
Like the mystical lark as he darts through the sky.

I see her, I see her; what! can it be fear
That is dimming my sight with an unbidden tear?
No longer I see the white spray round her prow,
And her black hull to me is not visible now;
And the broad sheets look fainter; no longer the cheer
Fours on its entrancing delights to my ear;
And the bound and the rush I can trace them no more;
Still I stand and gaze on from the desolate shore.

I see her, I see her; or is it a gull
That sports on the bright wave, now bounding and full?
Or yonder, what is it? a beautiful speck,
Like a freckle set down on the blue ocean's neck.
See farther—it looks like a dim, fading cloud,
That spreads o'er the ocean its vapoury cloud;
And farther, and farther—no object, oh! none;
Now I sadly perceive that the vessel is gone!
God speed and protect her—I can't be amiss
To offer that prayer to the Author of Bliss!
For death is around her, and you shining wave
Is but a thin veil o'er a terrible grave—
And the foam she now cuts with such beautiful pride
May soon yawn around her restless and wide.
And many a widow would mourn her lot,
And orphan lament, if He guided her not.

Waterford, Dec. 13, 1842.

J. W. C.

PRIDE AND VANITY.—Among the sources of pride arising from intellectual exertion, are abstruse researches, deep contemplation, the acquirement of those branches of knowledge which cannot be obtained without protracted study and perseverance. The lighter occupations of fancy more frequently create vanity. Yet a philosopher may be so much appaudd as to yield to the seductions of vanity, and a poet may have laboured so intensely as to become proud of his muse. Pedantry is the pride, not the vanity of learning, were it for no other reason but that it usually belongs to minds which acquire with difficulty. Ostentation, in its strict sense, is vanity; yet the thing of which a display is made, may in itself be a motive of pride, as has already been remarked of virtue; nay, pride itself may be a motive of vanity, as in the case of a man who, having acted with becoming pride, proclaims to the world that he has done so; or, in other words, a man may be vain of his pride; but no man was ever proud of his vanity. We do not fear to let the world know how highly we value the awards of conscience; but we are ashamed to own, even to ourselves, that, having once attained the approbation of so competent a judge, we can stoop to court an inferior authority. Pride may be compared to the sun, which ripens the plant in silence; vanity to the breeze, which spreads its fragrance through the world.

GENTILITY.—This is neither in birth, manner, nor fashion, but in mind. A high sense of honour, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy, and politeness towards those with whom you may have dealings, are the essential and distinguishing characteristics of a gentleman.

AFGHAN.

A fghan fierce, now sheath thy steel,
Fortune frowns and treach'ry falls;
Gird for flight!—soon may'st thou feel
Hard vengeance, for which Britain calls.
A way! o'ercome! put off thy mail—
N all to thy tent the name of "Sale."

Dublin.

E. F.

CHINESE DOLLARS.—If the 21,000,000 dollars to be paid by the Chinese on the treaty of peace with Great Britain were to be extended in a straight line in a horizontal position, edge to edge, they would more than reach from Brighton to Berwick-upon-Tweed, or the whole extent of England; computing each dollar to be one inch and 2-10ths in diameter, which would form a line of 397½ British miles; or, supposing the Chinese dollar to weigh one ounce, we have, calculating at the rate of fourteen ounces to the pound, and one hundred and twelve pounds to the hundred weight, and so forth, the enormous quantity of 669 tons, 12 cwt., 3 qrs., and 12lbs. of solid silver produced—quite sufficient, were it to be paid at once, to fully freight a first-rate merchant vessel for Great Britain.

THE MIND.—It is said if we trace the progress of the human mind from the first dawns of sense and reason, we may see from what small beginnings it acquires a prodigious store of intellectual knowledge. We are as thoroughly convinced of that fact as that no man knows what he can do till he tries—or, in other words, till he is firmly resolved to do what he can; for when men have thought themselves obliged to set about some business in good earnest, they often accomplish that which, in their hours of indolence, they suppose impossible.

It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.—*Goethe.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"P. H." Limerick.—The "Ballad Singer" is a true story, and will be recognised by many in the city of the siege. Our Limerick Agents will supply you with the copies you require.

"M."—The "Chapter" has come to hand, and shall receive due attention.

"MARY."—Your communication is marked for insertion. The neat manner in which it is written forms a pleasing contrast to the productions of other contributors, who seem to have a contempt for plain writing. We fear the poetry has been mislaid.

"T. L."—The MS. is in many places illegible, and we are therefore compelled to lay it aside. If you will send us a readable transcription, it is likely to meet with a favourable reception.

"R. T. C."—Under consideration.

"E. A. K."—We shall pay our respects to you shortly, and hope your next essay will relate to our own dear Isle.

"R."—Inadmissible. What interest could such a subject possess for our readers?

"G. H."—A short postponement.

"N. M."—We thank you for the hint. Our numerous subscribers in Kingstown shall be accommodated.

"B. E." Tralee.—Your communication is not devoid of merit, but it is too lengthy. We entreat of our contributors to observe brevity.

Several papers arrived too late for notice this week.

Printed for the Proprietors, at the Office, 32, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications (post-paid) are to be addressed, to the Editor.

Published by T. LEMESURIER, (late T. Trug & Co.) & Lr. Abbey-street, Dublin; and all Booksellers.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 9.—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

REMINISCENSES OF A BARRISTER.

THE REAL HEIR.

"In all the parish, wif ne was ther non
That to the off'ring before hire shulde gon—
And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee."

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE.

A barrister's life is, for the most part, but a dull and monotonous routine; sometimes, however, cases do come under his notice which serve to dissipate much of its dullness, and to arouse and excite his feelings, stagnated almost of necessity by the duties in which he is generally occupied; for, as the eyes of a horse engaged constantly in turning a mill, gradually become sightless, so do the feelings of a lawyer (employed as he is on the same thing year after year) by degrees become deadened and cold, identified as it were with his subject.

Such a case was the one from which the details of the following narrative are drawn, in which, being retained for the plaintiff, I was fortunate enough to succeed. With legal pedantry I shall not attempt to bewilder my reader, but give him rather more interesting matter; that the names are fictitious, it is needless, I should think, to state:

Mr. St. Albin was a gentleman of very high family—higher indeed in reality than many who took precedence of him, because they were graced with a title. He nevertheless bore his honours meekly, and was very well liked by all who were acquainted with him. A very different person, however, was his lady, Mrs. St. A.; she was proud and overbearing in her manners to those who had formerly been her equals, (for her rank at the time of her marriage was much lower in the scale of society than that of her husband,) and her present equals she treated as if piqued, because their pretensions were similar to her own; the poor she looked upon almost as another species of animal, removed too far from the sphere of her greatness to be at all objects of consideration. The fruit of this ill-assorted marriage was an only son, who altogether partook of his father's disposition, being mild, gentle, and condescending—which qualities not being amongst the virtues included in his mother's creed, were looked upon by her as so many faults, and formed never-failing objects for long-winded and prosy lectures, to which the young man always listened with exemplary patience. At the time my story begins he was

about seventeen, and had just entered college; but was fonder of poetry than logic, and loved a romance far better than his Euclid. When he went home at the long vacation, a new face, fashioned in beauty's most lovely mould, met his gaze; it was that of a very poor relation of his mother's, whom, wonderful to relate, she had admitted into the house, and who was content for a small pittance to be the butt on whom Mrs. St. A. could vent all her superfluity of spleen. The poor girl bore it with great patience, although her pillow was frequently moistened with tears, when her thoughts reverted to a beloved mother now sleeping beneath the cold earth—nay, sometimes a sigh would escape her before her tyrannical patroness, which was sure, if heard, to be answered by a torrent of invectives, of which ingratitude was the unvarying theme. That her son could possibly become attached to one in her estimation so far beneath him, seemed to Mrs. St. A. nothing less than a moral impossibility. Here, however, her lofty judgment proved erroneous; her son *did* actually fall in love with her poor dependant: he was struck with her beauty, and pitied the hard usage she suffered from his imperious mother; nor was it long before he experienced—

"That love was in the next degree,
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the soul to love."

He did all that lay in his power by kind words and little attentions, which others distained to pay her, to render her situation less unpleasant. By this conduct, a similar feeling to his own was soon raised in her breast, for most know from experience—aye, even the very schoolboy—how warmly the heart throbs for those who are kind to us in our adversity.

Before young St. A. returned to college, his faith was plighted to Ellen Derenzy. Their attachment continued unabated during the whole time he was at college; their correspondence was extremely limited, and their conduct towards each other, when he was at home, was, of course, very guarded. In this respect, indeed, they overdid the matter, so far as to set some wiseacres conjecturing. One lady hinted the possibility of such a thing to Mrs. St. A., who received the inuendo with characteristic disdain, rewarding the busy-body for her pains by cutting her acquaintance. I have not mentioned Mr. St. Albin's name, because he was one of those whose influence as

a husband in his family might be estimated by a cypher.

It now became necessary for the lovers to take some decisive step—the more so, as they were in great anxiety about a letter which had gone astray, and which they feared might get into wrong hands. Accordingly, they were privately married, for St. A. well knew his mother's opposition to such a step would be unconquerable, and feared that she would use all her influence over his father (which was not small) in order to make him cut him off from the property, for this was in a great measure at his own disposal. The consequences of this union soon got Ellen her dismissal; she was turned out of the house at a moment's warning; but this, in itself, was no great matter, as St. Albin, who was then absent in France, had left with her a sum of money in case of such an occurrence; but its effects, in a far different manner, were disastrous in the extreme. A letter arrived directed to her, which Mrs. St. Albin was mean enough to examine; but her indignation, grief, and astonishment may be better imagined than expressed, when, instead of the strawy female writing of the address, she saw in the inside the bold and manly hand of her son, addressing the detested being whom she had driven from her door as his "beloved wife." She cast the letter from her after reading $\frac{1}{2}$ more than once, as if bewildered by a dream; but this state of indecision did not last long; her plans were quickly formed, and she soon began to put them in execution.

She carefully closed this letter which contained such stunning tidings, and had it forwarded to its proper owner, who never suspected that it had been opened, so nicely had she managed matters. In a few weeks she began, apparently, to relent of her conduct towards Ellen, and to express pity towards her, (her's were, indeed, "crocodile's tears!") and, at length, condescended so far as to ask for her abode. This was followed by a visit, much to the surprise of all about her, in which her manner was so very kind, as even to make the poor girl, who knew her so well, think she had been deceived in her disposition. I may just notice casually here, that Mrs. St. A. was, of course, perfectly blind to the comforts which surrounded Ellen. At length the critical hour came, and the mother perished in giving birth to a son. Mrs. St. A. now declared that all her ill-feelings towards the unfortunate girl, as she called her, were gone, and signified her intention of taking the child under her own especial patronage; and accordingly put it out to nurse with a creature of her own choice.

But we must now return to young St. Albin, who was regularly informed of every thing by his wife, and was not a little puzzled at his mother's strange conduct; but neither of them had the least suspicion that their secret was no longer such. He did not fail to remit money to her, and made arrangements for returning soon, but this his mother managed to prevent, and he was still in France when the tidings of his wife's death, which was conveyed in a letter from his mother as a casual event, came upon him like a thunderclap; in almost the same sentence was mentioned likewise, the birth of, as she called him, "the child of shame," and that she had taken him under her patronage: this at least was a comfort. He soon after this came to England; and what was his grief and consternation at finding that the child was dead! On hearing it from his mother, he burst into an agony of grief, crying out that it was his son, and, at the same time, avowing his marriage with Ellen Derensy. All, except his mother, were astonished at this, and she feigned to be so.

Old Mr. St. Albin died shortly afterwards, and

our hero came into the property; but with what feelings!—he had lost all relish for enjoyment; his spirit was broken and he became a mere puppet in the hands of his mother, who, soon after, got him married to a woman after her own heart—that is to say, to one possessing both station and fortune. This lady, however, was of a most amiable disposition, and served much to comfort her unhappy husband. She bore him several children, one of whom eventually succeeded to the estate.

But we must now leave these, and trace the history of St. Albin's child, who, as the reader may, perhaps, have surmised, was not really dead. I think I mentioned that he was given in charge to a creature of Mrs. St. Albin's choosing—a mercenary and covetous wretch, whom, it was well known, the love of gold could induce to do anything. This woman's secrecy was easily purchased, and, also, her concurrence in the plot, which was, to give out that the child was dead; of course Mrs. St. A. was obliged, though unwillingly, to let her into the whole affair of her son's marriage. But what, it may be asked, was done with the child? In those days it was easy enough to dispose of a child—he was secretly conveyed to the "Foundling Hospital," with the name of John Brown attached to him. This proceeding was, in human consideration, quite secure, as no one could identify the baby except those concerned in its abduction.

In due time, the infant became a boy, and the boy became a young man, and, like many another friendless orphan, who used to find a refuge in those benevolent asylums, was procured a place as a servant. He soon showed a dislike to the menial offices of such a situation, as if conscious of the gentle blood that coursed through his veins, and took the earliest opportunity of enlisting in the army, which, at that time, offered many inducements to a high-spirited youth—a war being hotly raging. As soon as he was properly drilled and instructed in martial exercises, he was, with many others, drafted off to the scene of action, and soon greatly distinguished himself, at least as far as a private soldier could do so, particularly by his conduct in a "forlorn hope," through which his better genius carried him safe. His conduct was neither unnoticed, nor, what was more to the point, unrewarded—he rose through the various gradations of military rank until he became sergeant-major, in which situation, having exhibited extraordinary courage and conduct in a battle which proved "the last fight" of nearly all the officers of his gallant regiment, he was presented with a vacant ensigncy; nor did his promotion stop here: the conduct and fortune which had hitherto caused his elevation still remained the same, and the war continuing to create vacancies, he rapidly rose to the exalted rank of colonel, in which post he continued an ornament to the army, until the war came to a close, when he returned to his country, and was allowed to retire on full pay, on account of a wound. Thus, at the age of forty, he found himself possessed of all he could wish, with the additional satisfaction that he had been "the architect of his own fortunes." Still he grieved often, when he thought of the mystery and obscurity in which his origin was wrapped—little dreaming how soon it was to be cleared up.

Mr. St. Albin, as I have said, married again, and had several children, one of whom succeeded to the estate by his death, which occurred about thirty years after his first wife's decease; and his mother did not long survive: she died after a lingering illness, during which, fearing the result, she burned, as she thought, all the papers relating to the foregoing transactions, and little imagined, as she saw

them smouldering away, that any one of them would rise up in judgment, to render her memory execrable; but one of them, and the most important one, did escape—it was the innermost of a bundle of letters, and, as is frequently the case, was untouched by the fire! It was thrown out the next morning by the servant maid, and would have inevitably perished, had not an attorney, who was that day transacting some business at the house, accidentally (shall we say so?) picked it up: the intelligence conveyed in it astonished him not a little, but, being a prudent man, he kept his thoughts to himself, until he had surer grounds to go upon than a mere letter.

Accordingly, using some expressions in the letter as his guide, he set on foot a diligent investigation, and at length found out the woman whom I have mentioned as implicated in the abduction, who was now very old. The secret was by some means extracted from her, for her mind was a little unstrung, and moreover she had latterly been much affected by religious terrors, the effect, doubtless, of a conscience burdened with guilt. From her was found out the name which was given the child when laid in the basket of the Foundling Hospital: at that institution further data were given, which at length enabled the zealous and worthy attorney to discover the poor, deserted, and basely wronged infant, in the gallant and honoured Colonel Brown!

The possessor of the St. Albin property, of course, refused, and justly, to give up the property without a struggle; for, as he said, "he was not lawyer enough to trace the evidence and discriminate the right;" hence the case was brought into court, and placed in my hands: the result I mentioned in the beginning of the paper.

Colonel St. Albin, as we may now call him, behaved most honourably, making no alteration in anything, and allowing him who had so long unconsciously defrauded him of his right, an annual income of one-fourth of what he had before possessed, besides giving up all right to the Mesné rates.

When his sovereign heard of his officer's extraordinary history, and accession of fortune, he was graciously pleased to bestow on him a title. Thus was the despised one, who for such a length of time might have exclaimed—"I bide my time," at length honoured, and the memory of her who had so cruelly wronged him held in deserved abhorrence.

It may be asked, "what was her object in concealing the child?" She had many, but the principal were revenge, and the almost certainty she felt, from the knowledge of her son's disposition, that if he thought his child was living, he would never marry again, and thus destroy her ambitious schemes.

T. D. H.

GENTLEMANLY AND PROFESSIONAL LOVE.—Men who have independent fortunes—men who look around upon the most favoured haunts of the sylvan gods, and call those green glades their own, have leisure to indulge in flights of imagination, sometimes to their sorrow. The busied labourer in this great world's troublous scenes may, and it is said he always does, throw off an ill-fated preference more readily than woman: but the high-born owner of the soil, whose every clod teems with historic recollections, stands more upon an equality with womankind. He is bred up in a region of tenacious impressions and faithful recollections. He has not to buffet with those tides which bid the professional man to know this one truth, that circumstances are stronger than inclination. All that was high-minded and enthusiastic in the civil wars emanated from the country gentlemen, whose nice sense of honour had not been tarnished by the detrimental process of professional interests and mercantile dealings.

THE OLD RAVEN.

"Sepe sinistra causa prædixit ablitice cornix."—*Vir. Eccl. l.*

A grey-headed raven sate on an oak bough
That was golden with mossy mold,
And he croaked to the sky, with a dismal cry,
As a rapparee counted his gold.

In the midst of the wood the gnarled oak stood,
'Twas a hundred years old and more,
And the wild ivy stems crept 'round its huge limbs,
And robed its infirmities o'er.

'Twas a soft perch I trow, for that grey-headed crow
To cushion his claws from the cold,
And the broad ivy stirred with the shrug of the bird,
As the rapparee counted his gold.

"What, ho! Father Rook, are you there?" said he,
"A mumbling your prayers so late,
Or have your young folk left you but this old oak
To shelter your silvery pate?"

The grey-headed crow croaked dismal and low,
And the sound from the wood was dull,
And the moon in the sky, to the rapparee's eye,
Had the shape of a "human skull!"

'Twas an odd thing I ween, in that wood at night,
To see the huge tree and the crow,
And the green forest's mould, as the rapparee's gold
Gleamed in the moonlight below.

Again the bird croaked, but 'twas under his wing,
And the sound it was gloomy to hear;
And the rapparee thought that with warning 'twas
And his stern heart sicken'd with fear. [fraught,
And well the old crow told the coming of woe,
With his tomb-like minstrelsy;
For when morn's bell rung, the rapparee hung
From the bough of the gnarled oak tree.

J. T. C.

THE FALSE ONE.

As sol to the sea was inclining,
The moon on the streamlet was shining,
All nature seem'd gay, for the sun's latest ray
From the mountain's high peak was declining.
'Twas then by the brook side I wander'd,
Where slowly the waters meander'd,
Where elm and yew so affectionate grew
That their branches were fondly entwining.

In the glen near the haunts of the fairy,
I stray'd with my lover till weary;
And oh! as the breeze prest the leaves on the trees,
So I kiss'd the sweet lips of my dear.
But ah! my poor bosom was smarting,
For this was our final sad parting;
And pale was her brow as she gave up the vow
Which she made to be mine, the false Mary. F.

READING AT MEALS.—The changes of habits and manners are, in no case, more apparent or more curious than in the difference of deportment at meals between the ancients and the moderns. The Greeks and Romans always employed servants to read to them on these occasions. Charlemagne had the lives and exploits of ancient princes read to him while at table. In the East persons of rank generally employ two or three story-tellers, male or female, to amuse them with tales when melancholy or indisposed, and often to lull them to sleep. Sir William Temple in his essays notices a similar custom among the Irish, who had formerly their story-tellers, descended, as he thinks, from the old Irish bards. The duty of the domestic bard at the court of the Welsh princes was also, according to the laws of Howell, nearly the same; instead of reciting tales he was to sing songs.

THE DEATH WATCH.—The male spider is supplied with a little bladder, somewhat similar to a little drum, and the ticking noise which has been termed the "death watch," is nothing more than the sound he makes upon this little apparatus, in order to serenade and to allure his mistress.

THE BALLAD-SINGER OF LIMERICK.

(Continued from No. 8.)

On a wet, gloomy evening towards the end of September, a gentleman entered Mrs. Creagh's shop, and asked if he could be accommodated with a pen and ink to write an advertisement, which he wanted to leave in a newspaper office in the vicinity, his hotel being at a considerable distance. He was not "a tall foreign looking person apparently about fifty," nor "a pale, slight young man" in a travelling cloak and the last stage of consumption; alas! no—however desirous we may be to interest our readers in this gentleman, we are compelled to own, that interesting was the very last epithet that could be applied to him. Fifty he may have been; stout he decidedly was; with a complexion—not that exquisite mixture of red and white appertaining to heroines, and so fairly divided as to bring before our "mind's-eye" a picture of their chroniclers sitting with rouge on one side and pearl powder on the other, glancing alternately on each—but one that rendered it impossible to feel cool whilst looking at him, for Indian suns had only cast over the original red that dusky hue which is seen in a forge at the greatest heat. What an invaluable captain he would have been for the crew of a greenland whaler! Curious reader, you, doubtless, have conjectured that this stranger is the uncle of Kate O'Carrol; and, as the veil of mystery would hang very ungracefully on seventeen stone, permit us to introduce him at once as Walter Comyn, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

"If you will walk inside the counter, sir," Mrs. Creagh replied in answer to his request, "you can write at the desk. John, give this gentleman a pen and ink, and a sheet of paper. Arthur, go and change your clothes, you are quite wet," she continued, as her son entered at the moment.

"I'm in a hurry, ma'am, if you please," said a little country girl at the counter.

"What do you want, child?" inquired Mrs. Creagh.

"I wants a pen'orth o' pepper, to pepper the big gander, ma'am."

"Who sent you for it?" asked Arthur laughingly.

"My mother, sir," replied the child, looking abashed at the amusement she had afforded them.

"Well, you needn't tell us she has a goose!", said John, the shop-boy, anxious to display what he considered wit.

"She have, an' a dozen of 'em."

"How does she sell them?"

"Oh! she have ne'er a tailor's goose," replied the little girl, who happened to know that John's venerable parent belonged to the ancient order of knights of the shears.

"Let that teach you not to make game of any one for the future, John," said his mistress. "Keep the penny yourself, child, and when you are sent for anything again, remember you need not tell what it is for, unless you are asked."

In our dear merry isle, one laugh enjoyed together is equal to three months of formal acquaintance in the scale of ascent from reserve to intimacy; and as Mr. Comyn's national peculiarities had been kept so warm in India as to require but one of our genial showers to make them fresh and green as ever, he seemed fully inclined to avail himself of this fact.

Instead of resuming his pen, he turned to Mrs. Creagh, and, leaning his arms on the desk, addressed her in the communicative tone befitting the understood duration of their acquaintance.

"Since I arrived here, three days ago," he said, "I have been inquiring for a family of the name of O'Carrol, who lived in this neighbourhood; but, as yet, I have obtained no tidings of them: I am now about to advertise for information. Perhaps you may have heard of them, madam."

"I have heard of them," Mrs. Creagh replied; "but I don't know where they are now."

Mr. Comyn looked surprised at the sudden change from good humour to reserve and constraint apparent in Mrs. Creagh's manners the moment he had named the O'Carrols, and was about to resume writing, when Arthur said—

"I can give you the information you require, sir; but as Mrs. O'Carrol and her daughter are so situated at present as to render the visit of a stranger very unpleasant, perhaps you will pardon my inquiring the nature of your business with them before I give you their address."

"You are very considerate, young gentleman," replied Mr. Comyn, smiling; "but I am not a stranger; my name is Comyn; I am Mrs. O'Carrol's only brother."

"I beg your pardon," said Arthur; "I was not aware that she had a brother; I will go with you to her lodgings this moment, if you wish. I am sorry to say that she is very ill."

Mr. Comyn gratefully accepted the offer; and they had left the shop before Mrs. Creagh could interfere to prevent her son from going out again in wet clothes—a proceeding which she by no means approved of. She felt both surprise and curiosity with regard to his knowledge of Mrs. O'Carrol's abode. He was so invariably frank and candid, that concealment surprised her; as being aware of Kate's conduct to him, she thought he would not be likely to forget anything he heard about them.

Mrs. Creagh had waited tea a whole hour before her son returned; and when he did come, he looked so pale, that she became alarmed, and, forgetting all her curiosity about the O'Carrols, she would neither speak nor listen until he had taken as many precautions against cold as he declared would provide beforehand for all the wettings he might receive during the winter. Arthur, like most young men, had a particular dislike to being cooked and nursed; but it was his mother's weak point, and he never opposed her: so he quietly submitted to all she prescribed, till, with a ludicrous air of resignation, he lay down on the sofa, which she had placed for him near the fire.

When Mrs. Creagh was satisfied of her son's safety and comfort, her curiosity began to revive; and, as Arthur remained silent, she at length exclaimed—

"Arthur, how did you come to know anything about the O'Carrols? You never mentioned them to me since Mr. O'Carrol's death."

"My dear mother, forgive me for deceiving you; the ballad singer who interested you so much, and to whom you have been so kind, was Miss O'Carrol."

"If I knew that—" exclaimed Mrs. Creagh.

"You would have acted with the same kindness," interrupted her son, with an affectionate smile. "I know what you are thinking of, mother; but I have forgiven it, and so would you, if you had seen her weeping over her poor mother."

"She is dead then?" said Mrs. Creagh, in that subdued tone in which one naturally speaks of those just dead.

"She is," replied Arthur; "her brother arrived barely in time to receive her last breath. If I had waited to change my clothes, or even explain to you where I was going, he would have been too late. If

you saw her look of happiness and gratitude when she recognised him, you would never scold me for getting wet again."

"May God have mercy on her!" said Mrs. Creagh, devoutly. "Poor woman! she had her own trials. When I heard that she was so bad this morning, I had no idea that she was Miss O'Carrol's mother. And so you saw her, Arthur?"

"I did, mother; I would not have intruded on them at such a time, but Mr. Comyn became so agitated when he heard she was dying, that he could not go up stairs without my assistance. I left the room immediately, and waited below stairs till he was calm enough to come and speak to me."

"Why didn't you tell me who she was the evening she was here?"

"Who? Miss O'Carrol, mother?"

"Yes: I suppose you were afraid I wouldn't treat her kindly," said Mrs. Creagh; "and I believe you were right."

"I was *not* afraid that would treat her unkindly," Arthur replied; "but I feared that you would not be quite as kind as to another under the same circumstances. I never knew your judgment to be biased, except when your son was concerned," he continued, with a look of affection towards his mother; "and he ought to be the last person in the world to find fault with it."

"I am glad it all happened as it did," said Mrs. Creagh; "but I cannot say that I am sorry to have nothing more to do with her. I dare say her uncle is rich, so she won't want us."

Arthur made no reply, and there was a silence of some minutes.

"Of course she won't think of coming here now!" exclaimed Mrs. Creagh, after some time spent in thought, which Arthur judged from her face not to be over agreeable.

"I thought you invited her," he replied, with a look of mischievous archness; "so I could do no less than tell her uncle so."

"Arthur!" replied his mother angrily, "you never did anything to displease me before."

"Surely, mother, you made her promise to come here after Mrs. O'Carrol's death."

"Yes, but I did not know I was asking a proud imperious girl, who had insulted and despised my child."

"Was it pride that made her become a ballad-singer, mother?"

"No, Arthur, it was poverty."

"Say affection, mother; she *was* proud, I own, but—"

"Well," interrupted Mrs. Creagh, "I dare say her uncle is rich, and we shall soon see whether this wonderful change has taken place."

"Give her a fair trial, mother; if you refuse to receive her now, after inviting her, she will know your reason for doing so; it will be wilfully reminding her of what we ought to forget as well as forgive."

"I forgive her, Arthur; but I wish to have no further acquaintance with her."

"You certainly are a model of Christian forgiveness at present," said Arthur, laughingly. Then, in a serious tone, he continued—"It would be cruel to send the poor girl to a hotel amongst total strangers; she looks very ill, and there is not such a nurse in the world as you are. You won't do anything so unworthy of yourself, my dear mother; you won't refuse your own Atty," and he took both her hands in his, and looked into her face with such affectionate entreaty, that she could resist no longer.

"Well, Arthur," she said, "if you *will* bring her here, I am sure that I won't be able to speak civilly to her."

"Let her come, mother," he replied; that is all I

ask. You never wounded any person's feelings in your life, and I never knew any one who could confer a favour so delicately."

"For shame, Arthur! flattering your old mother at this time of life! Keep your fine speeches for Miss O'Carrol."

"Mrs. Creagh spoke in a playful tone, but it required no great discernment to perceive that she feared that her son had a deeper motive in his intercession than those he avowed. He had never concealed anything from her before; and, though his motives were generous as well as reasonable she expected to discover more whilst blaming herself for the thought. The discovery of a reserve or concealment, however trifling, invariably brings the suspicion of another."

"My dear mother," said Arthur, earnestly, "Miss O'Carrol was at no time less inclined to hear fine speeches from me than I to make them; she never could be more than a stranger to me under any circumstances, setting aside the difference of our positions and probable expectations. Had I liked her more, I may not have pleaded her cause so earnestly: I would certainly have judged her more severely. We seldom look on silliness as an excuse for the faults of those we love."

"I am glad of it," said Mrs. Creagh. "Miss O'Carrol is not the sort of person I would like for a daughter-in-law."

"I never entertained so presumptuous an idea," said Arthur, laughingly.

"Presumptuous!" repeated his mother, indignantly.

"Call it what you will, mother; your apprehensions are needless. I never did nor ever will think of her but as Miss O'Carrol."

"Arthur would have added his belief that Miss O'Carrol's feelings were of a similar nature, though she may no longer be too proud to regard him as a friend; but fearing to remind his mother of the night of the ball, he said no more."

Mrs. Creagh was too sensible to attempt fastening on her son as a promise this declaration, which gave her so much pleasure. She possessed as little selfishness as is consistent with our nature: and though it would grieve her to see Arthur married to a person whom she could not love as a daughter, it was solely for his own sake she had spoken of Kate. Her fondest wish was for his marriage with Anna Roche; but as he always seemed to regard her as a dear sister, his mother had no inclination to try the experiment of talking him into love with one, who, though gentle and amiable, may be unsuited to him in character.

"Well," thought Arthur, as he analysed his mother's gratified smile, "after all, I do not see what objection my mother could have to my admiring Miss O'Carrol. We never could think of each other—never; but supposing for an instant that we did, her pride, which was my mother's objection, would no longer be in the way; and if she has not as much common sense as my mother or Anna, she certainly is handsome and accomplished; and wiser people than Arthur Creagh had silly wives. All this is absurd and impossible, but still I cannot see why my mother should object to her."

Both were so occupied by their own thoughts, that for a considerable time neither spoke. At length Arthur, after looking at his watch, broke the silence by exclaiming—

"Mother, it is near the hour at which I told Mr Comyn you would go for his niece."

"Why, Arthur," she replied, shaking her head in pretended displeasure, "if you get on in this way, I must let the public know that I won't be answerable for any engagements you may make for me." After a moment's consideration she continued—"I dare

say Miss O'Carrol wont like to leave her poor mother's remains, however, I'll try to induce her to come with me, and she can return in the morning. She must be exhausted for want of rest. If she wont come, I'll stay with her; so you need not wait up for me, Arthur."

"My presence would be but an intrusion, or I would willingly go too," said Arthur: "however, I'll go to the door with you."

"You will do no such thing," replied his mother; "I'll send for a car, and when you have given the man directions for finding the house, you must go to bed: you shant have your way in everything, master Arthur."

"Oh! I'll be a good child," said Arthur, playfully: "I ought to be after, all the nice things I got to-night."

Mrs. Creagh was right in her belief of Kate's unwillingness to leave her mother's remains. Her grief was gentle and quiet, but she was immovable on this point, and her uncle ceased to urge it. Her gratitude, expressed rather by tears than words, so won on Mrs. Creagh, that she was almost ashamed to acknowledge to herself how much of the prejudice she had thought well founded had vanished in an hour. She was unwearied in her attention to Kate during the few days intervening between Mrs. O'Carrol's death and burial. Arthur had done her no more than justice in saying that when she determined on performing a kind act, no one could do it in a better manner. Having her mind at ease with regard to Arthur's sentiments, she gave herself up to the favourable impressions which Kate's manners were hourly strengthening; and when, after Mrs. O'Carrol's interment, she claimed Kate's promise to return home with her, it was with an almost motherly affection that would take no denial. Mr. Comyn's stay in Limerick was limited to a month, as at the end of that time business required his presence in London, and until then it was settled that Kate should remain with Mrs. Creagh.

Arthur and Kate met without the awkwardness which would at any other time have attended their meeting. Sorrow on one side and sympathy on the other prevented for a time all recurrence to former days. Mr. Comyn, though continuing to reside at his hotel in despite of Mrs. Creagh's warm invitation, was continually with them. He seemed to become every day more attached to his niece, as if the affection for home and friends, so long repressed by associating with strangers, had suddenly revived, to concentrate itself on the child of his only sister. Mr. Comyn was not a cross old bachelor, soured by disappointment in love, or defeat in matrimonial speculations: his celibacy had been the effect of chance, not choice. He had left Ireland too early to have formed any attachment, and when, after some years' toil in India, he became independent enough to think of marrying, it did not occur to him, perhaps, for the simple reason that Hindostanees are not Irishwomen. Old bachelors, by procrastination, never possess the gall and wormwood of old bachelors by necessity or premeditation. Mr. Comyn, together with genuine warmth of heart, had all the real refinement of mind and sensitiveness of feeling so rarely attributed to fat people. Ye moral chymists, who love to analyse that curious combination, man, say why is it so? Have these qualities been subjected to the rules of the turf, and forbidden to carry beyond a certain weight? Everybody allows that we, (for we boldly avow that we ourselves belong to this much-injured class)—that we are well natured, well humoured, even generous; but sensitive and refined are terms that nobody thinks of applying to us: not even the daily proof of our sensitiveness on this very point will convince the incredulous multitude. Blacks,

bakers, aye beasts, have had their wrongs admitted and redressed; whilst we, a large and respectable body of her Majesty's lieges, are hourly subjected to this calumny by implication—this libellous silence; and our complaints met with a galling irony and a want of sympathy, which speak volumes for the increasing demoralisation of society.

Gentle reader, we are sensitively alive to the error committed by allowing our sympathy to lead us into so long a digression from our story; but Mr. Comyn was one of our fellow sufferers, and, in fact, we could not help giving way to this involuntary burst of injured feeling; of which resignation has now taken the place. Satisfied as we are that posterity will do us justice, we resume, together with the thread of our tale, that good humour, of which not even the most malicious have as yet attempted to deprive us.

Mr. Comyn was too anxious about his niece's health to allow her a reasonable time for the recovery of her good looks. In vain she assured him that confinement and anxiety were the sole causes of the thinness and paleness of which he complained. As he had endured both without growing either thinner or paler, he feared that Kate's constitution was not naturally good, and became so impatient to get to London in order to consult a physician, that it was with difficulty she induced him to remain until the end of the month, lest Mrs. Creagh may feel hurt at their apparent haste to leave her. He announced his intention of settling for some months at Bath, Cheltenham, or whatever place her physician may consider best for Kate; as he did not intend returning to India till spring, and wished her, as he said, to lay in a good stock of health for her voyage.

Mrs. Creagh, meanwhile, had lost much of her prejudice against Kate, but her opinions partook in some degree of the unchanging nature of her own character, and she still felt a sort of distrust which could not be conquered by mere expressions of gratitude or humility. As her own life had been tranquil and almost uneventful, she had little faith in those mental revolutions in which a total change of character is frequently effected by a single event; and consequently finding it difficult to believe that pride, nurtured by the prosperity of eighteen years, could be wholly eradicated by the misfortunes of one, she expected to see it spring up again, and bear its worse than Upas blossoms. At times the apparent sincerity and perfect unaffectedness of Kate made her ashamed of her lingering doubts; but the feelings of the moment passed away, and they returned again. During this struggle between favourable impression and deeply-rooted opinions, her manners were perhaps more unvaryingly kind and attentive than they would otherwise have been—partly through a delicate anxiety to conceal her knowledge of the past, and partly through fear of the injustice of her suspicions with regard to the future.

Before Kate had been many days at Mrs. Creagh's, Arthur discovered that he had laboured hard to place himself in a very awkward position. His dislike to the slightest appearance of paying court to Mr. Comyn's heiress, strengthened by a fear of being thought to presume on her obligations to his mother, was equalled by his unwillingness to remind her of her conduct towards him by distance or reserve of manner. This was a dilemma which he had not foreseen, when, to relieve Mr. Comyn's anxiety for the removal of his niece, he mentioned his mother's former invitation. In the midst of his difficulties he received a letter from Anna Roche, reminding him of a promise he had made to go to see her, and enclosing a kind and friendly invitation from her uncle, which he immediately decided on accepting. He accordingly showed the letter to his mother, saying that he was glad the invitation was for the

time that Mr. Comyn and Kate were to remain, as their society would prevent her from feeling lonely during his absence.

"I don't think it quite polite of you to go while Miss O'Carrol is here, Arthur," replied Mrs. Creagh; "you know that it was at your request she was invited."

"She does not know that, mother," said Arthur; "and it is not necessary that she should. Ye seem to agree so well now, that my services as mediator are no longer required, and Anna begs me to go while William is at home; he will be going to college at the end of this month."

"I would not wish you to disappoint Anna," said Mrs. Creagh—"she is a dear, good girl; but I own I would as soon she had invited you for next month. However, do as you please, my dear boy."

"Thank you, mother; my absence will be of no consequence to Mr. Comyn or his niece, and I will manage to be back a few days before they leave. I think it would be better not mention to Miss O'Carrol where I am going."

"I dare say Anna will write to her," said Mrs. Creagh.

"If Miss O'Carrol were still poor I'm sure she would," Arthur replied; "but as it is, I am in doubt; and this is one of my reasons for not wishing to mention Anna's name at present."

Arthur was never slow in putting his resolves into execution. Telling Mr. Comyn and Kate that he had received a letter which would cause his absence for a few weeks, he bade them farewell, and before evening was many miles from Limerick.

J. M. R.

(To be continued in our next.)

SONG OF THE LEAF OF AUTUMN.

My comrades all have faded upon their parent tree,
And tremblingly departed one by one from me;
Here am I deserted, a thing all lonely now,
An exile of the forest, an orphan of the bough.

Would that soon the tempest may come in its wild play,
And sweeping o'er the vallies, bear me too away;
All reckless, uncomplaining, I'll go its willing slave—
The wind to be my destiny, my only goal the grave.

And when the spring returns, my aged tree, now bare,
Will again put forth its blossoms, but I will not be there;
And birds among the branches will carol forth anew,
But other leaves will cover the stem on which I grew.

Ah! I will then be distant from my own lov'd forest home,
And o'er the heath-clad mountains perchance I'm doom'd to roam;

For ever I'll be parted from all my kindred throng,
And the moaning blast of winter will be my requiem song.

W.

WATER.—River water is that which, in great cities, is chiefly used, conveyed, as we find in Dublin, by canals, to two large basins at the north and south sides of the city. This kind of water is, of course, obtained from a number of tributary springs and rivulets in course of the canal or river, and the commingled rain. 'Tis a soft water, suitable for all domestic purposes. River water is, in the country, generally very pure, less so in the neighbourhood of large towns, for obvious reasons. Thus the country becomes as it were a heart to the city, sending by the canals, as by two arterial trunks, the pure vital fluid, to be circulated through the remotest ramifications of Dublin; while the river Liffey, running from west to east, carries off, like a great Cloacæ or main sewer, all the filth, &c., of the city, to be finally "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried."—*Hayden's Physiology.*

HYDRAULIC DEVICES.

To say nothing of the ancients, with whom most of these originated, it may be observed that the Germans were the earliest cultivators of practical hydraulics in modern times. The Dutch (part of that people) contributed to extend a knowledge of their inventions. It was a Dutchman who constructed the famous machinery at Marli; and England was indebted to another for her first water-works at London Bridge. The simplest pump-box or piston known—the inverted cone of leather—is of German origin, and so is the tube pump of Muschenbroek. Hose for fire-engines, both of leather and canvas, was invented by Dutchmen. They carried the chain pump of China to their settlements in India, and also to Europe. Van Braam brought it to the United States. A German invented the air pump; and the first high pressure steam-engine, figured in books, was by another. As regards hydraulic machinery, the Dutch have been to the moderns in some degree what the Egyptians were to the ancients—their teachers. The physical geography of Holland and Egypt necessarily led the inhabitants of both countries to cultivate to the utmost extent the art of raising water. Windmills, for draining water off land, first occur (in modern days) in Holland. It is, indeed, the constant employment of this element—wind—that preserves the Dutch from destruction by another; for, as a nation, they are in much the same predicament they formerly put unruly felons in—viz., confining each in a close vault with a pump, and then admitting a stream of water, that required his unceasing efforts to pump out, to prevent himself from drowning. The French have contributed the neatest machine known, the ram of Montgolfier; theirs is the double pump of La Hire, and the frictionless piston of Gosset; La Faye improved the old tympanum of Asia; Papin was one of the authors of the steam-engine, and Le Demour devised the centrifugal pump. Rotary pumps, and the reintroduction of air vessels, rest between Germany and France. Drawn leaden pipes were projected by Dalesme. The English revived the plunger pump and stuffing box of Moreland, and furnished the expanding metallic pistons of Cartwright and Barton, the steam-engines of Worcester and Savery, Newcomen and Watt, the pneumatic apparatus of Brown, and motive engines of Cecil and others. Whitehurst was the first to apply the principle of the ram, and the quicksilver pump was invented by Hawkins. Hales invented the milling of sheet lead, and the first drawn pipes were made by Wilkinson. Switzerland contributed the spiral pump of Wirtz. America has furnished the rivetted hose of Sellen and Pennock, likewise the motive machine of Morey, and the high-pressure engines of Evans; and both have given numerous modifications of every hydraulic device. The Italians have preserved many ancient devices; and to them the discoveries of Galileo and Torricelli, respecting atmospheric pressure, are due. Porta has given the first figure of a device for raising water by steam, and Venturi's experiments extended their claims.—*Evbank.*

DEBT.—No man can ever borrow himself out of debt. If you wish for relief, you must work for it, economise for it. You must make more and spend less than you did while you were running in debt. You must wear home-spun instead of broad cloth, drink water instead of champagne, and rise at four instead of seven. Industry, frugality, economy—these are the handmaids of wealth, and sure sources of relief. A shilling earned is worth ten borrowed, and a shilling saved is better than forty times its amount in worthless gewgaws. It is much better than depend upon bank favours, and a thousand times more honourable than a resort to bankrupt laws.

SCRAPS FROM IRISH HISTORY.

INCHIQUN.

"The lake and castle of Inchiquin are romantically situated in the county of Clare, and give the title of Earl to the eldest son of the Marquess of Thomond. Although for centuries in the possession of the powerful tribe of which that nobleman is the head, tradition asserts that they originally belonged to the O'Quins, an ancient Dalcassian family, and assigns a singular legend as the cause of the change."—*IRISH ANNALS.*

I.

Pray have you ever been in the county Clare?
If you have not, then go pay a visit there—
The country's delightful; and, as for the air,
The doctors all swear
It will suit invalids just to a hair;
Then each parish abounds
With mansions and grounds,
Where gentlemen live who keep packs of hounds;
On the coast, th' Atlantic
Rolls in quite romantic,
And strikes th' tall cliffs as if it was frantic!
To say nought of Ardbrannan,
And thy waters, oh! Shannon,
And the famed under-ground caves of Kiltannan.*

II.

But a truce to all this—my tale to begin:
In Clare mountains, deep hid, there lies a lone lake,
Which they call Inchiquin—
Dark, silent, and wild; it would seem a fit spot
For some rapparee's home, or a hermit's grot;
Yet there's plenty of wood,
And the fishing is good,
And the trout very fine, tho' hardish to take,
(The fly they like best is the drake.)
On the north of this place an old castle stands,
In ruins, of course, and yet awe it commands,
With its barbican tower, donjon, and moat,
And its battlement wall, which the still waters bound,
Half shattered and rent, altho' Time has flung round
A mass of green ivy, by way of a coat.
Now list, and I'll tell, as sung by our bards,
How this castle was lost one night at cards!

Fytte II.

Young Cormac MacMurtagh O'Quin
Was a man of estate,
And cousin to Lord Ballyfin;
He was chief of his clan,
And his pedigree ran
Up to Oluim the great:
Au reste, he was lord of this place and ground,
And the whole country round
Dare not say "Boo" to his dog, I'll be bound!
Well, he lived in this castle, and led
A very pleasant life, it is said:
'Twas bachelor's hall, for he never would wed;
At dinner each day, of relations some score
He treated with venison and claret galore;
And the last, to have good
He imported in wood,
And kept on the stoop, like his fathers before—
Oh! good luck to their fashions of yore!
And his days (unless when he made an excursion,
And killed a few Sassanaghs, by way of diversion,)

Were spent in hunting the wolf, or deer chasing—
Shooting grouse, cock fighting, hurling, or racing;
And then, when the day-light was done,
Altho' no place for a nun,
The sun

Never looked an the like of his castle for fun!

Now this chieftain one day,
(Bove all months 'twas in May,)

By the side of the lake took his way:
The morning was lovely, and the hue
Of the sky and the waters was blue.
Like the face of fond woman, that lake

Seemed to take

Its brightness or shadow from one object alone,
And as faithful reflected the looks on it thrown;
The trees were in leaf on the hill—
'Mid the fern, the red deer lay still;
While the heath bird uprose on its wing,
And sung out a bold welcome to spring.

The scene and the hour

Were fraught with a power
That deep the young wanderer felt
Steal into his bosom and melt,
As close to the lake, on the grass, he lay down,
With his head on his hand, in reverie brown.

He looked at the clouds and the skies,
He looked at the hills and the lake,
And thousand odd fancies arise,

Like dreams in his mind, tho' awake.
While thus musing, behold a flight
Of beautiful swans came in sight,
And settled down on the water before him outright;
And then, wheeling and circling in play,
Like a miniature fleet, sailed away,
Now sweeping its surface one by one;
And anon

They are gone,
And, soaring aloft in the air,
Perform the same gambols up there;
But one bird in the flock caught the eye
Of the chief as she came gliding bye,
With her neck slightly bent, and a look
That seem'd quite superior; she took
Some bread from his hand,
Stood still at command,

Or swept o'er that smooth mirror again
So oft, that he could not refrain
Aloud, wrapt in thought, to exclaim—
"I wish, on my life,

That swan was my wife,
For she's something uncommon, that's plain!"

But guess his surprise! [eyes,
How he jumped to his feet, and rubbed both his
When the instant those words he had spoken,
(Some say in earnest, others in joking.)
Lo! the swan from the waters arose

A beautiful female in "Raperised" clothes!
And steep to the strand,

And made him a curtsey, quite grand!
So lovely a form! and such figure and grace!
No mortal before ever saw in that place:
On her head was a veil of Limerick lace,
And her robe was a rich figurd' tabinet stuff,
And her boa was swansdown, and so was her muff;
But enough.

Ere five minutes he gazed on her face
O'Quin was a case,
Instantly, they tell,

The young chieftain fell
Both in love and the water as well.

Then he rose to his knees, and he swore
That if she wouldn't marry him ere three days
were o'er,

He'd hang himself from the lamp-post at the
hall-door!

The strange lady look'd down,
Tried to muster a frown,
Rubbed the ground with the point of her shoe,
And seem'd much at a loss what to do;
Till at length, while a deep crimson glow
Flush'd her cheek and her bosom of snow,
She murmured out—"No!

* "At Kiltannan is a succession of limestone caverns, through which a rivulet takes its course. These are much visited in summer. Many petrified shells are found in the limestone."—*Lewis's Topographical Dictionary.*

† "The O'Quins, chiefs of the clan Hy Ifernán, a family of equal antiquity with the O'Briens, and of the same stock—namely, the Dal Cas, or descendants of Cormac Cas, the son of Oilioll Oluim, who was monarch of Ireland in the beginning of the third century."—*Extract from the leading article of the Irish Penny Journal, No. 16, attributed to Mr. Petrie.*

That she'd die if he named such a thing with affright,
For the match was really impossible, quite."

Here her cambric she prest to her eye,
Heaved a sigh,

And appeared to have strong inclination to cry !

But Cormac MacMurtagh O'Quin
Too well knew the sex to give in ;

So he spoke of his love, tho' respectful yet warm,
Like a gentleman bred, and an Irishman born ;

And he calmed all her fears,
And he dried all her tears,

And he kist her fair hand and cherry lips too.
To melt it appears,

After grave deliberation for years,
This plan, tho' not new,

Is still in such cases the best to pursue.

Well ! not to delay,
When he named "the day,"

She sank on his shoulder, but didn't gainsay,
Provided,

And on this she *was* decided,

"That to-morrow he would go and make oath,

Before the priest and the magistrate both,

Never more to play cards

With those thieving blackguards,

His next n-ighbours, Clan Coady O'Brien ;

For (said she) if you do,

On me never again you'll lay eye on ;

And for you,

Young chief of Hyferran, that hour will be blue !"

Of course, Cormac swore,
By a sackful of bibles and more,
That oath he would take,
That vow he would make,

And all his old cronies forsoke ;

So at morn blush next day

He rose, saddled his gray,

Lunched with the justice, and then dined with Father
O'Hea,

And come home *RATHER* gay ;

But, be that as it may,

The oath he produced, signed by both in a regular way.

Oh ! then there was music and feasting within

Thy old walls, Inchiquin,

When the wedding took place of O'Quin.

At cock shout that day the tenants came drest

In their best,

With a white satin bow pinned to each breast ;

And maybe for them wasn't lushions of liquor and meat,

And a "*Cead mille a faltha*" for to sit down and eat—

And, to be sure, they didn't wait to be prest ;

And standard and flag waved on buttress and tower,

And salvos pealed forth from the great guns each hour—

And gay look'd the lake both with galley and boat,

And loud over all rang the warder's clear note,

As a power

(In gingles, and coaches, and jaunting-cars plain)

Of the quality came :

MacNamaras

And O'Haras,

O'Loughlins, O'Deas, O'Knavins, O'Gradys,

MacMahons, O'Hehirs, O'Connors, and Bradys,

And numbers of ladies !

O'Kelly from Connaught, O'Flynn from Killargy,

Fourteen friars, three bishops, and lots of "the *CLERGY*."

They all dined in the great hall of state,

Where covers were laid for two hundred and eight,

And the side-board look'd grand with the family
plate !

Such playing of pipers ! such clattering of forks !

Such drinking of healths ! and such drawing of corks !

Such wishings of joy ! and such neighbours' hands shaking !

Such laughing ! and blushing ! and punch & love-making !

Oh ! the likes of it never was seen,

To stock-fish it beat Ballyporeen !

Long the fame of that feast lived in legends sublime,

And three bards died (of drink) ere they set it to rhyme !

(To be continued in our next.)

PRIDE OF STATION.

Of all the varied forms that pride assumes, perhaps the pride of station is the most frequent, if not the most inveterate. Birth—money, intellect—character—each in their degree enlist in their favour the pride of the human heart ; but all men have not birth, intellect, or character to boast of. But low in station must that man be, who cannot imagine a still lower grade in society, that may be looked down upon with scorn. Thus the haughty patrician of ancient descent darts his indignant glances at the mushroom nobility of the day. The titled commoner, again, regards with complacency his escutcheon unstrained—uncontaminated by plebeian blood. The merchant and manufacturer, in their turn, revolt from too close a contact with the tradesman and shop-keeper. The shop-keeper, "well to do in the world," smiles contempt on the horny hands and soiled garments of the mechanic—the "unwashed artificer." And the mechanic, in his turn, draws comparisons in his own favour. From the palace to the cottage—from the drawing-room to the kitchen—does this wide-spreading vice extend ; contracting the social circle, and causing disquietude to all within its influence. Filial duty, brotherly affection, friendly intercourse, must all give way to its demands.—*Bradshaw.*

SONG.

Oh ! say not that we now shall part,
To meet not here for ever ;
Oh ! say not that each faithful heart
Can thus be brought to sever.
Friends, as lovers, tho' lost to sight,
Yet grow to mem'ry dearer ;
So in us let not distance blight
That love we felt when nearer.

Oh ! say not that no tear shall fall,
Though we part not for ever ;
Oh ! say not that you do not call
That love, which changes never.
Then give me now one fond embrace,
Such from the heart we borrow—
And let me 'neath thy eyelids trace
One sad, long look of sorrow.

MENTAL FEVER.—Of the causes of disease, anxiety of mind is one of the most frequent and important. When we walk the streets of large commercial towns, we can scarcely fail to remark the hurried gait and care-worn features of the well-dressed passengers. Some young men, indeed, we may see, with countenances possessing natural cheerfulness and colour ; but these appearances rarely survive the age of manhood. Cuvier closes an eloquent description of animal existence and change with the conclusion that "life is in a state of force." What he would urge is a moral. Civilisation has changed our character of mind as well as body. We live in a state of unnatural excitement ; unnatural, because it is partial, irregular, and excessive. Our muscles waste for want of action ; our nervous system is worn out by excess of action.

ADVERSITY.—Though the world is condemned for too generally treating those in adversity with disrespect, on a closer view it will appear that this conduct is little more than retaliation. For as no man (says Alcibiades) will even speak to us when we are unfortunate, so must they bear in their turn to be despised by us, when we are intoxicated with our successes.

RIDICULE.—This chiefly arises from pride, a selfish passion, and is but at best a gross pleasure, too rough an entertainment for those who are highly polished and refined.

A CHAPTER ON IRISH BEGGARS.

An Irish country beggar differs from all others of his profession in the world. He seldom asks a favour, because he is always sure of what he conceives to be his right, in virtue of the vocation he has received; moreover, he gives generally what he considers value for whatever he receives in the way of alms—so that he is quits with his benefactors, and by no means under a compliment to them: not in the least “beholdin’ to thim or their likes,” as he says himself. For some he has cures and charms for the banishment of “all the ills that flesh is heir to:” he is a walking medical opinion, and a travelling medicine-chest to boot. For others he is a living depository and testimony of family sayings and doings: he remembers such a person’s grandfather, and how good he was to the poor, and how well he was liked by all the ladies, “the crathurs,” in the county, and feared by all the “gentlemin, since he blew the three fore-fingers off *Square* Johnston’s left hand for only lookin’ crooked at him the day of the great Ballinascray fox-hunt; an’ sure it he that would have left him a-stiff on the sod, only in regard of a sister of the *Square’s* that he had an eye on, and was married to, morebetoken, that very day three weeks after.”—He remembers another’s aunt, “and how she was the darlint an’ the pride o’ the three counties, an’ how all the grand quality flocked about her; an’ how all the high-spirited an’ high born ‘gentlemin’ were dyin’ an’ shootin’ aich other for her; till one day she gave them all the slip, and got married to poor Masther Tom Lucas, when nobody at all thought he was makin’ love to her, in regard o’ the family bein’ so down in the mouth of late; but sure he was a very good husband for her; wasn’t he sightly an’ portly? an’ wasn’t he come o’ the best blood in Meath; an’ sure if he was poor thin and down in the world, that was small blame to him, as it wasn’t his fault, but his ould father’s, that should be always lavishin’ an’ squandin’ till he didn’t lave house nor home for himself or the childre.”

Our Irish beggar, too, has a droll conceit, a dry piece of humour, and a funny saying for every one, when occasion demands: this is an indispensable article of his stock in trade, without which he could never think of taking to “walk the world,” as the practice of mendicancy is called by its professors. He must be always well stored with gossip and matrimonial speculations; and, if he have any facility in “cutting cards” and telling fortunes, so much the better.

“Och! och! it’s a quare world where nobody lives, and a quare world where the likes o’ thim that’s goin’ now lives. God be wid the ould times, when full an’ plinty was to be had!” said a beggar of the class we have been describing, as he deposited his well-filled wallets within the porch of the gate-lodge of Fara Castle.

“God save all here, an’ bess you, Mrs. Carey! an’ how is every inch o’ the good man that owns you?” he continued, as he advanced to the interior of the cottage, and deposited his bulky person on the first seat that presented itself.

“Och! thin, is this yerself, Rory?” said the

woman addressed—“why, it’s a gineration since we seen you; we were beginnin’ to think maybe the cowl’d o’ last winther took you off; an’ throth it’s myself that had a dhrame consarnen you, an’ I was tellin’ it to Phadrig, who surely thought you wor no more, and that we’d never lay our eyes agin on you. An’ whin poor little Lug hard it, why you’d think she’d go into ‘stericks. Lug alanna,” said the mother, crossing to the door—“Lug alanna, come here—here’s Rory M’Guff!”

“Rory M’Guff! Rory M’Guff!” exclaimed a fine little girl, as she joyfully bounded in the direction of the cottage from a grass-plot where she had been playing with other children.

Rory welcomed the child, and drew his long bony fingers over her hair, as he exclaimed—“Well, ahagur, it’s you that’s making an ould man o’ Rory; an’ who would have thought, a year ago, when I seen you last, you’d be the saunsy fine girl you are now! but we are all gettin’ ould, that’s it—that’s it, ahagur.”

“An’ tell me, Mrs. Carey, asthore,” continued the loquacious Rory, “what news is there goin’ at the big house?”

“Sorra much shtrange,” answered Mrs. Carey.

“Tare-an-agers! none at all!” added Rory—“no visithers!”

“Oh, yes!—why there’s Mrs. Parnell, from Dublin, as kind an’ as good a hearted crathur as ever broke bread; an’ a fine, dashin’, grand Frinch lady—I think it’s Madam D’Lulley they call her; but I’m a bad warrent at recollectin’ Englisted names, an’ sure all the people in Europe couldn’t tache me to get my tongue round Frinch.”

“An’ isn’t there no gentlemin to keep thim company?” continued the inquisitorial beggar.

“Oh! throth there is plinty—ones a-piece for thim at all events, an’ one just to spare that no one claims at present. There’s Masther Frank Nugent, the collaygint, they say, is pullin’ a shtring with the handsome widdy, Mrs. Parnell. They say, too, that the English officer—Mr. Argyle, I think they call him—is very fond of her, but that it’s little she thinks of him in regard of his been rather a stupid crathur, an’ never able to make a bright answer when he is spoken to; besides, he dhinks a power, an’ now-a-days the ladies don’t like thim that do. The times are althered from what they were: formerly, it was scarce a disgrace for a gentleman to be seen a little mulvathered before the ladies; an’ now it’s thought the greatest disgrace—that’s a blessed altheration anyhow.”

“There you are perfectly right; but isn’t there any other gentlemin but thim two?” interrupted Rory, who preferred Mrs. Carey’s information to her moral speculations at that moment.

“Oh! yes—there’s Mr. Daly, who, they say, is head an’ ears in love wid the Frinch lady, an’ she wid him; but throth, Rory, it’s myself don’t believe one word of it; because, you see, the Frinch lady is a fine, dashin’, fashionable lady, an’ the gentleman is a delicate, heart-broken lookin’ crathur. To see him walkin’ along the roads or the fields—he never rises his eyes from the ground, barrin’ it’s to bid a body the time o’ the day, which he always does, as if he wished well to all the world, which I’m sure the crathur does. Sometimes too, when he’s shtravaging by himself along Knockemknawley, he starts an’ raves

like as if he was a little cracked : other times he sits in that lone window over the hall, without a stir in him. Poor gentleman! I'm affeared he is a little touched, or he would never go on wid such quare figaries, an' plinty o' company in the house to amuse him. They say—God betune us an' all harm!—that he knows more than he ought about the black art, an' thim kind o' things. An' maybe that's what makes him look so poor an' dawney; but I don't believe it. An' I'm sure, if the Frinch lady takes a turn up an' down the lawn wid him now an' again, it's only to strive to comfort the crathur, an' there's nothing farther atune them."

"Ah! but Mrs. Carey," said the invincible Rory, "you are sayin' nothin' about your own ladies: is there no batchelors at all at all for thim?"

"Why, thin, I believe not, Rory, for I hear the masher says he wont hear of any proposals for the Misses Armstrongs till they come home from London afther next winther; an' I don't know, ahagur, if there's a preference for any one in particular yet."

"Hem! hem!—that's a blue look out for some that I know!" ejaculated Rory.

In this manner did the mendicant persevere in his inquiries, till he had obtained all the information necessary for the part he was to play at the "big house."

"An' now, Mrs. Carey, agra," said the arch rogue, "I'll just lave thim thraps o' mine in the corner, while I step up to the castle yondher, for maybe the Lord might put it in some o' their hearts to offer me an ould coat or hat; for this thing I've on me is in tathers this ages; an' only for the fashion o' the thing, I might be widdout a hat; for you see the never a top was in this caubeen this three months to keep my poor ould gray head from the wind an' weather."

Having finished his address to Mrs. Carey, he took his departure for Fara Castle to seek an interview with the Misses Armstrong, and strutted along with perfect ease and good humour, and with none of the heart flutterings and palpitations that have been felt by many gay an' handsome young wooers who have since trodden or rolled along the same path to seek an audience with the young belles, without a chance of being half as cordially welcome as poor Rory.

"Dear Eliza! dear Eliza! would you believe it? could you imagine it?—here is Rory M'Guff coming up the avenue!" exclaimed Olivia Armstrong, as she caught a glimpse of the mendicant through the openings between some of the tall sycamores that shaded the avenue leading to the castle, while she was reclining on a rich sofa placed within an oriel window that projected from the south side of the elegant drawing-room.

"Dear me!" drawled the lady spoken to, "we shall now have all our fortunes told, and husbands given, without further trouble. Olivia, call Madame D'Lullè and Mrs. Parnnell. Let him begin with the widows, and leave the reversion to us. Papa says we are too young to think of such things yet, and that we must please him in our choice; though, for my part, I would rather please myself."

Olivia rose from her seat, and opened the door of an adjoining ante-room, for the purpose of

announcing to Mrs. Parnnell the arrival of Rory M'Guff. Mrs. Parnnell was seated on a sofa beside Mr. Frank Nugent, who, in the sweetest tone imaginable, was reading for his supposed "ladye love" Burns's "Highland Mary"—his arm, at the same time, gently encircling the widow's slender waist; her head was inclined forward, and her heavy, thick, and dark eye-brows, which were the only features of her face that could not be considered pretty, concealed the expression of her dark and animated eyes; her cheeks were mantled with a deep blush, which afforded the information denied by her eyes, as Olivia, with an ill-suppressed titter, informed her of the mendicant's arrival. The widow now left the student to his books, and followed Olivia to the hall, where Rory was already busily engaged unfolding the mysteries of futurity to those who had assembled round him.

The rogue having, in as vague a manner as possible, disposed of those cases upon which he had but slight previous information, turned to those of whom he had heard at the lodge. The first of those who arrested his attention was Mrs. Parnnell. He knew her from the description he had received, and immediately addressed her—

"Your sarvint, Mrs. Parnnell!—poor Rory they call me. Maybe you would be so good as to ax the young ladies to order me a grain o' male, for, in throth the times is hard, an' its not aisy for a poor ould crathur like me to struggle out life this away."

Softened by this discourse, the widow promised to comply with his request, and handed him some silver, which the poor fellow received with a wild expression and heartfelt gratitude.

"May it be afore your sowl in glory at the last day, an' may he that you know make you happy in this world: an' I'll be bound that he will, for sure he's come o' the best stock in the country; an' though he's a thrifle younger than you, that's naither here nor there, one way or the other; he's sure to be said an' laid by you, an' thin there's no danger o' him goin' wrong."

"Whom do you mean?" exclaimed the widow, with an arch roll of the animated eye—"what do you talk about?"

"Who do I mane, your ladyship!—why, now, jist let me look on the palm o' your pretty little hand, an' I'll tell you all about it—that's if you have no objection to the company hearin'?"

"None whatever," answered the lady; "for I am still in a state of happy ignorance of what you speak."

We are not to suppose the lady to be in that state of complete blissful ignorance of the subject alluded to by Rory which she professed; but we may mention, as accounting for the slight deviation from strict truth, and as a trait in her character, that, like some of her sex, she had no objection to be mistaken for an object of general admiration; therefore, she had, on the present occasion, no dislike to the other ladies receiving an intimation of how high she stood in the estimation of Mr. Frank Nugent; moreover, she really had a *penchant* for him that was not shared with any other person, and with him only was she seen to walk and amuse herself during her stay at Fara Castle. From a delicate regard she entertained for the feelings of all other gentlemen,

she would not "give her arm to any one, because," to use her own expression, "she knew how ill-natured and remarking the world was, and she could never be seen paying the smallest attention to any gentleman, but the same ill-natured world immediately circulated the report of that same gentleman's being in love with her; still she had not any objection to being admired by all, as she was sure she was at a respectful distance."

She extended her hand, the palm of which Rory scrutinised for some moments.

"The never from me but I knew I was right, for sure there it is as plain as a prent book. The collaygint is yours, an' a remarkable husband he'll make—barn that he will be a little out o' humour now an' then, as all book larn'd people are; but sure your ladyship has such takin' ways that, if he's the ould boy himself, you'll manage him."

The pretty widow walked off with an affected air of displeasure, though any person possessing the least skill in physiognomy could perceive the real state of her feelings to be anything but unpleasant.

Alas! poor Mrs. Parnell, how often have you diverted us with your blundering on sage maxims, making even the wisdom of the wise of old seem ridiculous while proceeding from your lips—as we reflected that your life was the antithesis of your wise sayings! How often have we heard you condemning the folly of young persons who entered into the state matrimonial without making the necessary reflections on that most necessary of all ingredients of matrimonial happiness—"a settlement!" Rash, indeed, is such a proceeding in young or old, as the world, or rather society, is at present constituted; but poor Mrs. Parnell, in the autumnal age of forty, entered into wedlock the second time on her own account, without giving a thought to the "settlement"! This only proves to us that it is often much easier to preach than to practise on those affairs in which the heart and feelings are involved.

During the beggar's dialogue with Mrs. Parnell, the English officer paid the strictest attention to every word that fell from both, and could now scarcely conceal his disappointment and anger at finding that a miserable book-worm should be preferred to a showy, dashing-looking fellow like him, who had made innumerable conquests in his time—if not really, at least in fancy; for he was one of those whom Pope describes:

"In fact, 'tis true, they could not any nymph persuade,
But still in fancy vanquished every maid."

To conceal his emotion, and to shew that he stood high in the opinion of some ladies, he commenced an almost unintelligible gabble to those standing near him about "the 'andsome Misses 'Amilton of Haughnacloy, with whom he spent a fortnight lately on a party of pleasure at *Hackill Hisland*."

He was here interrupted by the entrance of a lady who had not before made her appearance—Madame D'Lullè, who, we must inform our readers, though recognised under a French cognomen, was a country woman of our own: she had at a very early age married a French officer, who soon left her a young widow: she still preserved all her pristine freshness and beauty of person, that had attracted crowds of admirers round her in earlier years: her mind was of the first order; naturally

possessed of the keener and most exquisite perception of the beautiful in nature and art, it was improved by constant reading, close study, and accurate observation: her face—that unerring index of the mind, according to Lavater—was certainly expressive of a high degree of mental culture, as well as purity of soul and benevolence of heart: her forehead was ample and well developed, affording an excellent study for a phrenologist: her eye-brows most exquisitely turned arches crowning eyes that might, in the words of our national poet, be said to be "splendid beacons only to light to heaven:" her nose might be the model of the Grecian idea of beauty in that feature; and lips, lovely in themselves, concealed rows of the most beautiful and regularly-set teeth:—such was the external confirmation of the "dome of thought." Her figure corresponded with it—commanding, yet graceful and symmetrical, though verging towards what is called "*en bon point*."

The hall of Fara Castle presented a grotesque and animated scene as the Madame entered. The living tableaux seemed to harmonise well with the character of the chamber, and might naturally lead a retrospective mind back a few centuries, when mummers and revellers were no uncommon spectacle in that very apartment. The subdued light that beamed through the deeply recessed gothic windows; the sombre hue of the old oak rafters, covered at their intersections with ornamented bosses in faded gilding; the antique family portraits, in which could be recognised likenesses of the present worthy representatives of those who have long since taken their departure for "that bourn whence no traveller returns;" the group assembled—formed altogether a very pleasing "*tout ensemble*," which, if seen by Collier or M'Manus, and transferred afterwards by either to canvas, would surely attract the attention of the Irish Art Union at the next exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy.

We are forgetting our friend Rory, or are rather giving him resting time—so had better draw him closer to the foot-lights, while he unfolds the decrees of destiny in the regard of Madame D'Lullè, with whose appearance she was struck.

"Blessin's on your sweet countenance, Madam!" commenced the mendicant, "an' may God reward you both here and hereafter for all your goodness, which is great. An' maybe your ladyship might ordher me a handfull o' praties towards keepin' off the hunger."

"Indeed I shall, Rory," answered the good-humoured lady, "and here is something else for you," handing some coin, the amount of which first caused the beggar to stare vacantly, and then give a wild laugh of joy, as he exclaimed—

"May the Lord reward your ladyship's kindness, an' repay you wid glory, for purvidin me wid what will get *kitchen* for my *bit* the year round; an'," added he, "it's you that 'ill have the blessin's an' the riches in this world; it's not to me alone you are kind, but to the poor gentleman that you often console with hope an' good advice; an' sure it's himself that feels grateful and fond of you for it, though to be sure there's nothin' more at prisint, but who knows?"

"No more, Rory," interrupted the lady; "if it only depends at present on a 'who knows,' we

will go no further : some other time you can tell me more."

In this manner he continued to lay contributions on all, (which, indeed, were paid with right good will,) availing himself to the fullest extent of the information obtained at the gate-lodge and elsewhere. As soon as he had completed his business, he bade a good bye to those he had been entertaining for two hours in the manner we have described, and left for the cottage, where, after a *shamash* of another half hour, he arranged his "grains o' male" and "handfulls o' praties" in his wallet, and giving a parting orison to "Mrs. Carey, her good man, and Lug," took his departure to resume his old occupation of "walking the world."

It is our duty to observe touching the "grains of meal and handfull of potatoes," that grain and handfull, in the mouth of an Irish beggar, have not their usual signification ; in fact, they are a species of hyperbolical traffic, the extent of the meaning of which is quite undefined—for some pounds of meal and hundreds of potatoes would be recognised by the Irish mendicant as grains and handfulls.

Rory M'Guff was an old stager—one who had served three or four apprenticeships to the trade ; and if proficiency was not to be found there, where could you expect it ? We have, however, met what might be considered a seedling of the craft, and a lovely flower he promised to spring up. We had but one opportunity of testing his abilities, and we regret that we can never hope for another. We will give the contents of our interview ; it is short, but sweet. Walking one evening in the country with a friend, we were asked by an urchin for a halfpenny to "buy bread." Thinking the demand a modest one, we told the boy, while handing him the amount requested, our conviction that a halfpenny would purchase but little of that commodity. He replied, with the greatest readiness—"Throth, yer honour's right ; but a penny would!" The tact deserved double the amount.

Another we have met, but he was an old hand—still, an original. He either had exhausted all the usual claims and manners of preferring them ; or he disdained to follow the beaten track. What do you think, reader, of being solicited for an alms "*towards a shave*" ? It has been our lot to have been so amused once. A sturdy mendicant, who seemed to have reserved his beard "*in petto*" for at least a month, interrupted us in our meditations one fine summer's evening, while strolling in the country, with his request of "a ha'penny *towards a shave*" !—at the same time projecting his nether chin to shew that his claims were not fictitious. Mind, he did not ask for the price of the whole operation—it was only a contribution *towards* it ; and, we suppose, if all the half-pence that have been given the fellow for that purpose were collected, they would pay for the shaving of half the chins in Munster, at the usual rate per chin.

We have now done with rural mendicants, and shall select one specimen from the city ; and as every art and profession has a degree of refinement when practised in the capital, begging must come in for its share of improvement.

A man was once pointed out to us in the streets of Dublin who, it was said, "fared sumptuously every day," and drank wine every night—all the

profits of the trade of begging, which he practised in the most ingenious manner. 'This person, it seemed, possessed a tolerably good address, and rather what is called a "shabby genteel appearance:" in fact, he never failed, when he received a rebuff, to hurl a scowl of unutterable contempt at the demurring party, and remind him (or her) that he *was* a gentleman, though *reduced*. He was tall in person, walked very erect, as if he possessed self esteem and firmness largely developed in his cranium : that temple of his intellect was covered with a high crowned hat, quite shorn of anything like wool, and here and there on a sunny day reflected the rays of the source of light and heat in various directions ; his chin was always buried in vast folds of an enormous neck-kerchief ; a long brown frock-coat, and short black trousers, just joining the tops of his half Wellingtons, completed the external ornaments of this philosopher, for such he professed himself. When we saw him first, he was in the height of his career ; since that time he has declined, and from causes which we will immediately mention.

We must inform our readers, that, before Father Mathew's time, there were in this city seven hundred public-houses, the uses of which are well known. The *reduced* gentleman wisely calculated that he could visit one hundred of these places on a day, and so make a circuit of the entire in a week ; and that by appearing only once a week at any particular house, he could not be considered troublesome, or wear out his acquaintance. He sometimes varied his movements, so as to appear but once a fortnight at a given place, and thus prevented unkind folk setting him down as a confirmed mendicant. His calculations were, that, on an average, he received a penny at least in each house, (for an Irishman, softened with "the native," could not turn a deaf ear to gentility in distress ;) his daily income thus nearly always equalled, and sometimes exceeded, the pay of a military captain. Another point of tact with him was, that he occasionally ordered his own "drink" from one of the establishments that were most productive to him, in order to secure the interest of the proprietor.

Father Mathew's reformation, however, opened the eyes of the distressed gentleman's friends : they forsook their former haunts and "Othello's occupation" was gone ! How he now subsists we know not ; we only suspect he does not fare so well as formerly. When we last heard of him, he had opened a subscription list for the relief of a "*reduced* gentleman," in which he had many very respectable names, to some of which were attached very respectable sums. We would say, in justice to him, that to many of the names he appended double the amount actually given—perhaps with a view of showing his gratitude, by giving an increased appearance to the liberality of his benefactors, or more probable still, that others might be tempted to come up to the supposed benevolence of their predecessors in the list.

M.

BELIEF.—To believe without examination is no belief in reality, but merely an assent that such and such things are believed by others, and is, in fact, only believing that we believe.

ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE PRESS AND PRINTING, IN THE GEORGIAN, A GROUPE OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

The "giant arm of the Press" has rendered to man the most incalculable benefits. Its results are so obvious; so appreciated by all, that to enter into detail would be perfectly unnecessary. But to take a single glance of the happy results: review the days antecedent to, and contrast them with those succeeding Gutenberg of Mentz.*

Mark what a mighty change has been wrought in the amelioration of mankind—the world in general, but a major part of Europe in particular. For example: observe the great revolution that has taken place in science—through its medium, elevating the mind to a degree that it can, in part, fathom the vastness of the universe, and learn something of the harmony of Infinite wisdom—the earth no longer considered fixed and immovable, the sole object of creative care—the sun, planets, and stars, no longer deemed alone subservient to, or as mere attendants upon the earth; but resolving the former as mighty habitable spheres, and the latter as forming an insignificant integral part of the vastness of the universe! We conceive that we have not over-rated its merits, or over-appreciated its results in its application as an advancer of science—no: interchange of ideas is the soul of science; and who can say, that the Press is not that concomitant medium?

To every person sincerely interested in the welfare of his brethren of mankind, the establishment of the Press in a foreign and idolatrous land, must be hailed as an event, second only in importance to the introduction of Christianity: since it ameliorates their temporal, advances their spiritual, and leads to their eternal welfare. With this view we subjoin an account of the establishment of the Press in Eimeo, an island in the groupe of the Georgian (South Sea) islands, as recorded in a work of deep interest.†

"In a short time after our arrival at Afareaitu," (a village, or native settlement on the east coast of the island of Eimeo,) "the people began to erect the printing office, and the frame of our dwelling. According to the directions of the king, and the arrangements among themselves, the work was divided between several parties. The people of Afareaitu erected the printing office; and those of Maatea, a neighbouring district, my dwelling. The king wrote a letter to the chief of the district, hastening him in the undertaking, and in a few weeks came over himself in order to encourage and stimulate the parties engaged in the work.

"Within three months after our arrival at Afareaitu, every thing was in readiness, and on the 10th June, 1817, the operations preparatory to printing were commenced.

"Pomare," (the king of this and the adjacent islands,) "who was exceedingly delighted when he

heard of its arrival, and had furnished every assistance in his power, both in the erection of the building and the removal of the press, types, &c., from Pape-toai, where they had been landed, was not less anxious to see it actually at work. He had for this purpose visited Afareaitu, and, on his return to the other side of the island, requested that he might be sent for whenever we should begin. A letter having been forwarded to inform him that we were nearly ready, he hastened to our settlement, and, in the afternoon of the day appointed, came to the printing office, accompanied by a few favourite chiefs, and followed by a large concourse of people.

"Soon after his arrival I took the composing-stick in my hand, and observing Pomare looking with curious delight at the new and shining types, I asked him if he would like to put together the first A, B, or alphabet. His countenance was lighted up with evident satisfaction, as he answered in the affirmative. I then placed the composing-stick in his hand: he took the capital letters, one by one, out of their respective compartments, and, fixing them, concluded the alphabet. He put together the small letters in the same manner, and a few monosyllables composing the first page of the small spelling-book were afterwards added. He was delighted when he saw the first page complete, and appeared derisive of having it struck off at once; but when informed that it would not be printed till as many were composed as would fill a sheet he requested that he might be sent for whenever it was ready. He visited us daily until the 30th, when, having received intimation that it was ready for press, he came, attended by only two of his favourite chiefs. They were, however, followed by a numerous train of his attendants, &c., who had, by some means, heard that the work was about to commence. Crowds of natives were already collected round the door, but they made way for him; and, after he and his two companions had been admitted, the door was closed, and the small window next the sea darkened, as he did not like to be overlooked by the people outside. The king examined, with great minuteness and pleasure, the form as it lay on the press, and prepared to try to take off the first sheet ever printed in his dominions. Having been told how it was to be done, he jocosely charged his companions not to look very particularly at him, and not to laugh if he should not do it right. I put the printer's ink-ball into his hand, and directed him to strike it two or three times upon the face of the letters; this he did, and then placing a sheet of clean paper upon the parchment, I covered it down and turning it under the press, directed the king to pull the handle. He did so, and when the paper was removed from beneath the press, and the covering lifted up, the chiefs and attendants rushed towards it, to see what effect the king's pressure had produced. When they beheld the letters black, and large and small defined, there was one simultaneous expression of wonder and delight.

"The king took up the sheet, and, having looked first at the paper and then at the types with attentive admiration, handed it to one of his chiefs, and expressed a wish to take another. He printed two more, and, while he was so engaged, the first sheet was shewn to the crowd about, who, when they saw it, raised one shout of astonishment and joy. When the king had printed three or four sheets, he examined the press, in all its parts, with great attention. On being asked what he thought of it, he said it was very surprising, but he had supposed, notwithstanding all the descriptions which had been given of its operations, that the paper was laid down and the letters by some means pressed upon it, instead of the paper being pressed upon the types.

"He remained attentively watching the press, and

* That Gutenberg, of Mentz, was the first who used moveable cast types in the printing of books, is allowed by competent judges.

† Ellis's Polynesian Researches.

admiring the facility with which, by its mechanism, so many pages were printed at one time, until it was near sunset, when he left us, taking with him the sheets he had printed to his encampment on the opposite side of the bay.

"When the benefits which the Tahitians have already derived from education and the circulation of books are considered, with the increasing advantages it is presumed future generations will derive from the establishment of the press, we cannot but view the introduction of printing as an auspicious event.

"The 30th of June, 1817, was, on this account, an important day in the annals of Tahiti;" and there is not an act of Pomare's life—excepting his abolition of idolatry, his clemency after the battle of Bunalna, and his devotedness in visiting every district of the island, inducing the chiefs and people to embrace Christianity—that will be remembered with more grateful feeling than the circumstance of his printing the first page of the first book published in the South Sea Islands.

"The curiosity awakened in the inhabitants of Afareaitu by the establishment of the press, was not soon satisfied; day after day Pomare visited the printing office; the chiefs applied to be admitted inside, while the people thronged the windows and doors, and every crevice through which they could press, often involuntarily, exclaiming—'Berit-a-nie! fenua paari'—Oh! Britain! land of skill or knowledge! The press soon became a matter of universal conversation; and the facility with which books could be multiplied filled the minds of the people in general with wonderful delight. Multitudes arrived from every district of Eimeo, and even from other islands, to procure books, and to see this astonishing machine. The excitement manifested frequently resembled that with which the people of England would hasten to witness for the first time the ascent of a balloon or the movement of a steam carriage."

The great benefits which have resulted since the establishment of the press in those islands, recent intelligence abundantly testify to. Through its medium, like the dew of heaven, Christianity has descended upon the spiritually "desert and solitary place," and caused them to "rejoice, and blossom like the rose!"

S. N. A.

* Tahiti is a considerable island, lying to the east of Eimeo, and the chief of the Georgian and Society Archipelago.

ENGLISH MINERS.—The total number of persons employed in and about the Cornish and Devon mines is estimated at 30,000. The adult miner earns at present from 40s. to 65s. per month by his own labour; and if he has both sons and daughters employed about the mine, may take from the mine, on their account and his own, £8 or £10 in the same period. The disease to which the lead miners are subject is chronic asthma, generally terminating in pulmonary consumption. No females are ever employed under ground in the Cornish mines, or in any of the metalliferous mines of England—that stigma having been confined to coal mines.

LIFE AND LABOUR.—A sempstress, it appears, is paid 1½d. for making a sailor's shirt. By working very hard, and "finding her own needles," she may thus earn 4½d. a day. The price of the cheapest quarter loaf she can buy is 5½d. A loaf of bread is dearer than her whole day's work. When the labour of life is so severe, who can wonder that the poor sufferers should be often reckless in leaving it?—*Monthly Magazine.*

BABYLON.—Isaiah, xlii, 21. "Wild beasts of the desert shall lie there."—In my visit to Birs Nimrod, while passing rapidly over the last tracks of the ruin-spread ground at some little distance from the outer bank of its quadrangular boundary, my party suddenly halted, having descried several dark, objects moving along the summit of its hill, which they construed into dismounted Arabs on the look-out, while their armed brethren must be lying concealed under the southern brow of the mound. Thinking this very probable I took my glass to examine, and soon distinguished that the cause of our alarm were two or three majestic lions, taking the air upon the heights of the pyramid. Perhaps I never had beheld so sublime a picture to the mind, as well as to the eye. These were a species of enemy which my party were accustomed to dread without any panic fear; and while we continued to advance, though slowly, the halloing of the people made the noble beasts gradually change their position, till, in the course of twenty minutes, they totally disappeared. We then rode close up to the ruins; and I had once more the gratification of ascending the awful sides of the tower of Babel. In my progress I stopped several times to look at the broad prints of the feet of the lions, left plainly in the clayey soil; and by the track I saw if we had chosen to rouse such royal game, we need not go far to find their lair. But, while thus actually contemplating these savage tenants, wandering amidst the towers of Babylon, and bedding themselves within the deep cavities of her once magnificent temple, I could not help reflecting on how faithfully the various prophecies had been fulfilled, which relate in the Scriptures to the utter fall of Babylon, and abandonment of the place; verifying in fact the very words of Isaiah.—*Sir R. K. Porter.*

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.—A recent letter gives a brief account of a late visit to this island by H.M. frigate Curacoa. Most of the officers were enabled to land, and were received by its interesting inhabitants with that welcome which they are ever so ready to afford to those who have the opportunity of visiting them; indeed, the arrival of the Curacoa was most opportune, for they had been labouring under a severe epidemic, which the kind exertions of the surgeon, together with a supply of medicines presented to them by Captain Jones, tended much to alleviate. On the second day they were presented with the stores sent them by her Majesty's government, consisting of a supply of arms and ammunition, spades, iron kettles, &c., receiving, at the same time, an address from Captain Jones, in which, after giving them all the credit due for their hitherto exemplary conduct, he admonishes them to continue in the same quiet and peaceable way, as any deviation would withdraw from them the support of her Majesty's government. They have increased in number to 114; the oldest person on the island being the wife of Christian, the chief of the mutineers, and one of those Otaheiteans, who sailed in the Bounty from Otaheite to Pitcairn's Island; she perfectly recollects the landing of Captain Cook at Otaheite.

DUBLIN HACK-CABS.—There are 1500 cabs at least in Dublin. It would take £75 to give each a shilling per day; the charge will be, at least, ten shillings if engaged by the day; this would be, each day, £750; each week, £5,250; yearly, £273,000.

EXPLOSIONS IN COAL-PITS.—No less than 1500 lives have been sacrificed in or about the collieries of the Tyne and Wear, in a little more than the last 40 years, and the greater portion of these have been lost by explosions of inflammable gases.

THE LAPSE OF TIME.

The actual close of the year is a season which usually brings with it some peculiar thoughts. And though there is nothing in nature itself especially to mark one moment as an end, and another as a beginning, yet, in consequence of the divisions of time which we must necessarily adopt, we feel as if a kind of change in our position had occurred—as if a curtain were then in some degree, dropped upon the past, and another raised from the future. A talent, which we were using as our own, seems to have slipped from our grasp; and then, if at any time, we are most forcibly impressed with the fact that “we bring our years to an end as it were a tale that is told.”

It is common to hear the observation, that time flies faster than ever; but few persons probably are aware, that, as regards their own sensations, this is, generally speaking, sure to be the case. The year is *really* felt to be shorter by the man than by the boy, and by the old than by those of middle age; for we judge of almost every thing by comparison. Thus, long and short are words of relative meaning merely, and may to different individuals, as they adopt different standards, convey very different ideas. All our notions of time, which is like the flowing of an endless flood, must of necessity be relative; and the standard which each one naturally assumes is his own past life.

Now to the child of ten years, one year is one-tenth portion of his whole existence, and appears a considerable space; to the youth of twenty, one year but one-twentieth of his life, and therefore seems diminished to one half; and to the aged man of four-score, one year is only one-eightieth part, and the impression it makes upon the mind is proportionably lessened. Similarly every one must have felt that the first day or week of a journey or illness seems much longer than succeeding equal intervals. It is because we unconsciously adopt these, as, for the time, a standard of computation. The first day of trouble is measured only by the weariness and woe it brings upon us; it is as yet the *whole* duration of our sorrow: when a second day has passed, that day is but the *half*; it has therefore seemed to glide away more rapidly. And hence the wheel of human life is set, as it were, in motion on a declivity: turning with comparative slowness at first, at every revolution it runs with accelerated velocity, till it has accomplished fully its downward course; its latest is its most rapid motion.

But time is not merely a flood of increasing rapidity; it sweeps off, in its current, many ancient landmarks. No man who reads these lines is on the close of the year in the same condition in which he was at its beginning. Some tongue that then welcomed him is mute; some hand that then clasped him in the warmth of friendship is motionless in the grave. Perhaps the loss of substance has come upon him; some cherished possession has been wrested from his grasp; and as he is an older, so he is also a sadder

man. Many, again, are ending the year more prosperously than they began it; the flow of time, as of the Nile, has brought with it fertility and increase; their comforts are more numerous, their wealth is more abundant, their hopes more extensive. But, be this as it may, a change of *some* kind has passed on all—on some for good, on others for ill: nothing has been stationary; and the vicissitudes of things ought to have taught us the important lesson, that “here have we no continuing city,” and have instructed us seriously to “seek one to come.”

The great lesson we should learn from the lapse of years is, the imperative necessity of “redeeming the time.” If it runs so very swiftly—if no hand can stay its march, no wisdom allure it back again—how jealous ought we to be that we improve it! No minute should be permitted to pass to waste. If we were to make a calculation of the periods apportioned during the year to different employments, perhaps the most thoughtless would be startled at the vast disproportion he would find betwixt that devoted to the world and that consecrated to God.

Perhaps the sum of the hours spent in sleep and meals mount up to several months; the aggregate of those given to pleasure might be an equal mass: while the minutes set apart for holy things, if added all together, would make only a few days. Let the sluggard reckon, and he will find that if he lies in bed but one hour a-day longer than his more industrious neighbour he has within the year, wasted upwards of an *entire* fortnight. Let him who thinks nothing of the little fragments of time, consider, that if he so throws away one half-hour in the day, he has at the year's end frittered down above an *entire* week. Let him then ask himself, if he were lying, as he may lie, upon his deathbed, his peace not yet made with God, how many worlds he would gladly give for the sum of the fragments of one year which he has now so heedlessly destroyed?

J. A.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- “* * *.”—No; no—the “Scrap” is neither “mislaid or lost.” but in “good keeping.” It would have adorned our pages this week, had we not been so “taken” with your last communication as to assign it a priority.
- “S. N. A.”—The papers kindly offered will be most acceptable.
- “B.”—We regret your favour came too late for insertion in our present number; we hope to render it justice next week.
- “D. H.”—Received: we will await the arrival of the conclusion.
- “T. S. M.”—Your request shall be complied with, probably in our next.
- “M. A.”—Borrisakan.—Our agent in your town will furnish you with the numbers you require.
- “MARY,” “IONE,” “T. W. C.,” “E. W.,” “J. G.,” “G. H.,” “P. J. N.,” “E. A. K.,” “R. S. C.,” “IDA,” “E. C.,” shall meet attention in due course.

Printed for the Proprietors, at the Office, 32, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications (post-paid) are to be addressed, to the Editor.

Published by T. LEMESURIER, (late T. Tegg & Co.) & Lr. Abbey-street, Dublin; and all Booksellers.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 10.—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

TOPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETIES.

We have not as yet, as far as we are aware, had Topographical Societies established in the several counties of Ireland. Not so in England; and why so there more than here? We will give one of many instances. An association, denominated "The Wiltshire Topographical Society," has been not long since formed, for publishing historical, topographical, and archaeological accounts of those places and objects in the county of Wilts, and the adjacent districts, which have been hitherto undescribed. Such a plan of publishing a history of Wilts, (which laborious and expensive task, the prospectus naïvely observes, it is not likely that any person will singly undertake,) was projected, some years since, by the celebrated antiquarian, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, who recommended the formation of a society for the purpose. In the present instance, the plan of the Camden Society is generally to be followed; with the addition of a library of topographical and antiquarian works (where such exist) relating to the country, as well as a museum of geological, naturo-historical, and archaeological specimens, &c. Several gentlemen, members of the provisional committee, immediately undertook to produce papers on districts of the county: as Mr. G. P. Scrope—history of Castle Combe; Mr. Britton—of Chippenham and North Damerham hundreds; Mr. Brayley—of Bradford, &c. The clergy were called on to contribute; and the Bishop of Salisbury accepted the office of chairman of the committee. We need scarcely add our best wishes for its prosperity; as its success would, doubtless, lead to the organisation of similar societies elsewhere: experience having long since proved that county history is too costly and hazardous for individual enterprise; besides being only compatible with a whole life-time of devotional industry.

It may, indeed, be thought by some, that the Ordnance Survey of Ireland will render such exertions superfluous; but let such persons consider that five years have now elapsed since the first volume appeared, and that we hear nothing of a second. That publication is, indeed, most

valuable, as the means of preserving authentic materials for the future historian, and as such we highly prize it; but it should be recollected, that its compilers acknowledge their deep obligations to Mr. Sampson's Statistical Survey of the county of Londonderry. They may likewise be of opinion that we are already provided by the Royal Dublin Society; but though we willingly allow the great advantages resulting from such a public establishment, we must say that their Surveys, with the exception of three or four, are comparatively worthless.

Why then should we not have such societies as we suggest? Surely our materials are not much more scanty than in England. Let it not then be from want of energy. We have a flourishing Art-Union—thanks to the exertions of Mr. Stewart Blacker; we have an Archaeological Society, for the printing of rare or unpublished works and documents on the history, literature, and antiquities of Ireland, (which, we regret to say, does not receive more of that pecuniary support and encouragement, without which it will never be able to effect its important objects;) we have many other societies for literary and scientific purposes; and we can see no reason whatever why we should not have Topographical Societies in our several counties—all branch societies of a central one in Dublin, or of a union of three in Dublin, Belfast, and Cork.

B. H. B.

PLAINS OF TROY.—The poetical idea of the plains of Troy, the arena of Homer's battles, is frequently disturbed in passing the flat, sandy, and marshy ground, by seeing its present inhabitants; the buffalo, with all but its head immersed in the swamps; the heron feeding in the shallow streams; and the frogs, whose voices certainly vary more than that of any other animal, sounding at different times like crying children, barking dogs, pigeons, and crows; and when in great numbers, producing a harmony almost as agreeable as the singing of birds. On the banks or sandy places the helpless tortoise crawls sleepily along, and, as we pass, timidly draws in its head. They are so numerous that I often turn my horse out of the way to avoid them, although doubtless their hard shell would sufficiently protect them from injury. The dead ones lying about lose their outer shell, and become perfectly white, of a limy bone, with the horny scales scattered around.—*Fellows.*

THE BALLAD-SINGER OF LIMERICK.

(Continued from No. 9.)

As Kate O'Carrol was not one of the wise women of Munget, she did not divine the cause of Arthur's absence. The succeeding weeks passed without any incident worthy of relation, being just redeemed from monotony by the daily increase of Mr. Comyn's impatience to leave Limerick. A few days before the time approached for their departure, Kate went to pay a farewell visit to Mrs. Mullins, with whom Lion still remained. She found her engaged in her household affairs, in the apartment of all work, with every object in which Kate was familiar, from the baby's cradle to the three-legged stool, and from the settle to the block comfortably established in the chimney corner, like an ancient yule log come on a modern Christmas visit. The elder child, a boy of seven years, was busily employed in digging holes in the earthen floor to play marbles at, when kept to watch the cradle in his mother's absence; whilst sitting in the middle of the room, with the air of benevolent condescension with which Doctor Franklin may be supposed to have taught his grandchild the alphabet, was Lion, superintending the rudiments of the baby's education—namely, learning the use of its hands and feet at the same time—branches taught separately everywhere but in Ireland.

"We ought to put green rushes under your feet, Miss O'Carrol," said Mrs. Mullins, as she wiped a corner of the settle for Kate. Without giving her time to attempt a reply, she called to the elder child, "Billy, see if the white horse" is on the potatoes."

And as Billy was rather slow in leaving his refined amusements, the injunction was speedily followed by a smart box on the ear, which, though given "more in sorrow than in anger," did not seem to excite a due portion of gratitude, for never was white horse welcomed more vociferously. During this little domestic episode, Kate had time to recover from the feelings awakened by the familiar objects around her, and to caress Lion, who, on seeing his mistress, had forsaken his little charge, and was frisking about in a most unphilosophic manner.

"Was Lion very good, Mrs. Mullins?" she said at length.

"As good as goold, Miss; I don't know what Johnny 'ill do afther him; he's as good as a nurse any day; he's the most sensible dog ever I see."

A pause followed; neither knew what to say without touching on the subject which both felt too much to speak on. If a bold, noisy child ever can be a blessing, it is when it breaks such a silence. Billy had been consoling himself by watching the progress of the white horse, not on the potatoes, where it was not a very uncommon sight, but on the pot, so styled from enjoying the exclusive, and certainly rare, privilege of boiling meat; he now exclaimed, with glistering eyes—

"Oh! mammy, the pot is boiling; who knows but the mate is done?"

Here was a subject; and Mrs. Mullins was not slow in availing herself of it: pointing to her son, she exclaimed—

"'Tis he that ought to pray for you, Miss Kate; he that didn't know the taste of a bit o' mate, but the

big one and the little one, and not enough o' them same; an' I'm to send him to school on Monday, Miss; God reward them that did it."

"My uncle could not do more for you than you deserve," said Kate; "we never will forget your attention and kindness."

"Sure 'tisn't a Turk entirely you'd have me, Miss; an' sure what signifies the hand's turn I could do for you, an'—"

"My mother," said Kate.

"The Lord be merciful to her sowl; 'tis she that was aisily plased and tended. Maybe, you'd come up stairs from the noise of the children; there's no standing 'em for brats."

Kate was glad for an excuse to visit, for the last time, the room in which her mother had died, and accordingly up stairs they went.

"I must beg your pardon, Miss, while I'm straining the potatoes," said Mrs. Mullins.

"Go and eat your dinner, Mrs. Mullins," replied Kate; "I am not in haste, and I will stay here for awhile."

Who that has lost a beloved friend has not felt how inexpressibly dear every object becomes which is in any way connected with his memory? Everything he has touched, or even looked on, becomes so sacred, that we would wish to enshrine it in our hearts, to preserve it from the profanation of a stranger's touch. Kate looked around in vain for something to take with her, as a memento of her kind and gentle parent. Mrs. Mullins, in the increased cleanliness consequent on her improved fortunes, had carefully brushed and scrubbed the room till not one of those little trifles remained—so valuable now—so unpriized at any other time. The old cupboard was the only thing in the apartment at all removable. It was connected with their greatest sufferings and their subsequent comfort: Mrs. Creagh's gifts had filled it—Arthur's flowers had rested on it—Arthur's books had been kept on it; and Kate felt her heart cling to this relic of olden times as a rough and sincere friend, whose advice she had neglected, and whose merits she had undervalued till about to lose him for ever: for, if we can find "sermons in stones," a cupboard having seen so many vicissitudes of life may well be supposed capable of preaching them. In a word, she resolved, with Mrs. Mullins's consent, to make it the partner of her voyage; but feeling how absurd such a proceeding would appear to any one not understanding her feelings, she determined to let it be seen by no one, and, on her arrival in India, to place it in her own room as a sort of temple to memory. That Arthur Creagh should not occupy a conspicuous niche in it, would have been the height of ingratitude. So thought Kate, and so think we. Mrs. Mullins entered the room just as our heroine had arrived at this sage conclusion.

"Do you set any great value on that cupboard, Mrs. Mullins?" said she.

"Wisha, indeed, I don't, Miss Kate; it only vexes me to think of the fine old times when 'twas made. Many a winter's night I heard my grandmother tell of 'em when we'd be sitting by the fire. I had little to trouble me then."

"You must get clothes and books for Billy, now that he is to go to school, Mrs. Mullins," said Kate, as she put a little purse into her hand.

"Indeed you'll excuse me, Miss, if you please; afther all I got from your uncle, I couldn't think of it. If you had Damer's estate, 'twouldn't stand giving money away that way."

"This is not for yourself but for the children," said Kate; "it is only a keepsake, and I am going to ask you for one in return."

"A keepsake! Miss!"

* The froth which appears when they are boiling.

"Yes, Mrs. Mullins; you must give me the cupboard."

"Dear knows, Miss Kate, that's a curious fancy; but, sure, if you took a liking to the ugly ould thing, 'tis with a heart and a-half you'll get it; but I'm afraid 'twill be making you fret, Miss."

"Not at all; you need not be afraid of indulging me, Mrs. Mullins; it will be a comfort to me to have something to remind me of old times; and, if I be ever inclined to forget the poor, it will remind me of the time that I was poor myself."

"That's a good thought, Miss Kate," said Mrs. Mullins; "but what am I to do with it, Miss?"

"Here is money to buy a trunk," Kate replied, "and send it with the cupboard to Mrs. Creagh's; I don't wish that any one should know it."

"Oh! then, that Mr. Creagh is a darling young gentleman," exclaimed Mrs. Mullins. "The day you were going away, Miss, he came to me, and said he supposed I'd be very lonesome after you. 'Maybe you'd like to keep the dog, Mrs. Mullins,' says he, 'till Miss O'Carrol is going away entirely; you seem very fond of him, an' she wont miss him for awhile.' There was a thought for you, Miss Kate; and to a poor, old woman like me!"

If Kate did not give Arthur full credit for the consideration of Mrs. Mullins's feelings, which that good woman attributed to him, she did not attempt to deceive her. Saying that she would expect to see her before leaving Limerick, she bade her good bye, and returned to Mrs. Creagh's, accompanied by Lion.

An unexpected pleasure awaited her; Arthur had returned, and bringing a long and affectionate letter from Anna Roche, she spoke with regret of Kate's approaching departure, and their mutual estrangement; but alluded only to Mr. Roche's death, and her own subsequent removal, as the causes of it, and ended by hoping to see Kate before spring, which Arthur had told her was the time appointed by Mr. Comyn for the voyage.

"Does Anna tell you that she is about to be married, Miss O'Carrol?" asked Arthur, when he chanced to be seated near Kate in the course of the evening.

"No; but she says that she may see me before I leave Ireland."

"I fear not," said Arthur, "if your uncle persists in going so soon. She will not be married for some months, which is probably her reason for not mentioning it to you; however, as she allowed me to discover it myself, I told her I did not consider myself obliged to keep her secret, particularly from so intimate a friend as Miss O'Carrol."

"There are very few who deserve Anna Roche," said Kate warmly. "I hope she will be happy."

"The gentleman's name is Travers," said Arthur; "he is, as far as I can judge, a very amiable person; but I can certify that he is handsome and agreeable; indeed, one of the most pleasing young men I ever met."

Fair reader, you will ask why did not our heroine avail herself of so favourable an opportunity for the apology she so anxiously desired to make for her conduct at Anna Roche's ball. We can only state the simple fact, that she did not. It trembled on her lips, but came no farther: in a word, she was prevented from speaking by that unaccountable impulse which makes us exert our will in opposition to itself—that sensation which every body has felt, and nobody can describe. Arthur appeared to have forgotten it altogether, or to consider it as "before Euclides;" and Kate felt ashamed of seeming to think her conduct of sufficient consequence to him, to be remembered so long. Arthur, on the other hand, had gone so near it, in order to get rid of the awkwardness at once; he had arranged it all ten miles from Limerick, and in a manner intended to prevent her recurring to the

ball; but, in despite of his generous anxiety to bury it in oblivion, he felt disappointed and half angry, without knowing on whom to rest his displeasure. That he did not keep it entirely to himself, we may infer from the charge made by his mother at breakfast the following morning, of his having awakened her twice, once by pushing about the chairs in his own room, and, again, by leaving the snuffers fall into the tray, adding, that "it was very unusual with him to be so awkward."

"Well, Arthur," said Mrs. Creagh, as the chaise, conveying Mr. Comyn and his niece, drove from the door, "dont you think that our fair guest may have displayed a *little* more regret at parting us for ever?"

Arthur was silent, for he thought the same.

"She even smiled!" continued his mother, "when I spoke of her going to India, and the improbability of our meeting again."

"But she offered to write to you, mother," said Arthur.

"So she did; but we'll see how long she'll continue to do so. Mr. Comyn was asking me, a few days ago, what you were studying for; and when I told him the law, he inquired so particularly about the time that you expected to be called to the bar, that—"

"That you expected he would get me appointed judge of the supreme court of Bengal."

"Arthur, my anxiety about your success in the profession you have chosen is no laughing matter. You know that though I yielded to your preference for the law, I never thought it a prudent choice. You have no interest—nothing to forward you here."

"And I know, also, that you made sacrifices for me, that not one in a thousand would be capable of making; my dear mother, do you think I can ever forget that?"

"I wish twice as many more would insure your success, my dear boy; it makes my heart ache to think of all the young barristers that came here, assizes after assizes, without getting a single brief. I certainly did hope that Mr. Comyn might be able to exert some interest for you."

"And would you really consent to my going to India, mother?"

"I would, if it were for your own good, Arthur. It would be a poor performance of my duty to prevent you, for the selfish pleasure of having you near me; my only objection would be the climate."

"Oh! then, if that is the only objection," said Arthur, "I will accept the judgeship. I can take out a few bushels of your favourite pills."

"Arthur, will you never be serious?"

"My dear mother, you are too serious about what can never occur. It should be a valuable appointment, indeed, that could tempt me to leave you."

Kate's first care on arriving in Dublin was, to write to her kind friend; but, as Mrs. Creagh observed, this was but number one, and she was not yet a hundred miles from Limerick. Not many days after, Mrs. Mullins called to know "if there was any news from Miss Kate;" and, between grief at Kate's departure, joy at her good fortune, and gratitude for her generosity, she unwittingly let the cupboard out of the trunk, and told Kate's reason for taking it with her. Nothing had yet occurred which tended to produce a more favourable impression in Mrs. Creagh than this incident, however trifling; so that she was not surprised at receiving letter number two from Liverpool, nor in the least annoyed at Arthur's provoking smile as he gave her number three, from London, in which Kate announced her uncle's intention of settling, for the winter, in Cheltenham, as the physicians seemed to think it a matter of indifference where they resided, and prescribed only air and exercise for herself.

"Make an act of contrition now, mother," said Arthur, "and confess you were wrong about Miss O'Carrol."

"Not yet," replied Mrs. Creagh; "she is a very nice girl, but—"

"But what, mother?"

"I am afraid her head will be turned by the flattering which her own beauty and her uncle's wealth will insure her receiving every where she goes, and I would be sorry for it. I was beginning, almost in spite of myself, to be very fond of her."

Arthur, whose opinions were not so unchangeable, had formed a higher and juster estimate of Kate's character during the time she had been with them. Having, almost unconsciously, enlisted himself as her champion, he had become gradually interested in the cause he had pleaded so well. Both mother and son had thought and spoken so much of Kate for the few preceding months, that an amicable contest for superiority in discrimination of character had arisen between them. So, that, in addition to the interest with which, under the circumstances, it was natural she should inspire them, they felt their judgments at stake on her future conduct. With this difference, that while Mrs. Creagh believed herself right, she would have been really glad that events should prove her wrong; while Arthur had still some unacknowledged fears for the humility of the Nabob's heiress, without feeling a doubt of the sincerity of her gratitude.

During two months Kate's letters continued to arrive regularly, and Arthur never failed to write on each its number, and hold it up before his mother as if to show the odds against her; to which Mrs. Creagh used merely reply by shaking her head wisely and saying—"Time will tell."

The period at length arrived, to which Arthur had long looked forward as the beginning of a career, which, not less for his mother's sake than for his own, he hoped to render brilliant and successful; and he left home for the purpose of being called to the bar. On his return, after an absence of some weeks, he found his mother confined to bed by a severe cold, and perceiving that Kate's ninth letter, which had arrived before he left home, was the latest, he forbore to mention her name. But Mrs. Creagh, with a pardonable vanity, did not fail to point out the correctness of her prediction; and tried to persuade herself that she was not disappointed; that nothing good could be expected from one who had failed to appreciate the virtues and talents of her son. In order that there might be no mistake on the subject, she had written to Cheltenham, during Arthur's absence; but neither Kate nor Mr. Comyn had taken the slightest notice of her letter; and, as if one had been ill the other could have replied, she concluded that both had become tired of the correspondence. Having nothing to oppose to this argument, Arthur had recourse to a professional expedient, and begged to have the final decision postponed, to give time for the production of additional testimony; and, accordingly, nothing was offered on either side of the question for some days.

One evening, about a week after Arthur's return, Mrs. Creagh was sitting by the fire in a small sitting-room adjoining her own apartment: Arthur had just left her; and her thoughts naturally reverted to his professional prospects, which many circumstances contributed to render unpromising. She regarded them with none of the sanguine anticipations of which it is impossible to divest any talented, high-spirited young man, however steady or sensible he may be. She again recurred to the evening of Arthur's return from Mr. Roche's: it was while he conversed with Kate about her friend Anna that Mr. Comyn made the inquiries which led her to believe that he meant

to exert his interest to procure some appointment abroad. She spent that night in endeavouring to come to a decision, which she half hoped, half feared, to be required to make. When we have wrought ourselves up to the determination of making a sacrifice, were it only of an aching tooth, there is a sort of disappointment in being prevented from doing so. It is as if we had toiled up a steep and wearisome ascent, expecting to look down from thence on the surrounding world; and, on arriving at the summit, find that we have but a step to descend on the other side.

When Mrs. Creagh discovered that she had spent a sleepless night, in working herself up to a certain pitch of heroic self-denial, and then charged Arthur with disturbing her to avert suspicion from her red eyes and pale cheeks—and all unnecessarily—she felt an annoyance, which she had only in part betrayed to her son after the departure of their guests. She had, almost unconsciously, clung to the fancy, while she knew from Kate's letters that they were still in England, and had not forgotten their friends in Limerick: but with the letters ceased hope and fear on the subject; her dreams were no longer alloyed by the sorrow of parting. If she still continued to build her castle in the air, in the meridian of Calcutta, it was not necessary to go through the packing of trunks, the embarking, disembarking, and all the odious realities of a long separation, in order to arrive at it. With a single stroke of "the fairy wand of fancy," she had transported it from the warmth of an Indian sun to the coals now smouldering before her; with her head full of travels in India, which they had been reading the preceding evening, she saw Arthur descend from his palanquin and stretch under a veranda, covered with the fruits and flowers of the golden east; and was just debating the propriety of putting a hookha in his handsome mouth to render the picture in keeping, when Arthur himself re-entered the room. Holding the door open, he said, with a countenance on which a smile of mingled archness and triumph was evidently struggling with a more serious expression—

"Number ten has arrived, mother!"

"A letter!" exclaimed Mrs. Creagh, starting and looking towards him; "Did you read it, Arthur? What does she say? Something must be the matter, or you would have brought it up at once!"

But Arthur had disappeared, and, before she had time to call him back, the door re-opened, and in an instant Kate herself was in her arms.

"My dear, kind friend," she said, "I have come to claim your hospitality again."

"You are most welcome," Mrs. Creagh replied, as she embraced her affectionately: "I was beginning to fear that you had forgotten us."

"We expected to be able to set out every day for the last month, and I wished to surprise you: this was the reason of my silence."

"Your uncle came, of course," said Mrs. Creagh; "how is he?"

"Quite well, and waiting anxiously for permission to come up. I told him I would ring the bell if you gave him leave."

"I will be delighted to see him," replied Mrs. Creagh: "my dear child, you gave me a pleasant surprise, indeed."

"You were about to brand me as 'the ungrateful guest,' I dare say," said Kate; "I should be ungrateful, indeed, if I forgot you."

As she spoke, her uncle and Arthur entered the room. After the usual inquiries, Mrs. Creagh said—

"When did you arrive? I heard no noise below stairs."

"They told us in the shop that you were not quiet well," replied Kate, "so we came up quietly."

There was a pause; everybody seemed unusually fidgety. Mr. Comyn pushed his chair nearer to the fire, and then out from it; Kate took up the poker and stirred it, as if at a loss to know how to dispose of her hands.

"Arthur frightened me when he came up, he looked so grave," said Mrs. Creagh. "Why did you startle me so, saucy boy?" she continued, turning with a playful smile to her son, who was standing behind her chair.

The same grave expression was on his countenance; he made no reply.

"The fact is," said Mr. Comyn, "that Kate and I have come to take him from you for awhile."

The whole truth flashed on her; the cause of their unexpected coming, and Arthur's look, was explained. Her hopes and fears were at once fulfilled, and palanquin, veranda, hookha, flowers, and fruit vanished, and the wide ocean rose before her. She involuntarily covered her face with her hands, and sobbed out—

"My boy, my dear boy!"

"I never will leave you, mother," he exclaimed, as he put his arms affectionately round her; "struggle as I may at home, I never will leave you. I am as deeply grateful to you, sir," he continued, turning to Mr. Comyn, "as if I could avail myself of your kindness; but my first debt of gratitude is due to my mother."

Mr. Comyn was silent, feeling the impropriety of interfering between the mother and son, and poor Kate looked the picture of disappointment at the defeat of this, the only practicable plan of proving her gratitude. She knew that an appointment for Arthur was the only thing that could be offered or accepted, and her uncle had no interest at home.

A painful silence followed Mrs. Creagh's unexpected burst of emotion; at length, raising her head, and looking earnestly in her son's face, she said—

"Arthur, answer me candidly—if I were dead, or if it were impossible to consult my feelings, what would you do?"

"I would accept Mr. Comyn's offer," he replied, in a low voice.

"You shall accept it, then. Shame on me, were it said that an Irish mother forgot her child's advantage for her own selfish gratification."

"You are just the woman I took you for," said Mr. Comyn, grasping her hand and shaking it warmly; "I knew you would not keep so fine a fellow at home, to be idling his time for the next ten years. You disappointed us for a moment, but I thought I could not be deceived in you."

"A mother's feelings must have way," Mrs. Creagh replied, with a sad smile; "but it is all over. Though I was so foolish just now, believe me, Mr. Comyn, you have fulfilled my own dearest wishes for Arthur, and I thank you sincerely."

"My dear ma'am," exclaimed Mr. Comyn, "don't talk of thanks; 'tis no more to what we owe you than a cowrie to Tippoo's throne; besides, there is something selfish in all this. It will be a great advantage to have a friend at court—the only court with which I have anything to do. If it were only to talk of my friend the judge; for Arthur is to be a judge, that I am determined on. Don't you think it sounds well, Mrs. Creagh?—my friend the judge!"

Even Mrs. Creagh could not help smiling at Mr. Comyn's respectful obedience to the future dignitary.

Having succeeded in his purpose of withdrawing her thoughts from the approaching separation, even for the moment, Mr. Comyn wished her good night,

and accompanied by Arthur, withdrew to the apartment which Mrs. Creagh had insisted on his occupying, leaving Kate to bestow on her friend that consolation and sympathy of which, with all her firmness, she stood much in need, and which a woman only can afford another.

J. M. R.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE MERMAID'S INVITATION.

Away, away, o'er the azure sea,
While the wind is fair and the shore is free;
The moon shines forth from her bed of dew,
And softly smiles on the waters blue.
Away, and view my coral cave,
Deep, deep beneath the limpid wave;
Launch thy boat on the azure sea,
And costly pearls I'll give to thee.

Heed not the deer o'er the heath that bound;
Heed not the thrill of the bugle's sound;
The joys that belong to the festive hour,
The sparkling eyes in the jasmine bower,
The sighs that breathe, and the blushes that streak
With their peach-like bloom the fair false one's cheek
But away, away, o'er the azure sea,
While the wind is fair, and the shore is free.

The summer's gone, and the winter's sleet
Enshrouds the earth in its winding sheet;
The frost has glaz'd the silent streams,
Unhallow'd by the glow of the sun's bright beams:
Then come where the seasons never die,
Nor own the power of land or sky:
Costly pearls I'll give to thee,
Deep, deep beneath the azure sea!

T. S. M.

OWHYHEE.—This island was lately visited by her Majesty's ship, *Curacoa*. It was here that Captain Cook lost his life, and the only monument which marks the spot on which he fell, is the stump of an old cocoa-nut tree, with a sheet of copper nailed on it some years ago by H.M.S. *Imogene*. An old gray-headed native, who lived in a hut close to the spot, intimated to some of the officers that he was present at the tragical event, and actually went through a kind of pantomimic representation of the whole scene—the first attack with stones—the retreat of Cook to the boats—his death—the fear of the natives when the ship fired upon them, which he exemplified by falling down and creeping upon his belly behind the nearest bush, and then the roasting and eating of the body on a hill out of the reach of the shot. The representation was too perfect to admit of a doubt as to his having been an eye-witness, if not an actor in the business. A large party of the officers visited the famous volcano of *Kiranea*, situate about twenty miles from the anchorage, and deemed the largest and in the most active state of any in the known world—the circumference of the crater being about thirteen or fourteen miles; and in its depth a thousand feet below the level of the surrounding plain, from from which it appears to have at once sunk perpendicularly down. They descended with a guide into the great crater, and after walking over some miles of its uneven surface, arrived at a lake of red hot burning lava, of at least three miles in circumference.

INDELIBLE INK.—The following is the specification of an American patent for making indelible ink: Take three drachms of the least bruised India ink, and four ounces of boiling solution of caustic soda; mix them together, and shake the mixture well for about ten minutes when the indelible ink is produced.

THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

Frederick Ashton was the only son of a gentleman, who had, by dissipation, run through a large property, and, being afterwards entrusted with a public situation under government, had proved utterly unworthy of the charge, and betrayed the trust reposed in him. The consequence was, that he died in the most abject poverty, leaving an only son, the hero of our tale, (who was then an orphan, his mother having died in giving him birth,) for whom the only good he had ever done was to bestow on him the best education that could be procured in England. He was thus left, at the age of nineteen, to his own guidance, without even a moderate competence; however, he was determined to pursue, with diligence, the profession for which his father had intended him, and for which he was eminently qualified—namely, that of medicine. For this purpose he left the little town in which his childhood had been spent, and went for a short period to the metropolis, there to prosecute with the utmost diligence those studies which he could not so well have continued in his native town. In about a year after the death of his father, he returned to C—, and endeavoured to obtain for himself a livelihood and a name by his own exertions, and a few letters from persons who had known his father before his disgrace, and himself for the last twelve months. But the young physician met with neither success or encouragement for a length of time.

In the summer of the year in which he commenced his professional labours, there was an unusual number of visitors at C—, and amongst them a young lady, the daughter of a baronet of great wealth, and much distinguished in the most fashionable circles. Miss St. Aubyn was the only and idolised child of her noble parents; she was, at this period, only just turned of sixteen, and her mother had not yet thought of bringing her out; but during the season in which London is deprived of its charms, she usually took her to the sea-side, accompanied only by her governess and a maiden aunt, with, now and then, the addition of Sir Edward St. Aubyn, when ever he could spare time to accompany them. The young physician speedily sought to introduce himself into a family of such rank and affluence, and for that purpose presented his letters of introduction to Sir Edward, who received him very coldly and held out no hopes to him, as he himself patronised another young man of the same profession in London; and, besides that, he informed young Ashton, that he never employed any but the most skilful and experienced doctors in case of indisposition in his person or family. But Sir Edward's blooming daughter did not look with such indifference on the young and handsome man whom she saw evidently so much disappointed at the rejection of his services by her father, while he but caught a passing glance at her slight form as she stood at the door of the library where her father was been conversing with him, as if hesitating whether to advance or retreat, her lovely countenance suffused with a deep blush at sight of the stranger, whose eyes were riveted on her retreating figure, as she hastily shut the door and retired. The next morning, when young Ashton was passing the house, he darted a hasty look at the windows, in one of which he beheld Catharine seated, her head reclining on her hand, and, apparently, absorbed in

deep meditation. However, she soon saw that she was observed, and withdrew rapidly from the window, leaving Ashton thunderstruck at her sudden disappearance; but he passed on to his accustomed round of visits in the neighbourhood, for he had a few patients, although they were not in high life. Meanwhile, Catharine St. Aubyn's thoughts strayed continually to the young doctor, whose pensive and reserved air, so different from the assured impertinence of the vain coxcombs she had seen in the little intercourse she had with the fashionable world, had struck her as particularly agreeable and fascinating, and whenever she strove to turn her attention to another object, invariably discovered her thoughts wandering to the eloquently beaming eyes which had gazed upon her with such looks of admiration; and she sighed unconsciously as she thought how impossible it would be for her ever to form an acquaintance with him. However, the next time he passed she did not withdraw so quickly, but feigned complete unconsciousness of his fixed gaze, which rested on her features for a few moments, and Ashton again passed the house. In a few days after the circumstances above related, Lady St. Aubyn received a letter from the husband of one of her sisters, residing in London, informing her that the latter was very ill, and expressed a wish to see her without loss of time; the letter concluding with an entreaty that she would avoid delay as much as possible. She immediately informed Catharine of the circumstance, and added that as the disease was of an infectious nature, she would not expose her to the danger of contagion, but would leave her at C—, with her aunt, and take the governess with her, as she was an agreeable travelling companion, and an excellent nurse for an invalid. Catharine made no objections to this arrangement, although she could not refrain from shedding a few tears at parting from a mother who had never before left her even for a short time, since she could remember anything. Miss Melville, the aunt to whose care Miss St. Aubyn had been entrusted, was a delicate and nervous old lady, who seldom went out, and was a most fashionably late riser. Miss St. Aubyn, on the contrary, when her governess was with her, took great pleasure in early rising and a sea-side walk before breakfast; and, on the morning after her mother's departure, she sallied out alone to enjoy the dewy freshness of a lovely June morning. The scene when she had passed the rows of houses was delightful; the flowers just opening their tender buds to greet the mild ray of the sun; the grass, sparkling with dew-drops, that glittered like so many gems; and the feathered songsters warbling their matin songs, on every side, formed a prominent part in the gorgeous picture. She had not, however, walked much more than a mile, when the whole aspect of nature changed; dark clouds obscured the sun, and Miss St. Aubyn found herself at a distance from any shelter, and her summer attire drenched in a violent shower of rain. She turned to retrace her steps, and, in so doing, perceived a gentleman, at a little distance, advancing rapidly towards her. She would have preferred not meeting with any one who should see her in this plight, but she started and changed colour repeatedly when he drew near, and she perceived that it was the young physician. He stopped as he came up, and, speaking in a respectful tone, begged her acceptance of his arm and the shelter of an umbrella, which he carried. To this she immediately assented, as she was really not only grateful for the attention she so much needed; but she was also gratified at the opportunity thus afforded her of learning a little more of Ashton than his handsome features, and she thought no one could blame her for accepting the arm of a stranger under such circumstances. I will not detail the conversation

that followed; suffice it to say, that they parted mutually pleased with each other—Miss St. Aubyn thinking she had never met with one whose depth of imagination and candour in avowing his sentiments pleased her so much; and our hero was equally pleased with the warmth and enthusiasm with which Miss St. Aubyn expressed her opinions and the taste and judgment she displayed in their conversation on the fine arts. Catharine, as soon as she had arrived at home, changed her apparel, which was thoroughly soaked, and seated herself to one of her favourite amusements—drawing—and which she had discovered in the course of their conversation was an occupation that formed an agreeable employment to Ashton in his intervals of relaxation. But to return to our hero. He sauntered slowly along after he had seen his fair companion safely sheltered in her own abode, and began revolving in his mind the consequences of his acquaintance with the young heiress; her father, he knew, even if he could entertain a hope of obtaining her consent, would never bestow the hand of his only child on one who earned a precarious subsistence by his own industry. Thus ruminating on these circumstances, he arrived at home, where he found a letter from one of his young fellow students, who had been his constant companion in London. It ran as follows:—

“DEAR FRED.—There are sad things said of you here, with reference to your father’s disgrace. I wish to confront you with the author of these reports, and, for that purpose, will meet you in a fortnight at Portsmouth, where he lives, and where I will be before that time.

“Yours as ever,
“HAL. MORETON.”

Here was a dilemma! He wished, notwithstanding he knew it was imprudent, to follow up the acquaintance with Miss St. Aubyn, which chance had commenced, and he did not wish to leave C— without informing her; at the same time he was determined to conceal from her the disgrace of his father, for whom he had ever felt the fondest affection. The course he at length decided on was, to tell her that urgent and private business had called him to a distance, but that he hoped to have the pleasure of seeing her again before she should leave C—, which she was not to do until the return of her parents. He then proceeded to visit the person to whose house he was about to go when he met Miss St. Aubyn. He found his patient worse, and was obliged to stay with him until evening, when an abatement of the fever enabled him to leave him once more to the care of a nurse; and he returned home weary and dispirited to take a little repose, of which he was much in need. The next morning, however, turned out most unfavourable for Miss St. Aubyn, who had intended to take another stroll in the country, if the weather permitted. She was gazing earnestly from the door of the mansion at the lowering aspect of the heavens, when Frederick Ashton was passing again to visit the gentleman whom he dreaded to hear had not survived the night. Catharine held out her hand to him, and as he shook it warmly, she said—

“Perhaps on your return you would stay and breakfast with me?”

“With the greatest pleasure,” he replied, and bowing low, hastened on.

He found his friend greatly improved by a favourable night’s rest, and the fever completely gone; so he returned speedily to fulfil his promise to Miss St. Aubyn. The servant who admitted him led him through a long hall and several large rooms, some of which were unfurnished, into a comfortable though small parlour, which was most tastefully arranged, and evidently under the superintendence of a person

of the most refined judgment. There was a portfolio lying on a side-board, with the name of Miss St. Aubyn in gold letters on the back. He attempted to open it, hoping it might contain some of her drawings, but found it locked. Over the mantel-piece were hung two likenesses, in one of which he immediately recognised the stern, but handsome features of Sir Edward; the other, which was the portrait of a dignified and noble lady, he concluded must be the portrait of Lady St. Aubyn. On an embroidered cushion, near the window, was a large family Bible, with the names of Sir Edward and Lady written at full length in the blank page, the date of their marriage, and the birth of four sons successively, afterwards that of Catharine. Below was an enamelled tablet, with a broad black border round it, on which were written the dates of the deaths of the four boys successively.

“What a bereavement!” he exclaimed, unconsciously; “no wonder the brow of the fond mother should wear a shadow of care.”

He was standing at the window wrapped in inward musings on the uncertainty of life, when Miss St. Aubyn entered, accompanied by her aunt, who had not heard of Ashton’s interview with Sir Edward, and wishing to thank him for his politeness to her niece, rose earlier than was customary with her, in order to meet him at breakfast. Here I must pause for a few moments to entreat my reader not to suppose that Ashton was a young man deficient in honour and spirit, thusto enter the house, and eat the breakfast of one who had refused him his support. He keenly felt that by so doing he was putting himself under an obligation to him; but who could resist the invitation of so fair a lady; particularly when his heart was already deeply smitten with her charms? The morning passed quickly away in the most agreeable conversation; and every succeeding morning, until the fortnight was almost expired, found Frederick again seated at the breakfast-table of Sir Edward St. Aubyn. In the summer evenings also he usually accompanied Miss Melville and her niece to the seashore, to watch the golden beams of the setting sun tinging the waves with its gorgeous light; in short, he had made such good use of his time, that he had completely ingratiated himself with Miss Melville, and discovered that the heart of Miss St. Aubyn was his own, ere the time had elapsed at the end of which he must leave her, though but for a short time. In the meantime the letters of Lady St. Aubyn were few and brief, for two of her sister’s children had been attacked by the same disease which threatened the life of their mother, and now less than ever could her services be dispensed with. When the time came in which Frederick had agreed to meet his friend, he bade adieu to Miss St. Aubyn and her aunt, not without much regret at leaving society which had afforded him such heartfelt pleasure.

When he arrived at Portsmouth, he found the affair much more difficult to arrange than he had imagined, and he wrote to Catharine, informing her that he feared we should be detained much longer than he had at first supposed. To his extreme surprise and consternation, he received in reply a few lines from Miss St. Aubyn, briefly informing him that her parents had returned, and upbraided her severely for having formed an acquaintance in their absence, and before they had introduced her into society. The letter concluded by saying, that although for the present all intercourse between them must cease, yet she would ever remember him with the truest regard, and look forward with anxious hope for a time when circumstances might favour their continued intercourse with each other. The letter fell from his hands, and he remained for some hours motionless as a statue—his thoughts wandering

hither and thither; so that he did not perceive his friend, who, after entering the room, stood for some minutes in mute astonishment; but at length, weary of waiting, exclaimed—

"What now, Fred? some new dilemma! I promise you I shall not be so ready to offer my assistance, if you are ever thus involving yourself in new difficulties."

Ashton hastily snatched up the letter and put it in his pocket, at the same time assuring his friend that he was only thinking of some pecuniary embarrassments, which were not of any consequence, and for which he would not require his assistance.

MARY.

(To be concluded in our next.)

JANUARY.

When the palm of merit is to be awarded among the Months, it is usual to assign it to May by acclamation; but if the claim depends on the sum of delight which each witnesses, or brings with her, it is doubtful if January should not bear the bell from her more blooming sister, if it were only in virtue of her share in the general festivities of the Christmas holidays. And then, what a happy influence does she not exercise on all the rest of the year, by the family meetings she brings about, and by the kindling and renewing of the social affections that grow out of and are chiefly dependent on these! And what sweet remembrances and associations does she not scatter before her, through all the time to come, by her gifts—the "new year's gifts!" Christmas-boxes, as they are called, are but sordid boons in comparison of these—they are mere money paid for mere services rendered or expected—wages for work done and performed—barterings of value for value—offerings of the pocket to the pocket. But new year's gifts are offerings of the affections to the affections—of the heart to the heart. The value of the first depends purely on themselves, and the gratitude, such as it is, which they call forth, is measured by the gross amount of that value. But the others owe their value to the wishes and intentions of the giver; and the gratitude they call forth springs from the affections of the receiver.

And then, who can see a new year open upon him without being better for the prospect—without making sundry wise reflections (for any reflections on this subject must be comparatively wise ones) on the step he is about to take towards the goal of his being? Every first of January that we arrive at is an imaginary milestone on the turnpike track of human life—at once a resting-place for thought and meditation, and a starting point for fresh exertion in the performance of our journey. The man who does not at least propose to himself to be better this year than he was last, must be either very good or very bad indeed. Only to propose to be better, is something; if nothing else, it is an acknowledgment of our need to be so—which is the first step towards amendment.

BLACK DROP.—Dr. Armstrong's original recipe: Opium, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; verjuice, 3 pints; nutmegs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; saffron, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Boil to a proper thickness; then add 2 spoonful of yeast: set the whole near the fire for six or eight weeks; then place it in the open air till it becomes as a syrup: filter and bottle it up, adding a little sugar to each bottle. One drop equals three of tincture of opium.

ANOMALIES.—It is said that more than half the Enniskilling Dragoons are Englishmen, and more than half of the Scotch Greys Irishmen.

SCRAPS FROM IRISH HISTORY.

INCHIUQUIN.

(Concluded from our last.)

"The lake and castle of Inchiquin are romantically situated in the county of Clare, and give the title of Earl to the eldest son of the Marquess of Thomond. Although for centuries in the possession of the powerful tribe of which that nobleman is the head, tradition asserts that they originally belonged to the O'Quins, an ancient Dalcassian family, and assigns a singular legend as the cause of the change."—*IRISH ANNALS.*

Sytte II.

Well! Time has rolled on,
And three years are gone

So pleasant and swift they seemed but as one!
And O'Quin leads a country gentleman's life,
Both proud of his horses and fond of his wife;
And swears by Saint Senan she's the best
That any man's home ever blest:

So pleasing in manners! her temper so sweet!
Her equal in Clare you'll not easily meet;

And, then, 'twas a treat
To see her each morning at breakfast so neat,
And drest like a lady for that day comest—
Not with ringlets in paper, and slippers on feet,
Tied up in a calico wrapper and blowse,

Looking Whitechappel needles across at her spouse!
No; each moment that Time swept away
Still beheld her fresh, smiling, and gay;
And her husband as fond of her yet
As the very first hour that they met;

So that people were heard to declare,

If *EVEN* a pair,
When married, were happy, they certainly were!

It chanced about this time a race,
Near Inchiquin Castle, took place,
And O'Quin (Oh! woe for that time)
Brought some gentlemen home with him to dine:
One glance at the group, as they past
By the terrace, his lady cast,

Then aghast!
In tears to her chamber hurried fast;
And, pleading a head-ache below,
Declined dining. Now we all know
What such head-aches mean, and that neither more or less

Than personal dislike to the guests they express.

Well! the dinner was dished and was served
The way a good dinner deserved—
And the company sat o'er their wine,
And the claret pronounced very fine,
And chatting of horses, and jockies, and crossing,
Handicaps, sweepstakes, jumping, and tossing,
Steeple chasing,
And flat racing,

And wonderful leaps their steeds made some place in!

Thus the evening past over, till when,

With laughing
And quaffing,
They all looked very like tipsified men!

Then
Tiege Cood O'Brien called for cards with an air,
And swore—"Single handed, he'd play any man there
Five-and-ten

For a hundred each chalk, and was open to take
The long odds from all round, he would win every stake."

Oh! gambling and drink! eldest born of sin!

Ye are twin,
And woe to the heart ye enter in;
And beneath thy foul spell, and forgetful of all
His oath, and his love to his heart should recal,

The Lord of the Castle, O'Quin,
Accepted the challenge—oh! lunatic vain—
And seizing the cards, he shuffled the same,
And commenced with O'Brien a game.

Alas! it is pain

To dwell on this scene of madness and crime ;
Sufficient to say, that, half frenzied with wine,
In a few hours time,

At play,
All he had in the world he gambled away ;
His cash in the bank, ready money, and plate—
His horses and hounds, his ancient estate ;
Till at last, in hopes back his losses to win,
He staked, and he lost, thy towers, Inchiquin !

When his guests had departed,
Thro' his hall, broken hearted,
The chieftain in silence strode gloomy along,
Now sober his head, but in his heart, oh ! how strong,
His conscience **THESE** accused him of wrong,
Strewed around on the floor the wine flaggons lay,
And deeply he curst as he spurned them away ;
Until at last, unable to bear the wild strife,
Remorse raised in his bosom, he asked—"Where's my wife ?"

And the vassal in quest left the room,
But back came with pallid cheeks soon,
And said—"That his lady had gone out about ten
To walk by the lake, and had not returned since then."

Amazed,
O'Quin gazed,
And his broken oath o'er his mind like a thunderbolt
blazed !
Then he rushed to the Portcullis gate,
And question'd the warder, and bid him relate
What he knew of his mistress, instant and straight.

Black Momus scratched his head,
And then said—
"His lady, as well as he could recollect then,
Had past thro' the wicket at ten :
That her face
*Was wrapt in a veil of Limerick lace ;
Her gown was a rich figured tabinet stuff,
That her bos was swainsdown and so was her muff,*
And that he saw nothing more,
Save a wild swan that flew o'er
Very soon after to the opposite shore."

"Quick, get torches there ; ho !
Loose the boats as ye go,
And examine the lake, as round it ye row ;
Light the beacon on high,
Send out to the caves of Kiltannan a score,
And try
The wood of Glenhurry some more,
While we search the strand on the western shore."
'Twas thus O'Quin said,
And soon a light spread,
Like a pathway of flame, o'er the waters, dark red
As the Bale fire, with fuel they fed ;
And with flambeaux, and bustle, and rout,
The servants rushed out,
And searched the lake and the mountains about ;
While waving his torch high over his head,
And calling **HER** name,
O'Quin towards the west in agony sped ;
But in vain :
By mountain or water, or forest or plain,
No tidings or trace of the lost one they gain !

At last, all his vassals before,
He reached a tall cliff that hung o'er
The dark lake, whose deep waters flow
Both sluggish and silent below,
And pausing a moment he threw
A wild glance beneath, and then knew—
Oh ! with what a keen pang of regret—
'Twas nigh to the spot where they first met ;
And silent the chief there long pondered alone,
While o'er his tall figure the beacon light shone—
And unearthly he looked in that fitful glare,
The picture of anguish and pallid despair—
And thoughts of strange meaning undefin'd,
Like storm clouds, swept fast o'er his mind—
'Till his reason gave way, and the pain
And wild fancies of madness seized his brain ;
And gazing intent on the darkness around,
"I see her," he cried,

"And nought shall divide,
For ever and ever, my soul from her side !"
He said with a bound,
Then plunged, and sank beneath, in the waters profound.
Since that hour,
Centuries have swept over buttress and tower,
And tho' many a sad change has taken place
On Erin's green soil, to her children and race,
Still
Unalter'd the chiefs of Clan Hyfneran stand
High amid the noblest and best of the land,
And are lords of both forest and hill,
And many a broad acre of valley and plain ;
Yet the hall of their sires did they never regain,
Or the home of their ancestors win ;
For, oh ! stain
On Dunraven's proud name,
The O'Briens have kept to this day Inchiquin !

In the youth of the last O'Quin of Inchiquin, he saw from his residence a number of swans of singular beauty frequenting the west side of the lake. Wishing, if possible, to possess himself of one of them, he was in the habit of concealing himself among the rocks, hoping that he might take them by surprise. At length one of them was caught and secretly carried to his residence, when, to his amazement and delight, throwing off her downy covering, she assumed the form of a beautiful woman, and shortly after became his wife : previous to the marriage, however, she imposed certain conditions as the price of her consent, to which he willingly agreed. These were—first, their union should be secret ; secondly, that he should not receive any visitors at his mansion, particularly the O'Briens ; and lastly, that he should wholly abstain from gambling. For some years these conditions were strictly adhered to ; they lived in happiness together, and two children blessed their union ; but it happened, unfortunately, that at the neighbouring races at Cood he fell in with the O'Briens, by whom he was hospitably treated, and being induced to indulge in too much wine, he forgot his engagements to his wife, and invited them to his residence on a certain day. His wife heard of this invitation with sadness, but proceeded without remonstrance to prepare the feast for the guests ; but she did not grace it with her presence : and when the company were assembled, and engaged in merriment, she withdrew to her own apartment to which she called her children, and, after embracing them in a paroxysm of grief, she took her original featherly covering from a press in which it had been kept, arrayed herself in it, and assuming her pristine shape, plunged into the lake, and was never seen afterwards. On the same night O'Quin, again forgetful of the promise he had made her, engaged in play with Tiege an Cuod O'Brien, the most distinguished of his guests and lost the whole of his property.—*Irish Penny Journal*, No. 16.

MONUMENT TO THE LATE GRACE DARLING.—The Queen has given £20 in furtherance of this project.

THE LATE DR. MAGINN.—The King of Hanover has sent a donation of £100 to the fund raising for the widow and children of this distinguished Irishman.

PATENTS.—Among the latest list of patents "*for Scotland*," we find the following :—"Henry Clarke, of Drogheda, in the county of Louth, in the kingdom of Ireland, linen merchant, for improvements in machinery for lapping and folding all descriptions of fabrics, whether woven by hand or power.—(Sealed November 17, 1842.)"

PRaise OF THE ENVOUS.—This is less creditable than their censures ; they praise only that which they surpass ; but that which surpasses them, they censure

THE YOUNG LOVERS' TALE.

A TRADITION OF THE COUNTY CARLOW.

"As twilight softly lingers round the close of parting day,
So clings to us the memory of loved ones passed away—
The good, the young, the beautiful, the brilliant, and the gay!
Oh! they were flowers that only bloomed to wither and to fade,
Swept by death's icy hand away, and then neglected laid
Within the chilling precincts of his darksome valley's shade."

ANONYMOUS.

Whatever may be the general opinion as regards the social habits and conditions of the peasantry of our fatherland, one and all must come to the gratifying conclusion that our fellow countrymen are fast progressing towards enlightenment and improvement. Many a time have we listened with soul-stirring interest to wild traditions of legendary lore; and strange fictions of the imagination of spirits of the interminable deep; and of countless hosts of fairies, who of moonlight nights dance upon the "velvet green," and amuse themselves till morning dawns upon their revelries; and tales of spirits who were permitted to revisit the "land of exile" to annoy and admonish their wicked relatives: of the truth of which, as the relaters of those wild scenes say, there cannot be the slightest shadow of doubt, as they have the most incontrovertible facts to prove the veracity of their assertions.

It was a beautiful summer's evening as we were amusing ourselves fishing on the banks of the Barrow; the sun was gilding the distant hills; the river was like a placid lake—not a ripple on its bosom; it was a delightful scene. "Well," said one of our companions, "I am sure Murphy can have no objection to tell us one of his stories, of which he possesses such an inexhaustible fund, that we may while away an hour or two." "Faix it's myself that wont," rejoined our faithful servitor, who almost invariably accompanied us in all our sporting excursions; "it's myself that will have no objection to tell you some of my wild adventures, and that happened in our own town too." "Let us hear the story of young O'Hara which you so often promised to relate to us," said our companion—a proposal to which our friend readily assented, and told us the following tale, which we will relate to our readers:—

"Edward O'Hara was the son of a poor but industrious farmer, who possessed a small cottage and a few acres of ground in the county Carlow. Although Edward's father was poor, nevertheless he was comparatively happy—as he was so far out of the reach of poverty, as to be able to boast of never being in arrears with his landlord. By the honest and upright course he pursued through life, he gained for himself the esteem and respect of his neighbours, and he was honoured and revered by his family. Edward was his only son; he was a fine figure, and well made; he was naturally very wild, but of a mild and cheerful disposition, and a true specimen of Irish good humour and happiness; and, as our friend expressed himself, 'there wasn't a nater hand at handling a shillelagh from Leighlin-bridge to Tullow; or, in fact, another lad like O'Hara there wasn't within the walls of the Christianable world.' At a fair or a faction fight he fought with unexampled courage. At a row in a fair his shillelagh might be seen peering above a hundred others, and coming down with the desired effect on the heads of his assailants—thereby developing more largely the different bumps on the craniums of his unequal combatants. Edward had been for some time thinking of getting settled in life: he had won the affections of all the girls far and near,

and could, if he were willing, have chosen a wife out of about twenty of the handsomest girls in the barony in which he lived; but his heart was already estranged, and the one who was most endeared to him was Lucy McDermott, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, who rented a neat little cottage at a short distance from Edward's residence. The cottage was beautifully and romantically situated on the verge of a small hill: it seemed as it were embosomed among the trees; the wild rose twined around its entrance, and the woodbine trailed its graceful tendrils against its neat whitewashed walls. A sparkling stream flowing near it, and murmuring silently along, scarcely disturbed the stillness which usually reigned around, by its gurgling and monotonous sounds. Before the door was a little garden laid out in the neatest manner—harebells, kingcups, and a hundred other little flowers bent their sweet heads on every side, and diffused a fresh and fragrant odour on the ambient air. On one side was a little flowery meadow of the most exuberant vegetation; on the other, a small patch of ground covered with potatoes, whose blue and gold blossoms enlivened the scene. Lucy McDermott was a fine blooming girl about eighteen years of age, with beautiful sparkling eyes, and regular features; she had a high and noble forehead, over which her flaxen tresses were parted in neatness and simplicity, and a temper and an openness of manner which made her irresistible. When in the act of speaking, her roseate lips were parted from each other, and displayed a set of teeth white as the purest ivory. On her cheek there rested a hectic blush which made her beautiful, and her *tout ensemble* was the very *beau ideal* of rustic beauty and simplicity. Edward loved her with all the ardour and fondness of a true and sincere lover; she was the materiel of his happiness, and he never could be happy unless in her presence. He walked with her across the meadows and conversed with her on what he long hoped for, their future felicity, when they would be united to each other. Often of a summer's evening would he sit with her for whole hours together on a mossy bank at the rear of her father's cottage, when the time would steal so imperceptibly away that they would not think of returning home until the dusky light would warn them of the coming darkness; but alas! their happiness was of short duration: little did they think that ere long they were to be separated from each other, and, perhaps, for ever. Although Edward saw there was almost insuperable obstacles to be overcome before he could win the hand of her he loved, on account of her father's determined opposition to his views, by reason, as he said, of Edward's not being in a sphere of life suitable to his daughter's, nevertheless he determined to pursue his claim, and that his ardour would not be abated on that account. Every day seemed to him a month that he had not Lucy's father's consent to their union; accordingly, he determined he would no longer live in suspense: he went to her father and told him that he was come again to press his suit, and ask his daughter's hand in marriage.

"I thought," said he, "that ere this you would have given up all ideas concerning my daughter, as you saw that I was always opposed to your union."

"No, indeed," rejoined Edward, "I have not; her image is too deeply engraven on my heart to be so easily effaced. Never will I give up the idea of once calling her my own until I see her another, and I am sure she who is so innocent and spotless will never break her plighted vows."

"You seem to be pretty sanguine in your hopes," said Lucy's father, "and I admire your candour; but you know," said he, "that you are not in a station of life suitable to that of my daughter; but as I perceive that she has a strong attachment for you, and

that such an attachment is not easily broken off, I will consent to your union on one condition; and as I know that at present you are incapable of fulfilling the proposal I am about to make, I shall give you four years to prove your constancy; and if in that space of time you raise yourself to a sphere of life equal to hers you love, by honest industry, Lucy shall be yours.'

"Edward saw at once there was a death-blow to his hopes, at least for the present; but he listened with anxiety and attention to all that Lucy's father proposed. As an only resource to better himself in the world, and to win the hand of his first and only love, Edward at once determined to leave his native land, and seek the smiles of fortune in another country. Accordingly in a few days after he went to see her who was ever uppermost in his thoughts. He gazed on the lovely form of her from whom he was about to separate for ever, and with a look of despairing agony that told the bitterness of his feelings, he pressed her wildly to his bosom, and took his departure from his native village for Dublin, from whence he proceeded to the land of the west. After Edward's departure, Lucy was never happy; when she thought of the pleasant hours she had spent with her lover, it only served to increase her sadness. Often would she in imagination revisit the scenes of her former happiness, where she had conversed and spent so many very happy hours with him she so dearly loved, and whom she never again was destined to see. Thus did she pass away the greater part of her time, always thinking of her lover. Two years rolled by, but yet she heard no tidings of him. Sometimes she would think that as he was in a strange land, he met one who was more endeared to him, and that he forgot her whom he once so tenderly loved. 'But no,' she would say, 'he cannot—he will not—my fond Edward will never forget me; even if he knew he was to be separated from me for ever.' It was nearly four years since Edward left his native land. Lucy M'Dermott was fast sinking beneath the weight of sadness and melancholy which oppressed her; her former vivacity and sprightliness forsook her; she found no charms in the pleasures of life; she would retire to her favourite bower, behind her father's cottage, and there give vent to her melancholy feelings. Her features were completely altered; the roseate blush which adorned her beautiful cheeks forsook them for ever; she was pale and emaciated; and her appearance altogether told too truly, that the disease of sorrow was making fearful inroads on her constitution. Her father saw, with grief, his lovely child pining away, and fast sinking beneath the weight of sorrow which oppressed her; he strove to revive her drooping spirits: but it was too late; her pale cheek and sunken eye plainly told that ere long she would be numbered amongst those who were enjoying a better and happier world.

"For nearly a year after Edward O'Hara left his house, he saw nothing before him but the most interminable difficulties; he was so disheartened by the prospect, that on several occasions he was about returning home, and giving up for ever the idea of being a successful suitor for Lucy M'Dermott. But he would change his mind, and alter the resolution he had made, on account of the inestimable worth of her he so dearly loved; and for whom he had already braved so many difficulties. One day as he was slowly pacing one of the main streets of Philadelphia, musing on his untoward fate, and thinking of her who was so far away from him, and the repeated promises which he made her to remain faithful—which, if it were in his power, he determined should not be broken—he was interrupted in his musings by the appearance of a person, whom he at first sight knew

to be an old companion of his boyhood, who lived in the same village, and with whom he had spent many a pleasant evening. Miles O'Connor—for such was the name of the person that attracted Edward's attention—immediately recognised him, and addressed him in the most familiar manner: and after asking a thousand questions concerning his native land, he concluded by giving Edward a cordial invitation to spend the evening with him. O'Connor was about 30 years of age; he had a pleasing countenance, and by his general appearance seemed as one on whom fortune had not frowned. He had emigrated from his native land about ten years previous to the unexpected meeting between himself and Edward, and, by his untiring exertions and industry, became the proprietor of a small farm, which he cultivated, and by which he was enabled to brave the occasional storms he met with through life. Edward readily accepted his friend's invitation, and was with him at the time appointed in the evening; after spending a few pleasant hours with him, which were the first he spent since he left his home, he left him, but not without promising to repeat his visits to him whose kindness and friendship he highly valued. Edward soon became a constant visitor of O'Connor's, and a reciprocal friendship sprang up between them. One evening about three months after Edward's interview with his friend, as he was conversing with him on his future destiny, and the unhappy prospects which lay before him, O'Connor proposed to take him as a partner in his farm, hoping, by their mutual endeavours, that he would be able to steer his course through life with more profit to himself than he had hitherto done. Edward was glad to accept the offer, as he knew that, now at least, he might indulge the fond hope of winning the hand of Lucy M'Dermott. Accordingly he soon found himself in a favourable way of getting on in the world through the assistance and kindness of his valuable friend. It would be tedious to our readers, were we to advert to the different successes which attended our hero during his partnership with Mr. O'Connor; suffice it to say, that before the expiration of four years, by his indefatigable zeal and perseverance, he had accumulated a sufficient sum of money to enable him to purchase a small farm, and once more return to his native land. As soon as Edward found himself landed on his native soil, he immediately proceeded to his father's cottage, which was situated at the extremity of a narrow green lane; at either side of which there was a row of large trees, whose spreading branches from the opposite sides were interwoven with each other; where many a time of a sunny day he walked with Lucy M'Dermott in the cooling shade, to avoid the heat of the sun. It was a beautiful clear moonlight night; every where, as far as the eye could range, the firmament was studded with myriads of stars; the moon was careering high in her midnight course: she poured a stream of pale light through the interwoven branches of trees on the narrow path, and all nature seemed wrapped in repose. As Edward O'Hara was proceeding through the lane just described, thinking of his loved one, and striving to keep up his flagging spirits, "the chimes of the village clock smote his ear with sounds as melancholy as if they knelled the ruin of his hopes," when, as the last sound died upon his ear, an apparition suddenly glided past him. On the first impulse of the moment he turned round to look after it. Judge his consternation, when he beheld the emaciated form of his Lucy dressed in the costume of the grave. He gave one wild shriek, and fell insensible upon the ground! On the following day, when he had in some measure recovered from the almost fatal shock he had suffered on the preceding night, he found himself an inmate of his father's cottage, lying in bed, in an

almost hopeless state ; where he was soon convinced of the irreparable and fatal loss he had suffered in the death of her, whom in his dreams and fearful ravings, he was constantly talking of during the night. A week passed away and he was getting considerably worse ; his disease presented alarming symptoms, and he did not long survive her for whom he only lived.

G. H

To ———

I often remember the days that are past,
And with feelings of sorrow deplore them—
Ah ! days of such pleasure were too good to last,
Nor will fate, I fear, ever restore them.
Yet, my thoughts to those days will still wander back,
When each stole their moments of rapture and bliss,
Enjoying the pleasures of love's tender "clack,"
And parting, perhaps, with an innocent kiss.
Such short hours, such minutes, such moments as these,
I look on as this earth's greatest treasure :
He is but a fool who in other things sees
Aught that can be accounted a pleasure.
Oh ! could I look forward to time to restore them,
It would soon drive dull care from my heart,
I fear I shall only grieve more and more then,
When from one so beloved I must part.

ART OF CROSS-EXAMINATION.

In the art of cross-examining a witness Curran was pre-eminent. Nothing could have been cleverer than his repartee in a horse cause, when he asked the jockey's servant his master's age, and the man retorted with ready gibe :—

"I never put my hand into his mouth to try."

The laugh was against the counsellor, till he made the bitter reply—

"You did perfectly right, friend, for your master is said to be a great bite."

Erskine displayed similar readiness in a case of breach of warranty. The horse taken on trial had become dead lame, but the witness to prove it said he had a cataract in his eye.

"A singular proof of lameness !" suggested the Court.

"It is cause and effect," remarked Erskine ; "for what is a cataract but a fall ?"

It must be confessed that he was sometimes baffled ; for on being once reminded by a witness that he was confounding a pointer with a setter, in a flush of vexation he said—

"Ay, very likely, sporting is a very idle diversion, and I am proud to say that I know nothing about it."

An Irish lawyer, of still later date, famed for his powers of cross-examining, was on one occasion completely silenced by a horse-dealer—

"Pray, sir," said the lawyer, "you belong to a very honest profession ?"

"I can't say so," said the witness ; "for, saving you lawyers, I think it the most dishonest going !"

PUBLIC WORSHIP.—The following days of the week are set apart for public worship in different nations :—Sunday, or the Lord's day, by Christians ; Monday, by the Grecians ; Tuesday, by the Persians ; Wednesday, by the Assyrians ; Thursday, by the Egyptians ; Friday, by the Turks ; Saturday, by the Jews.

OIL OF INDIAN CORN.—This oil is obtained in the course of the process of making whiskey. It rises in the mash-tubs, and is found in the scum at the surface, being separated either by fermentation or the action of heat. It is then skimmed off, and put away in a cask to deposit its impurities ; after which it is drawn off in a pure state, fit for immediate use.

THE FORTUNATE LIEUTENANT.

It was at the hour of ten, in a cold December evening, that a horseman arrived at the Pigeon, a country inn near the town of Leicester. Dismounting, he ordered the ostler to be particularly careful of his horse, which was a fine animal. Then entering the inn, and throwing off his cloak, he seated himself near a cheerful fire, which the obsequious landlady had previously stirred, ever mindful that travellers are fond of comfort. In height, the stranger was about six feet, built in proportion, and possessed of great personal beauty. From his manner and dress it was evident he was a British officer ; his age might be about nineteen or twenty-one. After partaking of a hearty meal, during which he preserved a dead silence, he turned to the landlord and asked him if he expected a Mr. Mason that evening ?

"Really," said the landlord, "so many gentlemen frequent my place, it would be difficult for me to know all their names ; but if you would just give me an accurate description of the person you mean, it is possible I will be able to inform you."

"That I cannot do," said the other, "for I have not seen him those several years."

Here, the tramp of horses and noise of carriage wheels made the landlord start to his feet with his usual alacrity, to see if any benighted travellers were about to favour his hospitable dwelling for the night.

"Harris, you must give me the best room in your house for this young lady," said an old gentleman, as he entered, addressing the landlord. "I am so afraid of robbers since the last time I was here, that I am determined to give up all idea of going home this night. But, bless me ! who have we here ?" said he, starting back with unfeigned astonishment, as he beheld the young soldier near the fire.

"Richard Flinn," said the young man, drawing himself up to his full height : "a Lieutenant in the — regiment, now quartered at Tunbridge ; but if my company be disagreeable to you and this young lady, I shall withdraw."

"Nay, stop," said the old gentleman ; "I beg ten thousand pardons, if I have offended you ; but really, I am so afraid of robbers—that is, on my niece's account—that my mind is in a perturbation since I saw two horsemen riding a short distance from my carriage, just before I had arrived here, and I verily believed, on first seeing you, that you were one of them. You perceive, sir, the force of imagination, when the mind is disturbed by fear. I claim, however, the pardon of a British officer for my unjust suspicion."

"And, certainly, you have it, sir," said the other, laughing heartily at the mistake ; "but I never thought I looked so ferocious as to be taken for a midnight depredator. It is now eleven o'clock, and as I have to be up early to-morrow, I must forego the pleasure of your company for the night ;" so saying, he was about to leave the room, when the landlord rushed in ; his countenance was deadly pale ; his eyes rolled wildly in his head ; he just uttered the words—"Robbers below !" when he fell heavily on the floor.

The landlady entered at this moment, and, certainly, she possessed more courage than her worthy lord and master, for, turning to her guests, she said, (without either fainting or turning pale)—

"Two suspicious persons have demanded lodging for the night. I told them there was no room for them ; that my house was entirely occupied ; and that it would be impossible for me, under such circum-

stances, to admit them. They seemed satisfied with my answer, and were departing, when my husband opened the door to look after them, upon which one of them, turning quickly about, rushed to the door; placed his foot against it, so as to prevent it from being shut; then drawing a pistol from his side, he presented it towards my husband's head, and swore he would shoot him, if he did not give him and his companion a lodging for the night. It was useless to parley with a man who seemed determined to put his threat into execution, if denied his request; so, permitting them both to enter, I left their company for a few moments, in order to warn you, gentlemen, to be on your guard throughout the night.

"We have little to fear, if there be only two men," said the young officer.

"You are right," said the old gentleman; "but, then, these villains can have a troop about them when they please, by a certain signal. The town of Leicester has lately been the scene of their depredations, and, notwithstanding the vigilance of the magistrates, not one of the gang has as yet been taken. Fanny, dear," said he, addressing his niece, "I fear you are fatigued after our journey; you had better retire; there is no cause for alarm; they may, after all, be but innocent men."

"Very well, sir," said the sweet girl, her voice tremulous with emotion, as she followed the landlady to her room.

About half an hour after Miss Fanny had retired to bed, the inn was silent; nought could be heard save the low murmur of the cold wind rushing through the aged trees that sheltered the front of the Pigeon. All the inmates had laid their heads on their pillows, but one—that was the old gentleman. The idea that the intruders might be robbers, and anxiety lest his niece should be frightened, was sufficient to deter him from enjoying his natural repose. Putting out his light, therefore, and reclining on an arm-chair, he resolved to await the first beams of the morning sun. It was now twelve o'clock, and nothing occurred to awaken his suspicion; one o'clock came, and he thought he heard a light step on the stairs; now then it approaches, and there is a whisper; two persons are certainly conversing, but what about he could not tell. Seizing the most formidable weapon he could lay hold of at the time, he resolved to be both his own preserver and his niece's champion, if necessitated. Now, he could distinctly hear a person say, "Let us secure the old fellow and then we will carry off the niece; there is no person in the house hardy enough to oppose us; the landlord is a chicken-hearted fellow; the sight of a pistol would be enough for him; so now to work." Cautiously turning the handle of the old gentleman's door, the two men whom the landlady had denied admittance to at first, entered his room. On seeing him seated in an arm-chair, apparently sleeping, they proceeded to tie his hands. The old gentleman immediately started from his seat, and directed a blow, with all his strength, against the nearest man; but the robber was too quick; avoiding the blow, he rushed in upon the old gentleman, and hurled him to the ground. He then drew a small dagger from his side; raised his arm; was about to plunge it into the heart of his victim—when, spectre-like, the young officer stood before him, and threw him with violence to the ground. The other robber, on seeing the fall of his companion, drew a pistol from his breast, which he pointed at the young officer. Quick as lightning the young man drew his sword. The glittering weapon came with tremendous force on the wrist of the robber, and the hand and deadly instrument which he had held before, now fell harmless to the ground. The other robber had, by this

time, regained his feet, and endeavoured, along with his companion, to escape.

"After them, Mr. Flinn!" roared the old gentleman; but the young man needed not to be told; he was already grappling with both the villains below stairs. The fellow who had lost his hand, maddened to fury by the pain which he experienced, and bent on revenge, seized his remaining pistol with his left hand, and, with the butt end, inflicted a terrible blow on the head of the young officer, who had just disengaged himself from the murderous attack of his companion. The young man fell senseless, and apparently lifeless, in the arms of the old gentleman, who, by this time, had arrived. The robbers had fled; the inn, which an hour before was silent as death, was now one scene of confusion and lamentation. The landlady, with her characteristic flippancy, was praising the bravery of the young soldier; while her worthy husband, solicitous about the character of his house, was endeavouring to persuade the old gentleman that such an occurrence never before took place there.

"I care not," said the old gentleman, the tears trickling down his fine face, as he watched the pallid hue that was gradually overspreading the countenance of the young officer; "only bring some water here, and lend your assistance?"

The young man was conveyed to bed; the old gentleman anxiously tending him throughout the night. The following morning, Mr. Morrison (for that was the old gentleman's name,) ordered his carriage at an early hour; the invalid was placed in it; his head propped up by pillows; he appeared quite insensible. On arriving at his town residence, Mr. Morrison immediately sent for the highly-gifted and talented Mr. C—. On seeing the invalid, the Doctor said there were symptoms indicative of concussion of the brain. A lacerated wound on the right side of the scalp, he said, was probably inflicted by some sharp instrument. Ordering six grains of calomel to be taken immediately, and twenty leeches to be applied to the head, &c., he departed, telling Mr. Morrison that it would be likely his patient would be delirious during the night.

I shall pass over three weeks, after which period, Richard Flinn was pronounced, by the Doctor, out of danger. He had obtained leave of absence for six months. He was a universal favourite with the regiment to which he belonged; and one of my most intimate friends. I was then assistant-surgeon in the — regiment, and determined, as soon as possible to visit him. An opportunity soon offered, and I hastened, with anxiety, to inquire about my friend's health. A short, though tedious, journey brought me to an elegant house in H— st. in the town of Leicester. On entering, I was surprised at the air of comfort and neatness that pervaded every thing around me; plainly indicating that those presiding were accustomed to mingle among the higher classes of society: but judge, reader, of my astonishment, when entering the drawing-room I beheld the worthy son of Mars, instead of taking the Doctor's prescription, in the attitude of an animated lover before a young lady. On pronouncing the young man's name, Miss Norton started; blushed, and immediately disappeared; but her lover, turning about, greeted me with all the fervour of sincere friendship. After relating to me his escape, he told me his health was terribly shattered for some time, but, that owing to the care which he received, he was now perfectly restored.

"Doubtless, Dick," said I, "your military skill has been employed to some effect, in storming the heart of that fine girl I am after seeing."

"Oh!" said he, "the best news I have to tell you is, that I am to be married to her. Old Morrison has told all his friends, that to me, he and his niece, Miss Norton, owe their life, and I verily believe the old gentleman thinks I am a hero. So, you perceive, I am a lucky fellow. Three months ago I was but a Lieutenant, with nothing to live upon but my pay; now, I am engaged to the handsomest girl in Leicester, with the prospect of three thousand a-year."

About a month after the above interview with my friend, Lieutenant Richard Flinn led the blushing, handsome, and accomplished Miss Fanny Norton to the altar. I was at the wedding, and, certainly, a happier bride and bridegroom I have never seen.

P. H.

MUSIC.

Music is the breath of thought—the audible movement of the heart. It is, for the most part, a pure effusion of sentiment—the language of pleasure, abstracted from its existing causes. But the human mind is so formed, that it cannot easily bear, for any length of time, an uninterrupted appeal to the sense of pleasure alone; we require the relief of objects and ideas; it may be said that the activity of the soul, of the voluptuous part of our nature, cannot keep pace with that of the understanding, which only discerns the outward differences of things. All passion exhausts the mind—and that kind of passion most which presents no distinct object to the imagination. The eye might amuse itself for a whole day with the variety to be found in a florist's garden; but the sense is soon cloyed with the smell of the sweetest flowers, and we throw them from us as if they had been weeds. The sounds of music are like perfumes, "exhaling to the sky," too sweet to last—that must be borne to us on the passing breeze, not pressed and held close to the sense; the warbling of heavenly voices in the air—not the ordinary language of men. If music is (as it is said to be) the language of angels, poetry is the most perfect language men can use; for poetry is music also, and has as much of the soft and voluptuous in its nature, as the hard and unyielding materials of our composition will bear. Music is colour without form—a soul without a body—a mistress whose face is veiled—an invincible goddess.—*Hazlitt.*

DEAN SWIFT.—It is remarkable, though it has not been noticed by any of his biographers, [previously to the year 1804,] that the celebrated Dean Swift was suspended from his degree of B.A. in Trinity College, Dublin, for exciting disturbances within the college, and insulting the junior Dean. He and another were sentenced to ask pardon publicly of the junior Dean, on their knees, as having offended more atrociously than the rest. These facts afford the true solution of Swift's animosity towards the University of Dublin, and account for his determination to take the degree of M.A. in that of Oxford. This solution receives confirmation from the fact, that the junior Dean, for insulting whom he was punished, was the same Mr. Owen Lloyd, whom Swift afterwards treated with so much severity in his account of Lord Wharton.—*Rev. Dr. Miller, of Armagh.*

ECCLIASTICAL TEMPORAL PEERS.—It is worthy of notice, that in England there is no instance of a prelate having been created a temporal peer: in Ireland there have been three—Rokeby, Normanton, and Decies.

TRELACH AND COLMA.

AN ANGLO-IRISH TALE.

Lord Ashby was a valiant knight,
Of England's sons the flower,
And many a haughty Dane laid low
Bespake his skill and power.

His rich baronial lands were spread
In undulation wide,
From woody Havant's shelter'd vale
To Medway's flowery side.

One morning at the early dawn
He left his downy bed,
And pensively he cross'd the lawn
With opening flow'rets spread.

The sun, majestically slow,
Rose o'er the eastern flood,
And threw his beams of golden light
On Mercia's verdant wood.

And rich the beauteous landscape rose
On every side around,
With waving corn, and pastures green,
And fragrant flow'rets crowned.

Lord Ashby view'd the pleasing scene,
And heav'd a heavy sigh—
"No more," he cry'd, "this prospect fair
Can wonted joy supply.

"For ah! last night in dreams I saw,
Of Erin's fertile coast,
More lovely hills, and greener vales,
Than even my land can boast.

"But far 'bove all a lady bright,
Fair as the star of day,
Who seem'd to wave her snowy hand,
And beckon me away.

"The summer rose glow'd on her cheek,
Her eyes like dew-drops shone;
Her form was of such faultless mould,
An angel might it own!

"I'll go to where my gallant ship
Rides on the azure wave,
And I'll find out that peerless dame,
Or perish in the grave!"

Now o'er the sea Lord Ashby's gone,
Where waves contend with skies;
At length to his expecting view
Fair Erin's hills arise

"Clew up your sails," the master cry'd,
"And let the anchor go;"
Lord Ashby sprang upon the land,
Betide him weal or woe.

Then to her maiden on the tower
Fair Calma thus did say—

"Oh! who from yonder lofty ship
Thus speeds his rapid way?

"His manly shape and knightly air
Bespeak a noble race,
And ne'er but once have I beheld
A form of equal grace.

"But ah! that lov'd and cherish'd form
No longer meets my eyes;
Perhaps even now in battle field
He fights, he falls, he dies."

She sigh'd with grief, and down her cheek
Tear follow'd after tear,
So, trickling down the fragrant rose,
The dews of morn appear.

Lord Ashby on his reeking steed
Pursued his way the while,
Till at the gate the aged earl
Receiv'd him with a smile.

"Sir knight, a stranger you appear;
But if no knightly call
Of honour claims such spurring speed,
You're welcome to my hall.

"The lights to-night shall sparkle bright
From barbian to tower,
For I expect an absent friend
Who brings a lady's dower."

"Then come and share our friendly feast,
And rest thy wearied steed;
Depart to-morrow, if thou wilt,
And Jesu give thee speed."

Lord Ashby lighted from his horse,
And Calma he espied,
"Oh! here," thought he, "my search must end,
Sure love has been my guide!"

Day after day in pleasure pass'd,
Joy brighten'd every hour,
Until at last Lord Ashby's heart
Own'd beauty's sovereign power.

"Oh! fairest maid among the fair,
Upon whose looks I live,
Let pity sway thy gentle breast,
And bid me cease to grieve.

"For thee I left my native land,
For thee I brav'd the main,
And saw a sister's falling tears
Urge me to stay in vain.

"Ah! could I move thy gentle heart
To feel an equal love,
Rank, power, and wealth shou'd you attend
Where e'er your footsteps move."

With timid glance and blushing cheek
Fair Calma then reply'd—
"My lord, you've won a wav'ring heart,
I yield to be thy bride!"

To tell the earl the joyful news
He went in haste away—
When, fir'd with virtuous disdain,
Thus Calma's maid did say:

"Have gratitude, and love, and truth,
For ever fled the earth?
Have wealth and splendour greater power
O'er minds than knightly worth?

"Have you forgot, oh! lady fair,
The vows you lately made,
When Trelach took his last farewell
Beneath the beechen shade?

"Trelach! the pride of all the west,
Our country's hope and stay,
Whose glittering sword's a leading star
In battle's dark array.

Straight as the poplar is his form,
Endow'd with manly grace,
And health and beauty's roseate hue
Glow on his blooming face.

"Black as the raven's wing his locks,
His skin as snow-drops clear,
And brighter than the diamond's ray
His brilliant eyes appear.

"And have you, lady, him forgot—
Forgot the vows you made?
And must the youth at his return
Lament he was betray'd?"

'Twas thus she spoke, but truth, and love,
And gratitude were fled;
For lo! next morning's sun beheld
Ashby and Calma wed.

Music, and dance, and revelry,
Mark'd each succeeding day;
And many a knight came to the feasts,
And many a lady gay.

For squires rode over hill and dale,
And tournaments proclaimed,
And to the castle led each knight
For birth or valour fam'd!

And there, 'midst all the ladies fair,
Calma was fairest seen,
As she in silk pavillion sate,
Of love and beauty queen.

And midst the knights assembled there
None might with Ashby vie,
His skilful arm and well try'd lance
Still won the victory.

But when the seventh morn arose,
A stranger sought the field—
Dark was his helm and hauberk too,
And sable was his shield.

Straight as the poplar was his form,
Endow'd with manly grace;
But beauty's roseate was fled,
And sorrow mark'd his face.

Black as the raven was his hair,
His skin as snow-drops clear;
But in his eyes, bedim'd with grief,
All trembling stood the tear.

Nine gallant knights before his lance
Had press'd the list'd ground,
And evening saw him quit the field
With valour's trophy crown'd.

But then he scorn'd the feast and dance,
And proudly rode away;
And stretch'd beneath the dews of night
The once lov'd Trelach lay.

And oh! the pensive hero sigh'd,
"Who'd think the day I left
Yon castle proud, I should return
Of love and hope bereft?"

"Oh! woman, coupl'd be thy name
With levity and guile;
The wretch who'd live a life of shame
Is he who'd woo thy smile!"

"But thou, false dame, shalt rue the hour
Your plighted hand you gave,
For morn's returning sun shall see
Your minion in the grave!"

From the damp earth where low he lay,
Beneath the dews of night,
He rose and pac'd the fields around,
Impatient for the light.

The purpling east pronounced the dawn,
Sweet smil'd the infant day,
The castle glitter'd in the sun,
Bedeck'd with colours gay.

To prove their ladies passing fair
Each gallant knight advanc'd,
While to the sun's reflected rays
Their glittering armour glanc'd.

Oh! radiant scenes, the storm is rais'd
That shall you overthrow—
Soon must your transient splendours fade,
And yield to darkest woe.

For proudly mounted on his steed
The injured Trelach came,
And black revenge possess'd his mind,
And anger nerv'd his frame.

And to the knights he call'd aloud—
"The days of Joust are past,
The present is for deadly strife,
I reck not if my last!"

"Dishonour taints Sir Trelach's name,
He's made a public jest—
Scorn'd, alighted, injur'd, and deceiv'd,
By her he lov'd the best.

"Lord Ashby, fame reports of thee
Thou art a valiant knight,
Thou'st wrong'd me much, now rest thy lance,
This arm shall do me right."

When Calma heard the fatal words,
She cast a downward glance,
And quiv'ring in Lord Ashby's heart
Saw Trelach's blood-stain'd lance.

Pale as the snow-drop turn'd her cheek,
"Oh! sight of woe!" she cry'd;
Then faintly breathing out his name,
She bow'd her head and died.

BAXTER.

Do nothing by halves—if it be right, do it boldly—
if it be wrong, leave it undone.

IRISH MINES AND COLLIERIES.

In no country in Europe, perhaps, is there a greater abundance of minerals than in Ireland; in none, certainly, are they so generally diffused, or in equal variety.

GOLD is found at Croghan, in the county Wicklow. This mine first attracted attention about the year 1795. According to moderate calculation, before Government took possession of it, the sum of 10,000*l.* had been paid, at 3*l.* 15*s.* per oz., to the country people, for what they collected of this metal. Among these collections was one solid piece, weighing 22oz., presumptively the largest found in Europe.

SILVER occurs south of Kilross, in Sligo, on the western side of the Arrow River; in Cavan, in the King's County, near Edenderry; and again, south-east of Lough Derg, west of the town of Nenagh.

COPPER is found in eighteen different counties, and occasionally in different parts of the same county; in Londonderry, Galway, Sligo, Limerick, Leitrim, Cavan, Westmeath, Meath, Dublin, Wicklow, Queen's County, Kilkenny, Tipperary, Clare, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, and Kerry.

LEAD is found in eighteen counties:—In Donegal, Londonderry, and Antrim; in Down, Armagh, Cavan, Monaghan, and Leitrim; in Westmeath, Longford, and Galway; in Dublin, Wicklow, Wexford, Tipperary, Cork, Kerry, and Clare.

IRON has been found in nineteen counties out of twenty-two that have been examined; and it is fair to presume that it may exist in several of the remainder. At Arigna, near the source of the Shannon, is a mine of iron-stone, superior in point of quality to any single ore of England; the stratum is said to be inexhaustible. The neighbourhood yields coal, also superior to most found in England; the bed extends six miles by five. Fire-brick clay likewise, in the vicinage, and free-stone, abound; and here is a bed of potters' clay, two miles in length and one in breadth. The counties in which iron is found are—Donegal, Londonderry, Tyrone, Fermanagh, Monaghan, and Down; Leitrim, Longford, Cavan, Mayo, Sligo, Roscommon, Queen's County, and Kilkenny; Wexford, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, and Clare.

TIN is found in Wicklow and Sligo.

COAL is found in fifteen counties; in many places vastly superior to most in England; yet, from the want of capital and other causes, almost the whole of what is consumed is brought from Great Britain at an expense to the country of nearly a million sterling annually. The counties in which coal has been discovered, and in a few of which it is partially worked, are Donegal, Londonderry, Fermanagh, Leitrim, and Sligo; Monaghan, Westmeath, Dublin, Queen's County, and Kilkenny; Tipperary, Cork, Limerick, Mayo, and Clare.

COBALT is found in Kerry; Manganese in Donegal, Wicklow, Monaghan, and Mayo; Antimony in Mayo; Tale in Sligo and Carlow.

PEARLS occur in Galway and Kerry; Amethysts in the latter county and in Cork; Crystals in Londonderry, Antrim, Down, Dublin, Wicklow, Carlow, Kerry, and Galway; Garnets in Donegal and Leitrim, and Chalcedony in the former; Jasper in Cavan, Longford, and Kilkenny; Porphyry in Duhlin.

MARBLE is found in nineteen counties:—In Donegal, that resembling what is termed statuary; with beautiful granite, siliceous sand, and different kinds of clay, in Londonderry, of a handsome species, with valuable pebbles; in Tyrone, Down, and Armagh, an elegant variety; Monaghan and Longford, a profusion of various colours; in Westmeath, that of a handsome yellow and dove colour; in the Queen's County, Carlow, and Kilkenny, in the last county, of

a singular description, and exquisitely beautiful; in Wexford and Waterford, that of a handsome green, and of a black colour; in Tipperary and Cork, of a great variety of tint, and of exquisite polish; in Kerry, with a pleasing combination of colours; in Galway, of a superior beauty; in Roscommon exhibiting the petrified skeletons of animals; in Mayo, beautiful black marble without specks; in Sligo, a singular stone is seen which is very hard, and exhibits the figures of serpents; it takes a high polish.

GRANITE appears in seven counties; decomposed granite or porcelain earth in Wicklow. The whole Island is possibly one stratum of limestone, as at various depths it is constantly found.

SLATE is met with in six counties; steatites, or soap-rock, in Down; gypsum in abundance in Antrim; beautiful spars in Clare, resembling those of Derbyshire; petrifications in Londonderry and Cork. Fullers' Earth is found in six counties; clay of different kinds in nine; in Leitrim, of a green, yellow, pale red, and crimson colour; sulphur occurs in Wicklow.

Nothing can more plainly prove the want of working our Coal Mines, than that before the improvident spoliation of the forests of the country, according to Sir William Petty, there were, in 1672, as many as 6,600 forges at work, or perhaps 8,000, which gave employment to nearly 25,000 persons.

THE LAYS OF BY-GONE DAYS.

Oh! 'tis a thrilling pleasure
That makes my heart beat high;
And I prize it as a treasure,
With none but loved ones nigh,
To sit and listen to the lays
That we have heard in by gone days.
They passed us by in flectness;
Like visions now they seem:
They're gone in all their sweetness—
Gone like a passing dream.
No more we listen to the lays
That we have heard in by gone days! M.

Dr. Johnson, in his English Grammar, prefixed to his celebrated Dictionary, had written:—"H seldom, perhaps never, begins any but the first syllable." Wilkes published some remarks upon this dictum, commencing:—"The author of this observation must be a man of quick apprehension, and of a most comprehensive genius."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- "G. H."—Next week, probably.
 "D. H."—The conclusion has come to hand, and shall receive due consideration.
 "C. W."—Your well-written and interesting communication cannot, we regret, appear in our pages: passages are interspersed totally subversive of the rules by which we are determined to be governed in conducting our publication. Our intelligent correspondent cannot be ignorant that religious or political disquisitions "hath no charms for us."
 "T."—It will afford us pleasure to comply with your request.
 "O. G."—Received too late for notice this week.
 "F."—Your favours shall meet attention in our next number.
 We hope to be able to discharge our obligations to several highly respected correspondents on the opening of the new year.

Our Monthly Part will be issued on Monday next.

Printed for the Proprietors, at the Office, 32, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications (post-paid) are to be addressed, to the Editor.

Published by T. LE MESSEUR, (late T. Tass & Co.) 8, Lr. Abbey-street, Dublin; and all Booksellers.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 11.—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

ORIGIN OF THE RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT PERSIANS.

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind."

POPE.

If, as some of our Irish historians assert, the "Green Isle" owes the affluence of her mines of fancy, legendary lore, and quaint, though innocently beautiful and imaginative, superstitions to the intermingling consanguinity of Eastern nations, 'tis but just that we should occasionally notice those countries and their inhabitants to whom we appear indebted for so much of our national literary vanity. Accordingly I submit the following sketch to the readers of the DUBLIN JOURNAL, having first wisely enlisted them in my favour, by identifying my subject with that truest talisman to their hearts—"Our Native Land."

'Tis strange with what untiring and anxious avidity the people of remote ages sought after some "first principles," some great author or being, something supernatural or mighty, to bow down before, and pour forth from their hearts that implanted, innate conviction, "that there was an Omnipotent and mighty Ruler of all nature."

In an illiterate and barbarous period we can hence easily reconcile the idea of the origin of even the most fantastic faith, aided in their development, as each and all of them invariably were, by imposition and artifice, as well as superstition and fanaticism. Thus the magic and astrology of the Babylonians—the abstinence, mortification, and contempt of death of the Indian Brachmans—the mystery and splendour of the Egyptians—the simple, plausible philosophy of the Ethiopians—the murderous solemnity of the Celts—the romance, fable, and poetry of the Greeks—the luxury and sensuality of the Romans; all lent a complexion individually to every system of faith, and smoothed down the way to general credulity.

According to Herodotus and Xenophon, the Persians (as Enfield tells us) looked upon the lightnings as the ensigns of the Supreme Spirit; and Strabo says, that they called the whole circuit of the heavens—God!

Immediately before the time of Zoroaster, (I mean the Persian Zoroaster,) imagination had begun to run riot with their religion; and a divinity, named Mithras, who was supposed to reside in the sun, and endow it with the life and splendour of his presence, was worshipped as a divinity. Fire, too, was adored; but only upon little altars and pillars in the open air, and attended by priests, named Magi. But Zoroaster seems to have purified again the ancient Persian faith from much of the Chaldean innovations, and whilst he entered deeper than the Chaldeans into a newer school of more modern philosophy, endeavoured to render the discipline of religious ceremonies more suited to the comprehension of his disciples.

The simple altars and pillars gave place to costly domes and temples, in which the sacred fires were kept constantly alive, and the Magi, attired in graceful white robes, barefooted, and holding long reeds in their hands, performed the official rites to the strains of entrancing harmony; and now astrology and ratiocination were almost entirely superseded.

This display was, of course, extremely captivating in its effects, and the "children of the sun" hailed with enthusiastic rapture the fascinating doctrines of the wily sage.

Yet as to the probable primal source of the "ancient faith," I think the phenomenon of "spontaneous combustion" to be a sufficiently abundant theme for supposition to grapple with.

I allude to the columns of brilliant fire which often have burst forth spontaneously from the scorching sands in the desert wastes of both Arabia and Persia, and continued thus burning unfalteringly and undiminished for numbers of years together.

What can be more plausible to conceive, than that any being, guided only by the laws of nature, and possessing in his heart that inherent conviction of the existence of a Divinity to which I have before alluded, should stand aghast at such an awesome sight in those his native interminable solitudes; and then, bewildered and subdued by its magnificence and splendour, cast himself upon the

earth in terror and adoration, and teach his trembling heart that the terrible element before him, which strode out from the very bosom of the parched solid earth, and revelled flickeringly in the sky, fed by no hidden hand, lit by no torch—dazzling! unquenchable! and sublime! was a God! a powerful and a mighty God! At that distant age there was no cunning philosopher to show the poor Persian that in reality what he saw was not at all to be wondered at—that beneath the sands o'er which he trode lay for ages the mouldering remains of antediluvian forests, gigantic shrubs, and masses of vegetable matters, numberless and unknown, and that the result of their gradual decomposition being the formation of a highly inflammable gas, (carburetted hydrogen,) it increased in time to such power and volume as to force its way upward to the surface of the earth, and then receiving the intense heat of vertical sun-rays burst into flame, which was abundantly fed by the progressing decomposition.

No! the poor Persian only knew to

"Worship and wonder,"

and teach his fellows to "go and do likewise," and so continue until the dawn of Christianity would beam in, and show them that theirs was no true religion; but only like that single hieroglyphic in the solitary chamber of the pyramids—amazing and unintelligible! J. T. C.

THE LATE REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

The following discriminative sketch of the mental and moral endowments of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe is from the eloquent pen of the Rev. Dr. Miller, late Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and author of "Lectures on the Philosophy of Modern History." It formed the conclusion of a letter to the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, Oct. 29, 1824, in which he fully establishes the claim of the true author to the disputed ode on Sir John Moore:—

"The poetical talent that could produce such an ode was, however, but a minor qualification in the character of this young man; for he combined eloquence of the first order with the zeal of an apostle. During the short time in which he held a curacy in the diocese of Armagh, he so wholly devoted himself to the discharge of his duties in a very populous parish, that he exhausted his strength, by exertions disproportioned to his constitution, and was cut off by disease in what should have been the bloom of youth. This zeal, which was too powerful for his bodily frame, was yet controlled by a vigorous and manly intellect—which all the ardour of religion and poetry could never urge to enthusiasm. His opinions were as sober as if they were merely speculative; his fancy was as vivid as if he never reasoned; his conduct as zealous as if he thought only of his practical duties; everything in him held its proper place, except a due consideration of himself, and to his neglect of this he became an early victim."

In the *Dublin University Magazine* for November, 1842, No. CXIX., there is an interesting review of the last edition of Archdeacon Russell's memoir of he subject of the foregoing paragraph.

THE NATIVITY.

What glorious sounds were heard on high,
From the spangled arch of the midnight sky,
When angel-tongues proclaimed the hour
Of Satan's might, of Satan's power—
Of death and hell had passed away,
As mist before the sun's bright ray—
And man, lost man, proclaimed to be
A victim saved—a slave set free!

Hark! to that burst of heavenly song,
In majesty it rolls along!
Now plaintive in its cadence wild,
Now calm and soft, how sweetly mild—
Now mighty; hark! that melody
Swells proudly out, and fills the sky;
Earth, lend your ears from shore to shore—
Was song so sweet e'er heard before?

Whence comes so soft a melody,
So full of deep delight?
And oh! behold the midnight sky
Is filled with clearest light.
What mean those swiftly-flashing wings,
Like brightly-burnished gold?

Those wings whose flash a glory flings
So dazzling to behold?

Such strains to mortal ear ne'er came,
Such strains to earth ne'er given,
Announcing the Messiah's name,
By heralds sent from heaven!

Ye glorious orbs that ever roll,
And 'lume the liquid sky,
Whose perfect order fills the soul
With thoughts of majesty!
Around, about your beauteous spheres
A brighter light doth shine,
The countless host of heaven appears,
Sent from the Throne Divine.
O! veil your beauty 'neath that beam,
That beam of rich-st light,
Which from the Throne Divine doth stream,
Effulgent—beauteous—bright!

Hark! to that sound, it comes again;
Is there none to list to the heavenly strain?
Kings of the earth! in your banquet hall,
Are ye deaf to the charm of the angels' call?
Princes and nobles, who stand around,
Do ye not hear the glorious sound?
The sky is filled with a mighty voice;
Do you hear the words? do your hearts rejoice?
Can it be, that not to you alone
That voice proceeds from the heavenly throne?
O! list again; what tongues can tell
The sweetness of that mighty swell?
But you hear it not; that hallowed song
To the banquet board doth not belong.
Revel away! let the foaming wine,
And the minstrel's song, and the dance be thine.

Who heard that beauteous melody
Resounding thro' the skies?
Ye hoary priests with calling high,
Ye priests of sacrifice—
Ye watchers of the running sand,
Expectants of the hour
When Israel's King on earth shall stand
In majesty and power—
Do ye not hear the heavenly throng
In joyful sounds proclaim,
In one tremendous burst of song,
The Saviour's glorious name?

Who heard that beauteous melody
Of joy and great delight?
The humble shepherds, as they lay
And watched their flocks by night:
The tidings of the Saviour's birth,
The song of triumph then—
"Glory to God, and on the earth
Peace and good will to men."
To them arose the star, whose beams
Illumed them on their way,
Which poured its light in silver streams
O'er where Immanuel lay.

THE BALLAD-SINGER OF LIMERICK.

(Continued from our last.)

"I have not quite forgiven you, Kate," said Mrs. Creagh, as they sat round the fire on the following evening—"I have not quite forgiven you yet, for not telling me that you would come back to Limerick. I thought you did not regret our parting as much as I did, and I was greatly disappointed."

"She wished to tell you," said Mr. Comyn, "but I would not allow her to do so, as I could not be certain of succeeding in this business of Arthur's till I arrived in London. I did not anticipate Miss Kate's influence with a high and mighty personage, who did us the honour of taking his curry with us several times. I can tell you, Mrs. Creagh, that, demure as she looks, she can flirt when she pleases, particularly with an old Nabob."

"A thousand thanks for exerting your influence so kindly, my dear Kate," said Mrs. Creagh.

Kate was about to deny the flirtation; but, looking up, she met Arthur's grateful smile, and she felt that there was no necessity.

Will our readers excuse our passing over the sorrow at parting—the preparations—the journey against time to overtake the next ship bound for India—and all the accompaniments to a long voyage? If they have already taken one, they are fully informed on the subject; and if they have not, we magnanimously deny ourselves the pleasure of enlarging on it, having an equal contempt for the forestallers of pleasures and potatoes.

It may be a matter of dispute, whether gazing on the same star is productive of such similarity of feelings as the rolling of the same vessel during the first week at sea. There is no such situation in the world for sympathetic souls—but alas! the freshness of feeling wears away; fat bacon loses its horrors—brandy and water its virtue; and heroes and heroines cast on the unconscious dial on the mantel-piece, the anxious glance so lately reserved for the sole indexes of each other's minds; analyse the steam from the ship's coppers, instead of the "gales from Araby;" send messengers to the black cook, instead of sighs to home; and, in short, arrive at the melancholy but inevitable state in which heroes and heroines eat and drink like the soulless mortals around them.

Arthur and Kate enjoyed the pleasures of sympathy for an unusual long period, as the weather was very changeable and occasionally stormy.—There were several cabin passengers, and amongst them a few ladies; but none complained of the monotony of a long voyage; for if a fine day permitted them to form a pleasant party on deck, the next, their amusements were delightfully varied by a gale, confining them to the cabins, if not to their births.

Whether owing to the above stated mysterious connection between sympathy and salt-water, or to the good offices of their mutual friend, Lion, who had become a universal favourite on board, certain it is, that before the good ship "Sebastian" had crossed the line, the formal appellations of Mr. Creagh and Miss O'Carrol were exchanged for the more familiar ones of Arthur and Kate: and as they acquired a knowledge of the nature of their own sentiments, hopes, fears and conjectures were hazarded on the probability of their being returned, as sage as such hopes, fears, or conjectures ever can be.

On arriving at Calcutta, Arthur was installed into his place in due form: and after a few days spent at the house of Mr. Russel, Mr. Comyn's partner, Kate fou: d

herself established at her uncle's, a handsome residence at a short distance from the city. The first year of her residence passed in uneventful tranquillity. Surrounded by the luxuries of the East and the comforts of home, Kate could, at times, fancy herself once more in her father's house, transported suddenly from the banks of the Shannon to those of the Hoogly, and all the intervening time a dream; but one, on whose incidents, with the exception of her mother's death, she looked back with the deepest gratitude. They had taught her the insignificance of her own position as an individual in the great scale of society; they had taught her that money is to be valued only as it affords an opportunity of relieving in others the wants she had experienced herself—and, fair reader, will you blame her if she prized this more than all the rest?—they had taught her to win the love of Arthur Creagh, to feel its true value, and to return it with all the sincerity of her own Irish heart. He never told her that he loved her, but it was unnecessary; it was spoken by his frank smile of unaffected pleasure, whenever his duties permitted him to join her. Mr. Comyn had stipulated that all his leisure time should be spent with them: a condition acceded to without much difficulty. Arthur loved Kate, perhaps the better, for having once disliked her. There appears to be a natural tendency to extremes in the human mind; and the spring from love to hate, or from hate to love, is but the bolder and the more decided from the depth of the chasm which lies between. When Arthur found that he had wronged her—that for a single fault he had condemned her whole character, the sudden reaction of feeling gave her a higher place in his estimation than she could have attained by the ordinary events of years. Kate, it is true, had become a little more reserved than she used to be, but it did not necessarily follow that he had fallen in her estimation. The frank expression of grateful feeling which might he used with perfect propriety by the Nabob's heiress to Arthur Creagh in Ireland, may assume the appearance of forwardness to the rising lawyer in Calcutta, when every day contributed to place them more on a level. His prospects were rapidly improving, and he knew that a few years steady exertion would place him in a position which would render a charge of presumption impossible, should he propose for her. Though not possessed of an unusual share of vanity, Arthur had formed no very unfavourable opinion of his chance of success with Kate. With manly consciousness of his own powers, he felt that he was superior to the military idlers who were glad of an excuse to kill time agreeably at Mr. Comyn's; bestowing perhaps an equal portion of admiration on his niece and his champagne. The higher that Kate rose in his estimation, the more secure did he feel of her appreciating his claims to her esteem—not that he would have been satisfied with that; but he knew from experience by how trifling an interval it is separated from love. So that though Arthur may, on an emergency, have been able to get up a creditable share of a lover's doubts and fears, it must be confessed, that, in general, he enjoyed a most unhero-like tranquillity of mind. Mr. Comyn seemed unconscious or heedless of how the young people got on, so that they appeared happy and availed themselves of every amusement in his power to procure them. There could be no doubt as to Mrs. Creagh's wishes, though too delicate to allude to them; and Anna Roche, or rather Mrs. Edmund Travers, who now constantly wrote to Kate, never concluded a letter without some praise of Arthur—some trait of his generosity, or devotion to his mother. So that, altogether, their "course of love" seemed likely to run with a smoothness which would have paralysed the nervous sensibilities of a Lady Cherubina de Willoughby, were it not that whichever

of the weird sisters happened to be unusually disengaged at the time, was preparing a thunder-clap to break the monotonous calm of happiness, and sustain the reputation of the Swan of Avon with all the play-reading folks in Calcutta.

One evening, towards the close of his second year in India, Arthur was preparing to go to Mr. Comyn's, having promised to practice a new song with Kate, when his servant ran to tell him that a gentleman just arrived in the packet from England wished to see him. Having directed him to be shown up, the servant left the room, and in a few minutes Arthur heard his voice in apparent dispute with his visitor, who refused to tell by what name he should be announced. The black, accustomed to the state and formality of a rich merchant's family which he had just left, did not wish to abridge the ceremonies of introduction.

"What name, sar? he asked for the third time, as he held the door in his hand: "gentlemen always tell me de name."

"Is not your master an Irishman?"

"Tink so, sar."

"Well I'm another; that's quite introduction enough, Master Sambo."

Arthur was about to interfere, when the door opened, and the stranger entering the apartment, announced himself as Robert Travers, a cousin-in-law of Anna's. He was a good-looking animated young man, apparently on amicable terms with himself and the rest of the world. Arthur advanced to meet him with that cordiality which the least patriotic feel towards a fellow countryman in a foreign land.

"Mrs. Travers did not prepare me for the pleasure of seeing you so soon," he said: "she mentioned your intention of coming out in one of her last letters."

"I had no idea of coming so soon," replied Mr. Travers; "when she wrote, I thought I could remain in Ireland for some months longer;" and he smiled, as if there had been something ludicrous, as well as unexpected, about his departure.

"You were not very anxious to leave home, I dare say, Mr. Travers?" said Arthur.

"Why, you see, Mr. Creagh, I look on a voyage to India as a view of one's own funeral procession, and I am not royal enough in my whims to have any particular wish to see it."

"I never regarded it in that light," said Arthur, smiling. "I have been here nearly two years, and I am alive yet, as you may perceive."

"Alive but not merry, like every one here," said Travers. "As I came along, I met so many people lounging about, who seemed to have nothing to do but opening their mouths for air, and closing them merely to kill time in opening them again, that I fancied myself turning into an oyster through pure sympathy."

Arthur laughed, but he was too anxious for news from home to join in his visitor's gaiety.

"If you were at your cousin's before leaving Ireland," he said, "perhaps you saw my mother."

"I did see her a few weeks before I sailed—but I beg pardon for not having given you your letters before. The Travers' left Limerick six weeks before. Edmund's friends wished him to settle in Dublin. I heard Mrs. Travers regret it very much, on account of being so far from your mother. But your letters will explain every thing; don't let my presence prevent you from reading them, Mr. Creagh."

Arthur opened his mother's letter; it contained a great many cautions about his health; a relation of every thing likely to give him pleasure, but not a single word about herself. This, however, did not alarm him, being by no means an unusual omission, so that he was quite unprepared for the news con-

tained in Anna's letter. After announcing, with the deepest regret, the necessity for their removal from Limerick, she went on to say—

"Now that I must leave your mother, my dear Arthur, I feel it my duty to tell you, that for some months past I have been uneasy about her health. She has become very nervous and low spirited. When letters or other papers arrive from India, she cannot be persuaded that they do not contain an account of your death, until she has examined them herself; and when they happen to be delayed beyond the usual time, her anxiety is most distressing. We prevailed on her, much against her own inclination, to consult a physician, who says that though he sees no immediate danger, another year spent like the last two may undermine her constitution. She entreated me not to tell you this, and even Edmund is half angry with me for running the risk of destroying your prospects by what they call my 'womanish fears;' but I thought it better to tell you all, and leave you to decide for yourself. You need not, however, alarm yourself; the worst I dread is the ultimate wearing away of her health. If you could fix the probable period of your absence, and that she had something definite to look forward to, I think it would have almost as good an effect as actual return now."

Arthur laid down the letter; he knew that it would be impossible to fix the period of his return, if he waited to attain that degree of independence, the hope of which had induced him to leave his mother. All her affection—the sacrifices she had made for him since his childhood, rose up before him, and seemed to reproach him with breaking her heart: and his resolution to return by the next ship was instantly taken. How long he may have continued to meditate on the consequences of giving up his prospects in India, is uncertain; for his visitor, who had been moving about the room in a very fidgetty manner for some minutes, at last broke silence by exclaiming:—

"No unpleasant news, I hope, Mr. Creagh?"

"I beg your pardon," said Arthur; "I have been very inattentive to you, and I am sorry that the necessity for my return home will prevent my redeeming my credit—"

"Home!" exclaimed Travers—"to Ireland!"

"Yes; Mrs. Travers tells me my mother is not well."

"She looked rather pale and thin when I saw her, but I think she is very well for all that. Surely you cannot think of letting all the time you have been here go for nothing, because a lady becomes a little nervous."

"Have you a mother?" demanded he, then, in an almost stern tone.

"No; she died when I was a child."

"Then, you cannot judge for one that has. Forgive me, Mr. Travers, for my apparent rashness; but if you knew my mother as I know her, you would think me an ungrateful wretch if I neglected her."

"I believe you are right, Creagh; perhaps if my mother lived, I may feel as you do: but," he continued, resuming his usual gaiety of manner, "I ought to congratulate myself on your departure. Mrs. Travers gave me several gentle hints on the propriety of modelling myself after you, and if I became so sentimental, I fear I'd exhale in sighs some very hot day."

"I do not think you need feel any apprehension," said Arthur, "unless a very wonderful change takes place in you."

"When do you mean to go?"

"By the very next ship," Arthur replied.

"Then you have no time to lose, as I inquired, and was told it would sail the day after to-morrow."

I wish he would leave me his lodgings," continued Travers to himself; "he seems comfortable here."

Perhaps Arthur understood the look Travers cast round him, for he immediately said—

"Will you excuse my leaving you, Mr. Travers, and make yourself at home here, as, I dare say, you had not time to settle yourself any where since your arrival."

"You never formed a more correct supposition," replied Travers; "I depended on you as a countryman to find some place for me."

"With my landlord's consent, I resign this in your favour."

"Oh! I have not the slightest doubt of his being charmed with me."

"I promised to spend the evening with some friends," said Arthur; "I must make it answer the purpose of a farewell visit."

"No ceremony, my dear fellow: I'll go to bed with your permission; it will be a delightful variety to sleep without rocking."

Arthur called his servant to attend his guest, and was about to leave the room, when he was recalled by Travers:

"Hollo! Mr. Creagh—I forgot to deliver my own credentials. Here is the letter Mrs. Travers wrote, when she found I was coming; she had no idea of my being the bearer of the other. As my insinuating manners produced the intended effect of her letter, you may put it into your pocket, and read it when you have nothing else to do. I dare say it is such a description as you'd meet in the *Hue and Cry*."

As Arthur had a great deal to do and to think of, he took the advice, and put the letter into his pocket. It was not till he found himself on the road to Mr. Comyn's that he gave way to the feelings which he had with difficulty suppressed in the presence of his giddy guest. It was then that he perceived the full extent of the sacrifice he was about to make. He pictured Kate expecting him; her surprise, and, perhaps, agitation, on hearing of his intended departure. Honour forbid him to declare his affection, or even to seek her pity by the slightest display of his regret. Could he ask her to give up her splendid home, perhaps forfeit her uncle's friendship, to share the fortunes of a briefless barrister! He felt the impossibility, the selfishness of such a thought, and, giving one sigh to his last hopes, he hurried on to seek the dreaded interview; while he should have fortitude to restrain himself until it was over, he could not acquire sufficient calmness to make the necessary preparations for his departure, and bid farewell to the many kind friends he had made since his arrival in India.

When he entered the drawing-room at Mr. Comyn's, Kate was sitting at the open window; she rose to welcome him; but seeing the stern expression of his countenance, and the letter which he held in his hand, she became very pale, and stood without saying a word, anxiously awaiting an explanation. Arthur saw that she was alarmed, and, as the quickest mode of relieving her fears, he put the open letter into her hand, pointing out the passage which related to his mother.

"Oh!" exclaimed Kate, as she relieved her breathless anxiety with a sigh; "I was afraid something dreadful had happened. When do you go?" she continued, turning from the window to conceal her interest in the answer, which she feared her face would betray.

In spite of his stoic resolution, he could not restrain the proud smile which lit up his countenance at having his feelings so thoroughly understood, but it faded away as he replied—

"The day after to-morrow."

"So soon!" Kate exclaimed: "Anna does not

say that she is ill at present, or that there is any occasion for your immediate return."

"If I neglected this opportunity," replied Arthur; "two, or perhaps three months may elapse before the sailing of another vessel: thus causing my mother so much additional anxiety, without making the least alteration in my prospects."

Kate was silent; she felt the force of the argument, and had nothing to oppose to it. She knew all that was included in the word "prospects;" she saw the change in his position, and understood his honourable silence, which appealed more strongly to her heart than the most honied speeches ever breathed in her ear. Turning towards him, she said, in as composed a manner as she could assume—

"My uncle will be very sorry to lose you; I will go and tell him you are here. Will you entrust me with your letter for a few minutes?"

Arthur gave her the letter in silence, and she left the room, begging him not to go till she returned.

Kate almost flew up stairs, but when she came to the door of her uncle's apartment she stood still, with her hand on the lock.

Reader, did you ever form a very generous and, in a worldly point of view, a very foolish resolution, to which it is necessary to join the consent of your father, uncle, guardian, or whoever may have had the care of preventing you from making a fool of yourself, before one-and-twenty? Did you arrive with your feelings up to the boiling point at the door of the study in which he was possibly signing, accepting, or attending to any other tiresome every-day business, and stand with your hand on the cold brass handle, which seemed an earnest of the colder arguments awaiting you within, breathing neither anger nor ridicule, but cool, common sense? Anger may be braved, ridicule retorted, but common sense is unanswerable, and therefore the more irritating. If you have ever stood thus, you can devise the reason of our heroine's indecision; if not, we will endeavour to explain it. Every one who prefers seeing the wonders of nature with his own eyes to taking them upon the authority of others, must at some time have watched a spider weaving his web in the corner of some nicely furnished apartment, where he has come by some strange chance, and where a spider is a very unusual. He is weaving away rapidly and ingeniously, and having entrenched himself in his own cell with double lines he puts out his claw and shakes it to try its strength; finding all safe, he fancies himself in indisputable possession, when a notable lady comes behind and coolly and contemptuously blows it away. You turn supposing that she is angry—not she; there is nothing very wonderful in its being there, but, then, it ought not to be left, and accordingly she has removed it. Kate, with more foresight than the spider, stood in anticipation of the cool breath of common sense which was to blow away the fairy fabric, till fearing to destroy it herself in trying its strength, she made a last effort, and turning the handle, she stood before her uncle. Startled by the sudden opening of the door, he raised his head from the desk at which he was writing, and said in a tone of surprise—

"What is the matter, Kate? Did anything happen? You are turning pale and red by turns?"

She put the open letter into his hand.

"Bad news!" he said, when he had read the passage she had pointed out; "I fear she over-rated her strength, poor woman."

"Arthur returns the day after to-morrow, uncle."

"He is right," said Mr. Comyn warmly; "he could not make too great a sacrifice for such a mother. Sit down, Kate, till we see what we can do for the poor fellow."

Whoever sat quietly down to make such a propo-

sition as Kate meditated. She thought her uncle would have opposed his going, and was equally surprised and disappointed at the manner in which he received the intelligence. She felt her courage failing, and making a struggle to conquer her agitation, she laid her hand on his arm, and said—

"Uncle, you promised to give me a fortune."

"I did, Kate, and you shall have it; but what has that to do with the present affair, my dear?"

"Give me half-quarter of it now," she replied, "and—"

"You would give it to them to forward Arthur at home," continued her uncle, seeing her hesitate. "That would be very grateful of you, Kate, and they would deserve it from you; but recollect, my dear, that you could not offer money to such people; they are too spirited, Kate."

There was a half malicious smile on Mr. Comyn's face as he spoke which puzzled his niece, but feeling that she could not stop now, she said—

"Uncle, I would give it with myself."

"Yourself! did he propose for you, Kate?"

"No; he is too honourable to ask me to share his struggles; but I know he loves me. I never discouraged his attentions while he was likely to become an equal in fortune—shall I desert him now?"

"Will you desert me, Kate?"

"But for Arthur and his mother I never would have known you, uncle. They saved my dear, dear mother and myself from a terrible death, and must I repay it by—"

"My Kate, my darling, generous child," exclaimed her uncle, clasping her in his arms, "you shall not desert either of us; I was only trying you, Kate; you have fulfilled my fondest wishes. Since I first knew Arthur, and all he had done for you and your poor mother, I determined that it should not be my fault if he were not well rewarded; we will all return together, and I suppose he went object to waiting a month for you. Go and tell him so, dear."

Kate's excitement gave way to a burst of tears as she exclaimed—

"My dear uncle, I never knew you till now."

"Then," he said, kissing her affectionately, "go away now, or I'll make an old fool of myself. Where is your courage now, Miss Kate?" he asked playfully, perceiving that she was in no haste to obey him. "I insist on your going down this instant; he must be kept in suspense no longer. Tell him that I am so anxious to get rid of you, that I will give him thirty thousand pounds now for taking you, and the rest of my fortune at my death if he cures you of your obstinacy. You have been very saucy, and that is your penance," and he pushed her gently out of the room.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SWEARING.—This is a most detestable vice; it has neither reason nor passion to support it. The common swearer is a fool at large—sells his soul for nought, and drudges in the service of the devil gratis. Swearing is void of a plea; it is a low, paltry custom picked up by low and paltry spirits, who have no sense of honour, no regard to decency, but are forced to substitute some rhapsody of nonsense to supply the vacancy of good sense.

EASY METHOD TO FIND THE TIME OF HIGH WATER.—Take a cheap lodging in a cellar in Ratcliffe-highway. When the rats run out of their holes and over your bed, the tide is rising; but when the flounders get into your pillow-case, and the bed is gently floated until your nose touches the ceiling, then it is high water. On the other hand, it is low water when you cannot afford to pay your rent; and it is then advisable to ebb yourself.—*Punch's (London) Almanac.*

IRISH ELOQUENCE.

The following are specimens of figurative language, or eloquent expression, used by the lower classes of the Irish people:—

A poor widow having, in the extremity of her distress, received some unexpected relief from her son, then in America, replied to a congratulation by remarking—"That the hour next before sunrise she had always found to be the coldest; so (she added) was my heart cold and desolate before this came to me."

A very old man, who said that he was going to die, being told that he was stout and would live for ever, replied—"No; the longest day I have ever seen, the night was sure to come after it."

A sick man being admonished by his clergyman not to rely upon some favourable symptoms, replied—"No, sir; I do not admit such music into my ears."

A man offering a horse for sale being told that he asked too high a price, said—"That the shadow of his horse on the wall was well worth the price he was asking."

A labourer being urged to work in harvest time after the usual hour, said—"There's no making an empty sack stand."

A poor carrier having received unexpected assistance from a stranger, turned to him and said—"God bless you, sir; may you wonder at your own good luck."

"A poor woman amazed at a lady's generosity, and knowing that she had very little money to spare, prayed with manifest sincerity—"May heaven be your banker!"

Sir Walter Scott once gave an Irishman a shilling when sixpence would have been sufficient. "Remember," said Sir Walter, "that you owe me sixpence." "May your honour live till I pay you," was the reply.

REBUS.

A term of respect, addressed to the fair,
Behold, a man in Scripture famed, sincere;
Behold again, your friend in early youth;
Again behold, see what I am in truth;
Once more behold, and, to your great surprise,
Behold myself before your wond'ring eyes!

* * M.

ANSWERS.

"Madam,"—"Adam,"—"Dam,"—"Am,"—" * * M."

GRATITUDE AND INGRATITUDE.—Gratitude is a virtue disposing the mind to an inward sense and an outward acknowledgement of a benefit received, together with a readiness to return the same, or the like, as occasions of the doer of it shall require, and the abilities of the receiver extend to. Ingratitude is an insensibility of kindnesses received, without an endeavour either to acknowledge or repay them. Ingratitude sits on its throne with pride at its right hand, and cruelty at its left—worthy supporters of such a state. You may rest upon this as an unfailing truth—that there neither is, nor ever was, any person remarkably ungrateful, who was not also insufferably proud; nor any one proud who was not equally ungrateful.

VELOCITY OF SOUND.—Dr. Derham found, by many accurate experiments, that sound moves at the prodigious rate of eleven hundred and forty-two feet in one second of time.

CHAMPAGNE.—It is a mistake with amateurs to imagine that the briskness of champagne is a proof of its superior quality. The fact is, that in seasons when the grapes of champagne do not thoroughly ripen sugar is employed.

"ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN!"

Passing recently a shop which a young mechanic, of good trade, had been occupying, we found it closed. The sign was down, and all was silent as the tomb. The cause was naturally asked.

"Was he temperate?"—"Yes." "Was he attentive and industrious?"—"Yes." "Were his prices reasonable?"—"The same as others asked." "Was he desirous to locate at home?"—"He was." "Then why has he closed shop?"—"Because patronage was not extended to him; he waited for months, but received scarcely work enough to keep body and soul together; while some of our citizens were at the same time procuring their work from other towns; no better executed than he was able to furnish at a low price."

"ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN," said we. But our train of thought was disturbed by an invitation to step into a cabinet-maker's warehouse. Here was as fine a supply of furniture as decorated Faneuil Hall at the great fair. Sofas, bureaux, chairs, and a hundred et ceteras, were displayed around the room.

"And where do you find purchasers for all these?" said we to the industrious manufacturer.

"Oh, they go to the New York and Boston markets."

"To the Boston market!" we exclaimed; "why neighbour — has just purchased some articles of furniture from Boston, at a great bargain he thinks; a sofa much like that for forty dollars; some splendid chairs too. I did not know there were any like them in town, until I now see you have some here so much like them that I suppose you have taken the pattern."

"That sofa, and those chairs too, were of my own manufacture; and he has paid for them, in addition to the price I asked here, two freights and commission, besides a small bill for repairs of injury by moving."

"Is it possible?" said we; "then full sure our motto—'ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN'—is not only patriotic, but also economical."

Mr. — has all his coats made in the city—no tailor of his own can ever make a fit—they are only convenient to call upon when a button gets off, or the elbows need a stitch. He handed in an old coat to repair to one of our established tailors, with a high commendation upon the workmanship, and a wonder that none of the town tailors could do so well.

"Who made this coat, sir?" inquired the tailor, as he cast his eyes over the work.

"A Mr —, of the city."

"Oh, yes, he is a very good workman—he served his time with me, and has just established himself in the city. I see however that he has not paid quite the attention to the stitching the collar I used to require of him; and I suppose a pressure of work has compelled him to make little longer stitches than I used to let pass. However, he will no doubt improve."

"ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN," thought we, if you wish to save yourself from the chagrin that was manifested in the patron's countenance.

There is no smoke from that brass founder's furnace; his door is open to be sure, and he is standing in it; but his lathe is still. "Well neighbour, how is business?"—"Dull; had no orders from Boston for three months." "Don't you find enough town work?"—"Scarcely any; it is all procured from Boston." "Have they any better facilities for doing work cheap in the city, than in town?"—"None: we have every facility they possess in Boston for manufacturing, and cheaper rents: but still the work goes there and we are idle."

If this policy drives the honest and industrious

mechanic to the alms-house, how much better it will then appear to "ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN."

Here is a new store just opened for "ten days only," with the flag end of some stock which city purchasers will not look at. "Great bargains at less than cost," are hung out; and our regular dealers have the mortification of seeing their counters deserted, and all the customers taken in at the new store. In ten days the stock is distributed in town: spotted cloths—rotten cloths—defective cloths, &c. &c., are found, too late, to have been dearly paid for. Had they been purchased of our regular dealers, they would have been returned, but Mr. "Ten Days" is among the missing, and they must pocket the loss. How much better it would have been to have followed the motto—"ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN."

"Sir, shall I furnish you with a pair of these French shoes—cheap, indeed, for those who make them live on frog soup, and can therefore work cheaper than our beef eaters."

"And can you tell me how much was paid for imported shoes last year?"

"Only fifty thousand dollars, sir."

"No, my family shall not wear the foreign article, so long as the Yankee beef eaters need my patronage to make the pot boil. Give me the brogans first. And, sir, in future we will buy all our shoes of you, if you will put on your shoe stamp—'ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN.'"

"Here are some hats, sir, right from New York, if they have not crossed the Atlantic."

"Who are those half dozen of men I saw idle in your shop on Saturday?"

"Oh they are some hatters who are out of employ."

"Just get one of them to make me a hat, if it costs ten dollars—and put on the tip, just under his name, 'ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN.' Let there be over his name the American eagle, with this motto:—'Our Country against the world; our State before any other in the Union; our Town in preference to any other in the State.'"

This may seem selfish, but we are fully convinced that it is the true policy to insure prosperity. If generally adopted, no one would have cause for complaint. Even if you pay a little more for an article, it is better for the general prosperity of a town that its own citizens should be patronised—as it gives them the means to extend the wave, till every little circle in the lake of prosperity unites and sets the whole community in motion.—"ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN!"—*American paper.*

EXTRAORDINARY FISH.—On Thursday a most paradoxical fish, about a foot in length, was caught at Carrikeeel, in the Foyle. It had an uncouth head protruding like that of a tortoise, with a number of long prehensile organs, or suckers, which in some of the largest of the kind are so powerful, that the animal by means of them can draw even a man under water. On being submitted to scientific examination it was found to be a rare variety of the cuttle or ink fish; and was, indeed, replete with a black fluid. It belongs to the *Cephalopoda*, the highest order of *mollusea*, and is of the genus *octopus*, its specific appellation being the *loligo*. In structure it differs in little from the *argonaut*, excepting that the latter is provided with the beautiful shell which it uses as a sail, and is popularly known by the name of the paper-nautilus. The animal we have described lay two days in the Saloon in Pump-street, for the inspection of the curious; and though it had been wholly unsupplied with water, from the time of its capture, it retained life when it was dispatched in a box to Dublin.—*Londonderry Journal, Nov. 1843.*

NATIONAL MUSIC OF IRELAND.

The strains of our Fatherland have been most effectively introduced to the attention of the British public by Mr. White, who is now engaged in delivering a series of lectures on the national music of the Emerald Isle of Song. We extract the following notice of the first lecture from a London paper:—

"The first of a series of lectures, on the national music of Ireland was delivered at the Islington Literary and Scientific Institution by Mr. White, the Irish melodist, on the 22nd December. The large theatre of the institution was on this occasion crammed in every part, and many were compelled to return from the doors without being able to obtain admission. The lecture was illustrated by a selection of melodies and harmonised Irish airs, in which the lecturer was assisted by Miss Marks, Miss Grove, Mr. F. N. Crouch, and a harpist. From the general tenor of Mr. White's introductory lecture, it is quite evident that he has devoted much time and labour to the subject, and it is only in the hand of such a man we can expect to be made acquainted with the country of which he is a native. The romantic love incident between the Royal Bardus, Monath, and the young Irish Prince Mahon, was listened to with the most marked attention and delight, from the manner it was related by the lecturer; and the songs 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' and 'Mahon Astore,' which followed the anecdote, had a most charming effect, the first melody having being sung by its own author, Mr. Crouch, who accompanied himself with much taste. All the illustrations were given with judgment and effect, and the concluding gem of the evening, 'Rich and Rare,' from Moore's Melodies, was truly splendid. This fine air was sung by Miss Marks, Miss Grove, Mr. White, and Mr. Crouch, as a quartet, and elicited the loudest plaudits of the assembly."

MONUMENT TO BURNS' HIGHLAND MARY.—This monument has now been completed over the grave of Highland Mary, in the West Churchyard, Greenock. The erection is more of the Roman than the Grecian style of architecture, is pyramidal in form, and may be said to be divided into three compartments, the cornice stones between which are beautifully and elaborately carved. The inscription on the monument is simply couched as follows:—"Sacred to Genius and Love—to Burns and Highland Mary." The monument stands about 17 feet high, was erected at the cost of 1,000*l.*, and is by far the most imposing object in this old churchyard.

EFFECTS OF CULTURE.—The almond, with its tough coriaceous husk, has been changed by long culture into the peach, with its beautiful, soft and delicious pulp; the acrid sloe into the luscious plum; and the harsh, bitter crab into the golden pippin. Attention to nutrition has produced quite as marked changes in the pear, cherry, and other fruit-trees: many of which have not only been altered in their qualities and appearance, but even in their habits. Celery, so agreeable to most palates, is a modification of the opium graveolens, the taste of which is so acrid and bitter that it cannot be eaten. Our cauliflower and cabbages, which weigh many pounds, are largely-developed coleworts, that grow wild on the sea-shore, and do not weigh more than half an ounce each. The rose has been produced by cultivation from the common wild-briar. Many plants may be modified with advantage, by suppressing the growth of one part, which causes increased development of other parts.

THE DISENTHRALLED SPIRIT.

(AN IMITATION FROM THE WELCH OF RICHARD AP OWEN.)

A lovely girl was lying
Upon a couch of death,
And waning life was sighing
Away in every breath;
When angel-like all gleaming
Her soul in glory bright,
With blissful radiance streaming,
Thus sang its wild delight—

"I'm free! sister of clay; I'm free!
Earth owns me no more;
God—love—life—infinity—
I go to adore.

"Hark! to the pinions of the spirits rushing—
I hear the music of the harps on high;
Oh; I feel the awe of 'The Eternal' gushing,
In living splendour, thro' the riven sky.

"Sister, dear, mourn not now;
Soon will we meet again,
And bright will be thy pallid brow,
Traceless of pain.

"And spotless as the sun when first awaking,
And rousing from its slumbers dreamy day;
So from thy wormy cell for ever breaking,
Soon shall we meet again, sister of clay.

"Gloomy earth! my exile is o'er;
Thy shadow is past,
Sister of clay! mourn no more,
Time hurries fast.

"Farewell! farewell! oh! countless smiles are
beaming,
And myriad wings are fluttering with delight;
Farewell! farewell! I only leave thee dreaming
Mid-way between eternal day and night.

"Sister! thou pure tho' earthly thing!
Yield me to my God;
There—! "Dead beauty, cling
To the grave's dark sod.

Death!—take her softly to thy breast,
And breathe out thy spell;
Now leave her to rest.

Sister—farewell!

J. T. C.

THE PAST YEAR.

The olden year has passed away,
With all its blissful, happy dreams;
The new one comes in bright array,
Like youth, with promise rich it teems.
A long-tried friend we soon forget,
The grave unbinds affection's tie—
The year is scarcely over yet,
We're mindless how it passed us by.
There has been sorrowing and grief
In that long year, and blank despair—
And hearts have droop'd, as droop a leaf
Beneath a sultry summer air.
Rapine, crime, and discord too,
In that long year have held their reign;
And hearts that once beat warm and true
Will never throb on earth again.
Th' illusive veil that passion spreads,
To lure the youthful mind astray;
The golden maze where fancy treads
Have passed, like childhood's tears, away.
Approaching year, as yet entombed
Within the lampless womb of Time!
May sin no more bow down our souls
With clouds increasing as they go:
Each closing round us as it rolls,
Till we are plunged in endless woe.
We now salute the new-born year
Thoughtless of friends that passed away,
And lightly mirth, and joyous cheer,
Ring round the board; but where are they?
They've sunk into the lonely earth,
Where their pale forms now mould'ring lie—
To which we're hast'ning from our birth:
We live—we flourish—and we die.

J. P.

SOLIDIFICATION OF CARBONIC ACID.

There have been few discoveries in chemistry of late years from which more important results have been derived, or in point of novelty or interest has created greater excitement to the cultivators of the physical sciences, than the solidification of carbonic acid. Who could ever have preconceived the possibility of converting *fixed air* into a solid form?—that a gaseous substance, possessing some of the more general properties of atmospheric air, and which, from its occurrence to us under an infinite variety of forms and circumstances both in nature and art, we are rendered more or less acquainted with, should be presented to us under an appearance at once beautiful and strange, almost baffles the conception, and induces us to view it more in the light of a miracle, than one resulting from experimental research. *Fixed air* converted into a solid state! Who can now entertain a doubt but that *air itself* is merely the vapour of some volatile liquid, and may yet (*fixed carbonic acid*) be presented to us under a solid form?

Need we any longer regard with superstitious indifference the vague hypotheses and speculative notions of the older alchemists, as well as their futile attempts to convert the baser metals into gold, when such wonderful and unlooked-for phenomena result from the researches of our more modern philosophers?

Whilst to Faraday was due a good deal of merit for having reduced carbonic acid to the more condensed state of a liquid, yet for Thilorier was reserved the task of not only reducing it to this condition of causing it to assume a still more solid form, and thereby arriving at results which before-hand could never have been anticipated.

The apparatus by which the solidification of this highly elastic gas is effected, not only engages our attention for its simplicity of construction and efficacy, but it possesses all the merit due to that of a great invention. It materially consists of two hollow cast-iron cylinders of prodigious strength, so as to be capable of affording immense resistance to pressure: each of these vessels are about a gallon and half in capacity, and may be connected together by a tube and stop-cocks. To charge the apparatus for experimental purposes, a certain quantity of bicarbonate of soda and water at 100°, with sulphuric acid, are introduced into one of the vessels denominated the *generating* cylinder, and the acid allowed to come in contact with the soda after the vessel is closed; the gas evolved immediately passes into the other vessel, termed the *receiver*, where it assumes a liquid condition from the enormous amount of pressure it becomes subjected to. By repeatedly introducing fresh quantities of the decomposing materials, a considerable quantity of the liquid gas may be obtained. To produce the congelation of the carbonic acid, a little of the liquid gas is allowed to escape by a jet and stop-cock from the inferior part of this magazine

or receiver into a round tin box perforated with holes, by which the gas escapes, while the solid is retained. About two-thirds of the liquid escapes as gas, producing so much cold by its evaporation as to congeal the other third. The pressure necessary to produce the liquefaction of this gas is computed to be about 36 atmospheres at 32°, which progressively augments above that temperature.

Carbonic acid in its solid state presents all the appearance of snow, and possesses the low conducting power of that substance—so that it may be handled and placed on the tongue without inconvenience, and even be preserved for some minutes without passing to its former rarified condition. Some of the most remarkable, though not less important of its properties, is the intense cold accompanying its action, by mixing a portion of this “carbonic acid snow,” (as it has been called,) with a little ether, and exposing liquid mercury, or quicksilver, to its action: after a few seconds it becomes solidified—a metal that requires to be reduced in temperature 39° below zero before such an effect can be produced!—and alcohol has been reduced to so low a degree of temperature as 135° without freezing. The temperature of the solid carbonic acid has been estimated so low as 148°, the lowest possible degree of cold either naturally or artificially produced as yet,* which is as much below the ordinary temperature of the air, as the boiling point of water is above it. Thus it has enlarged our conceptions regarding the descending scale of heat, and furnished us with data, grounded on experiment, which could not at any antecedent period, or by any adopted means, ever be arrived at.

Hence it may be perceived that the solidification of carbonic acid, or fixed air, must not only be considered as a great discovery in itself, but as having afforded unanticipated results of a most extraordinary nature: it has likewise thrown open a new, vast, and attractive field to the further cultivation of physical science, presenting a new power in lieu of steam, similar in its nature, but much greater in intensity, and, if its future application be attended with favourable results, there can be no doubt but the use of steam, with its fuel, inconveniences, and accidents, will be dispensed with altogether!

W. T.

* The greatest degree of natural cold yet experienced was observed by Captain Ross during two winters in the arctic regions, the thermometer falling 60° below zero.

Bad spelling has been urged as an instance of the great Duke of Marlborough's gross want of education. I believe it was the mode of the time rather than ignorance; for I have seen letters of James II., preserved in the M.S. room in the library of Trinity College, equally ill spelt.—*Dr. A. Browne, F.T.C.D.*

GOOD NEWS FOR PA.—“O ma! do you know I'm top but two in my class at school?” “Dear girl! your papa will be so delighted! Do you hear, my dear R.? Bell is top but two of her class!” “In deed, my love, I'm very glad of it: pray, Bell, how many are there in the class?” “Three, papa.”

THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

(Concluded from our last.)

The summer passed away before the affair for which Frederick Ashton left home was finally adjusted, and on his return he found that almost all the fashionable visitors of C—— had returned to London for the winter season: among the number were, of course, Sir Edward St. Aubyn and his family; and he now thought with regret on the many pleasant rambles he had enjoyed in the society of the artless and confiding Catharine, and which were now at an end, perhaps for ever. On his arrival at his own residence, he found a packet directed to him, in the hand-writing of his beloved Catharine; he opened it, and found a few small paintings of his own, which he had lent her for copies, and one small view in the neighbourhood taken by herself, on the back of which was written, in the smallest characters—"A parting gift to a dear friend, from his attached C. St. A."—Frederick could scarcely suppress his emotion on beholding this small but eloquent token of the affection of his idol: he carefully searched the packet to see if there was any letter, and discovered a small slip of paper, on which was written, apparently in the most hurried manner—"When possible I shall write: farewell!" He hastily thrust away his own sketches, and taking the parting gift of Miss St. Aubyn, he carefully secured it in his escritoire; he then hastened to visit his patients, whom he found had given him up as lost, after vainly endeavouring to conjecture the cause of his sudden disappearance. Having answered them all satisfactorily on that point, he was again received into the favour which he had for the time lost; and several having recovered under his treatment, his practice began to increase considerably: his hopes of being one day able to aspire to the hand of Miss St. Aubyn began to rise in proportion; while, at the same time, his attentions became so much occupied, that he had scarcely leisure to lament the wants of her society, although he was far from forgetting her.

But let us return to Catharine. On her arrival in London she was introduced into society, and attracted universal admiration by her delicate and budding beauty, as well as by her graceful and engaging manners. Her first suitor was her own cousin, who had been invited by Lady St. Aubyn to stay at her abode in London, while his mother (the sister of Lady St. Aubyn above-mentioned) was travelling with her three daughters for the benefit of her health. His manners were polite and easy; but he wanted the frank gracefulness and conscious superiority of intellect which Catharine had so much admired in Frederick Ashton. When he first saw his lovely cousin, he thought he had never seen any one half so beautiful; but, at the same time, he fancied there could be nothing more easy than to make her his own. He soon found how much he was mistaken. Catharine, who, from her near relationship to him, had at first regarded him as a brother, was cordial and affectionate in her demeanour towards him; but, on perceiving, what was too evident to be mistaken, that he did not feel as he would towards a sister, she became reserved and cold. Charles Courtenay was not without some penetration; therefore, he was not long in discovering that his cousin did not reciprocate his affections; so he very prudently thought that the best plan he could pursue would be to remove from her immediate vicinity until he had learned to think less of her. Accordingly he intimated to his aunt his intention of following his parents to the continent, as

soon as he should hear where they were staying. To his surprise and displeasure, Lady St. Aubyn quietly told him that he should not leave her house with her consent until the return of his parents, without assigning some sufficient reason for his abrupt departure. He was thunderstruck, but endeavoured to appear calm, and only added that his motive was a wish to see the world in company with his family, and so favourable an opportunity might not occur again. To this his aunt made no reply, but looked as if she was quite determined to be obeyed. That day, Catharine, pitying his dilemma, was kinder to him than ever, and consented to his proposal of a ride in the park in his own chariot. He, fancying her coldness before had been only the effect of coquetry, of which she now repented, made an offer of marriage to her for the first time in words; to which she returned a decided refusal, adding that she hoped that would not deter him from accepting her friendship as a relative. His rage, however, now knew no bounds, and the remainder of the ride was passed in sullen and obstinate silence on his part—Catharine in vain attempting to draw him into conversation. That evening Charles spent at a ball, and did not return all night. The next morning, when the family were assembled at breakfast, Lady St. Aubyn made an inquiry after him; and on being told he had not returned from the ball, she sent a servant with a note for him to Lord B.'s. In about an hour the servant returned, with a note from Lady B., stating that she had not seen Mr. Courtenay in the ball-room after twelve the night before. Just as Lady St. Aubyn had finished reading the note and ordered the servant to retire, another servant entered with a letter, which he said a little boy had given him, who ran away as soon as he had delivered it. It proved to be a letter from Charles, stating that as he had failed to obtain permission from his aunt to join his family, he had chosen to decide for himself, and risk the consequences which might ensue. Lady St. Aubyn handed the note to her daughter, without remark; the latter, on perusing it, immediately guessed the cause of his precipitate departure, and made no comment on its contents. Sir Edward, who never interfered in family affairs, only remarked that it would be now quite useless to dispatch a messenger after the delinquent, as, independently of his having a start of so many hours, they could not possibly guess which way he had taken. Accordingly, he was allowed to pursue his forbidden journey without any attempt being made to overtake him, and in a few days he was with his parents at Versailles, where they had been staying for a short period.

In the mean time, Lady St. Aubyn wrote to her sister, to inform her of the circumstances of the way Charles had left London, assuring her sister that it was without her consent. She received in reply a letter from Mrs. Courtenay, saying that she could not blame her dear boy, as it was his fondness for his parents that induced him to take so rash a step. Lady St. Aubyn smiled sarcastically on reading the letter: for, although she had not discovered the true reason, she was firmly persuaded he had some object of his own in view. But we will not retard the progress of our story by relating the histories of the many admirers of the lovely heiress; suffice it to say, that she endured many trials of her fidelity with her unshaken faith and unnering constancy—and severe trials they sometimes proved, for her mother frequently urged her to accept some one of her lordly suitors, and thus ennoble herself by a splendid alliance. Thus three years rolled away, and Catharine St. Aubyn had not forgotten the young physician. True it is, that during that time he found means of conveying a few letters to her, and also sent her a gift in exchange for the token she had bestowed on him: it was a plain gold

ring, with the motto "*Penzes à moi*" engraved on the inside in small characters. During those three tedious years—tedious to our hero because in that time he had not once beheld her whom he remembered as a green spot in the midst of a sandy desert, or as a bright star shedding a mellowed light o'er memory's trackless waste—his business had increased with wonderful rapidity, and having purchased a handsome and commodious house in one of the most wildly romantic spots in the immediate neighbourhood of C—, he now began to look more cheerfully forward to the future.

Things were in this state, when, one bright May morning, Lady St. Aubyn said to her daughter—

"Do you know, Kate, I have been thinking of visiting our dear little watering-place this summer; it's a long while since we have been there; I am sick of Margate, Ramsgate, and Brighton; and I shall write to invite your cousins, Charles and Emily, to accompany us, as your Aunt Melville says she cannot come, and your papa will not follow us for a month at least."

At the mention of the place where her heart's fondest hopes were centred, Catharine's heart beat violently, and it was not without a great effort she could command herself so far as to reply; but when she did, as may readily be supposed, she cordially assented, and in a few weeks after they arrived at the house which they had before occupied, which had been handsomely fitted up for their reception. They were, as Lady St. Aubyn had proposed, accompanied by Charles Courtenay, who had contrived to conquer completely his unrequited attachment, and his sister Emily, an affectionate and gentle girl, about two years younger than Catharine.

As soon as they arrived, Catharine, who was completely overpowered by fatigue and the excitement of the varied emotions which agitated her mind on revisiting the scene of so much happiness, retired to rest, and the next morning was found to be in a high state of fever. Just as Lady St. Aubyn was considering in her own mind what was best to be done, Sir Edward entered, and briefly explained to his lady that he had finished the business much sooner than he expected, and lost no time in joining his family. He was shocked and surprised when he saw how very ill his darling Catharine appeared, and as there seemed to be a fear of imminent danger if any more time were lost, he seized his hat and hurried from the house, inquiring of every one as he passed along where the nearest and most skilful physician in the town of C— lived. He was directed to Ashton's new abode, and told, at the same time, that he might place a large share of confidence in his skill. He did not remember him as the young man with whom for forming an acquaintance he had chided his daughter; he only recollected that his beloved child's life was in danger, and speedily finding his way to Ashton-Hall, (for so Frederick had called his new residence,) he waited not for the ceremony of introduction, but told him in a few hurried words that his only child was on the point of death, and that he would oblige him by accompanying him home with all possible speed. Frederick was at first disposed to receive him coldly, not forgetting that he had once refused him his patronage; but on hearing that it was his dear Catharine who required his services, he ordered his horse, and was at the house before Sir Edward. He was extremely agitated on seeing Catharine: her cheek was flushed, and her eyes gazing wildly on those who approached her; but failing to recognise any one while in her delirious ravings, she frequently murmured the name of Frederick Ashton, but in so low a tone of voice that no being could hear it, save him whose quick ear was on the watch to hear something that would reveal to him whether or not she

still loved him. When he took her hand to see if the pulse indicated as much fever as the other symptoms evinced, he started at beholding the ring which he had presented to her, and he now knew she had not forgotten him. Day after day did he attend her with the most unwearied assiduity, and week after week the fever still raged in her veins, until the day came on which Frederick expected that the crisis was come, and that day must determine whether she was once more to recover and be again the joy of her fond parents, or be numbered with the dead. Anxiously did he watch her movements as she tossed from side to side on her restless couch; until at length, as evening drew near, the fever abated; but with it her strength also sank rapidly, and she lay for many hours apparently lifeless, and without the least motion. Powerful restoratives were now used by Frederick, and at length with success: at midnight he had the satisfaction of assuring her friends that she was sleeping peacefully, and would be sure to awake much refreshed. He then left the house, but returned again at six in the morning, in order to see if she were still sleeping; and, on entering the room, he heard her converse in almost inarticulate whispers with her cousin Emily, who was bending over her. His heart beat high with hope and joy, as he inwardly thanked Providence for having made him the humble instrument of snatching this lovely being from the jaws of death; and he reflected too on the many days of woe and sorrow that her family would be now spending, had that sweet, soft voice been silent in the grave. He advanced to the bed side cautiously, fearing that if he showed himself too abruptly to Catharine, it might be too much for her in the present weak state of her nerves, and concealing himself behind one of the curtains, he beckoned to Miss Courtenay, who, kissing Catharine, said—

"I must leave you now, dear; but I will return again."

Frederick left the room, followed by Emily, and when they were out of Catharine's hearing, he said decidedly—

"You must not let her speak too much; it will soon undo all the good that has been done. As soon as I leave her, you may go in again; but do not keep up a conversation with her."

So saying, he returned to the room he had just quitted, and slowly advancing towards the bed, he said, in a low tone—

"Do you remember me, Miss St. Aubyn?"

She turned, and smiling sweetly extended her white emaciated hand to him, which he pressed fondly to his lips, while Catharine said—

"Emily has just been telling me the name of my kind and attentive physician, to whom I must ever be grateful."

He smiled, and gently pressed the little hand he still held within his own, while he replied—

"Dearest Catharine, you must not speak now; in your present state of weakness, it might do you great injury; but in a few days I hope to see you much recruited in strength."

Having once more pressed her hands to his lips, he hurried from the room, to which Emily immediately returned.

The next day Frederick remained a few minutes longer, and the next, until, after three months had passed away, the health of the gentle invalid was so far restored as to allow her to walk or ride a little in the open air every day, to enjoy the beauties of an autumn in the country; but she was not yet strong enough to allow them to think of a journey to London. Now it was that Sir Edward began to think how much he owed to the young but skilful physician who had done so much for him. Accordingly he called on him one morning, and speaking more cor-

dially to him than he had ever before done, he said—

"My dear Mr. Ashton, how can I ever repay you the vast debt I owe you?"

Frederick thinking this a most favourable opportunity for fulfilling his long-cherished hopes, boldly answered—

"By bestowing upon me the hand of her, whose life was so precious in my eyes that I would willingly have sacrificed my own to save hers if necessary."

Sir Edward's brow grew dark, and for a time the struggle between pride and esteem, between haughtiness and gratitude, was great; but the conflict was at length decided; the gloomy frown relaxed, and, grasping Frederick's hand warmly, he said—

"Take her, if she is willing; and may she make you as happy as she has made her father; may she shine as bright a light in her new home as she has never failed to be by her parents' hearth."

Rising abruptly, he turned, as if to conceal his emotion, and left the house; while Frederick, whose delight almost overwhelmed him, mounted his horse, and rode to the dwelling of his beloved Catharine.

As soon as the door was opened, he requested the servant to bring him immediately to Miss St. Aubyn. His desire was complied with, and he was ushered into the room in which Catharine usually sat when alone: here she was seated, with Emily Courteney, who being (as it was too early for visiting) *en dishabille*, fled at the approach of Frederick. Catharine was gazing from the window on the lovely scene, which was glowing with the rich and varied tints of autumn: she started as Frederick was announced, and blushed deeply, as if conscious that she had been just thinking of him. The servant retired, and Frederick, his eyes sparkling with animation, and his whole countenance beaming in the fulness of his joy, drew a chair close to that of Catharine, and placing himself beside her, poured forth his tale of affection, which seemed to gush forth the more freely for its having been so long confined—as the mountain torrent, when long pent up, flows rapidly and fiercely after its release. He had a willing and delighted auditor; and when he at length told her that he had obtained her father's consent to their union, and that nothing was now wanting to complete his happiness but her own consent and that of her mother, the sudden change from doubt to a happy certainty was too overpowering for her, and she fainted; when restored to consciousness, she at length whispered a glad consent to be united, as soon as her health would permit, to him she had long secretly loved. She yielded without the show of resistance employed by most other young ladies on similar occasions; for she had loved too long and too fondly to hesitate now.

Before Ashton had left the house, he had sought and obtained the consent of the mother of his Catharine, and the promise that as soon as the latter could bear a journey to London, she should become the bride of her affianced husband.

Frederick was now a daily visitor at Sir Edward's; no longer in the office of a physician, but as the accepted lover of the lovely heiress; and in the meantime he took care to have his house fitted up in the style which he knew Catharine admired.

At length the time came when the fair invalid's health was so much improved as to permit her to undergo considerable fatigue, and she, accompanied by her parents and cousin Emily, went to London, leaving Charles Courtenay to follow with Frederick as soon as every thing was arranged for the nuptials. The happy day arrived, and, as if in accordance with his feelings, the morning was bright and cloudless that saw the beautiful Catharine St. Aubyn become the bride of her constant lover, the YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

MARY.

HANDEL'S ORATORIO—THE MESSIAH.

"The Messiah," has stood the test of a hundred years, and it comes out as fresh now, when performed, as it did a hundred years ago. When Handel first performed it in London, it was but coldly received. He came to Dublin, where it was performed with the greatest possible success; and it was well received in London on his return; and it has been the greatest attraction at all the grand festivals in that country ever since. The Foundling Hospital, alone, benefited by the performance of "The Messiah" from the year 1742 to the death of the immortal composer, in 1759, and a few years after, upwards of ten thousand pounds! The same sublime production has been annually performed for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians for about sixty years, under royal and distinguished patronage. When the festival took place in Westminster Abbey, in 1834, "The Messiah" attracted a more numerous company than any other performance, and produced, at the rehearsal and performance, the sum of £5,677 9s.

Handel had expressed a wish to Dr. Warren that he might breathe his last on Easter Sunday, in hopes, as he said, of meeting his sweet Lord and Saviour on the day of his resurrection. He did die on that day, 1759, and was buried in Westminster Abbey; and there is a monument to his memory, by Roubilliac, representing him in full length, with a piece of music-paper in his hand, on which is inscribed—"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

PREDISPOSING CAUSES.

It has been somewhere remarked by Montesque, that if a particular event, as the loss of a battle, be the ruin of a state, there must have been a more general reason why the loss of a battle should ruin it. The Norman conquest of England may furnish a satisfactory example of this remark, since the battle of Hastings would not have been followed by so great a revolution, if various predisposing causes had not prepared the kingdom for the change. Different classes of political causes should therefore be constituted; and, while a principal importance is ascribed to those of a general nature, which affect our whole species, however circumstanced, a due regard should also be given to those more limited, and even personal agencies, which diversify their operation.—*Dr. Miller's Philosophy of Modern History.*

WISDOM.—This cannot be obtained without industry and labour. Can we hope to find gold upon the surface of the earth, when we dig almost to the centre of it to find lead and tin and the baser metals.

PURIFIED HONEY.—Any quantity of honey is dissolved in an equal part by weight of water. The liquid allowed to boil up five or six times without skimming. It is then removed from the fire, and, after being cooled, brought on several strong linen strainers, stretched horizontally, and covered with a layer of clean and well-washed sand, an inch in depth. When the solution has passed through the strainers, it is found to be of the colour of clear white wine. The sand, being allowed to remain on the strainers, is rinsed with cold water, and the whole of the liquor is finally evaporated to the thickness of syrup.

DEAN SWIFT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN JOURNAL.

SIR—Having read in the last Number of your Journal an anecdote of the celebrated Dean Swift, given on the authority of Dr. Miller, (who acknowledges, in his very able pamphlet, entitled “An Examination of the Charters and Statutes of Trinity College, Dublin,” his obligations to the late Dr. Barrett,) I beg leave to trouble you with the following observations :

It has very generally been believed, on the authority of Mr. Richardson, that Swift was expelled from the University, and that, having obtained a “*discessit*,” he got his degree at Oxford. The occasion of this severity is thus mentioned by Mr. Richardson :—“Dr. Swift made as great a progress in his learning at the University of Dublin, in his youth, as any of his contemporaries, but was so very ill-natured and troublesome, that he was made *terra filius*, on purpose to have a pretence to expel him.” This singular absurdity, equally unjust to both parties supposed to be concerned, is clearly refuted by the facts :—Swift was not expelled, was not *terra filius*, and obtained his degree from the University. It is here necessary only to refer to the proofs which can be found in Dr. Barrett’s essay, in the most satisfactory form of extracts from the College books.

From these authentic documents it has been ascertained, that *after* he had commenced A.B., he was *admonished* for notorious neglect of duties and for frequenting the town ; and that he was almost continually under some punishment. We also learn that he was prominent in a small knot of the most dissolute and turbulent youths in the University, among whom he is thus enumerated in one of these records :—“*Constat vero Dom. Webb, Dom. Sergeant, Dom. Swift, Maynard, Spencer et Fisher, huic legi contravenisse, tam seditioses sive dissensiones domesticas excitando, quam juniore decemem, ejusque monita contemnendo, eundemque minacibus verbis, contemptus et contumaciæ plenius lacescendo, unde gravissimis pænis commenti sunt, &c.*” For these causes the sentence follows of a suspension of the culprits from every degree : it then proceeds to pronounce, that as Swift and Sergeant had been more insufferable than the others, they were condemned to ask pardon on their knees of the junior Dean. This was, nevertheless, the utmost extent of his punishment. The public pardon effaced the breach of discipline, and the certificate of his degree, yet extant, plainly contradicts the erroneous statement of Mr. Richardson. The point of most difficulty has been seized on by a correspondent in Sir Walter Scott’s incomparable Life of Swift, by whom it is stated that Swift obtained his degree a year before the usual time, and that it must have been granted by *special favour*. The inference might be allowed to have some weight ; but the fact is so entirely inconsistent with the institutions and precise discipline of the University, and so irreconcilable with all that is known of Swift’s academical character, that it cannot be admitted without the most authentic proof. On looking at

the document given by Scott in his appendix, the cause of the mistake appears. Swift’s entrance is stated to have been in April, 1682 ; the College certificate fixes his degree in February, 1685 ; and the interval would thus be less than three years. But any one who is accustomed to the method of dating then in use, must be aware that the *first months* of 1686 would have been reckoned into what is now considered as the previous year. This fact reduces the difficulty to one of small weight, as we have only to assume that Swift was allowed to go on with the class of 1682, the year in which he entered ; and this is an occasional practice conformable with the rules of the University. That his degree had been obtained *speciali gratia*, is stated on the authority of Swift himself, and accompanied by explanations, which leave no doubt as to the nature of the distinction. The ambiguity of the term has occasioned some laughable anecdotes, perhaps invented by the Dean himself : certain it is, that he mentions himself as having obtained his degree in this disreputable manner, more near to special charity than to special favour ; and signifying a grace vouchsafed for no merit. The circumstance of this fact not appearing on the testimonium, has been thought to throw some doubt upon the statement ; but, in fact, such a disqualifying testimony as would make the certificate unavailing for any use but to attain the reputation of the bearer, is not in any case stated.

“The name Jonathan,” says Dr. Miller, “does not, indeed, occur in the sentence of suspension, and there were then in the College two Swifts—Jonathan and Thomas, who was probably his cousin ; but, from a comparison of various entries, the identity of the person there mentioned with the celebrated Swift has been clearly established by Doctor Barrett, to whose familiar acquaintance with the entries of the Registry I have been indebted for this communication, and several other particulars mentioned in the preceding treatise.”—*Miller’s Examination of Charters, &c., p. 56 ; Dub. 1804.*

DUBLINIENSIS.

January 2d, 1843.

ARTIFICIAL LAKES IN CEYLON.—The Candelay Lake is situate within thirty miles of Trincomalee, in an extensive and broad valley, around which the ground gradually ascends towards the distant hills that envelop it. In the center of the valley, a long causway, principally made of masses of rock, has been constructed to retain the waters that from every side pour into the space enclosed within the circumjacent hills and artificial dam thus formed. During the rainy season, when the lake attains its greatest elevation, the area of ground over which the inundation extends may be computed at fifteen square miles. This work of art, and others nearly equally gigantic proportions in the island, sufficiently indicate that at some remote period Ceylon was a densely-populated country, and under a government sufficiently enlightened to appreciate, and firm to enforce the execution of an undertaking which, to men ignorant of mechanical powers, must have been an Herculean operation.—*De Butt’s Rambles in Ceylon.*

It is with our judgments as with our watches, none go just alike, yet each believes his own.—*Pope.*

TRIFLES FROM TOURIN—By EDWARD WALSH.

A FRAGMENT.

"On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle."
MOORE.

Thus sang the bard the beauteous maid,
In flowing snow-white robes array'd,
And many a gem and precious stone
That gliter'd in her circling zone,
While her tall wand bore a bright gold ring,
As she travers'd the isle, at the call of her king.

Less bright her zone's refulgent dyes
Than the liquid light of her azure eyes:
Less pure the white her robes display'd
Than the bosom soft they sought to shade:
And in the light of each yellow tress
The bright gold ring wax'd lustreless!

Full oft she brouh'd the evening dew
From many a vale she journey'd through,
And, ere the sun forsook his bed,
She cross'd she hoary mountain's head;
But that glorious orb, in his full noon light,
Saw wondering eyes pursue her flight.

Could woman's charms, or gems and gold,
Not tempt green Erin's sons of old?
Yes—oft they won young beauty's smile,
And golden spoil in the battle's toil;
But beauty bright and gold were won
With honour pure by sire and son.

Yes—on she went, and so he sang,
But never told his tuneful tongue
Her terror near rough Bera's shore,
Where tall crags rise o'er ocean's roar;
And fierce grey wolves, and fiercer men,
Travers'd the land from crag to glen.

In sooth it was a savage dell,
Where mountain waters foaming fell;
And such a gloom o'erhung the shade,
By cypress and yew-tree made,
That ne'er its silent rocks among
Rose shepherd's lay or wild bird's song.

By mountain ash and spreading oak,
His winding way the outlaw broke;
He paus'd upon the vale below—
Beheld her milk-white garments' flow,
The wavy curl of her yellow hair,
And the tall white wand with the gold ring there.

Wild superstition taught him well
To shun the vale where fairies dwell,
Where oft arise such visions gay
To lead the souls of men astray:
And he linger'd long ere he sought the shade,
Where paus'd the steps of the pilgrim maid.

As down he wound by the rude rocks high,
He caught the startled maiden's eye:
His ashen spear, and gauntleted hand,
And coat of mail, and battle brand,
And dread dark face, could well proclaim
What virgin's tongue would fear to name.

He said—"Fair form! whence comest thou?
I've cross'd o'er many a hill's rude brow;
I've been where chieftains' turrets frown;
I've strode through many a stately town;
I've seen proud dames in diamonds shine—
But their diamonds and beauty were nought to thine."

Thus well bespoke the maiden young,
While trembled the words on her faultering tongue—
"At Brian's high, imperial will,
I've journey'd long o'er vale and hill,
To prove if they keep through the nation wide
The laws made in Tara's Hall of pride.

"Through many a fierce and warlike clan—
By many a mail'd and mantled man—
O'er many a moor and forest drear,
Where gaz'd the wondering mountaineer,
Unscathed, unharmed by deed of wrong,
The maid of the white wand pass'd along!

"But shouldst thou mock our monarch's laws,
And mar all Europe's great applauses,
By lawless act—I will bestow,
If unmolested hence I go,
Each precious pearl that decks my hair,
And every diamond bright I bear!"

Thus answered, in a softened tone,
The fierce dark man to the maiden lone—
"Within this glen, at my command,
Await a fearless, faithless band;
Though hunted to death, like the wolves of prey,
By the despot whose mandate thou dost obey:

"Upon their steel, in bloody strife,
Was pour'd out many a brave man's life;
Their war-cry rose when blood and flame
Aveng'd their leader's wrongs and name,
When they plunder'd the monarch's richest fold,
And his house of pride of its guarded gold!

"But ne'er this iron hand did wreak
Its reckless vengeance on the weak;
This iron hand, in evil hour,
Ne'er soil'd young beauty's blooming flower;
And I'd tear the blest gold from a sainted shrine,
Before either jewel or gem of thine!

"Full dear our nation's weal to me;
And lo! such beauty dwells with thee,
So awful—ne'er couldst rufian dare
To stain thy purity, bright fair!
I'll guard thee over this savage scene,
And be thy guide through the valleys green!"

On she went—and the rough profound
Did soon the pilgrim's wanderings bound;
But ever in her breast she bore
Remembrance of rude Bera's shore,
And the outlaw fam'd, who honour fair,
O'er beauty priz'd and diamonds rare!

In the reign of Brian Boro, the laws of the land were so strictly observed, that a fair virgin, as it is recorded, habituated in rich garments, and bearing a white wand, surmounted by a gold ring, passed unmolested from one end of Ireland to the other.

"ROW ON!"

The great business of all is to "row on" with unflinching courage, and steady perseverance. All trades and professions have their difficulties; almost every individual meets with discouragements; the only way, therefore, to go ahead is to "row on." Decision of character—determination of will—the resolution to press on, when sure we are on the right track, or in pursuit of a good and honorable end—this is the secret of living, so as to come out at last safe and sound. There are "lions" in every path, and they must be met and conquered, or the hope of ultimate success must be abandoned. A poor man with a tribe of children, finding work hard to get, and hard when it is got, sometimes will almost despair; every thing will seem to be against him, but let him not be cast down—let him "row on," and by and by matters will very likely grow brighter. As with the poor man so with all men. Head winds are to be expected; contrary currents will come; the tide does not always run with us; but never mind—"row on;" pull the harder, till the oars bend again, and victory will wait upon and reward patient endeavours.

Aye—"Row on!" Pull but the stronger, the more the waves buffet you and the gales howl. Lusty arms, good oars, and stout hearts are the only hope in a hard wind: if you let your sinews slacken, you go ashore, and are dashed to pieces. Courage! then. Pull away! Be of that good cheer which a heart resolved steadily to meet our duty ever keeps about us. They who, in the wildest tempest,

—bate not one jot
Of heart or hope, but still look up, and steer
Right onward,"

are the only ones who deserve or can expect to survive the storm.—*American paper.*

TEMPERANCE.

IMPORTANT PUBLICATION.—The most effective and valuable work on the subject of teetotalism which we have ever read, has just issued from the Dublin press. It is entitled—"A Lecture on Teetotalism, by a celebrated Preacher," and is dedicated by permission to the Rev. Mr. Mathew. The author has treated his subject with vast ability, exhibiting deep research and close reasoning. The appalling effects of intemperance are laid bare, and innumerable authorities adduced in support of the lecturer's argument. The advocates of teetotalism throughout the country would do well to secure copies of this excellent work.

WEXFORD.—Mr. W. B. West, the corresponding secretary of the Wexford Mechanics' Institute, has published a letter in a Wexford Journal, setting forth a resolution of that body admitting all teetotallers free of expense to the advantages of a night school which has been formed in the institution. Mr. West, in the course of his excellent observations on the blessings of temperance, thus alludes to the "gigantic strides" making by the Americans in the cause:—"A treatise on temperance lately issued from the American press, of which they circulated gratis one million of copies!—and an effort is now in progress to place a bound volume of Dr. Sewall's 'Pathology of Drunkenness' in every school in the United States, of which in New York alone there are eleven thousand! to be accompanied by coloured plates, exactly depicting the transition of the human stomach from perfect health to the last stage of cancerous alcoholic disease, wrought by the free use of stimulating drinks." Mr. West states that he has made arrangements to have it exhibited in the lecture-room of the Wexford institution—an example worthy of imitation by all similar societies.

WICKLOW.—A correspondent has furnished us with an interesting account of a teetotal meeting held on the 21st December at Ballyfagh, in this county. The evils of intemperance, and the happy effects resulting from its avoidance, were forcibly illustrated by several speakers.

LIVERPOOL MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

This admirable and most effective establishment is in a flourishing condition. By the last report it appears that 3,767 members subscribe to the institution. The library contains 10,000 volumes. The circulation of books averages 274 volumes per day throughout the year. There are three schools—the higher and lower, held in the day time, for the children chiefly of members; and the evening school, for the benefit of members themselves, children, and apprentices. In the high school are 311 pupils—in the lower 575—average of persons attending evening classes 400. There are 45 instructors, by whom all useful and polite branches of education are taught. There is an excellent museum, and a spacious lecture theatre, capable of holding 1,500 persons. The system adopted is well calculated to effect the important objects in view. Members pay a guinea a year—sons or apprentices of members become members by paying 5 shillings per year. An exhibition of fine arts, manufactures, and natural history occasionally takes place; that in 1842 occupied 20 large rooms—the price of admission varied from 6d. to 1s.—100,000 persons visited it—the sum realised was 4,000l., which left a clear balance of 2,000l. The gross annual revenues of the institution amount to about 7,000l.—salaries of officers, 5,000l. The advantages of the institution are, however, almost exclusively embraced by the middle classes.

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.

A return of the number of emigrants from Londonderry to British America and the United States for the years 1841 and 1842 has been published, which shews an increase last year of 747 over the preceding. The numbers were—in 1841, 5392—in 1842, 6139. It appears that several hundreds from that and the neighbouring counties made Liverpool the port of departure from Europe—so that the actual amount of emigration from that part of Ireland has been much greater. Emigration from the other counties in Ireland has been equally extensive.

THE IRISH EMIGRANTS' FAREWELL.

Farewell, lovely Erin! farewell to the bowers
Where often in boyhood I squander'd the day;
Where I pull'd from their tendrils the sweetest of flowers,
And bask'd in the light of the sun's latest ray.
At the close of the evening, in calm autumn weather,
Oh! often my lover and I were together
On the blue-blossom'd banks of our own mountain heather,
Where beam'd ev'ry beauty of Erin machree!

How oft have we courted beneath the green willow,
Whilst warblers enchanted the grove and the dell;
And the moon ting'd the foam of the far western billow,
Where broad streamers float and the wide surges swell?
Alas! how I sigh'd, as my love on my bosom
Had criel, "My dear youth, am I surely to lose him?
May Fortune prove faithful, as on she pursues him,
The hope of his fond one and Erin machree!"

Farewell to my country!—our vessel moves slowly,
And friends are bewailing our loss from the shore;
As their cries rend the air, my poor spirits are lowly,
To think I may ne'er see my countrymen more!

Farewell to my sweetheart, my home, and my dwelling,
Where all my dear playmates their love-tales are telling,
And patriot feelings each bosom are swelling—
Farewell, dearest Erin! sweet Erin machree!

F.

HOPE.—Human life has not a surer friend, nor many times a greater enemy, than hope. Hope is the miserable man's God, which in the hardest gripe of calamity never fails to yield him beams of comfort. It is to the presumptuous man a devil, which leads him a while in a smooth way, and on a sudden makes him break his neck. Hope is to a man as a bladder to one learning to swim; it keeps him from sinking in the bosom of the waves, and by that help he may attain the exercise; but yet it many times makes him venture beyond his height; and then if that breaks, or a storm rises, he drowns without recovery. How many would die, did not hope sustain them! How many have died by hoping too much! This wonder we may find in hope—that she is both a flatterer and a true friend. Like a valiant captain in a losing battle, it is ever encouraging man, and never leaves him till they both expire together. While breath pants in the dying body, there is hope fleeting in the wavering soul. It is almost as the air on which the mind doth live. Who could live surrounded by calamities, did not smiling hope cheer him with expectation of deliverance? There is no estate so miserable as to exclude her comfort. Imprison, vex, fright, torture, shew death with his horrid brow, yet hope will dash in her reviving rays, that shall illumine and exhilarate in the swell of these.

REMARKABLE STREAM.—At the bottom of a wood belonging to W. Turton, Esq., of Knowlton, in Flintshire, is a rill of water which empties itself into the River Dee; and when a person strides across it, he is in the kingdom of England, the principality of Wales, in the provinces of Canterbury and York, and the dioceses of Chester and Lichfield and Coventry, in the counties of Flint and Salop, and in two townships.

SOCIETY.

The common boast of a rich man, that "he can pay his way, and is obliged to nobody," is a very silly boast; for the man is a debtor to others for all that he possesses; and, of course, the larger his possessions are, the more he is in debt. That debt is, however, due only to society generally; and therefore no individual member of society is entitled to ask payment of it. It is not a debt which can be paid with money. It must be paid in conduct, and in doing those particular duties which belong to his station.

In like manner, the man who is destitute, who possesses nothing, and has nothing to do, is not independent of society, for to society he is indebted for his very power of so doing; and if he has had opportunities of turning those powers to account, and has neglected them, he is more deeply and criminally a debtor. However wretched he may feel, or may be in reality, he is still much better than if he were not in society; for then he would be without the abilities of doing; whereas the very worst that can happen in society is, being without the opportunity or the will of turning those abilities to account. It is not always very easy to distinguish between the want of opportunity and the want of will, because there is a will to find opportunity as well as a will to improve it, when it is known; and, in both cases, the proverb, "where there is a will there is a way," holds true.

A RIVER COMPARED TO HUMAN LIFE.—The river, small and clear in its origin, gushes forth from rocks, falls into deep glens, and wantons and meanders through a wild and picturesque country, nourishing only the uncultivated tree or flower by its dew or spray. In this, its state of infancy and youth, it may be compared to the human mind, in which fancy and strength of imagination are predominant—it is more beautiful than useful. When the different rills or torrents join, and descend into the plain, it becomes slow and stately in its motions; it is applied to move machinery, to water meadows, and to bear upon its bosom the stately barge—it this mature state, it is deep, strong, and useful. As it flows on towards the sea, it loses its force and its motion, and at last, as it were, becomes lost, and mingled with the mighty abyss of waters.

TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY.—On New Year's Day about ninety of the soldiers of the 54th regt., stationed in Belfast, adopted the total abstinence principle. Above four hundred of this regiment are now total abstainers.

EFFECTS OF POVERTY.—The poverty of the poor is misery, but it is endurable; it can bear the sight of men. The poverty of the once affluent is unendurable; it avoids the light of day, and shuns the sympathy of those who would relieve it; it preys upon the heart, and corrodes the mind; it screws up every nerve to such an extremity of tension, that one cold look, the averted eye, even of casual acquaintance known in prosperity, snaps the cord at once, and leaves the self-despised object of it a mere wreck of a man.

THE IRISH, IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, have often been represented as altogether ignorant and barbarous. Read the letters of their chiefs to the Spaniards in the "*Pacata Hibernia*," and then judge for yourself.

SPANISH PHYSICIANS.—In the present day the fee of a physician in Spain is said to be two-pence from a tradesman, ten-pence from the man of fashion, and nothing from the poor. Some noble families agree with the physician by the year, paying him annually four-score reals—that is, sixteen shillings—for his attendance on them and their families.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

A man of the world! say what means the phrase?
Is it worthy of envy—intended as praise—
A name to enjoy which is worthy the strife—
A breast-plate of honour to guard us thro' life?
Or is it a title bestowed on the great,
Or the man who unflinching bears up against fate,
Endures without murmur his portion of woe—
Keeps at bay the misfortunes he cannot o'erthrow?
Or does he inherit it, he that is good,
Who shares with the wretched his last scrap of food;
Who, forgetting the causes, sees only the need,
And receives in his heart the reward of the deed?

No! show me the man who has scarcely a thought,
Save of self—one action of whom never brought
The full tear to gratitude's eye;
Whose heart, scared and callous, has ne'er heaved a sigh
For his fellows' misfortunes—humanity's ills;
But has, serpent-like, crawled to the station he fills,
By slavishly crouching to even slaves' wills;
Who ne'er in his life one ragged virtue unfurl'd—
That's—mark him—that is—the man of the world!

Yes! the owner of that cautious and deeply-marked face
With craftiness claims and how justly, his place
At that board where the cunning alone may sit down,
Where honesty meets but the sneer or the frown—
And lolls on that lap—where worth finds its grave—
Which flings out the *man*, and which fondles the *knave*—
Him—the man of the world!

T. E.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"L. S."—The papers sent are highly valuable: we shall take an early opportunity of availing ourselves of the information they afford.

"***," Cork.—We beg your indulgence till our next number, in which attention shall be paid to the last of your communications.

"W. H." Limerick.—We shall bring the story of "The Bull-dog-Singer of Limerick" to a conclusion in our next. Your request will be granted, when we can obtain a little leisure. We are gratified at the good report you give of the progress our Journal is making in the estimation of your fellow-citizens, and thankful for your exertions.

"G. A."—We cannot insert your communication. On the same subject we have received several papers, cleverly written, but the discussion not being suitable for our pages, we have been compelled to put them aside.

"S. N. A."—In our next.

"T. D. H."—Your poetic favour shall have a place in our next Number. We shall always be happy to hear from you.

"T."—The "Sea-Bird" will probably expand its wings in our Journal next week.

"R."—The "Adventure" will receive attention.

"L. E."—Blame yourself for the non-appearance of your communication. It is so carelessly written, as in several parts to be illegible. If you will forward a readable copy, and favour us by observing the necessary precaution of writing on one side of the paper only, it is likely you will "see yourself in print." The subject is interesting.

We beg to intimate to a few highly-esteemed contributors, who have written to us on the subject, that on sending to our Office in Sackville-street on Saturdays, they will regularly be furnished with copies of "The Dublin Journal."

Printed for the Proprietors, at the Office, 32, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications (post-paid) are to be addressed, to the Editor.

Published by T. LE MESURIER, (late T. Tegg & Co.) 8, Mr. Abbey-street, Dublin; and all Booksellers.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 12.—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

A DAY AT GLANCULLEN.

The splendid profusion of stupendous fragments flung by unbridled Nature upon the extended hills of Glancullen, is to me a source of much wonder. Had the drooping spirit of my emaciated frame long since held communion with an offspring so inspiring, the hinges of energy and newness would have received the rivet of permanency within her. 'Tis not wonderful, however, that inspiration should here be sipped by every glance, nor inhaled at every step—pure and unadulterated as are the hallowed objects heaped carelessly in every scene of this romantic glebe! If the North abound in imagery, and the basaltics of the Causeway present Nature in bold relief as a grand pattern of art, and if the South present her lakes and hills of surprising grandeur, there is still a something of art's finger in their graces; but Glancullen, thou parent of rudeness! on thy hills, and through the extended laps of thy glens, alone will be found the clustered paints of the untrained brush, nor does a single feature of design dare intrude upon this bosom of hard earth. Pinnaced upon thy rude shoulders we see the rugged covering of Nature outspread to boundless view, undecked by either a buttercup or daisy's head, and giving at every advance some sublime relic of a long-past general flood, in which the mountains were rent, and the hills swam upon its surge! Mountain, glen—hill, dale—ocean, lake, and stream, curiously blend here in careless profusion; and the eternal winds which sweep thy plains and dash in vain against thy impenetrable bulwarks, are those which first awoke giant Nature from this disturbed bed, and still thunder on the trumpet of an old-grown creation! The parterre and spots of luxury have their soft and gentle monitors—calm and insinuating evangelists of an amiable God; but here—oh! here are heard the echoes of Eternity, and to be felt the weapons of omnipotent and overwhelming Power!—storms, rain, darkness, vapour, and thunder, in their most terrific confusion!—warnings fearful! and voices awful, rushing in roaring dismay as affrighted visitants from an unknown and another, but a more mysterious creation—

sweeping in their rage conviction into our awe-struck bosoms of an uncreated Divinity! Craggy and steep is every feature here—rugged and difficult the unseen pathways—shallow the soil of the bared valleys—and the scanty treasures of the moss-covered hills are found by the laborious people in their mines of rich granite, hewn by the industrious Glancullean at distances and in positions not approachable by ordinary footsteps—thy cloud-tipt spires of mountain order, possessing a degree of architectural excellence and antiquity which it derives from the unequalled Sculptor of wondrous Nature himself!—viewing in variety and peeping perspective, head over head and group succeeding group, like a Venice of creation cradled in storms, till the eye in its circuitous inspection is delightfully relieved by the sudden expanse of the Irish sea, unfolding a vast and interminable prospect to unaided vision; whilst the mind, dwelling upon these magazines of rudest grandeur, exclaims in ecstasy—

“Oh! the depths of the riches of the knowledge of God!—How incomprehensible his judgments!—how unsearchable his ways!”

Here is the misty and benighted steep—beyond in the distance is the sun-lit pile—here above our heads is the murky atmosphere—there, but far off, seem the skies of another creation—in all, heaven and earth would seem to meet; and the dwellings, “few and far between,” are like fairy huts, or the mock castles of their several mounds, whereon ordinary forms might fear to tread. In the several valleys and upon the sides of Glancullen's hills, will be seen, at distances not proportioned, huge and smooth fragments of rock—piles even seated upon the very tops of the mountains, and resting in various places upon the steep: so awfully ponderous are those portions of perfectly loose and unconnected rocks, that a time was, no doubt, when they were not there, and none than a Divine arm could rest or fling them to their respective positions: some of them are 750 feet up the sides of the mountains—what are their purposes? They are there as mementos of a past universal devastation, and await Almighty will!

The fatigue consequent upon a journey over

one of Glencullen's mounts makes the research of a short visit very limited. After a day's tramp I reached a curious pile of rock, said to have been a Druid's altar, and beneath its long unused slab sate I, to sigh o'er all the mouldering piles of human construction. As the winds pealed by, so did my thoughts to the people of centuries past, to those of ages to come, in this reflection, that now stood one of a nation converted from pagan rights and superstitions, whose dress, like his religion, was unknown at their altars, and may, perchance, be forgotten in ages to come—whilst thou, rude relic, remain, the silent mockery of both. Is it impossible that again the light of those skies and the mirror of the Godhead's earth be mistaken for Himself, and that congregations of idolators may yet assemble to pour out again the blood of the victims of their sacrifice through those former channels still traceable upon that altar slab, and taint their orisons with its profanity? Oh! how I mourn lest a future people, like those gone by, mistake the streams of Redemption's blood for the foul ones of beasts, and slay them to a created sun! Forbid it, Faith!

On my return, as I paced the hills made difficult by swamps and thorns, ranges of broken stones, and mounds of clay, I was at length placed on a plane near Glencullen's top, where stood an erect, unchiselled stone of vast dimensions, footed at a distance of some feet by a smaller one, both stationed at a few paces from a rather verdant elevation, curiously encompassed by entrenchments. The one, I was told, is the grave of an Irish giant, long resident on those hills: the other, (of course with more truth,) the site of an Irish beacon, of the twelfth century, posited in view of Dublin and of similarly situated encampments on the surrounding hills of the adjoining counties, to convey telegraphic despatches of Danish movements. Having topped the mountain, the descent was relieved from scenes altogether rude, e'en as the religion and conceptions of those whose relics I left, by the elevated sign of Redemption formed of simple stone, and the chapel; and grouped in this view is the residence of Glencullen's pastor—a man who is the comfort of a little known people—whose education, mental ability, and far-distant travel, render him a scholar, an able author, and the star of his circle. Religion is here doing the work of God most happily by the noble machine of Temperance: convinced that a sober people must become moral, intellectual, and free, this peasantry have all of them, nearly to a man, assembled round the glorious standard of Teetotalism, to which they adhere with becoming fidelity.

January, 1843.

G. V. B.

THE PILGRIM'S DEATH.

A vulture perched on a naked cliff
Heavily from the sky,
And his feathers stood out, both cold and stiff,
And hunger was in his eye;
And he flapped his wings and he snuffed the air.
And stretched out his neck so grim,
For he saw where the wolf and the wild dog were—
Oh! that was the place for him!

A pilgrim from a far-off land
Was perishing on the waste,
And the living fiends of the desert—and
All bided them to the feast—
The wolf and the dog and the scaly snake,
And the panther lean and long,
With howl and hiss, to the human wake
Moved jealously along.
Well, well might the vulture whet his beak,
And glare from his famished eye,
And utter his hollow, demon shriek,
At the ghastly revelry.

The dying man glared all around;
'Twas a horrid sight to see—
The beasts their white fangs bared and ground,
And whined impatiently;
And the black snake crawled and reared his crest,
And foam was upon his jaws;
And the bird above, in his graspings clove
The hard rock with his claws!

The pilgrim groaned—oh! a fearful groan!
And the beasts crouched back in dread;
But the eyes they feared had turned to stone—
The hapless wretch was dead!—
A moment's pause—the vulture screamed
His hellish carnage-cry!
A moment more, and the hot blood steamed
Thick—rapid—smokily;
And the hiss and the rush, and the snarl and growl,
And the flapping of wings—and the crash!
And the munch and the crunch, and the stifed howl,
As the bones and the sinews smash;
And the liquid lapping, and dragging and tearing,
And snorting the gore around,
And the gorging that keeps the strained eye staring
All vacantly on the ground:
And the torn flesh, gaping and bleeding and quivering.
And the stark, dead face, dull white,
By the twisted hair all set a-shivering,
Like a murderer's dream at night.

The vulture again dropped on the cliff,
And his feathers were hot and wet,
And here and there were they hard and stiff
Where the sun and the moisture met;
And he fluttered all over, from beak to claw,
And he peck'd at his breast and wing.
And he smoothed the down o'er his sated craw,
Like a vain bird o'er a spring.

Whilst far away, in some lonely home,
There was prayer and wail and sigh
For the desert-dead!—who never may come
From the cloud of eternity!

Now—

The vulture twice essayed to rise,
And winnowed the weakly wind,
Then bent his breast to the open skies,
And oared the air behind;
And onward he wended his weary way
To the depths of the forest's gloom,
Like an earthward fiend who had spent the day
In fattening the tomb!

There's a heap of bones on the sand below,
Already they're bare and dried,
And a staff and a scrip, near the cliff—you'll know—
'Twas there the pilgrim died!

J. T. C.

THE BALLAD-SINGER OF LIMERICK.

(Concluded.)

Poor Kate! The opening of doors was destined to give her great annoyance that evening. She made a second pause at the drawing-room, but with very different feelings from the first. She had little doubt about the reception; her own heart was full of joy and gratitude, which she was about to share with the person she loved best on earth. Entering quietly, she was some seconds in the room before Arthur perceived her. He was seated in the window which Kate had occupied at the time of his own entrance, gazing his last on the familiar scene before him, which the fading of the short tropical twilight was rendering every moment less distinct. Kate approached, and putting the letter into his hand, she said—

"My uncle thinks you are perfectly right in going."

When we have made up our minds to do something very disagreeable to ourselves, and expect to meet with violent opposition, it is truly mortifying to be allowed to have our own way so quietly. There was a slight tone of pique in Arthur's voice as he exclaimed,

"Does he?"

Kate perceived that she had begun badly, and was silent for some minutes. She saw that Arthur was mortified, and, dreading her uncle's entrance, which would render the communication doubly awkward, she made another attempt—

"My uncle is anxious to know what you intend doing on your arrival at home?"

"That, Miss O'Carrol, is a question to which I am unable to reply. It depends on circumstances, over which I have no controul."

"Anything in the ballad-singing line?" asked Kate, assuming a playful tone, to conceal her agitation.

Arthur looked up in surprise; but, without giving him time to speak, she went on hurriedly—

"Because, if you do, my uncle proposed that I should offer you my assistance."

"Kate," said Arthur, in a low, earnest tone, "I am sure you would not trifle with my feelings. What do you mean?"

"To return with you!—and be daughter of her who saved my mother's life!"

"And to me, Kate?"

"Your proud and happy wife!—that is, if you will take such an incumbrance!"

"Your own heart will answer that question, dear Kate. You could not but know and feel how strongly I loved you, though honour forbade me to declare it. God grant you may never have cause to regret your generosity! And now, Kate, will you answer me one question?—Was it you or your uncle that proposed bestowing such a gift on me?"

"It was I!"

"My own generous Kate!—one more! Was it from gratitude to my mother, or love for me?"

"I'll answer no more questions," replied Kate; you are becoming a terrible cross-examiner, Arthur!"

"I insist on an answer from the witness," said Arthur, playfully.

"You want to deprive me of any pretension to merit, by making me own how much selfishness there was in it," said Kate.

"Thank you, dearest! I would not accept even your hand, Kate, if you sacrificed a single feeling in bestowing it. My happiness wants but my mother's presence to be perfect."

"In a few months," said Kate, "I hope we will be with her."

"Tell me, Kate, what did your uncle say when you went up? He must have been very much surprised."

"He desired me tell you that he was so anxious to get rid of me, that he would give you thirty thousand pounds now, and the rest of his fortune at his death, if you cure me of my obstinacy."

"I suppose," said Arthur, "I ought to say that money could not enhance the value of the hand he is consenting to bestow on me; but, however courtly the speech, it would be untrue. By giving me the means of supporting you as I would wish, until able to do so by my own exertions, he has, I acknowledge, greatly increased my happiness."

"Spoken like yourself!" said Kate, laughingly; but believe me, Arthur, that neither wealth nor luxury would be necessary to make me happy with you!"

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Comyn, opening the door, "this is really too bad. I have waited patiently for the last half hour, to try if ye would take compassion on me; but perceiving no indication of such a thing, I have come down; of course I am very welcome! Arthur, my poor boy, I condole with you on the addition to your cares. You have got a very saucy obstinate girl to deal with. If you heard her insisting on her own way a little while ago, you would take some time to consider."

"My dear sir," replied Arthur, "I have not words to express my gratitude."

"Too soon, Arthur—thank me this day 7 years. If you will take that saucy, obstinate girl, 'tis not for want of warning. But if I say any more, I suppose I won't get my tea to-night."

Kate rose to order lights and tea.

"I forgot to tell you," said Arthur as the servant entered, "that it was young Traversa who brought my letters. I believe he has some for you. I left him at my lodgings."

"Why did you not bring him with you?" asked Mr. Comyn.

Arthur and Kate looked at each other, and smiled.

"Oh! I perceive—you did not want a witness to your adieus; but, as you cannot object to his presence now, I vote that you send for him, Kate."

Kate recalled the servant, and gave the necessary message to Traversa.

"I dare say you will insist on going the day after to-morrow, Arthur?" said Mr. Comyn. "We will go in a month; but of course you won't wait for us."

"I fear I would not have time to make my preparations," said Arthur, smiling; "but I will write."

"Say nothing about us," said Mr. Comyn. "Say that you can return without injuring your prospects and nothing more."

"That is exactly what I intended, sir."

"Did Anna tell you no Limerick news, Arthur?" asked Kate.

"I have a letter unopened in my pocket. When Traversa gave it to me, he said it merely concerned himself, and I had little inclination to hear anything about him then."

"Read it now," said Kate, "and we will reverse the ordinary course, by discussing his character before he comes."

Arthur assented, and breaking the seal, he read aloud the following letter, to which Mr. Comyn seemed to pay particular attention:—

"My dearest Arthur—Edmund's cousin, Robert Traversa, will be the bearer of this. When I told you of his intended voyage, I had no idea of his leaving Ireland so soon. His departure was hastened by an unexpected discovery, which has given us some annoyance. As he is an orphan and almost friendless, Edmund was anxious to be of service to him. During some time he spent with us last Christmas, he

became acquainted with your little friend, Mary Whyte, who has been a great deal with me since my return to Limerick. You know she is, excepting Kate, the only one of our old set whom I liked. I believe I told you that Sarah had married Captain McClintock without making inquiries about his family, lest his aristocratic feelings may be shocked by the slightest appearance of suspicion. Mrs. Whyte declared 'it was a great match *even for Sarah*.' The captain may have talked of his 'castle in the Highlands!' his 'neighbour Argyle!' and 'his dear friend, Lady Buccleuch!' to the end of the chapter; but for the unlucky recognition of a traveller for some Scotch establishment, who asserted that the aristocratic captain had acquired his prejudices against mixed society in a draper's shop in Dundee; and that a legacy from some ninety-ninth cousin had enabled him to go to England, where he entered the army. Nothing could exceed the annoyance of the Whytes at the ridicule drawn on them by their exclusive son-in-law, and the mortification of poor Sarah, now universally known by the title of 'Lady Buccleuch!'—and they one and all determined that Mary should redeem the family dignity, by making an unexceptionable match. She wrote me a most amusing description of the discovery of her attachment to Robert, which they openly accused us of encouraging—I need not say how falsely. Though the fortune left Mary by her grandfather is at her own disposal, she promised not to marry without the consent of her father and mother; but as she openly declared her determination to marry nobody but Robert, they agreed to give it if they continued attached until his return from India. You will say I have become a terrible gossip, my dear Arthur; but I am anxious to interest you in Robert, who, wild and giddy as he is, acted very honourably all through. Edmund desires me beg you to look after him, and keep him out of mischief, if possible. A thousand thanks for the confidence you reposed in me, my dear brother, though it has made the necessity of communicating any intelligence likely to recall you, doubly painful. You know I always thought Kate superior to the silly girls with whom we both associated. I perfectly agree with your friend, Mrs. Mullins, who frequently comes to your mother to hear news from India, that 'Miss Kate and the Counsellor were born for one another.' When you do return, if you can contrive to bring her with you, dear Arthur, you will be doubly welcome to your affectionate sister,

ANNA TRAVERS."

As Kate had related to her uncle all the incidents connected with Arthur and her former friends, he was not wholly unacquainted with the persons mentioned in Anna's letter, and seemed to enjoy with all his heart the defeat and disappointment of "Lady Buccleuch" and her friends, and he became very impatient for the arrival of Travers.

When Arthur came to the conclusion of the letter, he read it in silence.

"Why do you stop, Arthur?" asked Kate.

He pointed out the concluding passage to her, saying, in a low voice—

"Do you agree with her, Kate?"

Kate blushed and was silent. After a pause of some minutes she said—

"Arthur, when did you forgive me for joining Sarah Whyte and her friends—you see I woult call them mine—at Anna's ball?"

"They were not, and never could have been, your friends," replied Arthur. "I forgave you, Kate, before you repented."

"I don't know that, Arthur. Do you know, that I overheard all you said to Anna when you were leaving the room? I never saw my folly in its true light till then."

"I was not aware of your being so near," said

Arthur; but I am not hypocrite enough to say I regret it."

"Were you surprised that I never apologised for my conduct that evening?"

"I was disappointed."

"I often determined to do so; but you seemed to have forgotten it, and I was ashamed to appear to think it of any consequence to you. If your mother knew it, Arthur, what would she think of me?"

"She did know it, Kate."

"I never felt the full extent of her generosity till now. I did not think she could forgive me for insulting you," said Kate, as she turned away to conceal the tears of gratitude which she could not controul.

"My dear, dear Kate!" exclaimed Arthur, "you must not look back with regret on an evening which, except this, I regard as the most fortunate of my life. But for that evening, Anna Roche would have occupied my mother's place, and we would never have been more than acquaintances."

Here Mr. Comyn returned from inquiring if the servant sent for Travers had come back; but as he left the room again to ask some additional questions, Arthur continued—

"To do Anna justice, she repeatedly inquired for you."

"And you never told her anything about us, Arthur?"

"At first I was as ignorant of your fate as she was; and when I could give her any information, I thought it unnecessary, and as you had a slight coolness, that you may not wish it."

"You were quite right in that," said Kate; much as I always loved Anna, it would have mortified me *then* that she should know how much I owed you. But how did you know me, Arthur?"

"Do you remember that it was 'Aileen Aroon' you sang? The moment I heard your voice, I knew it was familiar; and before I had spoken to you for a minute, I found that my suspicions were correct."

"Did your mother know who I was that evening?"

"No; until your uncle arrived in Limerick, I did not tell her."

"How little I deserved her kindness!" interrupted Kate. "Arthur, your generosity makes me ashamed of myself."

"You must not compliment me at my mother's expense, Kate. She would have forgiven you then more readily than when you became rich."

"I am sure she would," said Kate; "she was generous as—"

"Yourself, Kate."

"No," said Kate smiling, "I woult finish my sentence; I'll leave you to endure the pangs of curiosity."

"Will you soothe them by singing 'Aileen Aroon' for me?"

"I was often prompted to sing it since we came here," said Kate, as she sat down to the piano; "but I could not trust myself."

"And I," said Arthur, "could not trust myself to ask for it."

As she concluded the song, Mr. Comyn entered, accompanied by Travers, who had, during the short time occupied in ascending from the hall to the drawing-room, made himself so much at home with his friendly host as to render the idea of introducing them not only superfluous but ridiculous. Kate welcomed him with frank cordiality, while she was scarcely able to preserve a reasonable share of gravity, as his merry face supplied the only missing portrait in the family picture of the discovery at Whyte's, which Anna's letter had brought before her "mind's eye."

"I thought you had gone to bed," said Arthur, smiling.

"So I did; but going to bed by day-light reminded me of the punishment I used to receive from a go-

Verne long ago, and the remembrance being too pleasing to permit me to sleep, I got up, and was at a loss how to dispose of myself when the servant arrived."

"We are much indebted to your governess," said Kate, smiling, "for the pleasure of your society a day sooner than we could otherwise have expected it."

"If Mr. Creagh had not been quite so desirous of my comfort, I would have had the pleasure of giving you your letters some hours sooner, Miss O'Carrol," said Travers, looking towards Arthur with an arch, significant smile; "I believe he is meditating on the impropriety of having disturbed me."

"No," said Arthur; "I was thinking of a young lady I knew in Limerick—Miss Whyte."

"Oh!" said Travers, "I perceive you have heard from 'my dear friend, Lady Buccleuch.'"

Arthur and Kate laughed at his admirable imitation of Captain McClintock's voice and manner; but Mr. Comyn's impatience obliged them to defer till after tea the various inquiries they wished to make after several acquaintances, and in conversation and music the remainder of the evening passed happily away.

The last month of their stay in India was unmarked by anything more worthy of mention than the frolic by which Travers continued to amuse himself and his friends.

Kate felt very sorry to part him, for, independent of the interest with which she regarded him for Mary Whyte's sake, she possessed sufficient penetration to distinguish the real from the assumed part of his character: generous, well tempered, and unselfish, with a quickness of feeling of which few would have suspected him, he wanted but a few years' intercourse with the busy world to cure him of the headlessness and affectation which concealed, and, in some degree, marred his good qualities; and Arthur feeling that he had been partly entrusted to his care, doubly regretted the necessity for leaving the light-hearted young man in a land of strangers, perhaps to an early grave.

The morning of their departure arrived, and with it Travers looking as nearly sorrowful as Travers could look. He accompanied them on board, and, as the vessel was not to sail for a short time, he sat down near Kate to give her a last message to Mary Whyte.

"I dare say you are sending messages to all your friends, Robert," said Mr. Comyn, who had been talking with the captain, and now approached them.

"Except Edmund and his wife, I had but one intimate acquaintance in Ireland, my respectable friend, Norrougha."

"Who is he?"

"Did you never see Norrougha, Mr. Comyn?"

"Not that I am aware of; where does he live?"

"When I knew him," said Kate laughingly, "he lived in an old mahogany cupboard."

"Have you seen him, Miss O'Carrol?" asked Robert.

"I have, indeed," Kate replied; "he was my best friend, and I owe him a great deal of gratitude."

"Come here, Robert," said Mr. Comyn, "and tell all about this mysterious gentleman, with whom Kate and you are so well acquainted."

"What do I not owe to him, Kate?" said Arthur, in a low voice. "I never thought you entirely cured of your pride until Mrs. Mullins told me that you had taken that cupboard to remind you of the time you were poor."

"I am afraid," said Kate, blushing, "that perfect

candour would have forbidden my assigning so good a notion."

"What was your notion then, Kate?"

"It was very convenient for keeping books and flowers in, Arthur," she replied, with an arch, playful smile.

"It was for my sake you took it, Kate; was it not? and I loved you then, though I did not know it myself."

"I thought I would never see you again, Arthur. It was only the evening before we left Limerick that my uncle told me his plan for bringing you to India."

Arthur was about to speak when they were startled by an exclamation from Travers, who had been too busily engaged in describing his friend Norrougha to Mr. Comyn to observe that the vessel was under weigh, until they were some distance from the shore.

"How am I to get out, captain," he said.

"Out!" said the captain, smiling; "your luggage is all on board, young gentleman; I don't see what you can want out."

"There must be some mistake," said Travers, "and—"

"So there is, Robert," interrupted Mr. Comyn; "but it is you who mistake. You are going back to Ireland, my dear boy; do you think I would leave a wild fellow like you in India, without any one to take care of him?"

Robert looked as if he did not know whether he ought to be provoked or amused at being so coolly disposed of.

"But what am I to do when I arrive at home? every one will laugh at me."

"Was it not till your return from India you were forbidden to claim relationship with my 'dear friend, Lady Buccleuch'?" asked Mr. Comyn, smiling.

"Yes; but it would take years to fulfil the purpose for which I came out."

"Well, then, you are about to return," said Mr. Comyn, "and we'll keep them to their bond. Don't be uneasy, Robert," he said, pressing his hand significantly; "I'll engage to remove Mr. Whyte's scruples."

"How can I think of receiving such obligations from you, to whom I am a perfect stranger?" asked Travers.

"Stranger, my dear boy!" exclaimed Mr. Comyn; "are we not connected through our old friend Norrougha, whom I knew under a different name?—so say no more about it, Robert, it is a settled affair."

Robert, the wild and giddy Robert, was too much affected by Mr. Comyn's generosity and paternal kindness of manner to reply. Silently and gratefully pressing his hand, he turned away, and leaning over the vessel's side, seemed to reckon the waves which were bearing him towards the green west and a happy home.

Arthur and Kate stood side by side, silently gazing on the golden land which they were leaving for ever. They, too, were going home; but they could not leave a country in which two happy years had been spent, in which they left kind and warm-hearted friends, without even regret; still it was but the alloy which must be mingled with the golden ore, ere it receives the faintest stamp of security. There is something fearful in even a moment's perfect bliss; it is ever followed by a thrill of terror—a heart-sinking conviction of the impossibility of its duration. Why has not joy the eloquence of grief? What binds its tongue? What restrains it from pouring forth its brimming flood of thought in the tranquil stream of happiness, or the light spray of gaiety? The strong but invisible chain links it to past and future sorrow.

It was on a bright autumn evening that the travellers re-entered Limerick: Arthur had written from Dublin, naming the time at which he expected

* The genius of misfortune and poverty. To have "seen Norrougha" is nearly synonymous with having "been in Tra-phodius' cave."

to arrive, and begging his mother to ask Mary Whyte to meet him, as he brought news of Robert. As they approached the city, each enjoyed in silence his anticipation of the surprise and pleasure his presence would produce. Mrs. Creagh and her young guest were sitting together in the drawing-room, watching every vehicle until it passed; but when Mr. Comyn's carriage stopped, neither took notice of it, as it contained four, while they expected but one; so that the whole party were in the room before their arrival was known.

"Mother," said Arthur, as, disengaging himself from her long embrace, he put Kate's hand into hers, "will you receive a penitent daughter?"

"Is it so, Kate?" asked Mrs. Creagh.

Kate threw herself into her arms, exclaiming in a voice almost inaudible from emotion—

"My dear, dear mother!"

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mrs. Mullins, as she put her head inside the door, "I didn't come for nothing; I always told you, ma'am, that Miss Kate wouldn't let the Counsellor come home without her."

Kate cordially shook hands with her old friend, as she smilingly acknowledged the truth of her prediction, and inquired for the children, taking care to remember their names.

"That's the way to know real quality," exclaimed Mrs. Mullins, as she triumphantly related to the servants Kate's affectionate greeting and minute inquiries; "that's the way to know real quality, girls: Miss Kate speaks to poor people as if they weren't sticks or stones; she's not afraid of herself like one o' your half gents."

A month after, a happy wedding party was assembled in the Catholic Cathedral of Limerick. Arthur Comyn Creagh and Kate O'Carrol, and Robert Travers and Mary Whyte were married by the clergyman who had attended Mrs. O'Carrol's death-bed, and shewn them both much attention and kindness. Whether the Whytes believed crossing the line equally calculated to destroy the headiness of young wine and young gentlemen, or Mr. Comyn used his persuasive powers, they made no objection to the marriage. It having been previously arranged that Mr. Comyn and Mrs. Creagh should reside with Arthur and Kate, they returned to Dublin with Edmund and Anna Travers, who had come to the weddings in order to take a house and prepare it for the reception of the bride and bridegroom. Robert and Mary went to spend the honeymoon at Kilkee, while Arthur and Kate, less gay in taste, chose Wicklow.

Who will ridicule our heroine if we own that her orange flowers were wetted with tears shed over the grave of her faithful Lion—the companion of all her wanderings, the sharer of her joys and sorrows? or that she chose for it the loveliest spot in the sweet Vale of Avoca? No ostentatious record of gratitude was placed over the grave of her humble friend; it was marked only by the painful, yet pleasing remembrance of former struggles, and the sweet recollections of early home.

After a few months' happy wandering, they returned to Dublin, when, from Arthur's talents and integrity, he soon ceased to be a briefless barrister. We have heard that Kate still displays a singular anxiety to discover the histories of itinerant melodists, and that Arthur has not yet looked back with regret to the evening on which he first heard—THE BALLAD-SINGER OF LIMERICK.

J. M. R.

PERSONAL MERITS.—Mankind (says Godwin) will never be, in an eminent degree, happy, till each man possesses that portion of distinction, and no more, to which he is entitled by his personal merits.

THE OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL.

REVELATIONS vi. 12.

On heaven's height a dreadful angel stands,
Holding a seal within his shining hands;
Behold he bursts it, and an earthquake's throes
Herald to man a countless host of woes.
The blazing sun is now in darkness roll'd,
And the stars fall, like drops of burnish'd gold,
(Thick as untimely fogs when blows the wind,)
And leave a train of meteor light behind;
While the pale moon, of silvery hue before,
Is dyed in gushing floods of crimson gore.
The sun is veil'd, yet fervent heat is felt,
That makes the air, and earth, and water melt—
And heaven's high arch now leaves the wondrous sight,
Roll'd like a scroll by God's eternal might,
Whose powerful word the isles and mountains bear,
And from their places start impress'd with fear—
A general dread the human race pervades,
The proud and lofty ones now bend their heads;
While kings, and nobles, and the men of might,
Alike with beggars, tremble with affright.
The warrior feels that all his strength is vain,
Nor needs the captive now his galling chain;
All pray the lofty rocks and mountains high
To screen the gaze of God's all-searching eye;
"For who," they cry, "in this dread day can stand,
When God for judgment passes through the land—
When His fierce wrath is justly kindled now!
To whose decree all Adam's race must bow!"

T. D. H.

WATER AND ICE.

Water expands by heat, and, to a certain point, contracts by cold. The coldest portions of the fluid are, therefore, so long as the cold remains within this limit, in the lower parts. If the contraction by cold continued until the water became ice, the lower parts of the liquid would be first frozen, and when congealed, scarcely any heat applied at the surface could melt the mass, for the warm fluid could not descend through the colder parts. To show that this is the case, Count Rumford made water boil at the top of a vessel, while the ice at the bottom was not thawed.

Suppose, then, the same law that is thus apparent had prevailed in our lakes and seas, each then would have had a bed of ice, increasing with the continuance of the cold, till the whole was frozen. On their surface there could only be such pools of water as could be produced by the thawing of the summer sun, and these would be congealed again on the return of frost. And so the process would advance, till all the water of these reservoirs became ice. Such a change would be fearful indeed; how, then, can the evils of it be averted?

God, who enacted the law to which reference has just been made, has modified it for our existence and welfare. As cold increases, water contracts; but after a certain diminution of temperature, though there is a further increase of cold, so far from contracting, it actually expands, till it reaches the point at which it becomes ice. The greatest density of water is at forty degrees; and when at or near this point, it will lie at the bottom with cooler water, or with ice floating above. The cooling process may go on at the surface, but water colder than forty degrees cannot descend to displace water that is warmer. At the bottom of deep water, ice, therefore, can never be formed. The coldest water, in approaching the freezing point, rises to the surface; there ice is formed, and there it will remain till the air and the sun restore it to its fluid state. Every winter we have some proof of this in the ice that floats for a time on our ponds, lakes, and rivers.—*Visitor*.

IRISH ROUND TOWERS.

These curious structures were (according to the opinion of Mr. Windele, author of "Historical and Descriptive Notices of Cork") temples used in the system of fireworship, which anciently prevailed in Ireland. It appears that in India there are similar round towers, formerly used by the fireworshippers. Mr. and Mrs. Hall, in their recent work on Ireland, allude to this subject. We extract the following:—"Lord Valentia was particularly struck by the resemblance which was observed between two round towers at Bhangar, in India, and those of Ireland. The doors were elevated; there were four windows at top, and the roofs were arched with stone. Pennant, speaking of the Polygars of India, says that they retain the *old religion*; and he describes their pagodas as buildings of a cylindrical or round tower shape, with their tops either pointed or truncated, frequently ornamented with a ball or spike, intended to represent the sun—an emblem of the deity of the place. Hyde has given a drawing of one of the Eastern structures with its four upper windows emitting volumes of smoke. Caucasus, the country of the ancient Iberians, of whom were the first colonists of Ireland, still abounds in round towers; and in Sardinia, which was colonised by Iberians, such structures are numerous under the name of *nuraggi*. Some countenance is afforded to this view by the vernacular name given to the round towers of Ireland, *cillcagh* or *golcagh*, a compound of two sacred words meaning fire and divinity. The particular names of several bear, likewise, allusion to fire. The worship of fire by the ancient Irish is a fact sufficiently vouched by the Irish annals and saints' lives, as well as by existing practices on the eves of May, Midsummer, &c. Its votaries were divided into two sets, one which lighted the sacred fire in the open temple, as at *Gall-ti-mor* (the flame of the great circle,) *Gall-Baille* (the flame of the community,) &c.; and the other which enclosed it in the *Sun-Tower* (*Turaghan*), or in a low over-arched building such as the *Boens*, the cells at *Gall-erous*, &c. The tower and low square temple were equally common to the Persians, with whom, as well as, indeed, with most of the other early Pagan nations, fire or the sun formed a main object of adoration. The researches conducted in 1841 by Messrs. Odell, Abell, Hackett, Wall, Horgan, and Windele, by which nine of these structures have been examined, have established the sepulchral character of many of the Irish towers. In the base of the Tower of Ardmore the remains of two skeletons were found deposited in a bed of sifted earth. Above this was a floor of concrete, over which were four successive layers of large stones, closely fitted to each other, and over these was laid another floor of smoothed concrete. Here a care and precaution were displayed indicating the importance of the personages interred, whilst the absence of any remains of coffin, or crosier, or ring, or other ornament, afforded a fair presumption that the deceased were not Christian. Three skeletons have been found in the base of Cloyne Tower. Human remains were also discovered in the Tower of Ram Island (Antrim.) Similar discoveries have been recently made in the Tower of Roscrea, by E. Wall, Esq., of that town. The Tower of Dromboe has been submitted to a like examination. In this, at several feet below a deposit of rubbish, earth, human bones, horns, and stones, which had undergone the action of fire, a concrete floor, similar to that found in the towers of Ardmore, Cloyne, Roscrea, &c., was reached. Beneath this was found a stratum of dark loamy earth, under which, even with the foundation of the building, lay a skeleton nearly perfect. Of the skull a cast has been taken for the Belfast Natural History Society. But what beyond all question decides the Paganism of these buildings, is the discovery of an *urn* in the

Tower of Timahoe, and of fragments of others in those of Breehin and Abernethy, in Scotland; in the latter, beside a portion of an *urn* of green clay, Mr. Black, the author of a 'History of Breehin,' says that bones were got laid below flat stones; thus in the same sepulchre exhibiting cremation and inhumation together, as has been found in Etruscan tombs. These discoveries justify the name of one of the Irish towers, *Fertagh*, the sepulchral fire tower; and clearly assimilate those structures to the *Nuraggi*, the Gozo Tower, the *Dagobas* of Ceylon, and other most ancient structures appertaining to sun worship."

The Royal Irish Academy have given prizes to Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Petrie for essays on this subject. The former has published his essay, and that of the latter is in progress of printing at Trinity College printing-office. Mr. O'Brien represents the round towers as the production of a heathen people, and connected with the East. Mr. Petrie considers them as built by the early Christians in Ireland as belfries and places in which to store valuables belonging to Churches and Monasteries.

These round towers are scattered throughout Ireland. They were very numerous; about 80 now remain, of which scarcely 20 are entire.

EARLY KNOWLEDGE.—This is not only the most easily acquired, but the longest retained. The memory becomes treacherous as we advance. With most persons, it begins to fail by thirty-five or forty; and they then find by experience, that their early knowledge has the firmest hold of their intellects. One thorough reading of a history, while young, is worth more for the purpose of impressing its facts upon the mind, than half a dozen readings at the age of forty or fifty. Hence the lessons of the nursery, the spelling-book, the infant school, and of those who subsequently instruct our youth, impart the knowledge which most faithfully attends us through all our life to second childhood and the grave. Early knowledge is very valuable capital, with which to set forth in life. It gives one an advantageous start. If the possession of knowledge has a given value at fifty, it has a much greater value at twenty-five; for there is the use of it for twenty-five of the most important years of your life; and it is worth more than a hundred per cent. interest. Indeed who can estimate the interest of knowledge? Its price is above rubies.

SCENERY OF WINTER.—The oak, the ash, the beech, and most of our forest trees, have lost their varied foliage; but, with the exception of the larch, the numerous varieties of the fir and the pine retain their leaves, and variegate the disrobed grove with their unfading verdure. In the woodland copse or lonely dell the beautiful holly still gladdens the eye with its shining and dark green leaves. Nor are our shrubberies without their living green. The laurel and bay defy the blast of winter, and continue to shelter and beautify our dwellings. The flowers have not all vanished. One of the fairest, and seemingly one of the most delicate of them all, the Christmas rose, spots the garden or shrubbery with its bloom, unharmed by the chilling influences of the season. Before the severity of winter is over, the snowdrop emerges from the reviving turf, the lovely and venturesome herald of a coming host. Thus, in the period of frost, and snow, and vegetable death, the beauty of flowers is not unknown; but rather what survives or braves the desolating storm is doubly enhanced to our eyes by the surrounding dreariness and decay.

NEW MOONS.—There will be two new moons in March, 1843, on the 1st and 30th—February preceding will pass over without one.

SCRAPS FROM IRISH HISTORY.

CARRICKDROID CASTLE.

"Carriekdroid Castle is built on a rock in the river Lee, county Cork. During the civil war, the Bishop of Ross garrisoned it for King Charles. Some time after he was taken prisoner by Lord Broghill, the parliamentary general, a free pardon was offered him if he would procure the surrender of this castle, which he appeared willing to do, and was conducted to the walls, when, instead of calling on the Irish to admit the enemy, he boldly conjured them to hold out while 'one stone remained on another,' and then, turning to his astonished guards, submitted to his fate, whereupon 'he was immediately hanged!'"—HALL'S IRELAND.

Roll back, ye years! from off Time's wizard glass,
Nor longer brooding on its surface stay;
Fain would my spirit thro' your shadows pass,
And view thereon a scene of olden day.
What tho' the harp that would such task essay
Is all unknown and damp with secret tears,
Land of my birth, to thee I give its lay,
Till fitter minstrel at thy shrine appears;
Scorn not the humble gift—roll back, ye cloudy years!
Behold they part! and lo! I see a glen,
And thro' its centre doth a river run
Rapid and deep, and o'er that river men
Have built a bridge—its pass a fortress dun,
With tower and archway gleaming in the sun,
Doth guard: on the opp'osing hill I view
Besieging tents, while falconet and gun
On them doth ply; o'er all, a vapour blue,
Frequent doth curl, blotting the scene with smoky hue.
And this is Carriekdroid!—stout and well
Doth Ormond's soldiers keep its batter'd wall
Against stern Cromwell's troops. You pinnacle
High o'er the stream holds Broghill's standard tall,*
That leads them on, in vain, with shot and ball.
Petard and petronel that fort he plies,
Still stands its rampart scatheless over all,
And now to shake their faith, he parley tries—
Loud sounds his trumpet! Hark! the garrison replies!
Lo! drifting like a cloud in air away,
The last shot's smoke leaves port and battlement,
And all is still—descending from its stay
Sinks the war banner, and then upwards sent
A snow-white flag doth wave incontinent.
Signal of truce! below full long debate,
The leaders of each force, with brow stern bent,
Doth Broghill ask surrender, ere too late,
And firm such thought the Irish captains reprobate.
"Yet ere we part," the English general said,
"I took last night a prisoner—hear ye him."
He spoke, and instant from his tent was led
A captive aged, erect in brow and limb;
Onward he came between two troopers grim,
And reached the spot. Pale tho' his look, his eye
Flashed with a light that time had fail'd to dim—
And sad grew every Irish bosom nigh,
When thus in chains Rosscarbry's bishop they decry.
And strange the sight that bridge presented then,
And one well worthy of a painter's skill—
On one side stood stern Broghill and his men,
With corselets bright, and looks foreboding ill—

* Lord Broghill, the defender of Lismore, and victor of Knockinosa, was the third son of the first Earl of Cork, and has left behind him the character of an able but unprincipled soldier, alternately roundhead or royalist as suited his interest: he rendered good service to both parties without winning the confidence of either. It is related of his father, "the great Earl," that so fearful were the Corporation of Cork, in whose vicinity he resided, of his character for rapacity and cunning, that by a bye-law they forbid any of their burgesses "having any dealing or bargain" with him.

Behind, their tents like seagulls deck the hill;
Upon the other is the fortress seen,
And in the space that lies those foes between
The bishop stands, and thus he speaks with fearless mien:
"Sons of Green Desmond, they have led me here
As Balak did of old the man of God
On Baal's hill, to curse your hearts with fear,
And bid ye yield unto the despot's rod;
Now hearken to my words—while on this sod
One stone remaineth of your mother wall,
Fight to the last. This day your fathers trod
Free and unshackled—shall ye call
In vain on us? Forbid it, God and good saints all!
"Still keep the pass—for to your rescue come
O'Neill's brave host, and Ormond's gallant band,
Whose glittering swords are waving in the sun,
Eager to smite those tyrants from the land;
Then scorn, O! Irishmen, the foe's demand,
Remember Cromwell!—back let memory bring
The martyr Charles; think of home, and stand
Firm for your hearths, and let your cannon fling
Defiance loud, for God, your country, and your king!"
He spoke, and with a fervent prayer he blest
That group; then turning where all baffled stood
Vindictive Broghill, thus calmly him address—
"Now lead to death!" and instant men of blood,
With ruffian gesture, seized that patriot good,
And bore him off. Within a bow shot's flight
Of that old fortress, in their savage mood,
Upon a tree they hung him—a woeful sight;
Yet as he lived he died, undaunted for the right!
He died—but they full long that castle kept,
And took deep vengeance for the bloody deed—
And o'er his grave his grateful country wept;
And good men mourned, and bade their children heed
The martyr's seal that did at Carrig bleed.
He died—but in the blazon'd scroll of fame
No purer loyalty than his you read:
Equal with Regulus, doth Erin claim
A patriot's chaplet for M'Eagen's name.

• The ruthless severity of the Protector's! career in Ireland has stamped his fame in lasting characters on the minds of its inhabitants, and the "curse of Cromwell" is as fresh in the mouths of the peasantry, even at the present time, as if his visitation was a thing of yesterday; and, in truth, his path thro' the land was one of blood—and many a shattered castle and ruined name still attest the justice of this popular feeling.

† "Bætius M'Eagen," or more properly "Ma Geoghegan," was the name of the prelate who thus sealed with his blood his loyalty to his king. The Ma Geoghegans were the ancient lords of Weetmeath. In subsequent times, an Abbé Ma Geoghegan wrote a history of Ireland in French, and dedicated it to the "Irish Brigade." It is, as might be expected, strongly ante-English in its views.

TEMPER.—An inoffensive man maintains the rule over his temper. The man of peevish, irritable, malignant temper is continually giving and taking offence. A hasty, unkind, resentful word, though it may be repented of and forgiven, can never be recalled. The man of an angry spirit will find and make occasions of offence, whether or not they exist. A Christian forbearance would lead men to overlook many grievances—to be kind, gentle, and courteous. A truly benevolent man is in a constant good humour with himself and all around him.

DECAY.—The crazy habitation of the body will decay. You may repair the broken tiles and damaged roof; you may rub up the dim window-lights, and oil the rusty hinges of the doors; you may patch up and plaster over the shattered walls, and paint the outside of the tenement, till the passer-by wonders at its fresh appearance: but, for all this, the old house must come down at last.

SIERRA LEONE—THE GRAVE OF EUROPEANS.

This settlement was founded originally to provide a place of refuge or support for a number of distressed Africans, who had been taken from their own country and had some knowledge of European manners and customs, and to try the experiment of making them instrumental to the introduction of civilisation into the country they were then to colonise. From the last parliamentary report it appears the total population of that colony amounts to 40,000—coloured population, males 21,754, females 17,280; white population, males 75, females 24; aliens, males 927. The climate is fatal to Europeans. From ten o'clock in the morning till five in the evening a white man is seldom seen abroad; their appearance invariably indicates the baneful effects of the climate, which leaves their features without vivacity, their frame without vigour, and the whole constitution apparently deficient in vitality. Freetown is said to be placed in a focus of pestilential vapours. The deaths of the Governors of this colony from 1825 to 1830 averaged more than one a year. General Turner went out in February, 1825—he lived twelve months; General Campbell survived only twelve months; Colonel Denham, six months; Colonel Lumley, six months; Sir John Jeremie, four months! The maintenance of the colony costs Great Britain annually nearly £90,000—of which the colony itself defrays only £6,500. The occasional sales by auction of the cargoes and stores of condemned slaves creates a greater sensation than any other event that takes place in the colony. The only stir and bustle of a thriving trade that seems to exist in stores of European merchants is where rum of the most pernicious quality is sold to the negroes, and where guns and gunpowder, tobacco, spirits, hardware, coarse cloths, and handkerchiefs are retailed to their countrymen and natives of the adjoining countries.

SIBERIA.—Notwithstanding its boasted hospitality, its great rivers, boundless extent, and long list of indigenous nations, Siberia is still but a vast "Limbo on the backside of the world far off," apparently designed by nature for a place of exile. European travellers, gliding over its snowy plains with horses at full speed, are pleased at the novelty, and being themselves luxuriously secured from the severity of the climate, they little heed the misery inevitably connected with it. They speculate too confidently on the prosperity of a country in which the increase of the population falls short of the annual immigration; where man becomes in some degree a hibernating animal, and without a stock of comforts, more or less, cannot live through the winter; where the nose and ears must be wrapped in warm furs one half of the year, to prevent their being frost-bitten, and must be covered with a veil the other half, to save them from the mosquitoes. At Yakhutsk, in Eastern Siberia, and in the same parallel as the Faroe Islands, the mercury remained frozen in 1828 for three months together. The thermometer has been known, in the same place, to descend 83 degrees (Fahrenheit) below the freezing point. Yet Yakutsk is surrounded by forests of tall trees, and is by no means the coldest spot in that region.

THE MIND—The ear and the eye are the mind's receivers: but the tongue is only busied in expending the treasure received. If therefore the revenues of the mind be uttered as fast or faster than they are received, it cannot be but that the mind must needs be bare, and can never lay up for purchase. But, if the receivers take in still with no utterance, the mind may soon grow a burden to itself, and unprofitable to others.

FAITH.

I knew a widow very poor,
Who four small children had,
The eldest was but six years old,
A gentle, modest lad.
And very hard the widow toiled
To feed her children four;
An honest pride the woman had,
Though she was very poor.
To labour she would leave her home,
Her children must be fed,
And glad was she when she could buy
A shilling's worth of bread.
And this was all the children had
On any day to eat;
They drank their water, ate their bread,
But never tasted meat.
One day, the snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air;
I thought that I would go and see
How these poor children were.
Ere long I reached their cheerless home,
'Twas searched by every breeze;
On going in, the eldest child
I found upon his knees.
I paused to listen to the boy;
He never raised his head,
But still went on and said—"Give us
This day our daily bread!"
I waited 'til the boy was done,
Still listening as he prayed.
And when he rose, I asked him "Why
The Lord's prayer he had said?"
"Why sir," said he, "this morning when
My mother went away,
She wept because, she said, 'she had
No bread for us to-day.'
"She said we children now must starve,
Our father being dead;
And then I told her not to cry,
For I could get some bread.
"Our Father,' sir, the prayer begins—
Which makes me think that He,
As we have no kind father here,
Will our kind father be.
"And then, you know, the prayer too
Asks God for bread each day;
So in the corner, sir, I went,
And that's what made me pray!"
I quickly left that wretched room,
And went with fleeting feet,
And very soon was back again
With food enough to eat.
"I thought He heard me!" said the boy;
I answered with a nod;
I could not speak—but much I thought
Of that boy's FAITH IN GOD!

G.

MATHEW TESTIMONIAL.—A public meeting is to be held in Hawkins'-street Theatre on the 26th of January, "for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of erecting an enduring testimonial of the esteem in which the labours of the Rev. Theobald Mathew are held by all classes of the community, and which may serve to confirm the people in those habits of temperance which they have lately acquired." The requisition is most numerous and respectably signed.

Youth, especially female youth, gives a poetic tinge, a softened colouring to its sorrow; thus the sea, when the morning sun shines upon it, is covered, even in the storm, with rainbows.

We forget most easily that of which we know least; the less we have in the sieve, the more easily it passes through.

ANNADOWN ON THE LAKE.

A TALE OF THE CO. GALWAY.

Lakeview, the spacious seat of Captain Randolph, is situated on a rising ground, commanding an extensive view of beautiful scenery, for which the parish of Annadown is remarkable—having, about a quarter of a mile on its front, a branch of that vast expanse of water, Lough Corrib, the history of which is rife with legends of ancient battles and disappointed loves. Around this lake are presented to view stately castles and sainted abbeys, falling to decay, (one of the most noted of which is the Castle of Annadown, the ancient strong-hold of the Staunton family,) still retaining their stout bastions and lofty towers, and throwing their dusky shadows on the water, as if with pride declaring the bloody battles and victories of which they had been the scenes. On the opposite side of that branch of the lake which runs into the parish of Annadown, are the ruins of an abbey founded by Saint Brenda, and said to be the resort of all fair ones whose knights fell fighting the battles of their country. On one of its white waves, a legend tells, the young Lough Carra, lance in hand, rescued his Ileen from the bloody hands of a Danish Chief, whom he transfixed on the spot; and on its shores mournful ban hees are ever weeping over the spirits of the brave. Near this abbey are the ruins of an ancient church, the mouldering vaults and broken tomb-stones of which cast a silent dread on the mind of the peasant. At the back of the house, separated only by an extensive wood, are three dark mountains, interspersed with brushwood and firs; whose rocky caves and dreary passes tell of hard-fought battles, and point out insurgent retreats. On the south is the high road, along which the peasant's lonely cottage, but seldom met with it, only serves to shew that the country is not altogether uninhabited. The lands about Lakeview are interspersed with trees, particularly near the mansion, which is large and well built, surrounded on the front by a veranda, supported by rustic pillars, and inhabited only by Captain Randolph and lady, with their lovely daughter, Fanny. On one side of the house is a small grassy by-road, (from which another by-road branches into the castle park,) about a mile long, which leads to Woodpark, the seat of Mr. M'Donnell, which is ornamented with sweet flowers, gay pleasure grounds, and rabbit-hides, and encompassed by a few lonely villages and bushy crags—across which, when snow shrouded the earth in its white mantle, young Dermot M'Donnell might be observed, with his dog and gun, tracing the footsteps of a hare, or bagging a snipe or partridge, or stealing through the haunts of those dismal mountains, which no superstitious peasant would dare encounter. Thus did M'Donnell spend his youthful days, except when he visited Lakeview to see Fanny Randolph, to whom he became fondly attached, and by whom he was at all times welcomed with delight.

On a fine evening towards the close of summer, Captain Randolph was pacing the narrow way which leads to Woodpark, for the purpose of inviting the M'Donnells to Lakeview, when he suddenly heard a stone fall and a rumbling noise behind the fence on the side of the road: he turned his eyes, and to his amazement beheld a man of dark form spring forward, who thus addressed him—

"Pray, sir, wait a moment; I want to have something to say to you, my gentleman—Randolph—aye, captain in the — dragoons stationed at Galway: the very man—exactly the description I got from my scouts: you must come with me, my warrior!"

The captain was surprised by this strange and

unexpected rencontre: he, however, moved his right hand to his breast, (having, on setting out, taken the precaution of placing a loaded pistol in his side-pocket,) and thus stood until his assailant had done speaking. At first he addressed the captain in somewhat a mild tone, but his voice grew harsh and his brow darkened, as he perceived a smile of contempt on the captain's countenance.

"Haste!" he roared—"no time to be lost: yours are hours of idleness; my horse and guard await me in yonder rugged pass: ere three days, you will see the verge of that mountain gleaming with pikes; then you will not place such confidence in your body of dragoons; so quick, obey the command of the chief who now stands before you!"

The firmness with which he uttered his mandate ought to have been sufficient to make the stoutest heart quail; but that of the captain only swelled, and his proud spirit rose, as he resolved to try the fortune of an encounter with his formidable opponent, sooner than comply with so degrading a demand. The chief advanced to grasp him by the collar, but as quickly drew back, as the bullet from the captain's pistol whistled past his ear and struck the rock behind him. Unsheathing his sword, the insurgent rushed at his defenceless antagonist and dealt a stroke which prostrated him senseless on the ground: the ruffian, laughing hoarsely at his groans, then took hold of him by the arms, and having dragged him across the fence, hurried towards the mountains, pulling his bleeding prisoner over crags and briars, until hearing the report of a gun, and looking in the direction from whence the shot proceeded, he discerned a man in a sportsman's dress clambering up a rocky precipice. He started—looked, and looked again—then, seizing his gun, he fired, but without effect, for he saw the man preparing to load, standing on the brink of the steep, with a large black dog at his side. Leaving the captain in a senseless state on the ground, he drew his sword and dashed towards him. M'Donnell not having time to reload his rifle since he discharged it at a fowl in the dell, advanced a few paces, holding it by the end of the barrel, the stock resting on the ground: he leant backwards, raised his piece, and it meeting the sword of his antagonist, dashed it from his hand: this stopped his career for a moment, and their glances meeting, Dermot encountered the dark, flashing eye of the famous Conner O'Malley, who grasped one of his pistols, which M'Donnell perceiving, cried—"At him, Rover!" In an instant Conner O'Malley lay prostrate on the earth, with the dog at his throat, growling, and holding him with a firm grasp: Rover would have torn him, had not Dermot come up, and cutting his leather fowling-bag into thongs, strapped him to the ground; then motioning his dog to let go his hold, he cast a departing look at his manacled prisoner, and still met that dark eye and scornful brow, unchanged by the late struggle; his ear catching broken sentences of revenge emitted from his feverish lips. M'Donnell then hastily repaired to where the captain lay, and placing his cold form in his arms, with his rifle slung on his shoulder, he hurried across the crag, fearing that the insurgents, solicitous for the safety of their chief, would come upon him.

Meanwhile the lovely inhabitant of Lakeview and her mother were placed in consternation at the unusual delay of the captain, and report being prevalent in the village that Conner and his band had arrived at the mountains that day, they apprehended danger, and sat with pale faces at the tea-table, watching the decaying embers which lingered un-replenished on the hearth, while the room wore a dismal aspect; and, as a panic, fear had struck the whole household. Fanny often changed sad glances with her mother, and an occasional look would be

cast at an armchair which stood vacant by the fire-side, when their melancholy was disturbed by the opening of the door of the room in which they sat. Fanny started from her seat, but the next moment sank on her chair with a shriek, and her mother rushed forward to receive her almost lifeless husband from the arms of Dermot M'Donell. He was laid on a sofa—his agonized wife, one time wailing bitterly, and again pressing her lips on his cold face, knelt by his side, and prayed to heaven for his recovery. Dermot perceived, as many an anxious look he gave at his dearly-loved Fanny, that her bosom beat heavily; her pale eyelids by degrees disclosing that bright blue eye which so often had flashed with joyous beams on his manly countenance.

Captain Randolph was brought to his room, and a messenger sent to the nearest town for medical assistance returned, bringing with him one of the most skilful surgeons in the county. In the mean time, M'Donell dispatched a well-armed band of trusty villagers to convey the chief thither, giving the command to a young able peasant, the companion of his sports, and would have accompanied them himself had not Mrs. Randolph entreated him to remain, her husband not being yet out of danger.

Dermot held a private interview with the physician, and brought the joyful tidings of the captain's returning consciousness to his wife and daughter. From that moment Fanny was hourly at his door, inquiring anxiously about his recovery, and when his health admitted, her light footsteps would be heard about the room, or she would be leaning over the couch with her gentle hand on his forehead, or watching his troubled features, if by chance he would relax into a restless sleep; and his poor affectionate wife lingered at the bedside during his whole illness. Dermot sat in the captain's room, impatiently expecting the return of the little party with his prisoner. When they returned, young Burk, the leader of the expedition, informed Dermot that they found on the spot to which he directed them a broken leather strap fastened in the ground, and perceived, when a short distance from it, dark forms gathered around, and saw their dusky figures leap down the rocks and disappear through the mist in the distance. He had scarcely ceased speaking when the door was burst in, and the piquet, half breathless, declared that the insurgents were marching down from the pass of Shonbennore, and that they had been fired on, and had to run for their lives. M'Donell buckled on the captain's sword, and ordering all to prepare in silence, so as not to let either Mrs. or Miss Randolph know anything about it—it was but the work of a few minutes to load their guns and hang on their cross belts; then Dermot issuing from the house placed himself at their head. To the right of the dwelling lay a shrubbery—whither they repaired. Dermot dispatched six of his band with Burk to defend the house in case of attack; then arranging his men behind the shrubs, he climbed a steep rock a few yards distant, and beheld the enemy, whose force was superior to his only by half-a-dozen. The voice of Conner was heard giving orders to form, as they had now issued from the crags, into the level plain. Soon his helmet and shield shone in the moonbeam, as with unsheathed sword he led on his band towards the dwelling. Dermot taking his rifle whispered—

“Now, my brave boys, leave the chief to me, and fire steady.”

The report sweeping along the dell, was echoed by the hollow passes of the mountains. O'Malley was borne wounded to the rear—the volley seemed to have stopped their progress; but the shock was only momentary. Rallying, they dashed into the thicket: the villagers' bayonets met their pikes, and fearful was the conflict which ensued. He that seemed to

have taken the command levelled his pike at M'Donell, and the latter having broken his sword in the first charge, was springing back to seize a weapon which lay behind him when he fell over a dead body, and lay on his back. The pike was quick descending towards his heart, when an unexpected ally appeared, and rescued him from death: Rover jumped from the underwood and pinned the foe to the ground, holding him until he was secured. At this moment the contest raged with great fury; all were closed in a mass. Twice had the insurgents formed in close column, and twice had Dermot pierced their lines; they flew to attack the house, but from thence also were they repulsed, and unable to withstand it any longer, they fled—all were swept down the rocks. The villagers in the pursuit were scattered through the fields, when suddenly a flame darted from the mist, and shed a glimmering light on the whole scene. It was a cottage which the insurgents set on fire.

To this place M'Donell hastened: he beheld with horror the dark bodies of the enemy scattered about. While contemplating the tragedy, he perceived two combatants engaged not far distant: on approaching nearer the burnished steel of the chief flashed in his eyes: he was leaning against a rock for support, having been wounded at the first onset. Many were the blows stricken and evaded, but before Dermot could reach the spot the villager sank to the ground. Seizing a hatchet which he drew from the skull of a corse lying near him, he advanced to give O'Malley battle. The chief grasped his broad sword, and made a fierce thrust at him; but he stooping escaped the blow, and levelled the axe at Conner's head. They then closed in deadly strife; Conner O'Malley's sword soon dropped from his hand, having received a cut in the right arm—another blow laid him almost senseless on the ground. When M'Donell had the foe secured, he turned up the body that lay near him and recognised Burk, the friend of his childhood and companion of his sports. Deeply affected at the sight, he flung the victorious battle axe on the ground, and dropped a tear.

Fanny was relieved from a state of breathless anxiety when M'Dermot returned: all tongues were busy in applauding his victory; the villagers came dropping in with their prisoners, and morn was breaking as the last arrived. Seventeen of the insurgents lay dead, while five peasants were the only victims to their fury.

The next evening a solitary band, their hands bound behind their backs, and at their head, strapped on horseback, their bold chief, were slowly traversing the high road which leads to the ancient town of Galway, and behind them their wounded comrades borne on carts—the whole surrounded by a strong escort of dragoons.

The captain's health recovered rapidly, and one day as he awoke from a slumber, perceiving Dermot standing by his bed, he took his hand, and called him his gallant protector and defender of his home, and, his heart swelling with gratitude, he told him to ask any boon and he would grant it; but, perceiving the youth grow pale, he said—

“Have courage, Dermot, and rely on my word.”

M'Donell then, looking in his face, exclaimed—

“Fanny!”

The captain replied, his eye brightening at the name of his daughter—

“Yes, Dermot; happy will I be in adopting so brave, noble, and honourable a man my son. I bestow on thee a beloved daughter, dearer to me than life; but—” And his voice faltering for a moment, he continued—“You must promise me to give up your dangerous pursuits. The estate of Lakeview shall be thine, if you agree to reside here until you place

me in my grave; for my death-bed pillow must be smoothened, and my last dying words heard, by my daughter."

M'Donell, with silent and unutterable joy, assented to this proposal.

From this time, M'Donell became a constant visitor at Lakeview, and would spend whole days with his Fanny, walking on the grassy path of the wood, or by the shores of the lake, while his gun lay rusted in the hall.

Captain Randolph now permitted M'Donell to depart for Galway to make the necessary preparations for the wedding. The morning on which Dermot departed, the sun rose bright and glowing. A gay crowd was assembled on the beach: the sand sparkled beneath their feet. M'Donell having taken leave of Fanny, the Captain and his Lady, telling them he would certainly return home by evening, stepped into a barge, which six able-bodied villagers pulled from the shore; while the peasants collected to witness the scene hailed them with cheers. Fanny beheld Dermot for the last time rise from his seat, make a graceful bow, and resume his place at the stern. She watched the barge receding from her view, until it seemed to her to mingle with the blue tinge of the lake.

On the same evening Captain Randolph and Fanny were walking on the shore, looking anxiously in the direction of Galway, until it became dusk—but no bark appeared! The captain endeavoured to soothe his daughter, by telling her that she would be startled at hearing Dermot's knock at the door immediately; but the night passed on—Dermot came not! Fanny retired to her sleepless couch. The wind whistled through the long veranda, and howled round the corners. Morning came! Fanny started from her bed, and ran to the window. What a dreary scene! The sky was dark and foreboding—every object that met her eye only tending to increase her fears!—Wrapping a mantle round her, she hastened to the lake—her countenance wild, her hair dishevelled! She traced the strand—arrived at the castle—and under its gloomy wall, lying on the sand, beheld Dermot's corse: in one hand was firmly grasped a broken oar—in the other a small case. She screamed—drew back—gazed for a moment on his dim eye and pale distorted features—then on the case—it was her miniature! She cast her eyes to Heaven, as if to implore happiness for the departed soul, and sank insensible by the side of her drowned lover.

Poor Fanny! In solitude her racked memory summoned up the past. She never walked in the wood, except to recal those days when she used to hang on Dermot's arm, and listen to his vows—days of happiness fled, not to return. One bower she frequented, for in it Dermot first plighted his love: a rose-bush, from which he oft plucked a flower, she nurtured in her arbour. She would sometimes take her guitar, and play some of his favourite airs.—Her heart-broken parents perceived her senses daily declining: ere long they fled for ever!

The traveller, as he tarries to view the mouldering vaults and tottering walls of Annadown church-yard—while the fresh breeze, springing from the lake, whistles along the broken tomb-stones, and moans through the hollow trunks and leafless branches of the decaying elms—may behold two ancient and gloomy tombs, separated only by a heap of nettles, and on them read, in scarcely perceptible characters, covered with ivy and verdigris, the names of the young lovers, long since mouldered into dust; and occasionally, when the wind howls through the dark, damp arches and gothic windows of the old castle,

and the white horses (as the peasants call them) bound on the lake—the fishermen not daring to encounter their wrath—there would be told, to an attentive group at a villager's fireside, how bravely Dermot fought, and how Conner O'Malley and his band were transported over the salt seas.

January, 1843.

R. S. C.

THE SEA BIRD.

The sea bird seeks 'neath her sails so white
The mariner wending home,
And cleaving the mist of the breakers bright,
Out-travels their thund'ring foam.
Her mountain stand she leaves far behind,
Her walk on the ramparts steep—
'Bove the chamber'd swell she rests on the wind,
'Bove the sea nymphs' halls so deep.
And booming on where the bark strays lone,
Commissions the watch on high,
And pipes a look out with her boatswain tone,
And tells where the land's end lie.
And oft she sails o'er the seaman's grave,
Where the proud wind'd ship went down—
The chieftain and each of the crew so brave,
'Neath the fierce tornado's frown.
Deep, deep on old Neptune's burial ground,
Uncoffined, untomb'd they lie;
Yet hushed to repose by the dirge-like sound
Of the ocean's lullaby.
The sea bird starts from her darkling peak,
Her home where the wild waves beat,
And strays out to float on the lone ship's wake,
With its curling foam her seat.
Till spreading her canvass at sunset's smile,
She scales the bleak cliffs on her surge-lashed pile.

T.

IMMORTALITY.—Our inquiries into immortality are, alas! too often made in the time of mourning and sorrowful bereavement, and, therefore, our views are not sufficiently bright and cheering. We never walk amid the grave save with crape upon our faces.—To the earthly minded, immortality is a formidable thought—to the high-minded transport. Thus the heavens reflected in the sea appear like a fearful abyss, but beheld above us, a sublime height.

THE COUNTESS.—This is in life the representative of the man, the translation of the spiritual into the corporeal, the word to the thought, the incarnation of the spirit, God's own draught. The idea of burying this image from our view increases sorrow so much, that we weep more at the closing of the coffin than we do at the death-bed, where the separation actually takes place.

THE WINE PRESS.—In Syria the vintage begins in the middle of September, and continues for about two months. It is earlier in Palestine, where the grapes are sometimes ripe even in June or July; this arises probably from a triple pruning, in which case there is also a third vintage. The first in August, the second in September, and the third in October. Joyous, indeed, was the season when the grapes were plucked off, and carried to the wine press, which was built in the vineyard, whose site was carefully chosen in fields of a loose, crumbling soil, on a rich plain, a sloping hill rising with a gentle ascent, or, where the acclivity was very steep, in terraces turned as much as possible from the setting sun. The wine presses were either built of stone, or hewn out of a rock. The grapes were thrown into the upper part, to be trodden by men, and juice flowed out into receptacles beneath. The treading of the wine press was laborious, but it was performed with singing, and sometimes accompanied with musical instruments.

THE EARLY DAYS OF BONAPARTE.

In the month of October, in the year 17—, in a dark, gloomy garret in one of the poorest parts of the city of Lyons, a young man, apparently about the age of one and twenty years, was stretched upon a miserable and mean-looking truckle-bed: he seemed to be afflicted with a dreadful attack of fever—now and then placing his hot hands outside the rough bed-clothes—now tossing from one side to the other: at last he fainted away, as if from exhaustion, and appeared to be entirely worn out from the effects of the malady under which he laboured. Near him, on a rotten and old-fashioned chair—the only furniture of the room beside the bed—were his clothes; they were the uniform of the French artillery, and a foraging-cap lay on the floor at some distance from them. His disorder seemed at its height; his feverish lips appeared parched for want of a friendly hand to administer drink; his whole frame looked wasted. He was a young French officer of artillery, and had lately, while passing through Lyons, been seized with the illness under which he was now suffering; and being ill supplied with money, his purse was soon exhausted by the expenses his malady had occasioned him. His landlady being afraid to call in a doctor, least she should be made accountable for the expenses that might be incurred, had him removed to the wretched place where he now was, and had sent an old woman to visit him once or twice a day. The fate of the young officer interested all the domestics of the hotel, and the particulars of his friendless condition reached the ears of a German gentleman of the name of Ager, through his servant, who acquainted him at the same time of the cruelty of the landlady in sending him out of the house in so destitute a condition. It happened that this German was travelling through France for pleasure at this time, and being well supplied with money, determined to relieve the young officer. He sent his servant to procure the attendance of a physician; at the same time informing the hostess that he would be accountable for all charges, and ordered her as soon as possible to have him removed to the chamber which he had first occupied at the hotel. The young soldier, weakened by his illness, which was much increased from neglect, was in a dreadful state of delirium when the physician visited him, and during the changing of his apartment; so that, when his senses returned, he was much surprised to find himself in a room so comfortable. Near him sat a nurse whom the German had sent to tend him, and who watched him with a tenderness of a mother; and when he asked her to whom he was indebted for the preservation of his life, she answered that the same was not yet come to tell him, and that the physician had ordered him to keep very quiet. After a few days, when the young officer was recovering his strength, she related everything to him—how Monsieur Ager had found him where he was, and alluded in as delicate words as possible to the deplorable condition in which he was found. He begged of her, with a countenance that seemed unable to brook delay, to go and request Monsieur Ager to come to him immediately, that he might lighten his heart of some of its gratitude to him. The good woman, without delay, set off to seek Mons. A., and to

inform him of the earnest desire her patient had to see him. He came at once, and immediately on his entrance the young soldier raised himself on his elbow, and thanked him in the most sincere manner for saving his life and conferring so many favours upon him. He begged of him to accept his thanks *now*, as the only token of his gratitude he was able to offer; *hereafter*, he hoped to have it in his power to acknowledge his obligations in a more suitable manner. The kind and good-natured German offered him a selection of books to pass away the tiresome hours, until he should be recovered; he even offered to come himself and read for him every day, until he should become stronger and better able to endure the fatigue of reading himself. These kind offers were accepted thankfully, and he requested to be favoured with accounts of the lives of the most celebrated French characters and a treatise on engineering. For two or three weeks did the kind German read for him, until he was convalescent. He informed his protector, in the course of conversation, that he was a lieutenant in the 3d regiment of artillery; that he was a Corsican by birth, and his name—Napoleon! In a few days after he was quite well, and having everything prepared to set out and join his regiment, he came once again to thank Mons. Ager for his kindness, and assured him he would never forget it.

Years rolled by. The young officer was now Emperor of France; but he had not forgot the favours that were conferred upon him by the German gentleman. A short time before Bonaparte's coronation, messengers were sent to inquire for a Monsieur Ager in the town which he had so long ago told the young soldier that he lived in; and they had orders, if he or any person of that name were there, to bring them without delay to Paris. The messengers returned in about two months, after having accomplished their mission, and bringing with them an old gentleman and two young men, apparently his sons. They set off at once for St. Cloud, where the Emperor then resided, and were conducted immediately into the presence of Napoleon. Upon their entrance, Bonaparte stood up, and embraced the old man; turning to his generals and suite, who were standing by and looking on, he addressed them thus: "Gentlemen, you see my benefactor, to whom I am indebted for my life. I was in want of every thing, when he succoured me, and rescued me from an early grave. I am happy and proud to be obliged to him, and have never forgot him." Then turning to the two young men, he said—"You are henceforth captains in my own regiment of hussars; and, if you have no objection, you can join them at once." He then again embraced Monsieur Ager—for it was he and his two sons—and told him he had a pension of ten thousand francs from that day forward, and apartments in his palace of St. Cloud!

Mons. Ager lived for about two years after, having had the gratification of beholding the young artillery officer whom he had taken from a filthy garret—the Emperor of all France! O'G.

IRON SHIPS.—Three iron ships sailed from Liverpool, for various destinations, on the 3d January—one of which was nearly 1,000 tons burden.

EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE.

Of the many misfortunes that have befallen mankind from time immemorial, but of late years in particular, not a few have resulted from the baneful effects of intemperance. Like the mighty river, which at its source is but an insignificant rivulet, it gains strength and size from its many tributary streams as it advances, until at last it bids defiance to the intervention of its impetuous waters. So it is in effect with intemperance, in its beginning and results. Like the stream in its first career, its influence is feeble—its results equally so; but as it advances, it gains strength and vigour, almost imperceptibly, from its various tributaries—temptation, added to temptation unrestrained—until, at last, its several confluences are submerged in the ocean of misfortune. The awfully evil effects of intemperance have too long been felt in these highly favoured and enlightened lands of our nativity—Britain in general; but to us more immediately—Ireland in particular. Who is there amongst us that has not felt its evil results, more or less? We speak not to the lower classes of our brethren only—we appeal to the higher classes of society also. How many (alas! too many) are there who might, in the ordinary course of events, have been affluent, can trace their present indigency to that accursed medium of human degradation? How many have been brought by its influence to pursue a life little better, nay, in many cases, inferior to brutes? Many have been plunged in this state into the dread realities of an unknown eternity! But we rejoice that our land hath no longer lain dormant in her dast demoralising condition. A better state of things now exists—a great reformation has been effected—a mighty good has resulted—meliorating the social, and hence the spiritual condition of the masses of our people. We would exhort those who have experienced its beneficial effects, to stand fast in the glorious liberty wherewith they have been made free.

To take an example of the murderous effects of intemperance in other climes, we subjoin an account of the mode of distillation and its results among the South Sea Islanders* :—

"Intemperance at this time (1815) prevailed to an awful and unprecedented degree. By the Sandwich Islanders,† who had arrived some years before, the natives had been taught to distil ardent spirits from the saccharine *ti* root, which they had now practised to a great extent, and exhibited, in a proportionate degree, all the demoralising and debasing influence of drunkenness. Whole districts frequently united to erect what might be termed a public still. It was a rude, unsightly machine; yet it answered but too well the purpose for which it was made. It generally consisted of a large fragment of rock hollowed in a rough manner, and fixed firmly upon a solid pile of stones, leaving a space underneath for a fire-place. The but-end of a large tree was then hollowed out, and placed upon the rough stone boiler for a cap. The baked *ti* root, *dracane terminalis*, macerated in water, and already in a state of fermenta-

tion, was then put into the hollow stone, and covered with the unwieldy cap. The fire was then kindled underneath; a hole was made in the wooden cap of the still, into which a long, small bamboo case, placed in a trough of cold water, was inserted at one end, and, when the process of distillation was commenced, the spirit flowed from the other into a calabash, cocoa-nut shell, or other vessel placed underneath to receive it. When the materials were prepared, the men and boys of the district assembled in a kind of temporary house erected over the still, in order to drink the *ava*, as they called the spirit. The first that issued from the still being the strongest, they call the *ao*; it was carefully received, and given to the chief; that subsequently procured was drunk by the people in general. In this employment they were sometimes engaged for several days together, drinking the spirit as it issued from the still—sinking into a state of indescribable wretchedness, and often practising the most ferocious barbarities. Travellers among the natives experienced greater inconvenience from the district stills than from any other cause; for when the people were either preparing one or engaged in drinking, it was impossible to obtain either their attention or the common offices of hospitality. Under the unrestrained influence of their intoxicating draught, in their appearance and actions, they resemble demons more than human beings. Sometimes, in a deserted still-house, might be seen the fragments of the rude boiler, and other appendages of the still, scattered in confusion on the ground; and among them the dead and mangled bodies of those who had been murdered with axes or billets of wood in the quarrels that had terminated their dissipation."

S. N. A.

RIGHT AND WRONG.—A principle seems to pervade Nature, which renders it impossible for man to escape the consequences of his evil deeds, even in this life; as if God had decreed the universal predominance of truth and the never-failing downfall of falsehood from the beginning; the success of wrong being ever temporary, while the triumph of right is eternal.

LEAD PIPES.—The researches of Professor Christison have proved, that water which is exposed to the action of lead by continually running through pipes of metal, becomes impregnated with a carbonate of lead, to an excess which, when the water is habitually made use of, exposes the drinker to a disease called the lead-colic. If it be asked, how it is that so many persons are daily partaking of the so-called "harmless beverage," without experiencing any ill effects? the answer is, that it is only very pure water which is liable to deteriorate; that impure water, which is decidedly in most frequent use, generally carries a protection in certain neutral salts containing saline matter, which prevents the lead from impregnating the water in proportion to the quantity of acid contained in the salts. Thus, the greater the original purity of the water, the greater its danger of developing carbonate of lead.

CHINA.—This is the most densely peopled country on the face of the earth: the population has been set down at three hundred millions! The soil is so monopolised in providing sustenance for man, that no space is left for the support of the larger quadrupeds, although its surface extent is full 20 degrees in length, and as many in an average breadth. There are no pasturages. The hog abounds, and is generally eaten. It is curious that the potatoe has not found favour with the Chinese: rice is their great staple.

* From Ellis's Polynesian Researches.

† This account refers to Tahiti, an island of the Georgian, Archipelago.

STEAM NAVIGATION.

In tracing the progress of steam navigation, it is singular to note the prejudice which it has had to overcome, and to speculate on its prospects. Notwithstanding what has already been effected, many persons still entertain doubts of its efficiency in war, while others confidently predict that it will altogether supersede ships of the line, and that the proud Union Jack is doomed to give way to a smoke-jack. Here, according to philosophy of Sir Roger de Coverley, much may be said on both sides; but there is a desponding class, who apprehend that machinery will level our marine distinction, and that the supremacy of the seas will be achieved by lubbers. Now we fear not the result of any change of warfare. So much of our prowess was formerly supposed to depend on the cloth-yard arrow and yew-tree bows of our yeomen, that a proverb got abroad—

“England were but a fling,

Save for the crooked stick and the grey goose-wing.”

But the introduction of powder, ball and bayonet ne'er interrupted our progress to glory. Steam does not paralyse the art of seamanship, most of the details and manipulations of which will continue, and the science and practise of navigation must remain as much in demand while steaming over the ocean, as in effecting the same by wind and sails. In a word, as we have elsewhere expressed it—while iron, coal and limestone are so much more readily procured here than elsewhere—while our capital and industry surpass those of the whole world—and steam or sails are in the hands of men accustomed by habit and prepossession to the sea, the relative situation of Great Britain and her rivals will be as heretofore,—*United Service Magazine.*

PROTECTION OF THE PERSON OF THE SOVEREIGN IN CHINA.—According to the Chinese code, persons convicted of treasonable practices are to be put to death by slow and protracted torture, and all their male relations in the first degree indiscriminately beheaded—their female relations sold into slavery, and all their connexions residing in their family relentlessly put to death. All persons who at any time presume to walk upon the roads set apart for the imperial journeys shall be severely punished. If they intrude into the line of imperial retinue they shall suffer death, and the same if they enter any apartment of the palace set apart for the use of his majesty, or any of his near relations. Workmen employed in the palace shall receive a passport at entering, and deliver it back on their return; they shall be regularly counted as the pass out before sunset; and if any one remain behind he shall be put to death. If the emperor's physician compound any medicine in a manner “not sanctioned by rage,” he shall receive one hundred blows. If there shall be any dirt in his imperial majesty's food, the cook shall receive eighty blows.

VELOCITY OF SOUND.—On a still night the voices of the workmen at the distillery at Battersea may be heard at Westminster-bridge, an interval of three miles. The watch-word at Portsmouth, it is said, may be heard at Ryde, Isle of Wight, a distance of four or five miles. The echo in Woodstock-park is repeated seventeen times by day and twenty times by night. The artillery, at the siege of Genoa by the French, was heard at Leghorn, a distance of fifty miles. The firing at the battle of Waterloo was heard at Dover, a distance in a direct line of one hundred and forty miles, of which one hundred and ten were over land, and the remainder over water.

THE DANUBE AND THE RHINE.

These two great rivers have a certain similarity, and yet very great differences. They have both their woods, their mountains, their castles, their vineyards, and their legends: but the Rhine is more populous and cheerful; the Danube more solitary and solemn. You have not those large and populous towns seated along the banks of the Danube, nor the same life of commerce on its waters. You have not the same extent of finely cultivated vineyards: the same continued stretch of rocks and precipices; at least so far as I have traversed it—from Linz to Vienna; but you have more splendid woods, more rude and solemn scenery, mingled with slopes and meadows of the most soft and beautiful character. The Danube has not been for ages, like the Rhine, the great highway of commerce, though it has been the scene of bloody contests, and of the marches of armies. Its towns, therefore, are small, few, and far between. Its villages have an antiquated, weather-beaten, and half-decaying air; its only life, a few ill-dressed peasants, gazing at the steamer as it flies past. Its current is rapid and irregular, interrupted with shoals and sand-banks; and marshy meadows, where heaps of pebbles, thrown up by the floods, testify to its fury in winter and in rainy weather. The Rhine has a more joyous and flourishing aspect, with its cities, its populous villages stretching along its banks, and those banks so green, and smoothed for the purposes of navigation. On the Danube you have solitude; an air of neglect; a stern and brooding spirit, which seems to belong to the genius of the past; of trackless woods; of solitary miners; of rude feudal chiefs hunting the boar and the hart in the wild glens and deep forests—a genius which gives reluctantly way to the spirit of steam, which has invaded it. You meet or pass on its waters scarcely a boat. There is no white sail greeting you in the distant sunshine; for the boatman dare not hoist one, lest the sudden squalls from the hills should sink his craft. Vast rafts, now and then, with rude looking-men, float down from the distant Bohemian forests. Old and weather-beaten towers give you a grim greeting from the shaggy rocks as you pass; and views into distant glens and dark woodlands make you feel that you are in a far wilder and more savage region than that of the Rhine.—*Howitt's Sketches.*

CLONMACNOISE.—At the meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, on the 9th of January, Mr. Petrie exhibited a drawing of an ancient tomb-stone and inscription found at Clonmacnoise—the date and name on which correspond with that of one of the kings of Ireland. Mr. Petrie expressed his regret that many of the ancient monuments in this ancient burial-place were fast disappearing, being made use of as head stones by the country people, who resort in great numbers to bury their relatives near the solitary ruins of the Seven Churches.

IRISH ART-UNION.—Nearly £4,000 has been contributed to this society during the year 1842, and an increased sum is expected this year.

HOME.—Keep your store of smiles and your kindest feelings for home; give to the world only those which are to spare.

VIRTUE.—The vigour which virtue imparts to the mind, the weight which it adds to the character, the generous sentiments which it breathes, the fortitude which it inspires, the diligence which it quickens, are the sure foundations of all that is great and valuable in life. It is connected with eminence in every liberal act, with reputation in every branch of fair and useful business, and with distinction in every public station.

HINTS TO GARDENERS.

THE RED SPIDER.—This insect proves fatal to the growth of mellons during the heat of the summer. The adoption of the following method will banish them:—Paint the inside of the frame with a mixture composed of sulphur, soft soap, tobacco water, and a little tenacious clay to make it adhere. Renew this coating two or three times during the summer, or whenever the sulphurous smell subsides, and your melon beds will be free of the red spider. The usual mode of partial shading during the hot sunshine and watering early in the afternoon, has proved ineffective.

GROUNDSEL.—This plant increases very rapidly. Each flower-head of the groundsel produces about sixty seeds, furnished with feathery wings, whereon to fly from place to place. A very moderate specimen of the plant bears twenty heads, capable of producing ripe seeds at the same time, even when cut up; therefore, every neglected plant of groundsel, even if eventually destroyed, fills the soil with twelve hundred seeds, every one of which will in all probability grow. This, however, is a very low computation; and if a single plant, instead of being pulled up, is allowed to stand and flourish, and scatter its seed abroad upon the wings of the wind, twelve thousand, or even ten times twelve thousand, seedlings will be produced; and that is a pretty considerable stone for a garden Sisyphus to roll up hill again. Every precaution should therefore be taken to prevent one single specimen of the groundsel producing even its flowers, not to say seeds, in a well-managed garden. What is true of groundsel is equally true of sowthistle, chickweed, shepherd's-purse, sun-spurge, and the whole race of weeds, whether annual or perennial, multiplied by seeds.

CULTIVATION OF FLAX IN IRELAND.

The Royal Dublin Society have offered the following premiums:—

For the best essay on the growth and cultivation of flax in Ireland—ten sovereigns, or the gold medal.

To the grower of the best sample of Irish flax—five sovereigns.

For the best sample of Irish grown flax—five sovereigns.

Samples to be sent in before 1st November, 1843.

A promissory note for any sum under £2 is not liable to stamp duty.

A Parisian physician announces a pound of vinegar in the morning, another at noon, and a third at sunset, to be a perfect cure for hydrophobia.

The system-maker passes through the regions of truth as a travelling merchant does through a country; both care only for their wares, and are blind to every thing worthy of observation.

The first great men of a nation who have opened the way for others are forgotten, their successors are immortalised; thus the first snow-flakes melt, the others remain and give their own hue to the country around.

We are more vain than skilful; we crawl in the land of knowledge as slowly as the sloth, and make as great an outcry at every step.

We often use the heart at the expense of the head, and in the heat the lights are melted.

A change of dungeon is often called freedom; thus the bird is free who is let out of the cage into the room in which it hangs.

Errors hurt an empty head most, as poison does an empty stomach.

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

Adieu, my loved Jessie! in sorrow I leave thee!
 Alas! cruel fate has now forced us to part;
 And he who for worlds would not injure or grieve thee
 Must leave thee alone in thine anguish of heart.
 But when in a far distant country sojourning,
 I ne'er will forget the lov'd maid of my youth;
 And still I will hope for the joy of returning,
 To prove my sweet Jessie's affection and truth.
 My Jessie, whenever you look on the ocean,
 Think fondly of him who is far, far away,
 Who never can dwell without deepest emotion
 On the pleasure he tasted in life's early day.
 Still, still my heart elings to the happy delusion
 Of once more returning to joy and to thee;
 But reason soon shows me 'tis but an illusion,
 And sadness is all that remaineth to me.

MARY.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

When first I saw thy smiling face,
 Lit up with joy and youth,
 And every look so full of grace,
 Sweet innocence and truth,
 I thought that thou wast surely born
 To some bright, happy lot—
 A flowing path without a thorn,
 Where grief or care is not.
 That tender heart, as pure as Heav'n,
 With feelings so refined,
 Was surely for a token given
 That all within was kind.
 Yes, kind thou art, but fortune stern
 Ne'er deign'd to smile on you;
 For sorrow still you're doom'd to learn—
 Sad fate for one so true!
 Yet, murmur not; it is the lot
 Of many a virtuous breast;
 Tho' by the great and proud forgot,
 There's One can give thee rest.
 Tho' death has seized with ruthless hand
 That form to thee most dear,
 Now in a bright and happy land,
 Nought has he now to fear.
 This world is heartless, cold, and bleak;
 Then never mourn he died:
 Rejoice that Heav'n the lov'd did take,
 Ere by misfortune tried.
 The smiling flowers will sweetly bloom,
 To cheer you on your way;
 Peace and content dispel the gloom
 Which clouds thy youthful day.
 Address to Him the silent pray'r,
 Who heeds th' oppress'd one's sighs:
 The path which seems so dark and drear
 But points you to the skies!

JOHN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"C."—Cork.—Thanks for favours received this week. The tale shall occupy a prominent place in our next. We wish all our other contributors would bestow similar care upon the preparation of their MSS.

"E. V. B."—A very slight liberty has necessarily been taken. We shall at all times devote attention to any communications with which you may favour us. Can the fate of the "chapters" be doubtful?

"Lines on an ancient Irish MS." in our next.

"W." "T. T." and "S. L." inadmissible.

Several communications arrived too late for notice in our present number.

Printed for the Proprietors, at the Office, 32, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications (post-paid) are to be addressed, to the Editor.

Published by T. LE MESSEUR, (late T. Tice and Co. 8, Lr. Abbey-street, Dublin; and all Booksellers.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 13.—Vol. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

THE STILL HUNTER.

—“Hath not a Jew, eyes?
Hath not a Jew, hands?—organs, dimensions,
Senses, affections, passions?—Fed
With the same food, hurt with the same weapons,
As a Christian is?” *Merchant of Venice.*

There are few words in the English language more true to their original derivation than “Excise”—literally signifying, “A part, or portion cut off.” The explanation may, with perfect propriety, be extended to all the branches of that department of the Revenue now identified with the term. In truth, from the hour of its first creation in the reign of Charles II. down to the present moment, “The Excise” has ever been regarded with peculiar feelings of dislike. An antipathy has grown with its growth and strengthened with its strength, which is by no means a silent one, but has been often loudly and variously expressed; sometimes written in fearful characters in the blood of its murdered victim, and at all times discernible in the applauding merriment with which the efforts of the Rhymer or the Playwright were hailed, when the arrows of their sarcastic wit were directed against its humble but obnoxious officer.

It were, perhaps, to reason “somewhat too curiously” for my subject, to endeavour to analyse this feeling, and try to trace it through all its tributary streams up to the original source, and to remark how the stern indignation with which the subdued Republican first greeted the introduction of those fiscal regulations, deeming them the arbitrary enactments of Monarchical power, has coalesced with the emotions of contemptuous ridicule with which they were viewed by the more volatile cavalier; and graduating thence, through successive generations, has rolled its current to the present day, but little diminished in the bulk or bitterness of its waters. Such disquisition is far too foreign to my present purpose, and involves too much of abstract investigation to detain me a moment. Still, it must be palpable, even to the most careless observer, that while such feelings existed against the principle of those laws, their executive branch could find but little favour in the eyes of the community. It is, therefore, by no

means a matter of surprise, that with all grades and classes of society the Revenue Officer has ever been an object of distaste. Nor must it be denied, that the conduct of individuals occasionally overstepping the limits of their duty, through mistaken zeal, or more unworthy motives, and making harsh laws seem doubly severe by their method of enforcing them, has given ample excuse to those who were willing

“To judge the many by the rascal few;” and thus afforded a colourable pretext for an antipathy, originating in nine cases out of ten from blind prejudice or personal dislike. To such a pitch has this feeling progressed, that the very name of an Exciseman has become a by-word of contempt—he himself considered an official whom it is creditable to dupe—a man shut out from the sympathies of his fellow-men—the ready butt of every coarse and vulgar witticism—and one, to quote from Holy Writ, “whose hand is against every man, and every man’s hand against him”!

In making these remarks, I fear I may have trespassed too much on the patience of my readers; but the recollections that gave them birth are so intimately connected with the narrative I am about to submit to their notice, that I could not refrain. Seldom, if ever, in the literary arena has any voice been raised to plead for, or any arm uplifted to defend the class of men I have alluded to; and while it has been always a safe and pleasant pastime for fresh competitors for fame to discharge an arrow as they passed at the victim, bound hand and foot to the stake—no one, as yet, has been found hardy enough to step to his side, or try and shield him from one of the many darts hurled against him. No; his cries remain unheeded, and the very writhings of his pain, beneath each new infliction, call forth but louder shouts of glee from the applauding spectators. But here let me pause. I fear I am getting too excited for my subject, and prudence whispers in my ear that it were better to descend from the stilts my feelings have supplied me with, and tell, in calmer language, my sad, but over-true tale. Be it so.

Late on a winter’s evening, in a plainly furnished

but comfortable room in the ancient town of A***** in the west of Ireland, a group, consisting of three individuals, were seated, all belonging to the well-abused class of officials of which I have been speaking. A fire of mingled turf and bogwood burned brightly in the grate, and cast a broad and flickering glare upon their persons; while a strangely-formed table of Spanish mahogany, on each side of which they were placed, was drawn opposite the hearth, and was garnished with a tall pair of candlesticks, wrought in the fashion of a by-gone day, holding unlighted tapers, and likewise bore on its polished surface several decanters and drinking glasses. The room was furnished with but two windows, which were situated at opposite ends of the apartment: across one, which looked into the now silent streets, a gay curtain of calico was drawn; while the other, which hung directly over the Shannon, was left unshaded, and gave to view the waters of that noble river, lit up for miles with the glitterings of a September moon. The entire look of the apartment, with its antique sofa and high-backed chairs, partially revealed by the uncertain blaze, presented an aspect of quiet repose that accorded well with the expression of the countenances of each of the group, as they sat contemplating the fire that burned cheerfully before them—their features strongly marked with those broad flakings of light and shadow we find so faithfully depicted in the productions of the old Flemish masters, and the silence that hung over the entire scene, broken alone by the crackling of the bogwood, or the chirping of the cricket.

The altitudes of each of these individuals was strikingly different. One, a tall and powerfully-made man, lay reclining with his elbow on the table, and his head supported by his hand, while his legs, resting on two chairs, were carelessly extended at full length towards the fire-place. The countenance of this person was replete with expression, though somewhat of a marked and decided cast; the eyes were dark and deep set; the lips compressed and firm; the forehead broad and massive, and encircled with a mass of short black curls; while a large pair of whiskers of the same hue, meeting under the chin, gave a fierce and half brigand look to features, otherwise of a frank and even jovial character. The figure, too, as the bright blaze from the bogwood played around its proportions, was in perfect keeping with the face, and seemed to be a frame in the full strength of muscle and manhood. On the opposite side, close to the mantel-piece, clad in a brown coat, with voluminous pockets, drab indispensables, and knee-gaiters, sat a personage of very different aspect, engaged in smoking. Of middle age, and stature exceedingly short, this individual was gifted with a sharp, shrewd face, twinkling eyes, and bald forehead, with the hair carefully brushed forward to conceal the pressure of Time's hand. His mouth, which was fastened at the present moment to a long pipe, closely resembled the cleft in a crofted apple, whose ruddy colour was also to be seen upon his cheeks; the formation of the nose *un peu retroussé*, or, in plain English, slightly cocked, and a drooping of the lid over one eye, with a kind of fixed wink, gave an indescribable air of comicality to a visage that presented to the spectator a strange compound of shrewdness,

simplicity, and good humour. Of the remaining member of the party, probably my readers will coincide with me in thinking it is unnecessary to say much, when they learn he was neither more or less than the writer of this narrative; and will, therefore, permit me to remain, where I then was, in the shade—satisfied with the information, that I was the youngest of the group, and on the present occasion was enacting the part of host to the other two. In this character I shall, therefore, with their permission, introduce my guests to their notice: the first as Redmond Hackett, the best shot, the boldest horseman, and the keenest still hunter in the county; and the second as Isaac Twicknam, a recent revenue importation from the sister kingdom, and a very worthy fellow.

Although no greater contrast could be well imagined than that which existed in ideas, habits, and appearance between those two individuals, yet were they inseparable companions. Scarcely ever in the thoroughfares of A***** could you meet the stalwart figure of Hackett, without perceiving the dapper form of Twicknam hopping immediately after; and, despite the feelings of the latter towards the tall and reckless Irishman were deeply tinged with awe, and Redmond's friendship towards his diminutive companion partook largely of the patronising sensation a canine animal of the Newfoundland breed may be supposed to entertain towards a lady's lap-dog, yet their attachment at bottom was mutual and sincere, and had been proved by numerous deeds, whose disinterestedness might put many a modern Damon and Pythias to the blush. With me their ideas were so blended, that for my life I could not separate them. I fancied Redmond's bold and racy wit lacked flavour without the piquant presence of Twicknam to give it zest, and that his hearty laugh sounded hollow when deprived of the undertoned cackling of his admiring friend. So that, like the associated shrubs of lilac and laburnum, I never could see one, without looking round and making inquiries for the other.

To-night, however, there appeared to be a cloud resting on Hackett's spirits—a very unusual occurrence with one, whose ready store of anecdote and fun “was ever wont to set the table in a roar;” and though I perceived he made many efforts to dispel it, the shadow still remained. At last, after restlessly shifting his position several times, and mixing a tumbler of punch, and then pushing it untasted from him, he turned towards his smoking companion, and, in his usual bantering way, exclaimed—

“Come, Twig'em,” (for so he invariably abbreviated his co-mate's patronymic,) “clear your Dorsetshire throat, and give us a lilt; and the more sentimental the song, the better.”

“Laws! Master 'Ackett, you do talk to be sure. Why, Lord bless ye! I never sang but once in my life, and that was but 'alf a psalm in our parish church; and then I was a walked out pretty smart by the beadle for disturbing the congregation!”

“No matter: sure, if you can't sing, you can tip us a yarn. Tell Jack here how, when you were in the Customs, in the Isle of Man, you gript the old lady behind when she was stepping on board the steamer at Douglas, and found out her bustle was stuffed with green tea!—eh, Isaac!”

A low, complacent chuckle was the only reply this interesting reminiscence elicited, and the little man continued gazing on the fire, and puffing his pipe in silence.

After some other fruitless attempts, his tormentor gave up the task, and continuing in a laughing tone—"Well, as the small sinner can't sing, and won't tell a story, by the piper that played before Moses I'll hammer a stave myself: here goes"—in a bold and manly voice he trolled the following lay:—

Edmond Hackett's Song.

Let Society rail against our Revenue life,
And laud up "The Learned Prof. ssons," and folk
Who spend half their days in either humbug or strife,
And count Genius a failing and Honour a joke:
Let the Lawyer still boast of his Chancellor's wig,
And the Soldier his fine epaulettes prize, man!
For the world, a flip!—for these hirelings a fig!
The king of them all is,

The jolly Exciseman!

Just look upon life!—that fantastical show!
See how Fortune her favours unworthy has placed,
And deck'd each scoundrel with rank, while far down below,
In poverty's hovel, lies merit disgraced.
Shall we then repine, because a witling may sneer,
Or some dull blockhead all our labours despise, man!
Oh! no, by my word, with such true friends as are here,
I'll laugh at the proudest, altho'

An Exciseman!

There are hearts in this world whose treasures lie hid,
Like the gem of the waves in the rudest of shells;
Thus, tho' humble our lot, it may be but the lid
That shelters the bosom where honesty dwells:
Then round with the bottle—a bumper I call,
With a kiss on its brim, to somebody's eyes, man!
Now mingle your glasses, and drink one and all—
Long life and success to

A jolly Exciseman!

When the customary plaudits had ceased, the conversation again languished, and we all became silent as we were before. Soon after poor Twig'em, who had been up late the preceding night, gave decided symptoms of a tendency towards somnolency. After nodding for some minutes, with great gravity, and winking with one eye, and then arousing himself with a sudden start, and rubbing both with the back of his hand, his senses at last fairly succumbed beneath the influence of the soothing deity, and dropping his pipe into the ash-pit, he soon followed the example, and dropped himself into a sound sleep. A silence of some length ensued, while Hackett and I, absorbed in meditation, sat gazing at the cheerful flame. At last, my companion, with a total change of manner, and in a grave and altered voice, turned towards me and said—

"I don't know how it is, Jack, but I feel deucedly low. Recollections of old times come back upon my mind, as fresh as if the deeds they recall had happened but yesterday; and I have a vague presentiment I cannot shake off, that something strange will occur to-night. It must be fancy, but in that fire before us, I saw a few minutes ago the representation of a house in flames, with its red rafters and blazing roof, as plain as when, ten years ago, in reality it met my sight, and made me what I am. But I do not believe I have told you the circumstances which caused me to enter the service. Well, no matter: I have long intended doing so, and there can be no better opportunity

than the present. Fling some more bogwood on the fire, while I collect my thoughts for the task."

Here, shading his eyes with his hand, Hackett paused for a moment, while I complied with his wish; and then, half emptying his tumbler at a draught, continued—

"You are aware, Jack, I believe, that Hackett is not my real name, but one that I assumed through feelings of false pride, and other considerations, when I became a revenue officer. The truth is, my father was the youngest son of a gentleman of nominally a large estate—one who had kept his horses and hounds, entertained half the country side with venison and claret, and led what is called "a sporting life"—or, in other words, after breaking his wife's heart, and running a senseless round of riot and extravagance, he died, leaving his eldest son an estate encumbered with more debt than it could ever pay, an execution on the family mansion, and three suits in Chancery. The younger children were equally well provided for—Justice Shallow's remark, 'Marry, sir, beggars all' being strictly applicable to their portionless condition. Fortunately, however, there were no females among my grandfather's legitimate offspring, which consisted of three sons: the eldest, of course, succeeded to the property; the second was shot in a duel by a Galway squire—the cause of the quarrel I never could clearly ascertain, but, from my uncle's known propensities, I have no doubt it arose, like Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan's, from a dispute 'all about Sir Archy's grandmother,' and the antiquity of their respective families; the third, 'who happened' to be my father, obtained a commission in the army, and, after seeing some hard service in the American war, returned to Ireland, and marrying a relative of his own, who died in giving me birth, immediately after retired from the service, and taking a small farm in the west, endeavoured with its produce and his half-pay to make both ends meet.

"It was close to a wild and mountainous part of the country that my father had pitched his tent; and, as I grew up a bold and burly lad, my spirit became imbued with the character of the scenery around me, and half educated by my parent, who, strange to say, was a good classical scholar, and taught my 'Humanitas' by the worthy parish priest, who resided near us, and generally spent his evenings at our fire-side, I shot up into a tall and stout stripling, that few within miles of me could beat in either feats of strength or dexterity in field sports. Matters glided on in this way until I had attained my nineteenth year, at which time the country about us became disturbed, and the whiteboys extending their visits to our neighbourhood, many deeds of blood and crime were enacted. As usual, the landlord of the district for miles was an absentee, and his agent, a harsh and unbending man, was not popular. Heaven knows! of all persons in the world, I have the least right to palliate the lawless conduct of the peasantry; but it cannot be denied, that if there was violence on the one hand, there was also oppression on the other; and it is my firm belief, that if more kindness and fewer constables had been exhibited in the matter, the country would have been far quieter.

"Such was the aspect of affairs, when on the close of a September's day, I found myself on an

unfrequented mountain path, returning from shooting, with a gun on my shoulder, and a tolerably well-filled bag of game by my side. As I had six long Irish miles to go, before I could reach home, and well knew that for a considerable distance there was not a cabin or human habitation to be met with, I proceeded at a brisk pace. The country around was exceedingly desolate and barren, presenting a continuation of rocky tracts and black bogs, which were terminated by a chain of mountains that skirted the view on every side. The scene was both lonely and silent, no sound being audible but the cranching of the heather, slightly crisped with frost, under my foot, or the cawing of some solitary crow winging its flight far above my head to its distant nest. You may, therefore, guess my astonishment, when, on reaching a spot where the path united with a breen, used by the peasantry for conveying turf, I perceived an armed and mounted policeman awaiting my approach. After exchanging the customary salutations, he inquired with some anxiety whether this was the nearest road to C——, a town where I knew a large force of military and constabulary were quartered. On my informing him that it lay quite in opposite direction, and was at least ten miles distant, he appeared both surprised and disturbed, and told me that he had been directed on his present path as the shortest to the town in question by two countrymen, whom he had met some hours previous. It was now my turn to be amazed. The breen on which we stood led directly to a marshy fen, known by the name of 'The dead man's bog,' which no human foot, much less a horse's hoof, had ever crossed—a fact that was well known in the country; and, therefore, no motives, but of the most sinister character, could have sent a fellow-being on such a track. The policeman, who had a knowledge of my person, further informed me, 'that his mission to C—— was to procure the assistance of a party to repel a threatened attack that was to be made that very night on several gentlemen's houses in my father's neighbourhood; that the whiteboys were expected to be headed by the notorious Brennan, and a scene of blood and crime would be the consequence.' This determined me at once. Brennan, a desperate and daring outlaw, had originally been a private in my father's regiment, but had been expelled from its ranks for inveterate habits of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. This punishment he laid at my father's door, as he was the prosecuting officer, and the disgraced soldier had sworn deeply that he would be revenged. Stained with the blood of many victims, the ruffian had hitherto baffled the pursuit of justice, and by his knowledge of the localities of the country, and the discipline his military habits enabled him to diffuse into his band, he had in several encounters beaten back the police from his haunts in the mountains with considerable loss. Feeling, therefore, confident, that in any outrage he might be concerned with, Brennan would not allow his old commander's house to escape, I conned hastily in my mind the different roads that led from the hills to the town alluded to; and recollecting one, which, winding by the Shannon, would shorten the journey several miles, and enable us to reach the barracks in time to obtain the necessary aid; and as the distance

between C—— and our house was trifling, I calculated on reaching home before my absence would create any alarm. Acquainting, therefore, the policeman with my plan, I slung my fowling-piece at my back, and jumping up behind him on the horse, bade him spur for his life. With the necessity of this haste he seemed fully convinced, and wheeling his charger in the direction I pointed, we were soon dashing in a rapid trot along the deserted track.

"For about an hour we continued thus, and but few words passed between us. The sun had now set, and as I watched his last speck sinking behind the hills, and marked the grey evening stealing on, and the stars twinkling brightly over our heads, I cast keen and suspicious glances on each side of the mountain road we were traversing: nothing but black bog and heath tussocks met my sight, and the only sound that reached my ears was the plover's call, or the cry of the solitary snipe. We were now approaching rapidly a gorge in the hills, through which the road ran, and descending from thence with a sharp turn, it wound by the Shannon. From this point I knew our journey would be both safe and speedy, and we pushed towards it with renovated vigour. Unfortunately, however, as we neared the pass, the horse picked up a stone in his hoof, and became suddenly lame. Dismounting, we tried to extract it, but in vain: all our efforts were unavailing. On looking round, I recollected that there was a forge not far from where we stood, which was also a shebeen-house for the sale of spirits, and its owner bore a very indifferent character—in fact, was one in the present instance I would willingly avoid, but I had no alternative. Taking, therefore, in my hand one of the policeman's loaded pistols, and putting a double charge of shot in my fowling-piece, we led the limping animal in the direction where I thought the smithy was situated. My recollections of the locality had not deceived me, and we soon came in sight of the hut—it was nothing more. On approaching its vicinity, I perceived a light in one of its low windows, and bidding the policeman remain with the horse in the shadow of some rocks about twenty yards distance, I proceeded cautiously towards the cabin, and peeped through the narrow panes. You may judge what my feelings were, when I beheld inside fourteen or fifteen armed men engaged in drinking—many of them with their faces blackened, and all with their weapons in reach of their hands. As I turned from the ferocious looks of the party within, to glance on the dark mountains and deserted road without, and thought of the distance we had to go, and our slender chance of escape with such bloodhounds on our track, I confess my heart sank within me, and I nearly fell to the ground in faintness and despair. Rallying myself, however, I again looked, and, after listening for some time, learned, from the loud tones with which they conversed, that they expected another party to join them, and were divided in opinion whether they should wait longer for their comrades, or proceed at once on their expedition. While they were discussing with vehement gesticulations this question in Irish, I turned to retrace my steps, and, in doing so, perceived the door of the forge, which adjoined the cabin, to be half open; and entering stealthily,

I searched for and found the small box containing the smith's tools, and taking it in my hand, stole noiselessly back to my fellow traveller.

"During my lengthened absence, with all the coolness of a northern, he had slackened the horse's girths, rubbed him down, and even given him a feed of oats from a small bag he carried at the pommel of his saddle. On my telling him what I had seen, he set at once about extracting the stone, which, with the tools I had brought, was speedily accomplished. Refixing the saddle, he tightened its girths, and after having looked at the priming of his pistols, asked me briefly—'What was now to be done?' I replied, we had but two plans to pursue—one, to double back on our footsteps, and return as we came; but this, I did not attempt to conceal, was a very hazardous course, as, independent of the risk of spending the night among the hills, I had learned that by this very road the band of whiteboys were expected to come;—our other alternative was, to dash by the cabin at full speed, ascend the pass before the party within could prevent us, and place such a distance between us as would baffle all pursuit. This latter proposition met with his cordial assent, and, in fact, was the only one that presented even a chance of escape: accordingly, resuming my seat behind him, he woke the mettle of his steed with his spur, and we dashed at full gallop by the cabin. As we pressed up the gorge, a loud yell informed us we were discovered, and several shots fired after us told what mercy we might expect. But once I turned my head, and in that brief moment saw a wild group of figures moving restlessly on the road, waving lighted splinters of wood above their heads, and all seemed hustle and confusion. On we hurried, the hoofs of the horse striking fire from the rocky road; but, just as a few vigorous bounds had brought us to the top of the pass, three men started out from the rocks in front, and levelling their muskets, fired. Every shot took effect, and the policeman, reeling from his saddle, fell a lifeless corpse upon the road!

"To this hour, Jack, I cannot account for the manner in which I kept my seat on the startled horse, and worked myself into the saddle; but I did both, and, drawing a pistol from the holster, I discharged it at the head of one of the fellows, who had grasped the bridle, knocked down another with the butt-end of the weapon, and pressing hard against the third, upset him on the road, leaped my charger over his prostrate body, turned the corner of the rock, and dashed at headlong speed down the hill. The road was now open; but soon, as I swept swiftly along by the Shannon, I heard the wild shouts of my pursuers, and the clatter of their horses' feet, as they rushed on my track. The delay caused by their stopping at the head of the pass to raise their wounded companions had given me a brief start—which unless I kept, I knew I was lost. As with voice and hand I encouraged my steed to his full speed, it struck me that the whiteboys were sure to have sentries placed at the bridge towards which I was hurrying, and that on reaching it, my fate would probably be the same as that of my late unfortunate comrade, and I would feel the deadly bullet in my breast without the power either to punish or repay the assassin. Changing, therefore, my purpose

on the moment, I checked my panting horse, drew him into the hollow cleft of a rock by the road side, and dismounting, awaited the result; nor had I long to remain in uncertainty: soon their fierce shouts rose on the air, and on they came, yelling like demons, and waving above their heads burning faggots that emitted ten thousand sparkles as they passed. Fortunately, however, my hiding place was undiscovered, and they swept by me with the velocity of a whirlwind, and once more I was safe from immediate danger.

"As I watched their white dresses disappearing in the darkness, and heard the echoes of their horses' hoofs grow fainter in the distance, a weight seemed taken from my breast; but well I knew my breathing time would be brief, and that soon, after communicating with their sentinels at the bridge, they would return on the track with all the skill and tenacity of Red Indians, and, glancing despairingly round, I stood undecided how to act. Behind me rose a high and steep precipice it was impossible to ascend; before me lay the Shannon. As I looked on its broad expanse of water, I became aware that I was standing nearly opposite a bold bluff on its further side, which I soon recognised to be a hill in the neighbourhood of my father's house. The distance across was about a mile. Hastily, as the sound of horses galloping again rang through the frosty air, taking off the saddle and heavy accoutrements from my steed, I threw aside the upper parts of my dress, and stuffing the unfortunate policeman's cloak with heather, flung it before me on the horse, and was soon swimming the noble animal across the Shannon for my life! And well that gallant brute bore me. Luckily, there was little or no current, and his broad chest moved freely through the waters. Keeping his head towards a light burning in a cabin window on the opposite side of the bank, we passed steadily over the dark depths of the river. The moon was now up. So long as we kept within the shadow of the mountains on either side, we were safe; but, on the very centre of the stream, a broad band of light glittered, and as I approached this, I knew the crisis of my fate was at hand. Silent and solitary as the shore looked that I had just left, I was well aware fifty eager eyes that moment were watching from thence for the slightest appearance of my person, and the instant I became visible I felt my body would become a target for every musket in the band. Nor was I wrong. As the shining waters fell like molten silver from my horse's sides as he divided their surface when we moved across the bright space, the sharp whistle of angry bullets hissed by my ear, and the report of many fire-arms followed. Stooping down to the horse's mane, I now let the cloak drop into the river, and as it floated onwards watched with throbbing heart the success of my manœuvre. It prospered beyond my hopes. Fancying its dark bulk to be my body struck wounded into the current, the whiteboys sent shot after shot towards it. Long after I had entered the dark shadow on the other side, and even when, with some difficulty, I had scrambled up the opposite bank, I heard the echoes of their muskets, as with fierce but harmless rage they aimed at the inanimate object. I now stood on *terra firma* once more, and breathing

a heartfelt prayer to Heaven for my deliverance from so many dangers, I slowly passed in the direction of home. Although nervously anxious to get there, I could not press the noble horse that had borne me so well. Poor fellow! his drooping head and quivering flanks told how harassing had been his exertions, and on, therefore, we slowly went. As I glanced towards the dark shore on the other side, I could plainly distinguish the outline of the mountain pass against the sky, and thought bitterly of the murdered men that lay stretched within its gloomy recess.

"From one of these reveries I was disturbed by feeling a pistol pressed to my ear, and a rough voice desiring me to surrender in the king's name. On my turning towards the speaker, I found, to my surprise, that I was in the centre of a large party of dragoons and mounted constabulary, while the flashing of the moonlight on the bayonets in front revealed a company of foot soldiers. Conjecturing from my appearance that I belonged to the whiteboys, whose volleys they had just heard, they led me forward to three mounted individuals who were standing on a slight eminence in front, scanning the surface of the Shannon with night telescopes. Two of this troop their trappings proclaimed military men: the third, fortunately, was a Mr. Hamblin, an active and determined magistrate, to whom I was well known. A few words explained the matter, and my tale was soon told, while exclamations of horror and surprise hurst from my listeners. The magistrate then acquainted me that, owing to some private information he had received, he had called out the military and police to patrol the roads leading to our neighbourhood, and that he would willingly escort me home. Exchanging horses, therefore, with a policeman who remained with the infantry, we proceeded forward in a rapid trot. As we came nigh to my father's house, an unusual redness in the sky attracted my attention, and pressing hastily up an eminence that overhung the place, I looked down on the valley and saw the home of my childhood wrapt in flames, with its blazing thatch sending a dense column of smoke far up in the air like a funeral pyre. Dashing madly down, I galloped across the little lawn, dismounted at the hall-door, half torn from its hinges, rushed into the well-known parlour, and, oh! God, by the light of its burning rafters, saw the lifeless body of my father stretched mangled on the hearth, with his gray hairs dabbled with blood!

"Of what followed for months after this, I am ignorant: a fever, brought on by the effects of that night, confined me to my bed, and when I arose from it, I was weak and helpless as a child. By degrees I learned my father's murder had been the means of breaking up the whiteboy gang. He was an universal favourite, and the horror evinced by the peasantry at the foul deed, led to the detection of most of the assassins. As usual, they were all strangers; in fact, not belonging to any particular locality, but the outcasts of a province; men driven from poverty to desperation, and from desperation to guilt, that had no settled home; but, wandering from place to place, earned a fearful livelihood by the price of blood, and left the odium of their crimes resting on the characters of thou-

sands of innocent and well disposed peasantry, who were stainless of aught, save in affording them shelter. From one of the number, who turned king's evidence, I ascertained that Brennan had slain the old man with his own hand, after a desperate resistance—but let me not dwell on this part of my history. Well, I recovered my health, but to find myself a beggar, without a roof to shelter my head, or the means of supporting life—pity by the good, and sneered at by the proud. This could not last long, and, unwilling to subsist on the bounty of those who could ill afford it, after many struggles with myself, I accepted my present situation, after having in vain endeavoured to obtain another. A wild hope of being thrown in the way of Brennan, who was a notorious illicit distiller, also actuated me, and I became a revenue officer, or guager, if you prefer the term. Since then, I need not tell you, Jack, my life has been a very chequered one, and shall only add, its pleasantest hours have been spent in your company; but enough of this. Brennan had hitherto baffled my pursuit, and though I changed my name on entering the service, as yet I have been unable to obtain any clue of his haunts, and at times I am tempted to believe what was currently reported shortly after the murder, that, under a feigned name, the ruffian had escaped to Van Diemen's land.

"A few words more and I have done. You are aware by recent circumstances I have netted some two or three hundred pounds; with this it is my intention to leave the service and go to America. I know, like myself, you have had brighter prospects, and that your present lot is distasteful to your feelings. Come with me, Jack, and we will have but one purse and heart between us. Here we can expect nothing; the bread we earn, scantily as it is doled out by the government, is embittered with the taunts of the very men whose interests we are protecting, and the service we proffer at the hazard of life and limb is received with cold indifference or neglect. Let us leave all this behind, and on the free soil of Columbia it is hard if two stout and active Irishmen, with honest hearts and willing hands, cannot obtain a livelihood, without meeting on every side the ban of public opinion, or the scowl of rooted prejudice."

Here Hackett paused, and before I could master the emotions his narrative had awakened in my breast, or reply in any other manner to his generous offer than by a warm and cordial pressure of his hand, an unexpected movement on the part of "Twig'em," who we imagined was quietly sleeping by the fire, prevented a further expression of my feelings, and changed their character altogether.

...

(To be continued.)

THE HEART.—This is a soil in which every ill weed will take root and spread itself. There the thorns of wordly care, and the thistles of wordly vanity, will grow and flourish. As the husbandman watches his land, so should the Christian search and examine his heart, that he may cast out of it all unprofitable weeds and roots of bitterness.

VARIETY OF CREATION.

Variety is stamped upon the heavens, the earth, and the sea. The stars are all glorious, but "one star differeth from another star in glory." The sun eclipses them all, and the moon reigns among them like the queen. The earth is covered with numberless mountains and hills, thick as waves on the ocean, and more wonderfully diversified. From the tiny hillock to the cloud-piercing peak, no two eminences are wholly alike in shape, or size, or in any single quality. What valley or plain, what tree, or flower, or leaf, or blade of grass, is, in all points, similar to another? Search the whole world, and you will find no pair of any of these created things exact counterparts to each other, in regard to weight, colour, structure, figure, or any other essential or accidental property. The animal world is as endlessly diversified. Not only is the distinction between the various genera and species wide and impassable, but between the individuals of each species no perfect similarity exists. Twins are commonly most like each other; but yet we are at no loss to distinguish between them. Even when we take two parts, however apparently alike, of two individuals of the same species, we find the same diversity. The variety observable in the human countenance has long been a matter of remark and admiration. The general features are the same in all; but their colour, their relative size, and numerous other peculiarities, are irreconcilably different. Hence we can at once recognise an individual among a thousand, even when they are of the same stature and complexion with himself.

The diversity of colour is truly astonishing, and is the source of much beauty and enjoyment. Though the primary colours are only seven, yet those are so mixed and blended over all nature, as to delight the eye with millions of different hues, of all degrees of depth and brilliancy. Let us look at a bed of blowing summer flowers, and behold the ravishing wonders of colour. The unstained silvery whiteness of the lily, the deep crimson of the rose, the dark and velvety blue of the violet, the bright yellow of the wallflower and the marigold, are but specimens of the rich and gorgeous hues that delight us with a sense of beauty and variety. The fields and lawns, with their bright green, spotted with white clover and crimson-tipped daisies; the meadows, with their butter cups, and all their peculiar flowers; the woods, with their fresh spring verdure, and their flaming autumnal robes; and the mountains, at one time bathed in a deep azure, at another shining with golden sunlight, all exhibit the marvellously varied touches of the pencil which none but an omnipotent arm can wield.

This universal variety is not merely a display of infinite skill, but is equally beautiful, pleasing, and useful. It adds immensely to our enjoyment of nature, and greatly enhances our idea of God's creative attributes. It furnishes us with the means of discrimination, without which the earth would be to us a scene of confusion. Were there only one colour, and were every mountain, for example, of the same shape, or every shrub and tree of the same size, how dull and monotonous would be every landscape! And if every human face were exactly alike, how should we be able to distinguish a friend from an enemy, a neighbour from a stranger, a countryman from a foreigner? In all this, there is adaptation and wise design. Amidst apparent uniformity, the necessary variety everywhere obtains. And seldom does variety run to an excess. Utter dissimilarity is as rare as complete resemblance. All things are beautifully and usefully varied. Thus has the Author of all so blended variety and uniformity together, as to delight, yet not to bewilder us, with exhaustless variety; to enable us to class his works into great

groups of genera and species, and thereby to exercise our powers of reason and observation in tracing the delicate resemblances and disagreements that meet us in all our inquiries.—*Visitor.*

THE SUN HAD SHED HIS PARTING RAY.

The sun had shed his parting ray
To gild the moss-clad tower's dome,
And slowly crept declining day
To guide the weary wand'rer home.
The owl had left his ivied tree
To hover o'er the sacred urn,
Where I reclin'd on bended knee
To weep for her who'll ne'er return!
Yes, thou art gone, my Nancy dear,
To taste the joys of realms above;
While I repine and drop the tear
That's due to first and early love.
How oft in youth's gay, blissful morn
Hast thou upon my breast reclin'd,
As o'er our heads the scented thorn
Still sigh'd and kiss'd the gentle wind?
How oft by Liffey's lucid stream
Hast thou with me the hours beguill'd,
When nought was told but love's young dream,
And nought but hope on us had smil'd?
The primrose perfume's on the gale,
The groves where dwelt a thousand charms;
But now, alas! increase my wail,
Since death has ta'en thee to his arms.
Cold, cold, those coral lips of thine,
And pale the cheek which vied the rose;
How dim those eyes, which once did shine
Like evening stars at twilight's close.
And oh! alas! how still that heart,
Which burn'd and throbb'd for me alone:
How chill'd by death's unerring dart,
And e'er from life's illusions flown.

F.

THE SPEED OF TIME.

In all the actions which a man performs, some part of his life passes. We die while doing that for which alone our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. Whether we play or labour, or dance or study, the sun posts on, and the sand runs. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue. But the difference between good and bad actions is infinite. Good actions, though they diminish our time here as well as bad actions, yet they lay up for us a happiness in eternity; and will recompense what they take away, by a plentiful return at last. When we trade with virtue, we do but buy pleasure with the expense of time. So it is not so much a consuming of time as an exchange. As a man sows his corn, he is content to wait it awhile, that he may, at the harvest, receive it with advantage. But the bad deeds that we do here, not only rob us of much time, but also bespeak a torment for hereafter; and that, in such a life, that the greatest pleasure we could there be crowned with, would be the very act of dying. The one treasures up pleasure in everlasting life; the other provides torture in a death eternal. Vice, like an unthrift, sells away the inheritance while it is but in reversion; but virtue, husbanding all things well, is a purchaser.

RELIGIOUS BELIEF.—I envy no quality of the mind, or intellect, in others; not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness—creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity.—*Sir Humphry Davy.*

LINES ON AN ANCIENT IRISH MS.

Come show that face of thine, thou ancient scroll,
 And let's peruse the riches of thy pages.
 Tell us what hoary author poured his soul
 Forth on your breast, to puzzle future ages.
 Was he a follower of the mighty Homer?
 A king—a priest—a hermit—or a roamer?
 Tell us, for sure thou knowest, was the Dane
 A lordly tyrant?—this has oft been said—
 Did the Milesians come from warlike Spain?
 For that they did, in books I've often read;
 Did Patrick drive the serpents from the laud
 With his big crozier in his holy hand?
 Was Oscar^(a) bravest of the Finnian race?
 Was Finn^(b) the chief, a prophet from his thumb?
 Was Ossian^(c) poet? had Graine^(d) a handsome face?
 Did Conan^(e) always cowardly boasting hum?
 Did Bran^(f) and Scealan hunt the lordly deer?
 Was Caoilte^(g) swift? was Patrick^(h) ever here?
 Did Blanaid⁽ⁱ⁾ pine when Curue vanquished
 The brave Cuchullan for her lovely charms?
 Or would Cuchullan rather have been dead,
 Than yield such treasure to another's arms?
 Or did he curse that fate that to disgrace
 Could yield his yellow locks and noble face?

(a) Oscar, the son of Ossian, and grandson of Finn, was the most redoubted hero of the Irish militia, called "Fiana Erionn," (Irish Finniams.) He was killed by the Monarch of Ireland in the battle of Gawan, in which battle the king also fell.

(b) Finn, the commander-in-chief of the Finniams, said to possess the power of obtaining a foreknowledge of events by biting his thumb.

(c) Ossian, the son of Finn, claimed by Macpherson as a Scotchman.

(d) Graine, the wife of Finn, celebrated for her inconstancy.

(e) Conan Maol, (the bald,) well known for his great cowardice and empty boastings.

(f) Bran and Scealan, Finn's favourite hounds.

(g) Caoilte, son of Ronan, famous for his swiftness.

(h) Dr. Ledwich denies that there ever was such a person as St. Patrick!

(i) Blanaid was the daughter of a lord of one of the islands of Scotland, the fame of whose beauty spread so wide as to induce Cuchullan, the chief of the knights of the Red Branch of Ulster, to set out at the head of those celebrated warriors, to fight for, and bring the damsel to, Ireland; and, as a further inducement to the expedition, it was reported that the tower in which the young lady was kept contained jewels of immense value. On the way they were met by a man in a grey habit, whose proposal of accompanying them was received by the General more for the sake of making sport for his men than for any other reason. On their arrival in the island, they found the place secured by an enchanted wheel of immense size, which caused the whole troop to waver in their intentions; upon which the stranger demanded the reason, and, on being shown the wheel, proposed to remove that obstacle on receiving the knight's word for his choice of the jewels contained in the tower. This the General promised on his word of honour to give, and the stranger going up to the wheel stopped its motion at once by enchantment, in which he was skilled, and the whole army entered the tower, plundered it of large quantities of gold and precious stones, bore away the damsel to their ship, and set sail for Ireland. On landing in Ireland, Cuchullan offered to reward the stranger liberally, and was astonished to hear him demand Blanaid as the only jewel sufficiently valuable to reward his services. Cuchullan, however, was unwilling to fulfil the contract, except in the sense in which he understood it, and a single combat ensued

Perhaps you know if ever "Brian the brave"
 Usurped a crown to deck his valiant head?
 Or sought he only Erin's isle to save,
 When his brave heroes 'gainst her foes he led?
 He died, we know, to assert his country's right,
 At eighty-eight! the bravest in the fight.
 But thou art silent, and no information
 Can now be gleaned beneath that sooty cover;
 Let J. O'D.,^(a) the best in all the nation,
 Look on in vain, no trace can he discover
 Of what thou art, or who thy author, or
 What is the use thou hast been written for.
 And let E. C.^(b) look on, and rub the rust
 Of years from off your all-defying leaves,
 His eyes would wear and crumble into dust
 Ere he a sketch of what thou art receives;
 And though in decyphering he is so clever,
 He cannot read you—no, he cannot, never.
 If famed Sir Guy Olghethach^(c) were alive,
 If any could, he would read your contents,
 He would each word from Eastern tongues derive—
 You would appear as plain as Roman prints
 To him; or, yet, as clear as those famed fables
 Found near the Alps, and called Eugubian tables.
 Go! though 'tis pity that the vasty stores
 Of knowledge there should be for ever hid;
 For surely something of those ancient towers
 That now confound us underneath that lid
 Is hidden, but for ever shall remain
 There, except Sir Guy should live again.

TRAUMATURGUS.

between him and the stranger, in which the latter was victorious: upon which he bound his rival neck and heels, and ungenerously shaved his head with his sword—a mark of deep disgrace in those days. He then bore off his lovely prize to the present county of Kerry, and disclosed his real character of King of Munster. Blanaid, however, preferred the fallen chief to his royal rival, and soon found means of letting him know her preference; and he, taking an opportunity when the king's guard was absent, rushed into his palace and slew him while sleeping, with the very sword that shaved his own head some months before. He then marched off triumphantly with the treacherous Blanaid.

One day as Cuchullan and his lover were walking together on the margin of a tall cliff, an aged man approached them, and begged to speak a word in private with the lady, as he had some important information to communicate. She withdrew nearer to the cliff, upon which the old man caught her firmly in his arms, leaped into the sea, several hundred feet beneath, and was never heard of more. He was the King of Munster's harper, and thus did he avenge his royal master.

(a) This is one of the best Irish scholars in the kingdom, and, indeed, I believe that his right of being styled "very best" would not be disputed. He has translated some of the oldest pieces in the Irish language ever published.—See Cormac's Glossary in the *Dublin Penny Journal*, and a poem published by the Irish Archaeological Society.

(b) This gentleman also is an excellent Irish scholar, and is, I believe, well acquainted with old MSS., having, I understand, transcribed one or two for the College library.

(c) This famous knight and learned antiquary lived in the county of Armagh in the early part of the 15th century. He was celebrated for the peculiar facility with which he decyphered old MSS., and ancient inscriptions of every kind. He wrote an essay on the "Eugubian tables," or plates of brass found near the Alps; but, unfortunately for posterity, his ungrateful contemporaneous generation undervalued the great talents of the famed Sir Guy, and his essay was never given to the public; indeed, it is much to be feared that the neglect then met by the researches of this great man, has lost them to posterity for ever, as there is nothing now known of them—or, at least, very little.

ANIMAL HEAT.

[We extract the following from an admirable work just published in Dublin, entitled "A System of Clinical Medicine," by Robert James Graves, M.D., M.R.I.A.:]

In discussing Leibeg's theory of animal heat, one of his reviewers has made the following condensed, but accurate analysis of his views :—

"When we take exercise in a cold atmosphere, we respire a greater amount of oxygen, which implies a more abundant supply of carbon in the food, and by taking this food we form the most efficient protection against the cold. A starving man is soon frozen to death, and every one knows that the animals of prey of the Arctic regions are far more voracious than those of the Torrid zone. Our clothing is merely an equivalent for food, and the more warmly we are clothed, the less food we require. Were we to go destitute of clothes, like certain savage tribes, or if in hunting or fishing we were exposed to the same degree of cold as the Samoyedes, we could with ease consume 10lbs of flesh, and perhaps a dozen tallow candles in the bargain, as warmly clad travellers have related with astonishment of those people. Then could be taken the same quantity of brandy or blubber of fish without bad effects, and learn to appreciate the delicacy of train oil. We thus perceive an explanation of the apparently anomalous habits of different nations. The macaroni of the Italian and the train oil of the Greenlander and the Russian, are not adventitious freaks of taste, but necessary articles fitted to administer comfort in the climates in which they have been born; the colder the region, the more combustible must the food be."

I cannot guess (observes Dr. Graves) how every body comes to know all this; for my own part, I think it may be maintained that a royal tiger or Cape hyena requires, in proportion to its size, quite as abundant rations as any of the Arctic carnivora; and as to the vultures of Hindostan and Persia, where on earth, in air, or in water, can be found such gluttons? Neither do I think that any one (not to say everybody) would be prudent in counting on the abstinence of a shark, even within the tropics! Although religious ordinances prevent the Hindoos from eating beef, yet both they and the Arabs occasionally devour mutton in astonishing quantities. Those who ride over the Pampus in South America, at the rate of 100 miles a day, exposed to a burning sun, subsist entirely on boiled beef and water, without a particle of vegetable food of any kind, and yet they attain to an extraordinary condition and capability of enduring violent and long-continued exertion. Leibeg's theory must be very ductile, if it can explain how it happens that an exclusively animal diet agrees with man quite as well as the Equatorial as within the Arctic circle. It is, I must confess, quite new to me, that our clothing is merely an equivalent for food, and the more warmly we are clothed the less food we require. Take the well-clad and warmly-clothed country squire, and compare the quantity of food he devours with that which is consumed by his ragged labourers, and it may be asserted that the balance will be as much in favour of the squire's food as of his raiment. The voracious Samoyedes referred to, however barbarous in their manners, are an extraordinarily warm-clothed race, and the semi-putrid fat and blubber of whales agrees with the Laplanders as well in the heat of the summer as in winter. In the Arctic and cold regions of the earth, man is driven by necessity to subsist on animal food which is supplied to him by the unfrozen depths of the ocean, for in those inhospitable regions vegetable life is almost a stranger, and therefore it is that the Laplander, the Greenlander, and the Samoyede subsist almost exclusively on animal food. In the expeditions of Franklin, Parry, and Ross, our countrymen braved all the rigours of an Arctic winter on the same food which they were in the habit of consuming in milder climates; and if it be true, as stated in the above passage, that in the animal body the food is the fuel,

and by a proper supply of food we obtain the oxygen given out by its combustion in winter—if this be true, it is strange that there is no record of its being found necessary to give our sailors more food during the extreme cold than at other periods. Facts are wholly inconsistent with many of Leibeg's allegations. All hunting tribes of mankind, whether in northern, temperate, or tropical regions, chiefly subsist on animal food. This is true of the North and South American Indians, and it is true of the Hottentots; and indeed our travellers relate prodigies of gluttony enacted by the latter, for when after a long fast they suddenly obtain abundance of game, they will sit up the whole night occupied in cooking and devouring steak after steak, unaccompanied by a morsel of vegetable food; and at such times so indefatigable are they in the business of eating, that the party which over night had tightened their famine girdles to the last hole, have enormously distended abdomens in the following morning; this too, in the heat of Africa, where certainly no additional fuel was required for supporting the animal temperature. If Leibeg's theory be correct, that animal food is peculiarly adapted to cold climates, how comes it that the most voracious carnivorous animals abound in the hottest regions of the earth? The Bengal tiger, and the African lion, the boa-constrictor of South America, together with the alligators and crocodiles of the Nile, the Ganges, and Orinoko, all subsist solely upon animal food: and on the other hand, among the whale tribe it is observable that they abound in every variety of oceanic temperature where the appropriate animal food occurs, and the same observation applies to fishes in general. Take the antelope and the gazelle of Africa, which would shiver from cold during the warmth of an English summer, and compare them with the reindeer, that bears with impunity, and that for months together, a temperature far below zero, and how can we explain the difference by Leibeg's theory, for they both subsist on vegetable food? Facts such as these are not merely irreconcilable with, but destructive of that theory.

THE OYSTER.—Deprived, as the oyster is, (and other bivalve mollusks are also,) of the power of pursuing or seizing its prey—imprisoned as it were in its own shells—incapable of making any active bodily efforts, the question naturally suggests itself—"How does the oyster live?" The mouth of the oyster is placed between the two innermost leaves of the branchiæ, and it is to these organs that it owes its reception of food. Now, on examining the branchiæ with a powerful microscope, it is found, that every filament of their fringe is covered with countless minute vibratory cilia, or threadlets, in constant action incessantly vibrating, and so causing a strange current in the water washing their surface, and which is directed straightway to the mouth, carrying with it animalcules and different nutritious particles. The lips appear to be endowed with some singular power of discrimination, as they close against pernicious or unfit materials, receiving such only as are suitable for food. So energetic is the movement of the cilia over the surface of the branchiæ, that, it is said, if a portion of one of these branchiæ be cut off, it will continue to work itself along on the water by their rapid movements, till their vital energy departs. The oyster has no locomotive powers; it remains cemented to the rock, or to its fellows forming the bed, by a calcareous exudation on the outer surface of its shell; there it ever continues fixed and immovable, (as far as itself is concerned in locomotion,) and grows and lives the allotted term of existence.

STRAY SCRAPS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

HARRY D—.

"One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes;
To which life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,
For which joy hath no balm, and affliction no sting."

MOORE.

The 28th of December, 1814, was ushered in with as cloudless a sky as ever graced the heavens—oh! how well I remember it!—it has been engraved upon my memory by circumstances not easily to be forgotten. Before the strongly fortified walls of the American city of New Orleans, was the British army, under Major-General Sir E. Pakenham, preparing to storm that great city. The noise of hostile preparations had now died away; leave had been given the weary soldiers to rest for a few short hours before the work of the day commenced. All was silent; not a breath of air stirred the trees of the mighty forest, which lay to the right of our army, or ruffled the placid bosom of the broad Mississippi, as it rolled forward to the sea in majestic stillness; not a sound disturbed the sleeping soldier's rest, save the monotonous tramp of the sentinels, as they paced to and fro with untiring steps. It was not yet day. Before our lines could be distinguished the dark outlines of the lofty ramparts we intended scaling. Its natural fortifications rendered New Orleans well fitted to resist the bravest warriors that ever stormed a town. On the right it was guarded by the wide Mississippi, and its left was flanked by an impenetrable wood and pathless morasses. Besides those natural defences, the American general had taken every precaution that so great danger from the enemy inspired, or his own consummate prudence suggested.

I had but just waked from a refreshing slumber as the dawn appeared. Never in the days of my youth, when surrounded by every luxury, and stretched upon a bed of down, had sweeter repose visited me than on that night, as I lay upon the cold, damp ground. Before the dangers of the day should commence—from which Heaven only knew whether I should escape—I rose from my lowly couch, to meditate on my long-lost home—on the friends of my youth—the companions of my boyhood—whom I had lost now, perhaps, for ever, through my youthful folly! I had not proceeded far upon my lonely walk, before I arrived at our farthest outpost. The sentinel was stationed at the side of the wood which flanked our right. I approached him unperceived: low muttered sentences displayed the grief which was at work within, which made him forgetful of his duty as a sentinel. I had now approached so near, that had he not been wrapt in some intensely deep thought, he must have heard my footsteps. There was not yet light enough to see his form distinctly. One arm rested, as it were, unconsciously on his musket; the other, leant against a mighty oak under which he stood, supported his drooping head. Determined to awaken him from such a lethargy, I was on the point of shaking him, when—"Oh! why am I here!" burst from his lips in frightfully terrible accents. I started back. That voice I knew well; it was too truly that of my friend, my unhappy friend, poor Harry D—.

"Harry!" I cried. He turned. "It is I, Harry, your old friend. Don't be so low-spirited. Cheer up, my lad."

He silently took my hand within his: there was the dewy damp, the chilly, marble feel of death in his

touch—I shall never, never forget it. I shuddered involuntarily, and pressed his in return.

"You shudder," said he, "because my hand is cold; but, oh! if you knew the coldness of my heart within—if you could feel the cold damp which oppresses my spirit, you might then indeed shudder. And, yet, twice last night I saw *her*—through yon vista she looked, and seemed—"

"Whom did you see?" cried I, frightened at his manner, and justly alarmed at his words.

"Ellen! my Ellen!" he replied, and laughed wildly. This morning—but hold—there she is again!—look, 'neath yon lofty beech—see, she beckons me! Yes, oh! yes, soon I shall be with you! See, she departs, still beckoning!"

"Harry," said I, interrupting him—"Harry, you are unwell; let me call the surgeon;" and I motioned to go.

"Stop!—if you love me, stop!" he cried; "I shall soon, very soon be with her—in Heaven we shall meet, if Heaven can receive a murderer! I see you start," he continued, "and wish to speak; but don't, don't interrupt me—this day is my last. Let us now sit upon this fallen oak, and I will tell you my short, but tragic story, which you so often, in vain, wished me to relate."

"Not now—not now," said I; "any time else—to-night—to-morrow."

"To-night!—to-morrow!" he repeated with strong emotion. "To-night I shall be weltering in my blood!—to-morrow I shall be festering in my shroud! Before to-morrow I shall be with Ellen! Speak not," he continued, as I still remained obstinate, and tried to interrupt him; "a few moments and I shall have done:—"

"I was born in a small village in the south of Ireland. My father was a respectable landholder under Lord S—. His lordship had an only son also. We were play-fellows, and apparently the most attached of friends. I was then in my nineteenth year; he was a year older. He had joined his regiment about six months before Ellen G— came to our village. She was handsome; but speak to her, and you could not dwell upon externals a moment. I never loved till then. True, she was far older than I was, many, many years; yet still I loved her. I could not tell why, or I was too pleased to consider about it. But I had ever been a wayward youth, and could not act like others. We had now scarce known each other more than a year, yet did we love each other fervently; and we had mutually arranged that our nuptials should immediately succeed my being called to the bar; for I was intended for the law. But, alas! my cup of joy in a moment was overturned!

"My friend, I told you, had joined his regiment before Ellen's arrival in our village. Soon after our faith being plighted, he returned on a visit to his father's castle. He saw Ellen. How easy to guess the consequence! Yet might one see at a glance that she was formed for nought else but innocent love. How one could look upon her, and entertain criminal intents, I was ever at a loss to conceive. Daily and hourly I received false intimations from my pretended friend. But why do I dwell upon it? He worked upon me to such a degree, that one evening I retired to the wood, which surrounded my father's mansion, to free myself at the same time from suspicions and life; for, even though faithless to me, I loved too well to injure her. I was on the point of presenting the fatal weapon to my head, when a shriek—another and another, aroused me. I rushed forward. There was my pretended friend, and another, hurrying my beloved one away! I knew not what I was about—I discharged the pistol—the cowards ran. But a moment elapsed, and I was kneeling by the form of

my Ellen—Merciful Powers! I had murdered her! Her auburn tresses hung loosely down; she seemed a visitant of the skies, eager to revisit her native mansions; below her snowy neck was a small red wound, from which the gushing blood stained her skin. 'Harry!' she at length said—'God bless you!—better die even by your hands, than endure the company of such villains a moment.—Farewell!' she said with difficulty. The crimson blood, which had ceased a moment, now gushed forth. She kissed my hand, and I knelt by—a lifeless corpse! But how can I describe my feelings? I felt 'CAIN' written in words of fire within my brain. I rushed from her body—buried to Dublin—enlisted—and the next day had embarked, never more to behold my native land. You know how miserable I have been since that time. But hark! the trumpet sounds—I am myself now again! One request, and I have done:—Search for my body—'tis all I ask you—refuse me not—and bury beneath this oak!'

I silently acquiesced, for we were now summoned to fall in. Our columns advanced steadily; our heavy artillery opened on the city at the distance of half a mile, and we were proceeding under its protection, when an order came for our regiment to advance and take a fort situated on the left of the river. We did so, under a heavy fire from the enemy, and accomplished our object at the expense of half our number; but we were again driven from it. Again we rallied; but all in vain: the choicest riflemen stationed there by the American general took down each bravest man that approached. Our officers had been almost all shot. Some few again leaped upon the ramparts—among them was Harry D——; he had fought by me the whole day, and was foremost in every danger. We were now rapidly retreating in good order. I saw him advance, and seize the foremost battlement with his little hand. The very enemy seemed to be astonished at their boldness; for their murderous rifles were silent; but it was only for a moment—a volley, and every man fell from the wall!

Night soon separated the combatants. A few of my companions accompanied me to search for the body of our friend. We found it pierced by a hundred balls. We laid him at dead of night in the place where he pointed out to me that morning. Peace to his manes!—a kinder friend I shall never have. Would that in life I could have soothed his griefs, as in death I smoothed down his grassy couch! I shall never, never forget poor Harry D—— and his unfortunate love!

M. D.

DEATH.—This is gloomy and revolting, if we look only at its externals. Who, that has seen a lifeless corpse, has been able to remain unmoved, by the affecting contrast to its former self, which it exhibited? The closed and sunken eye, which erewhile beamed with intelligence, or sparkled with delight; the motionless lips, which gave utterance to sentiments of wisdom and of piety, or, perhaps, of reckless folly and unblushing falsehood; the heart, which beat with feeling, and the head which meditated, planned, and formed conclusions—what are they now? A heap of lifeless clay; a mass of corruption; food for the worms! But, when we look deeper, and regard death with the eye of reason and religion, it assumes a very different aspect. The body is but the house of the soul. The feeble tenement has fallen into decay, and its living inmates have removed. It is but the covering in which the chrysalis was confined; the time of its change has arrived, and it has burst its shell to expatiate in a new life; or rather it is the instrument with which an intelligent being performed its work; the task is finished; the instrument is worn out and cast away; the artificer has gone to other labours.

ELIZA'S GRAVE.

Her tender youth was lonely
Within her own dear home,
One heart was hers, one only,
With him she lov'd to roam.
But far from her they bore him,
By whose side her steps had stray'd,
When evening's light fell o'er them,
Beneath the yew-tree shade.
The parting word when spoken,
Was shrined in mem'ry's cell,
And her heart was almost broken
As she breathed a last farewell.
And still in mind she kept him,
And thought of him alone;
In secret oft she wept him,
Her sorrow was unknown.
But ah! she quickly faded,
A flower in its bloom,
And soon her brow was shaded,
She sunk into the tomb.
And now she's calmly sleeping
Within her dreamless bed,
And love his vigils keeping,
Sits beside her head.

W.

ANTIQUARIANS.—Those who attach great importance to the date of things, are taken up with trifling circumstances, and overlook matters of real importance connected even with the thing they admire. They pride themselves on possessing a rare piece of antiquity, or in outstripping others in adopting the newest inventions; but are strangers to the solid satisfaction which belongs to the possession of what is truly valuable and the adoption of something really useful. The idolaters either of antiquity or novelty continually expose themselves to petty vexations. One possesses some trifle of which he boasts as being the most antique in existence and altogether unique: another values himself on an article of dress or furniture because it is the very first of the kind—nobody else has one like it; but the former finds out that one antiquarian has a gem exactly like his own, and another has one some years older; the latter finds himself outstripped in the chase of fashion by some one perhaps whom he considers his inferior, and immediately the things in question have lost all their value. What wise man would place any portion of his happiness on such trifles? The slave of antiquity bars the door against improvement. The hunter after novelty opens it to ruin. He who spends all his attention and energies on securing and admiring what he has, is not likely to gain more or better. He who devotes himself to grasping after something that he does not possess, is very likely to lose what he has.

CASHMERE SHAWLS.—The poshm-i-shahal, otherwise poshmina, (poshm signifies the wool of any animal), or shawl-wool, is found upon the goats that are pastured upon the elevated regions of Ladak and Changthung. It is undoubtedly a provision of nature against the effect of the intense cold to which they are exposed, and is found not only upon the common goat, but upon the yak, or Tibetan grunting ox, and the shepherd's dog, which is used in the same inhospitable regions. The poshm is a cotton-like down, which grows close to the skin, under the usual coating of hair. Goats producing this shawl wool are common in the countries west of the Caspian, and excellent shawls are made there also.

THREE RUMKS.—Be a whole man to one thing at a time; never lose an opportunity of doing anything which can be done; never entrust to others what you ought to do yourself.—Lord Brougham.

TO . . .

They've given thee to another one,
And all my hopes of bliss are gone;
Henceforth, as strangers we shall meet,
Nor ever hold that converse sweet

Which binds young hearts together.

They've given thee to another now,
And never more at twilight hour
Shall we 'fore cupid's temple bow,
Nor feel his soft bewitching power;
And yet I love thee now as ever!

C. C.

THE WEST.

The west! the west! the beautiful west!
I love it at eve when the sunbeams rest
On the placid face of the mountain blue,
And tinge the clouds with a crimson hue,
When the zephyr sighs through the leafy bower,
And the butterfly sleeps in the dewy flower;
When the cuckoo's note through the flowery dell
Keeps time to the thrush's vespere swell;
Oh! then—oh! then, how sweet to rove
O'er verdant bank or leafy grove,
When Nature wears her loveliest vest,
And the sun reclines in the glorious west!

The west! the west! the beautiful west!
I love it at dawn, when the gorgeous east
Emits the spark of the morning pale,
And the full moon dies o'er the western vale,
How bold, how grand that mellow bloom
Hangs o'er the earth like a silver plume,
And dies away on the cheering sky,
Mid the wild bird's matin melody,
Oh! then, when health floats on the breeze,
How sweet to sail o'er glittering seas,
And watch the sun rise in the east,
And the pale moon fade in the gentle west!

The west! the west! my island west,
The land of the loveliest and the best,
Where the mild stream winds by the fragrant grove,
As the ring-dove sings his tale of love;
Where the broad lake shines on the verdant vale,
And thy fragrant air perfumes the gale;
And, oh! where hearts dwell, pure and brave
As o'er trod land or breasted wave.
Away, away with India's bowers,
Soft Araby's maids, or Persia's flowers—
Not all the charms of the fabled east
Could win my love from my island west!

Waterford, Jan. 16, 1843.

T. W. C.

EXISTENCE OF TREES.—The occurrence of decay by a species of slow combustion of the wood of the trunk, seems to be the natural termination of the life of trees. As long however as the decay spares enough tissue to transmit the sap from the roots to the branches, so long will the tree live and form new wood; and provided new wood is formed as fast as the old is destroyed, the tree is capable of existing to an almost indefinite period. This is not often the case; but still there are some instances recorded of trees having existed for even thousands of years. The "great chestnut" at Tortsworth is mentioned, in writings still extant, in the year 1135, and many other trees, especially oaks and chestnuts might be mentioned, whose great size at present must lead to the inference that they have existed for a period considerably above a thousand years. In all instances of trees of great age decay has gone on in the centre of the tree, leaving frequently very large cavities, which have been used for various purposes. Thus the interior of the great oak at Allouville in Normandy has been converted into a place of worship. An oak at Kidlington has served as the village prison. The great oak at Salecy is used as a cattle-fold; others have served as tanks, tombs, prisons, dwelling-houses, &c.

GOLD MINES IN RUSSIA.

Mr. Cottrell, in his "Recollections of Siberia," gives the following account of gold mines discovered near the rivers Touba and Ken, in the government of Yenisseisk, and which now yield to a single individual above 100,000*l.* a year:—

"Before the year 1829 no gold was found in this part of Siberia, and, in fact, very little to the east of the Ural. In that year, a merchant at Tomsk, of the name of Popof, who was already possessed of a very considerable fortune, heard accidentally that a deserter, concealed in the woods, a hundred and fifty versts east of the town, had found gold in the sands. He was an old man, and had a daughter, through whose means Popof discovered the place where her father had been digging, and immediately got a grant of the district. At first he was not very successful, the produce being only about half a *zolotnik*, to a hundred puds of sand washed. He then changed the theatre of his speculations, and removed his establishment to the northward, sixteen hundred versts north of Tobolsk, and north-west of Berezof. Here he found gold, but not in great quantities; and as the soil there is constantly frozen, the expense was very great; and all the necessaries of life extremely dear, no houses, and few workmen to be obtained. After having spent in all sixty-three thousand rubles, he returned to his former field of operations, and at the time of his death, in 1832, had succeeded in amassing four or five puds of gold annually. But before he did this, he had searched in three hundred different spots in the neighbourhood of Tomsk. A short time previous to his death, he is said to have lent to Mr. Astoschef, of whom we have spoken, forty thousand roubles to begin his researches with. About the same period, came a rich merchant from Ekaterinburg, of the name of Riazanof, with a capital of two hundred thousand rubles to embark in the same speculation, and spent the whole of it without finding any gold. At last he fell in with a rich vein near the small river Kundustnik, of which Mr. Astaschef gained intelligence, and made his application for the ground, so as to deprive the other of his lawful property, after so much time and money had been thrown away, before he was lucky enough to hit upon the treasure. A lawsuit on the subject was the consequence; but Riazanof finding that his rival had too much protection, and that he should probably lose his action, saw there was nothing for it but coming to a compromise with him. The little river near which they had commenced operations, is about a hundred versts in length, and they agreed to divide it. The speculation turned out well, the produce being a *zolotnik* to the hundred pud, or double what Popof had found. After this they formed a company, together with several of the first personages at Petersburg, as it said the management, of course being with the former, and the latter being what we call sleeping partners, except that their capital and influence if required, made them very desirable associate. The Emperor is reported to have heard of this confederation, and to have hinted to some of the parties that it was contrary to law for them to be concerned in such an enterprise, and in consequence, they sold their shares to Mr. Astaschef, who is now a *millionaire*."

WISDOM.—Wisdom doth balance in her scales those true and false pleasures which do equally invite the senses; and rejecting all such as have no solid value or lasting refreshment, doth select and take to her bosom those delights that, proving immortal, do seem to smell and taste of that paradise from which they spring.

CHANGES OF TIME.

If the world from the beginning had been inhabited wholly by irrational creatures, it is not improbable that long before now all the nobler species would have become extinct, by the ascendancy of the vegetable over the animal tribes. In the most fertile regions, trees, plants, grasses might have multiplied so enormously, through the perpetual process of rot and regeneration, that the face of the soil would have been overrun with impenetrable woods or pestiferous jungle, in which there would have been either no room for the large quadrupeds to range, or no air in which great or small birds or beasts, that require a pure atmosphere, could breathe anything but death. In the course of ages, then, vermin, reptiles, insects—all the nameless, numberless, loathsome, indescribable things, half shapen, half alive, that breed in marshes, stagnant waters, and putrefying heaps—would have usurped the dominion of nature, and this earth would have been the nuisance of the universe. In that case, none but slightly superficial changes would have taken place in the aspect of our planet. Covered with forests or eternally sterile, the mountains would have stood unmoved, and the valleys buried beneath the waste of their own unprofitable productions, would never have risen above their original abasement, except when the occasional ravages of earthquakes, the eruption of volcanoes, and the shock of undermining or overflowing floods, unseated rocks, prostrated hills, and elevated plains. A world so occupied would inevitably have gone to ruin, for the principle of self-destruction must have ultimately prevailed over the principle of self-renovation, by which the health, the beauty, and the glory of this abode of intellectual beings are maintained, through all the vicissitudes of mere material elements and substances.

All the good works of man have a levelling character. He ploughs the ground—where it was rough, he makes it even; he erects a dwelling—but he digs deep for the foundation, and loads the adjacent surface with the excavated rubbish, thereby filling up some little hollow, or raising some little flat. But the very materials of his buildings, where palaces, temples, and cities are multiplied in well-peopled countries, are necessarily drawn from the soil itself; he, therefore, lays no more upon its surface than he takes out of its solid contents; and this, on an average, brings all the component parts, thus modified by art, to a middle point between the highest and lowest scale which they previously occupied in nature. Wherever civilization appears, its progress is absolutely marked by its levelling effects. The principal occupation of man, with all his millions of hands at work in society—the principal occupation of man, with the powers of an immortal, and capable of infinite progression—is to remove pieces of earth from one place to another, and to change their shapes! Nor is there any degradation in this; humble as such an employment may seem, it exercises

not only all his manual but all his mental ability, so far as concerns his state of trial, of suffering, and of labour here—nay, so far as concerns his comfort, his ease, his enjoyment as an inhabitant of this world. Look round the globe, examine the relics of ancient magnificence, the monuments of ancient cities, and see whether, in every instance, the operations of man have not had the tendency, though that was not their direct object, to reduce the inequalities of the earth's surface, by gradually exalting the valleys and bringing low the mountains and hills. The very retrogression of society from refinement to barbarism carries on the same work, by bringing down the glorious piles which taste and genius have reared, and filling up the spaces between with their wrecks. The imagination of youth, reading the History of Rome, is filled with the splendid visions of "the seven hills," on which sate the mistress of the world. Where are they now? They have disappeared in the flood of ages that has swept over them; nor were they less reduced by the labour of the old Romans, to embellish them with gorgeous architecture, than they have been overwhelmed beneath the ponderous ruins of the domes of Cæsars.

What is the result of all the improvements in agriculture, in architecture, in surveying, in engineering, in all the practical arts that minister to the wants, the intercourse, the convenience, and the luxury of mankind?—Levelling, levelling, levelling; it is all levelling. Quarries in the uplands are exhausted, to yield stone; and the clay-soils are converted into brick; the bowels of the earth are ransacked to furnish fuel and metals, while all the miscellaneous matter exhumed in the research is thrown back into the mine or spread over the neighbouring grounds to regulate their asperities. Tracts of waste land are brought into cultivation; the stony masses are then dislodged, removed to the barriers, and built up into walls, houses, and barns; but the undulated surface of the whole has been brought to comparative smoothness. Roads are formed in every direction, and carriages run within a few miles of the most sequestered hamlets in our country; road-making in itself is a system of levelling, and tens of thousands of miles, within the last ten years, have been pared down on the slopes and swelled in the hollows, making the crooked straight. Canals now traverse the kingdom like veins in the animal body.

We might anticipate the time when man, in the career of universal civilization, shall have reduced every square yard of the globe under his dominion; when the Alps, and the Andes, and the Himalayaa mountains shall be all brought under tillage, and the original impression of nature shall be utterly worn away. The world will then be one garden, and if not a Paradise, will present to the eye and to the mind the most consummate state of sublunary things that can be expected before the general doom. Meanwhile, if man increases in wisdom and virtue in the same proportion, the happy idea of a *millenium* will be actually realised; but not only thousands of years, but thousands of ages, must elapse before that crowning era.

AN EVENING'S ADVENTURE.

On a cold evening in November, 1841, I left my house and hastened to that of affriend. The room which I entered upon my arrival was a small parlour. Around the cheerful fire, which burned briskly in the grate, sat four respectable young men, the eldest of whom did not exceed the age of twenty-three years! Two of the more animated of the party endeavoured to discuss some topic of the day, but it was evident there was a restraint over the entire group. Amongst that small circle was a young man, more remarkable than the rest, who enjoyed not the conversation of the evening; his age might be that of twenty-one; he was tall, well built, and formed to endure much hardship; his features were intelligent, if not handsome; the expression of his face was melancholy in the extreme: his thoughts seemed to be far from the scene before him; his chin rested upon his broad palm—the arm of which was supported by his knee; and his gaze was that of vacancy, if such I may call it; though in reality his eyes rested upon the fire before him.

The subject in question having been brought to a conclusion, one of the party looked at his watch and said—

"It is now nine o'clock, and Wigmore has not yet returned."

While he was speaking, a loud and hurried knocking at the door announced the arrival of some person of more than ordinary importance. Much anxiety was visible at this moment in every face, and an attentive observer might read in every eye that the coming of this person was fraught with much interest! The door having been opened, in rushed a handsome young man, exclaiming—

"Nothing can be done to-night; I have been pursued for the last half hour, and it was with much difficulty that I escaped the hands of that cursed sheriff, who chased me with the alacrity of the winds."

"What can this mean?" passionately exclaimed a fashionably-dressed gentleman, as he arose from his chair. "I am betrayed! Must I attribute this conduct to one of the present company?"

"Mr. Howard," replied one of the party, "this language must not be applied to any individual in this room: your secret has not been divulged by us!"

"Information has been given to the magistrates," said Wigmore, "and you may expect the authorities in this direction presently."

"This is unfortunate," replied the melancholy young man; "I expected that this matter would have been settled to-night in the field behind the old castle on the opposite side of the river, and it would be the quietest way decidedly. It may be long ere we have a night like this again; there's not a dark spot in the entire heavens. The pale moon and bright stars above would be the only witnesses besides our own party. Could it not be effected two hours hence?—say twelve o'clock."

"Impossible! quite impossible!" exclaimed Wigmore; "even now, perhaps, our manœuvres are watched. I think the better way would be to forget everything for the present, and let the seconds arrange a time and place on to-morrow for your meeting."

"Mr. Howard," said the melancholy young man, "attach your plan of residence to this card of yours,

that I may have an opportunity of sending my second to wait upon you in the morning."

"My residence is of no consequence, Mr. M'Gregor," replied Howard; "I can be seen where I am at present at any time that you may desire."

"That will not do; I must know where you live," demanded M'Gregor.

"'Tis quite immaterial, absolutely so," answered Howard.

"Not at all, sir; I insist upon knowing where you live," said M'Gregor.

"This is useless information for you to require," replied Howard. "What has my residence to do with the matter between us? I will meet you when and where you please."

"Howard, you have long forfeited your claim to the name of gentleman," said M'Gregor; "and I now cast the name of scoundrel in your teeth from where I stand."

"By —," cried Howard, in a fury, "either you or I must die to-night; nor think to shake this resolution, for 'tis fixed, aye firmly fixed!"

"Sir," replied M'Gregor, with sarcasm, "I long for that moment with more ardour than you do, and may God forgive the man that falls; for though honour demands your life from my hands in this life, I would not that punishment should await you in the next."

"I want not your pity," sneered Howard; "keep it for yourself; you have need of it."

"Wretch, you have roused my passions," cried M'Gregor, raising his voice to its highest pitch; "you deserve not to be pitied, for you pitied not the broken heart of her you robbed of virtue. Who was it that caused my sister's anguish?—my sister's madness?—my sister's death? It was you!—you, the pretended friend, who stands before me!"

The face of Howard became clouded during this burst of passion, but he strove to hide the feeling which oppressed him, as he said quickly—

"No more allusions, sir."

"No more allusions! Who dares to prevent them, or teach me how to speak?" said M'Gregor.

"The villain who destroyed the peace of a happy family thought but little of the miseries which he entailed upon a kind and good mother, whose crushed spirit must soon follow that of her injured daughter."

There was a pause. Howard felt the blow which was aimed, but his demon rebuked him for his weakness, and he replied—

"You are growing womanish; let us to the strife; five minutes' walk will carry us across the narrow bridge; the pistols will do the remainder."

One of the young men left the house about a quarter of an hour previous to this part of the conversation, for the purpose of reconnoitering the locality of the place, and returned at this particular moment almost breathless, saying that he distinctly heard the tread of disciplined men coming round the hill, and suggested the propriety of putting out the lights, that all might appear quiet inside.

This suggestion met with the approbation of the company, and the candles were accordingly extinguished. A painful suspense of some minutes followed this precaution. The sound of footsteps soon became audible, and approached by degrees, until the armed party marched before the door of the dwelling; but it was evident that the house was not suspected to hold the individuals that the police looked for, as they passed it quietly and crossed the wooden bridge before alluded to.

For more than twenty minutes, not one of the small party ventured to advise anything; at length, Henry Wigmore volunteered to act the part of scout, and stole noiselessly from the building. An hour of miserable anxiety succeeded his departure, but at the end

of that time he returned, and informed them that the ground was clear.

"Are you confident that all is right?" asked Howard.

"Perfectly so," answered Wigmore; "I have watched the manoeuvres of the police from the old oak on the other side of the bridge for the last fifty minutes, and I distinctly heard the sheriff say to the officer on duty—'They must have changed their determination of fighting here to-night. We have been in the shade of these tall elms for the last hour, and no one advances. I think you had better draw off your men.'"

The little party left the house cautiously, and pursued their short journey. The night was a lovely one; indeed, it seemed not a night for an unhallowed purpose like the present. The vaulted heavens threw back the borrowed lustre of the smiling moon and stars. The atmosphere was beautifully clear and serene; not a single blast of the rude winds offered to disturb the holy calm which reigned around; everything in nature seemed hushed: even the little stream which flowed beneath the narrow bridge pursued its accustomed course more silently, and the frost which lay upon the ground rendered the smallest object visible in the distance.

The party having reached the ground on the opposite side of the river, the seconds prepared to measure paces. M'Gregor and Howard were excellent duellists, and both possessed the utmost *sang froid*.

"Wigmore, come close to me," said M'Gregor, addressing that person; "I wish to say something to you."

"Speak it; does anything trouble you?" asked Wigmore.

"Yes, there is," said M'Gregor; "a something tells me I will die to-night. If I should fall, take Margaret's picture from my neck; you are her brother, and the most proper person to return it to her. You cannot suspect my courage upon this occasion, but I have a feeling about me to-night which I never before experienced."

The ground having been measured, the combatants advanced to the fatal limits! After the usual preliminaries had been gone through, the parties fired; but apparently without effect. During the interval which elapsed before the second shots were exchanged, M'Gregor was observed to look dreadfully agitated, and seemed to be suffering much agony, as if from internal passions. Pistols were handed a second time; they fired; M'Gregor shot his man through the head: he fell, and died on the spot without a groan. It was different in the case of Howard, his ball passed his antagonist harmlessly and sunk in the old oak next to the stream.

The scene was a melancholy one. On the green sward lay the body of the libertine, whose soul had already taken flight to stand for judgment in the presence of its Creator.

Richard M'Gregor gazed calmly upon the deceiver of his sister, but spoke not a word. It is terrible to look upon the dead, but particularly in a case like this. He who possessed strength, vigour, and activity in the morning, was a disfigured corpse in the evening. A mournful feeling occupied my mind at that moment, so free of which I would have bartered the kingdoms of the universe had they been at my disposal.

Wigmore took the hand of M'Gregor silently in his own, and said—

"Though I rejoice that you have escaped unhurt, yet I pity the unfortunate wretch whose untimely death has already placed him beyond our enmity. Oh! it is an awful thing for a man to be sent into the presence of the Almighty with all his manifold crimes capped upon his sinful head!"

Whilst Wigmore was yet speaking, M'Gregor tore

open his vest and linen, and exposed, to the unutterable horror of those around him, his right side bleeding profusely. The first impulse of his friend was to convey him back to the house which they had left, and procure the assistance of a surgeon; but to this he smiled, and said—

"It is useless, absolutely so. I feel that I have not long to live. Henry, take the miniature from my neck; you perceive that it is already stained with my blood!"

After speaking these words, M'Gregor grew exceedingly weak, and would have sunk on the ground but for the support which he received. His fine eyes, which were once so bright, became now quite dim and languid. A few minutes were allowed to elapse before Wigmore ventured to hope that something might yet be done to restore him.

M'Gregor rallied for a moment, and said—

"Henry, you were my earliest and my dearest friend; but I cannot live much longer to enjoy that friendship. This wound I received in the first exchange of shots, but the remembrance of a sister's wrongs gave me a giant strength to keep my ground."

At this moment his gaze rested upon the body of Howard, and his eyes once more shot forth their brightness; but there was a fierceness which none can know but those who witness the exultation with which the aggrieved and dying combatant views the body of his fallen foe.

"I was wounded," he continued—"oh! how this cold metal torments me!—I was wounded unknown to you; but I die—I die revenged. Poor Katharine could expect no more from me; but my mother;—my poor, poor mother—what shall become of her? Henry, when I am gone, will you act as a son to her in my stead? The old woman will not long trouble you."

"I will, Richard," said Henry, in a huskiness which betrayed the grief that oppressed him.

"Enough!" replied M'Gregor quickly. "Do not interrupt me again until I have finished speaking. Lay me gently on the ground. Oh! the torture of this wound! There, that will do. Tell her—tell the old woman, not to mourn for my loss. Oh! it must be a melancholy feeling for a parent to lose two children in one month—one short month. Think not that I regret my dissolution, though I must confess that the idea of leaving my mother behind makes me sorrowful: but she will—she will soon follow me. Take care of her, Henry; be kind to her; act towards her as I—as I, her son, would; don't neglect the poor, broken-hearted woman, Henry."

"I will not neglect her," cried Wigmore, almost choked with emotion.

"You must also promise me," said M'Gregor, his voice growing each moment more faint than the former—"you must promise me that Margaret—that your sister Margaret shall often visit the old woman, for she will need much support in this trial. Let her want for nothing—for nothing that comfort can bring, Henry; speak affectionately to the old mother that adored me."

"I promise everything," cried Wigmore, no longer able to suppress the grief which he laboured under, and burst into a flood of tears; "she shall live with me; I will be a son to her and Margaret a daughter; we shall endeavour to replace the vacancy which you and Katharine have left. Oh! did I think that there was such anguish in store for this bleeding heart?"

"I have but one more request to ask," said M'Gregor; "you have another sister, a kind and intelligent young woman, who is blessed in the bosom of her husband and young family."

"I have," said Wigmore; "you mean Anne?"

"I do," replied M'Gregor. "Anne is a mother,

and must feel the affection of a parent; her visits to the old woman would be most desirable; for Anne could soothe her affections with a consolation which is only peculiar to parents."

"She shall! she must visit her," cried Wigmore.

"May God bless you for this comfort, Henry; you have spoken well," said M'Gregor, in an almost inaudible tone; "I can die easy now. May God have—have mercy on me."

These were his last words: he expired! R.

A FRAGMENT.

The moon has now risen o'er hillet and vale,
And offers her charms to adorn the night;
In the lake's glassy bosom, unsmooth'd by a gale,
Is reflected, unbroken and silv'ry, her light;
The tall poplar trees that bound the wood's side,
In giant-like forms cast their shadows along;
The brook's noisy voice into murmurs hath died,
As if not to break on the nightingale's song.

Let me meditate calmly on what I have seen
In the few transient years which have pass'd o'er my head;
Let reflection (not harshly) ask—What have I been
Since His hand from nought into life hath me led?

* * * * *

There were many hours wasted on trifles as gay
As the blossom which summer-air bears on its wing;
But pregnant with life, that haply one day
May mellow the autumn, or gladden the spring;
While my worthless life has been wasted in scenes
Of sick dissipation, which poisons the food
That, healthful and joyous, should feed the mind's veins,
And force deeds from its current from which to reap good.

But why, why despair? Much yet may be earned
By the wisdom, alas! that how dearly I've bought,
And in which I prize highly this truth that I've learn'd—
That surely right action will follow right thought.

T. E.

CURIOUS PROPERTIES OF PLANTS.—Venus's fly-trap is furnished with an appendage from which the specific name of the plant is derived; and which is so highly irritable, that if it be touched with the point of any fine or sharp instrument, or by any insect alighting upon it, its two elliptical lobes, strongly toothed at the margin, immediately collapse, as if eager to seize and detain the captive. The yellow balsam, or touch-me-not, has a similar irritability. It is manifest in a moment, if the turgid capsules be touched; for the valves contract with a force truly surprising, and project the seeds to considerable distance, while in the act of coiling up. Some of the species of cranesbill are, also, equally remarkable. Each of the seeds is enclosed in a vessel furnished with an irritable appendage of tail which contracts into a spiral by dryness, and lengthens by moisture; when, therefore, the heat of the season has matured the seeds, these appendages contract, like a spring, detaching the ripened germs from the parent stem. On the banks of the Ganges another curious vegetable appears, which is called the moving plant. All its leaves are in perpetual motion, up and down; sometimes equally, and sometimes by jerks, but without any union between each other.

AFFECTATION.—This is the greatest enemy to both doing well and good acceptance of what is done.

He that never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes.

DEATH OF RICHARD ROBINSON, ESQ.

We announce with regret the death of Richard Robinson, Esq., of the Royal Phoenix Iron Works, which establishment he conducted since the year 1808. The King's Bridge over the Liffey, from the Military-road leading to the Park, which he constructed, will be a lasting monument of the style in which he executed a public trust. The lamented gentleman expired on the 17th January, at his residence in Park-gate-street, Dublin, in the 76th year of his age, having sustained through life the highest character as a merchant and employer.

AN OLD COAT.—A new coat is like a troublesome stranger that sticks to you most importunately wherever you go, embarrasses all your motions, and thoroughly confounds your self-possession. A man with a new coat on is not at home even in his own house; abroad he is uneasy; he can neither sit, stand, or go like a reasonable mortal. An old coat is like an old acquaintance. However stiff you may have felt with either at first introduction, time makes you perfectly easy with both; with both you take equal liberties; you treat neither with much ceremony. An accidental breach with either is soon repaired. An old coat is favourable to retirement and study. When your coat is old, you feel no tendency to flaunting abroad or to dissipation. Your old coat is a gentle moralist; it recalls your mind from external pomps and vanities, and bids you look within. The indifference with which you enter into all sorts of places and adventures when your coat is old, your gallant independence of the weather, your boundless scorn of coaches and umbrellas, the courage with which you brave every accident by flood and field, are all conspicuous advantages of an old coat.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"D. H."—The paper alluded to is among numerous others awaiting insertion. We are very anxious to please all our friends, if possible.

"E. V. B."—The signature was set right. We are gratified at having gained your approval.

"W."—Thanks for the extracts, and for the care you bestowed on their arrangement. They will prove very serviceable. We hope other friends will follow your example, and in the course of their writings glean for us matters instructive and entertaining.

"B. H."—The "stray leaf" has come to hand. It is very lengthy—a fault of which we have too much reason to complain. However, we will look it over, and, if possible, endeavour to satisfy you. We hope your next favour will be on an Irish subject.

"O. H. O."—The poem is too long, which we regret, as it comes recommended by a valuable contributor.

"W. T. S."—An index and title-page to 1st vol. have been published, and ought to be had of our agents; however, we will have one forwarded to you.

"P. R."—You must seek other channels for your effusions; there are abundance of them. We have pointed out for ourselves, in the guidance of our Journal, an inoffensive course, which we are determined to pursue. Asperities shall not stain its pages. We are now the only cheap periodical existing in Ireland, and the extensive support we enjoy is an assurance that the plan we have adopted, and shall rigidly adhere to, is generally approved of.

"C. L." and "T. E." inadmissible.

Printed for the Proprietors, at the Office, 32, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications (post-paid) are to be addressed, to the Editor.

Published by T. LE MESSEUR, (late T. Treas. and Co.) 8, Lr. Abbey-street, Dublin; and all Booksellers.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 14.—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

OBSERVATIONS

ON A PROCESS THAT HAS BEEN TERMED
"THERMOGRAPHY."

To the labours of M. Moser, of Königsberg, we stand deeply indebted for having introduced to the attention of the scientific world, a discovery that appears not less interesting in point of novelty, from the amount of important results that have been already obtained, than from the advantages that are expected to be derived from its application in copying from original drawings, engravings, &c. From the result of M. Moser's experimental researches, he has been induced to set forward the following theoretic views, regarding some of the changes accompanying these truly astonishing phenomena:—

That "when two bodies are sufficiently near, they impress their image upon each other."

"All bodies radiate light even in complete darkness."

"This light does not appear to be allied to phosphorescence, for there is no difference perceived, whether the bodies have been long in the dark, or whether they have been first exposed to day light or even direct solar light."

"Two bodies impress their images on each other, even in complete darkness."

"However, for the image to be appreciable, it is necessary, because of the divergence of the rays, that the distance of the bodies should not be very considerable."

"To render the image visible, the vapour of water, mercury, or iodine may be used."

"There exists latent light, as well as latent heat."

Although to M. Moser is due the merit of having brought this subject before our notice, as a matter of much interest, and further experimental inquiry, yet the rapid conclusions that he has arrived at regarding the influence of light in producing these phenomena, have been fully proved to be formed under erroneous ideas, which have been subverted by the talented Secretary of the Cornwall Polytechnic Society, by a series of well conducted experiments, that satisfactorily prove those extraordinary changes to be more the special results of thermic influence, varying in proportion to the conducting powers of the different materials used in the process, than to the assumed agency of *latent light*.

No doubt he has been induced to adopt this doc-

trine from the close similarity existing between the effects observed on the Daguerreotype plates under the influence of light, and the effects produced between bodies under the absence of the same agent, and to consider them as being the work of the same element. From this circumstance he has been led to promulgate views, not only calculated at once to subvert the generally accepted theories of light, as regarded by philosophers, but also the commonly received opinions of mankind.

As the thermographic process is merely at present in a progressive state, not having arrived at a sufficient degree of perfection necessary to render its application useful, it is not my purpose to enter further into the subject regarding theoretic discussion, but will proceed at once to detail the results of some experiments that I have lately made, as they probably may appear more interesting to some of our readers:

Exp. 1.—Having placed a sovereign, a shilling, and a farthing on the surface of a highly polished plate of copper, it was held over the flame of a spirit lamp, until such time as it became sensibly warm; on removing the coins, and allowing the copper plate to become quite cold, no impression could be perceived on its surface; but on subjecting it to the vapour of mercury for a few seconds, very different impressions of their discs and deciphering became evident, but differing in point of intensity, in virtue of the relative conducting powers of the metals used—the gold being first in order, the silver next, and copper the least distinct of any.

Exp. 2.—The gold and silver coins being arranged as in the previous experiment, heat was applied for some minutes, until the metal became too hot to be safely handled; the coins being thrown off, a confused impression of the contents of their discs was produced, but deeply marked, bearing a considerable degree of friction, before they became entirely defaced.

Exp. 3.—A coin chain seal being similarly circumstanced, a very gentle heat was applied for a few seconds; when cold, it was submitted first to the vapour of mercury, and secondly to the vapour of iodine, when a well defined image of its inscription became evident.

The most satisfactory experiment that I have yet tried, is the following:—

An amalgam is to be formed on the surface of a highly polished plate of copper, by gently rubbing

over it a solution of nitrate of mercury, and allowing it to remain on as short time as possible, by washing it with distilled water, for the purpose of removing any free acid, or adherent nitrate of copper, that may have been formed during the operation; when quite dry, a little pure mercury is to be applied, by means of a piece of chamois leather, and well worked over the entire surface, until it assumes a perfect mirror. The mercurial coating must be thin and evenly disposed on its surface, as I have found on this circumstance a good deal of the distinctness and intensity of the impression depends.

The sheet to be copied, being evenly placed on the plate thus prepared, is to be covered over with a sheet of soft paper, and submitted to a slight degree of pressure, in a perfectly dark situation, for three or four hours, (although I have found a much shorter time sufficient;) after this period the engraving must be carefully removed, and the plate exposed to the action of the vapours of mercury and iodine; when an accurate delineation of the original will become visible.

Exp. 4.—Placing an engraved seal on the mercurialised plate of copper, it was set aside in a dark situation for some hours; after which, the seal being removed, the plate was examined, when no impression could be observed; but, on gently exhaling the breath over it, a spectral appearance of its outline and inscription became developed. When treated by the vapour of mercury and iodine, it became exceedingly distinct and well marked.

The mercurial vapour, in these cases, (as might be expected,) disposes itself on the parts of the plate corresponding to the white parts of the engraving: whilst the iodine attacks the more unprotected parts, and forms a more striking contrast with the grey ground or mercurial incrustation, by blackening them.

The impressions thus formed, being precisely in the same condition as a Daguerreotype picture, are easily effaced; but it is anticipated, that, after a short time, sufficient improvement will ensue in this respect, so as to render the discovery really useful in its application. I have found that, after the thermographic drawing has been allowed to remain for any length of time in a dark situation, the impression becomes more permanently fixed on the surface of the plate, resisting a certain degree of friction before it becomes entirely effaced; and indeed in a few instances I have obtained impressions sufficiently permanent, in my opinion, to bear tracing.

M. Moser, in the course of his investigations, has recently obtained a visible transfer of an engraving, after a drawing by Raphael, by exposing it to a polished plate of copper for a period of nine days, being suspended during that period at a distance the twentieth of an inch from its influence, and completely secluded from the action of light. Thus proving that light has no influence in producing these phenomena; but that a slight difference in the tem-

perature of two bodies, the one active and the other passive, is sufficient to produce these changes.

The subject, at present, is one of much experimental research; and there can be no doubt, from the satisfactory results that have been already obtained, after a short period the process will arrive at such a beautiful degree of perfection, as to enable engravers, and others connected with that art, to copy from original and other pieces, with a degree of accuracy and despatch, that beforehand never could have been thought of. It cannot fail to strike those, acquainted with the Daguerreotype process, that, with the same materials, nearly a similar result may be obtained by so dissimilar an arrangement of them, and by so entire an apparent absence of light, upon the intensity and influence of which agent it has, until recently, been considered the formation of photographic images of objects entirely depended.

W. T.

THE AGES OF LOVE.

—“Thus 'tis ever,
In Childhood, Youth, in Manhood, and in Age.”

I love thee not now as I once used to love,
When in childhood together we play'd;
In the lawn, in the garden, or down in the grove,
Where we walk'd hand in hand 'neath its shade:
Then I knew thou wert good, and I knew thou wert fair,
And I lov'd thee, and thou lovest me;
Like children, we dreamt not of change or of care,
And I thought I should always love thee.

We parted—and years had passed swiftly away:
We again met—but not as of old:
I thought thou wouldst joy to have seen me that day,
But thy greeting was formal and cold.
We parted again—and my heart was sore pain'd
At a slight which I deem'd undeserv'd;
Yet still an affection I firmly retain'd,
And a hope, though a faint one, preserv'd.

I lov'd thee, when proudly I knelt by thy side—
We were join'd until death should us part;
At length I was happy and blest in my bride,
And mine was a light, cheerful heart;
The wealth of the Indies I'd value it not,
Nor the treasures beneath the dark sea,
Since an angel like thee was to share in my lot—
Thou wert all in the world to me!

Now I love thee—albeit thy locks are grown grey,
And thy frame is decrepid and old;
Thy affection for me has ne'er known a decay,
And thy love will not—cannot grow cold;
Our hearts in affection so fondly were join'd,
(Thou ever wert true as the sun!)
Like the ivy and oak, they've together entwined,
'Till at length they have grown into one!

J. D. W.

RICE CEMENT.—This is prepared by intimately mixing rice flour with cold water, and gently simmering it over a mild fire. It thus forms a very durable and delicate cement—answering when made thin all the purposes of paste in a higher degree for paper and the like; and when made of the consistence of plastic clay, it may be cast in moulds, and the articles, when dry, have much the appearance of white marble, and will take a high polish. The domestic idols of the Chinese are mostly cast of this material. Any colouring matter may be added at pleasure.

THE STILL HUNTER.

———"Hath not a Jew, eyes?
Hath not a Jew, hands?—organs, dimensions,
Senses, affections, passions?—Fed
With the same food, hurt with the same weapons,
As a Christian is?" *Merchant of Venice.*

(CONCLUDED FROM NO. 13, PAGE 198.)

Starting nimbly to his feet when the narrative was concluded, "Twig'em" stepped quickly to Redmond's side, and shaking him energetically by the hand, exclaimed—"Dash my wig! if I aint going too, Master 'Ackett!" and then, turning towards me, nodded in a very decided manner, and sat down. Resuming his pipe, after a few minutes' pause, during which he appeared to be running up in his mind the tot of his ideas, he delivered their sum total in a "That's all about it, lads!" and then crossing his legs, commenced smoking as composedly as if he never had given way to this explosion of sympathy, but had, in fact, all his life been designing to cross the atlantic, and, by singular good luck, had prevailed on us that evening to join him in the trip.

It is unnecessary to say how cordially we responded to this ebullition of feeling on the part of honest Isaac; and though a shade of sadness rested on Hackett's spirits, and I was silent and thoughtful, still in the gilded and gorgeous chambers of the great it would have been difficult to find three happier hearts than those which at that moment were gathered around my humble fire-side. Often and often since, has the recollection of that hour arisen in my mind, and fancy has depicted the old-fashioned room, lit up by the blazing faggots, the quaint table, and the half-revealed forms and faces of those that sat by it—until, as she has held up the picture for friendship to gaze on, it has been even as a spell to summon from the depths of my heart, like a spirit from its resting-place, the memory of the pure and happy feeling that bound our souls together that night.

From a reverie into which we all had insensibly fallen, we were disturbed by a sound at the further end of the room, as if a handfull of gravel or sand had been flung against the window which overlooked the Shannon. On its being repeated, after a lapse of a few minutes, Hackett and I proceeded to the spot, and, on looking out, to our astonishment saw a light boat, or curragh, floating immediately under the casement, and in it a female figure, wrapped in a large cloak, with its hood drawn closely over her head. On seeing us, she beckoned with a quick and impatient gesture. Scarcely had we recovered from this surprise, when the door of the house that led to the water was opened, and my landlady appeared on its steps, and after conversing a few moments with the stranger, retired, shutting the door sharply after her. We soon heard a footstep on the stairs, and scarcely had Twig'em lit the candles, when a cough and a preliminary knock announced "mine hostess." On entering that venerable lady informed us that "a young woman below wanted to speak with Mr. Jones," (my unworthy self); and thereupon, after laying a marked emphasis on the adjective "young," Mrs. Casey regarded the aforesaid Mr. Jones with an exceedingly silver-steel razor expression of countenance, and "paused for a reply."

I much fear that the Scipio Africanus-like air and perfect propriety of manner with which I directed "the person" to be shewn up, had not its due weight with my respected landlady; for on her retiring on her mission, while descending the stairs, she gave vent to sundry exclamations of a character anything but laudatory of my moral propensities; among which the sentence "Musha, God help me, but he's at the ould tricks again!" alone reached my ears.

In a few minutes she returned, and ushered in the stranger, muffled in her cloak, with her face still concealed by the hood. After making one step into the room, the incognita dropped a rapid succession of curtsies, or rather dips, and then stood gazing on us in silence and apparently much agitated.

For some minutes a deep silence was observed by each member of the party. At last, instigated by a look from Hackett, and a dry cough from Twig'em, I advanced towards the muffled stranger, and inquired her business. A low, stifled voice replied "She wished to speak with my honour alone;" and a slight inclination of the head indicated that my landlady was *de trop* in the matter—or, in other words, added a unit more to our number than was either necessary or agreeable. Although rather, as a sailor would say, taken aback by this information, I proceeded in the politest manner possible to acquaint Mrs. Casey that her presence could be dispensed with. To my extreme horror my respected hostess declined the hint, and "drawing herself up for argument," declared in very emphatic language, "The devil a toe she'd stir!" and, furthermore, insisted "that this was no hour for any person to call at a gentleman's lodgings," and that "she would not permit such goings on in her house," with sundry other remarks, with which I shall not trouble my readers, as they were in the present instance, to the parties concerned, like the general run of flea-bites, "more numerous than agreeable."

From a quick rustling of my visiter's cloak, I foresaw those insinuations would not long be permitted to escape without a fitting reply, and as in such cases one word is sure "to borrow another," a very pretty kick-up might be expected, and that soon Mrs. Casey and my midnight incognita would enable me to apply to them the celebrated line—

"My lightning thou! and thou my thunder!"

without in the slightest degree contributing to my comfort or convenience, by the aptness of the quotation. While revolving those ideas in my own mind, and regarding "my fair friends" with alternate looks of dismay and doubt, Hackett, like a Samaritan, stepped to my assistance, and whispering a few words in the ear of "mine hostess," with whom he was an especial favourite, mollified her wrath, and procured the blessing of her absence. Accordingly, darting a look at me that would bisect a bolster, she left the room, sweeping her nether garments, as she passed the stranger, with a very expressive and "touch me not" kind of air.

I now again inquired my visiter's name and errand; and, apparently piqued by what had occurred, she replied in a quick tone, "that her name was Donovan, Ellen Donovan, daughter of Dan. Donovan, of the Inch, and that she was neither ashamed of her name or her people," and,

after a further pause, informed us, that the purport of her visit was, "to warn me of a still that was to be worked that very night in the parish of Shanballymore, and that she crossed the Shannon, all the ways from Ballenlack, to tell me of it." To Hackett's inquiries, she then described the locality where we would meet the smugglers, so clearly, that there could be no doubt of the sincerity of her information. The place she mentioned—the Glen of Knockrue—was a noted spot for illicit distillation, and our own previously formed suspicions confirmed the truth of her story. The still, she added, was a copper one, and was to be worked by "one Cassidy." I saw Redmond start when he heard the name, and in a low voice he asked "What sort of person this Cassidy was?"

"Troth, yer honour," was the reply, "he's just the moral of a bad man and an ugly christian, and them that would buy him for anything good will be long sorry for their bargin. His eyes aint fellows, and there's a gash on his cheek you may sow pyaties in."

"Is he lame?"

"Thru for you, sir, and more's the pity he's not the cripple all out."

This dialogue had passed so quickly, that I had scarce time to remark Hackett's agitated and excited manner, when, beckoning me to the window, he whispered that he would go to the barracks at once and procure a military party; that he was well acquainted with the place the girl had mentioned, and therefore would require no guide. "I will start in an hour, Jack," he continued; "be ready by then: it may be *him*; and if it is," (he swore a deep oath,) "he shall not escape me now!"

We then turned towards our informant, and offered her money. To our surprise, pushing it away, with an indignant gesture, she burst into tears, and, after sobbing violently for some time, it came out, that a certain "Denny Nolan," a neighbour's son—"as decent and quiet a boy as ever broke bread"—was somehow mixed with the matter. By degrees we elicited, that they had been a long time acquainted; that he was a well-wisher of hers; that, in fact, their names had been called from the altar by the priest, preparatory to their marriage, but unfortunately Cassidy, "the villan," had inveigled her lover into distilling some oats that he otherwise intended to have sold at the market of Ryncurranamuck; and this reaching her father's ears, "a stern man all out," he had forbid Denny the house; and that she feared "all would be broken off between them," unless Cassidy was banished the country—"for sure," added the weeping girl, "luck or grace never attended those who used the still-house for a fire-side;" that, after many struggles with herself, she had determined on coming to us and telling all; and the only reward she wanted was, that we should not injure in any way Denny if he fell into our power, and especially to try and hunt Cassidy, "the ill-looking thief," far away from the parish of Shanballymore.

With this request we at once complied, and obtaining from Ellen certain personal marks that would enable us to identify the said Mr. Nolan in any dock in Christendom, we faithfully promised in no possible event should he receive injury at our hands, and that our best exertions should be

employed to give the hardened smuggler she named the punishment he so well deserved. With many curtsies, Ellen now turned to depart, but when she had reached the door, as if a thought had struck her, suddenly throwing back her hood, and displaying by the action a youthful and very pretty face, her black eyes swimming in tears, and her round cheeks flushed with modesty and agitation, she stepped timidly back, and holding out her hand to me, exclaimed—"Hand and word, yer honour, that ye'll keep faith!" and on my taking it, and assuring her fervently and honestly that I would, she seemed perfectly satisfied; and on Hackett's adding that "we hoped to dance at her wedding soon," drawing the hood hastily over her face to conceal the deep blush that crimsoned her cheeks, she ducked low and left the room. Soon after from the window we watched the active and high-minded girl steering her way across the river, as, standing erect in the stern of her light skiff, she propelled it forwards by means of one of those long iron-shod poles so much in use on the western waters of the Shannon.

My companions now rose, and Redmond telling me to be ready in an hour, and to dress as lightly as possible, they both departed. My preparations were soon made, and laying beside me on the table a case of loaded pistols, I sat down before the fire to reflect on the events of the night. Hitherto I had never been engaged in a still hunting expedition, but, from Hackett's animated descriptions, I was most anxious to be so. Besides, I was fully aware that few of the fearful deeds of blood whose occurrence was even then but too common, but were planned before "the face" of an illicit still; that its locality was the fruitful nurse of violence and guilt, and its attendants men of desperate and abandoned habits. Feeling, therefore, that in detecting and destroying such a receptacle of crime, I was not only performing a meritorious part of my duty, but also rendered a moral service to the community at large, I impatiently awaited the arrival of my comrades. On Hackett's proposal I thought with deep motion. It was too agreeable to the secret wishes of my heart, to hesitate a moment in accepting it; and, come weal or wo, henceforward I determined our lots should be linked together. While indulging in those ideas, and, with all the vividness of a youthful imagination, picturing a residence in the backwoods of America, with Hackett and myself as hunters in the foreground, my shoulder was lightly touched, and the unconscious object of my reverie stood before me.

As I rose, and gazed on him, clad in a dark green shooting-frock, buttoned tightly across his broad chest, with a belt, containing a brace of pistols and a short sword, strapped around his waist, and his limbs displayed to advantage in white cords and knee gaiters, I thought I never looked upon a finer specimen of manhood. Honest Twig'em stood by his side, likewise armed and accoutered for the fray. With a broad-brimmed Quaker hat surmounting his visage, and a very suspicious-looking flask peeping out of one of the inside breast-pockets of his coat, and his nether man encased in the everlasting drabs, Isaac grimly regarded me, with a large brass-barrelled blunderbuss resting on his shoulder. There was an unusual sparkle in his eye, and I felt that on a

pinch he would prove a true and trusty comrade. As we left the house, Redmond informed me, that, to prevent suspicion, the military would join us a short distance from town ; and, accordingly, after clearing the suburbs, and reaching a spot where four roads met, we perceived a party of the —th awaiting our approach.

Exchanging a brief salutation with Lieutenant Stiffenstock, the officer in command, Hackett turned to the left, and proceeded a few yards in front at a rapid pace, and we all followed. For about a couple of miles we passed on in this manner, the road winding close to the high walls of a gentleman's park, and partially concealed by the overhanging trees. On emerging from their shadow, the view became more expanded. The night was frosty, and the moon beautifully bright. Finding myself next to Lieutenant Stiffenstock, I addressed to him some cursory remarks on the scene, and received a brief reply. Soon I discovered that the gallant soldier, though quite a gentleman in manner, (all military men are,) was very sufficiently imbued with a sense of his own importance, and a certain *hauteur de place* to which young officers are sometimes subject—a feeling, Heaven knows, that was quite unnecessary, and even uncalled-for in the present instance. However, I could pardon all this ; and wrapping myself in

“ that
Patient sufferance, which is the badge
Of all our tribe.”

we continued side by side—I employed with my own silent thoughts, and the lieutenant engaged with his cigar. We now passed through a miserable collection of mud cabins, dignified with the name of a village ; and, as we rapidly pushed onwards, I could not help remarking the numerous large crosses marked in red or white paint on the doors : on inquiring the reason, Redmond informed me that they were made by the peasantry whenever that fearful scourge, typhus fever, visited their habitations ; and, God help them ! few of the huts that we passed but bore revealed by the pale moonlight the awful sign. On still we pressed, and, as we left all signs of human habitation behind, the prospect became more bleak and our path more rugged. At last, Hackett, leaping over a low wall of loose stones that separated the road from the fields, struck right across in a direction where I thought the course of the Shannon ran ; and we all followed. As I bounded after him, taking in sporting fashion every ditch or wall I met, I cannot describe the excitement that thrilled through my veins, and sent the warm blood throbbing from my heart. The clear and frosty air—the wild and quiet character of the scenery—the bright moon above me—the object of our pursuit—the consciousness that all that human ingenuity could plan would be tried to baffle us in our quest—the very presence of the military, with the glistening of their trappings and the rattling of their weapons—all tended to throw an air of romance over this midnight excursion, which, though I deeply felt then, I cannot now express. Even Twig'em shared in this enthusiasm ; and though his philosophy as well as his feelings at times was sorely tried by sundry falls, still he pressed gallantly on, and, save an occasional exclamation when he stum-

bled, or the involuntary ejaculation of “ My eyes ! ” whenever a very different part of his body kissed the earth, the little man pursued vigorously, and in silence, the footsteps of our guide.

On crossing a wide and barren plain, the Shannon rolled before us ; but the aspect that mighty river presented at this particular spot was tame and unpicturesque ; its banks on each side being flat and marshy ; the current of its waters too was dull, sluggish, and fringed with tall reeds and other aquatic plants : nor could a more unsheltered or wilder looking scene be well imagined than that which now met our view, partially revealed by the moonlight, and partially wrapt in the white mists that lay brooding in the distance over many a lonely marsh and bog. To my surprise, however, we approached until we reached the very brink of the river, where a large belt of bulrushes rose high above the stream, and skirting by them for some minutes, Hackett, who had been examining the ground, as if in search of something he expected to find, at last picked up a sod of turf, with a small piece of wood thrust through its centre, and immediately stopping, whistled in a peculiar manner. It was answered from the water, and presently, to my surprise, I heard the sound of oars, then a rustling sound, and a large boat was propelled through the rushes by four men to the very spot where our party had halted.

Into this we all now embarked, and pushing off from the shore, made our way with difficulty through the reeds : so lofty were these, that, reaching far above the heads of our crew, they completely hid the boat on every side. On getting into clear water, Hackett explained the necessity of this proceeding, in case our departure from the town had been observed ; and keeping the boat within shelter of the rushes, so that a person from land could not perceive its course, the oarsmen pulled rapidly and in silence down the current in the direction he steered. For about an hour we proceeded thus, until gradually the belt of rushes became less and the shore rocky. By degrees the character of the banks of the river became steep and precipitous ; until, at last, the Shannon expanded into a lake dotted with islands, and the ground on each side of its current rose into lofty and rugged hills. At a signal from our steersman the boat shot into a little creek, sheltered by a bold headland, and, as its keel grated on the strand, following his example, we all jumped ashore.

In a low voice he now informed us we were near the end of our journey, and that the utmost caution and silence should be observed. Acquainting Lieutenant Stiffenstock that the persons we were endeavouring to detect were outlaws as well as smugglers, he recommended that the party should prime and load before we approached their haunts. This was at once done ; and Twig'em taking what he called “ an invigorator ” from his flask, we ascended the hill in single file, keeping carefully on its shaded side. In a few minutes, from the inequality of the ground, we lost sight of the Shannon : still, on looking around, I could see no appearance of cabins or human cultivation ; large grey rocks lay strewn on every side in fantastic heaps, and heath and furze seemed the only productions the scanty soil yielded. As we advanced, I perceived the track of a rude road

before us, with a deep dry gripe topped with furze on each side. Into the darkest of these we now jumped, and stole cautiously along. When we had nearly reached the crest of the hill, on a whisper and impressive gesture from our leader, we all stopped. Telling me in a low voice to follow, Hackett now crept forward in a stooping attitude, and I imitated his example. When we had gone about fifty paces in this manner, and reached a bush that grew on the road side, Redmond reassumed his erect position beneath its shadow, and bade me raise my head and look through its branches. I did so, and at once perceived the necessity of our mode of advance. Within ten yards of me, on the most elevated part of the road, where it crossed the hill, stood the tall figure of a countryman, who doubtless was placed there as a sentinel by the smugglers to warn them of approaching danger. As I looked more steadfastly at this individual, his gestures appeared so restless and strange, that I could not account for them in any satisfactory manner. At last I found out that he was actually dancing to his shadow on the road, and whistling an accompaniment with uncommon vigour! With his arms crossed upon his breast, and his hands thrust under his arm-pits, this pattern of scouts was capering and kicking his heels about in a very animated manner, varying his steps alternately to suit either the warlike measure of "Ollistrum's March," or the livelier symphonies of "The Moneen Jig." It was also quite evident from the occasional fillip of his fingers, and the loud whoop he at times indulged in, that his fancy at the time was far more busy with his supposed partner than engaged in speculations as to the probability of anything hostile molesting him on his solitary watch. While I gazed in curious astonishment at this singular *pas de seul*, and at the very moment the *artiste* was executing, with great agility and considerable self-complacency, a complicated step called "The Pigeon's Wing," I perceived a dark figure, revealed clear against the frosty sky, in the back ground steal behind him, heard a stifled cry, and beheld the unfortunate exhibitor flung prostrate on the road. Turning hastily to tell Hackett of the circumstance, I found he was no longer at my side, and a low whistle from the top of the hill explained that he was the captor of the sentry whose salutations I had just witnessed.

I was right. On rushing forward, I found him presenting a pistol to the head of the prostrate scout, and threatening instant death if he uttered the slightest sound, or moved hand or foot. Securing our prisoner in the best manner we could, and keeping the weapon close to his ear, we returned with him to our companions. As we emerged into the broad moonlight, it struck me that the appearance of the individual we were guarding coincided with the personal marks and tokens of Mr. Dennis Nolan; and sure enough it was no other than Ellen's lover, and a strapping young fellow he was. Consigning him, therefore, for the present to the care of two soldiers with fixed bayonets, we all moved forward, and reached the spot where our captive had been placed on the look out.

On arriving there, a scene presented itself to my eyes I was quite unprepared for. We now stood

on a projecting eminence, which sank with a sheer descent to a glen beneath; at whose upper extremity a torrent rolled over the brow of a hill immediately opposite to us, and flung itself glistening with the moonbeams into the dark depths below: through which at times we could detect its waters, like threads of silver, winding their way towards the Shannon. The sides of this glen were rocky, and in some places but few yards asunder, and their whole length was jagged with sharp crags that rose high in air. While I was making these observations, Hackett discovered that the road on which we were led with a devious path to the bottom of the glen, and keeping cautiously in the shadow, we commenced the hazardous descent, and soon found ourselves in safety at the base of the cliff, on whose top we lately stood. As I looked around, I thought I never had beheld a more solitary place. The precipice we had just descended rose behind like a dark barrier, as if to shut us out from the world; while before us lay a gloomy ravine, with its salient crags glistening like whited sepulchres in the moonlight, and the dull sound of its ceaseless waterfall coming at times on the ear like the moanings of some unholy spirit imprisoned in the rocky chambers of the hills that girt the scene on every side.

Far other thoughts occupied the mind of my companion; and his practised senses soon detecting the taint of scorched grain on the air, he pointed to a high cliff that rose far above our heads, a little in advance of where we stood, and bade Twicknam follow the road till it brought him to its crest, and to station himself there with the military, carefully concealing their persons from observation. When they had reached the spot, our comrade was to blow a small whistle which Hackett gave him as a signal. Isaac and the party of the —th then left us; and in about ten minutes a sound like the call of the curlew rose on the air, and told us all was right. Throwing himself at once upon his hands and feet, Hackett crept cautiously forward, and I of course followed. Our progress was slow and difficult. I confess much of the romance of my situation was dispelled by the hard knocks I at times received on my shins, and not at all increased by the occasional crossing of some of the little streams we met. At last we reached the centre of the glen, immediately under the cliff from which our comrades were placed. We here rose to our feet; and, as I glanced round, but that I knew to the contrary, I could have sworn no human being was within miles of us—so silent and solitary looked the scene. While indulging in this idea, my foot slipped on some moist grass, and stumbling forwards, I fell upon my hands. To my surprise, I found the water to be warm. Whispering the circumstance to Hackett, he stooped, and instantly convinced himself of the fact. Success was now certain, and no Indian ever viewed, in the depths of his forest, the first marks of a trail with greater satisfaction than we did this simple but infallible indication of the neighbourhood of an illicit still. I was already aware that a constant supply of water for a cooling part of the process was absolutely necessary for the making of spirits, and that accordingly as the flue became heated, by the act of condensing

the alcoholic vapour, it was allowed to escape, and its place was replenished with a fresh flow of the cold element. All, therefore, we had now to do was to trace this "hot spring" to its original source, and to this task we set ourselves with renovated vigour. We soon discovered that the water trickled from the face of the rock at whose foot we stood, and at once prepared to scale it. After a severe struggle, and at imminent hazard to our necks, we reached a broad ledge of rock that hung about fifty feet from the bottom of the glen, and, grasping a small bush that grew out of a fissure at its edge, stood in safety on its surface. This we found to be of considerable depth and extent, and forming a kind of terrace. Here we paused, and rested awhile from our recent exertions. On looking upwards, I perceived a small spout projecting over the top of the cliff that rose above our heads, and from thence a stream of steaming water splashed within a few feet of where we lay. I fancied, too, at times the sound of voices reached my ears, and the taint of grains and spent wash was very perceptible, and everything denoted the neighbourhood of a still house. Still its precise locality we could not as yet ascertain; until, at length, having ascended a sloping bank of earth that rose at one end of the place to a rock above, and was indented with rude steps, we stood on the upper ledge, and the den of the smugglers was at last revealed.

Cunningly and artfully was it contrived. By some convulsion of nature, the face of the cliff, that rose like a wall to the top of the glen, was split with a wide and deep fissure, that extended, narrowing as it ascended, to within a few yards of the summit. Across the lower part of this chasm the smugglers had fixed several strong branches of trees, and covering them over with straw and heather, had thus formed a hut, whose base and sides were solid rock. As the cleft extended a considerable way into the bosom of the hill, it afforded sufficient space for their unlawful labours, and a small stream trickling down supplied them ample store of that most necessary ingredient, water. From its situation, it was impossible that it could be discovered from the top of the cliff, and the difficulty of ascent from below almost precluded the idea of its being attacked from that quarter. As with noiseless steps we entered the fissure and advanced towards the bothy, we perceived a loose heap of turf piled before its rude entrance, and behind this Hackett and I concealed ourselves, and glanced at the scene within. Before a large fire, on which a still was placed, sat several men drinking, and conversing in tones whose loudness spoke their sense of security. The recess appeared both lofty and roomy, and had in its farther end a passage, probably communicating with the hill above. Along its sides were spread pallets and heaps of heather arranged for sleeping; one of those, across which a blanket and a great coat were thrown, appeared to be occupied. In a nook lay many sacks of malt, and strewed on the floor was a litter of turf, faggots, and small kegs. Of the latter, placed on end, were composed the seats of the party in the hut. The distilling apparatus, and the vessels that held the pot-ale, were unusually large, and the entire look of the place proclaimed

it the abode of men who were no novices in their trade. There was little or no smoke, the vapour escaping by some secret crannies in the rock; and, as the light from the fire rose and fell on the interior, I perceived several stands of arms resting in a crevice, and ready for use or need. The aspect of the occupants of this den accorded well with the character of the scene; and, as the red light revealed their faces and persons, I thought I never beheld a more ferocious looking set. I counted six. One, who appeared to be the working distiller, stood erect; the others were seated. The man that was standing was apparently middle aged, and his long black hair was grizzled with grey: as he at times moved before the fire, drest only in his shirt and trowsers, holding in one hand a bayonet, fixed on a stout pole, with which he occasionally stirred the burning turf, whose lurid glare played on his exposed muscular chest and brawny arms, naked to the elbow, and revealed the forbidding outlines of his face, I needed not Hackett's deep whisper to tell me that the outlaw Brennan stood before me. From the position of our hiding place, the conversation of the party was distinctly audible, and apparently one of the group, at the moment we had arrived, had just concluded some narrative, descriptive of the manner in which he had baffled, and then maltreated, some unfortunate revenue officer; for, as we listened, loud peals of laughter burst from all round, mixed with exclamations of admiration and applause.

"Bedad, Mickey, ma bouchal," chimed in Brennan, "but you did that job well; and sent home the thieven villan with a flea in the ear, be way of a cure for his tooth ache. Here I stand, boys, and simple as I seem, for thirteen long year I have never seen the peeler, constable, or axe-man, that I couldn't double round my finger, like a thraneen."

"Thrus for you, Mister Cassidy," responded one of the party, taking his pipe from his mouth, "and that same is well known, sir."

"Aye," continued the other, "many a hunt have they given me by land and water; many a chase have they led me by hill and level; sleepen and awake, have they tried to catch me; but here I stand to the fore yet; and that may be," added the ruffian in a low voice, "is more than many of them that crost me are able to say now."

The silence that ensued formed a fearful comment on the meaning of the outlaw's words, and was broken by a peculiar humming noise from the still, which no sooner reached his ears than, crying out joyfully "Hurroo! the darlen's comen round," he struck the top of the utensil smartly, to make the steam ascend quicker; and, after stirring the fire briskly, then slipped to a rude cupboard in the rock, and bringing from thence a small jug and a drinking glass, with its broken shank fixed in a round piece of wood, placed the former under a pipe leading from one of the vessels, and then paused for a few minutes until it was filled with ardent spirits from the still.

After first tasting it himself, apparently with great relish, and declaring "that it was the real stuff all out," he handed the jug and drinking vessel to his next neighbour, and asked him with a triumphant sneer—

"Where's the guager now, boys?"

Seance had the words left the ruffian's lips when a deep voice replied "Here!"—and with a bound Hackett sprang into the middle of the hut, and confronted the smuggler, and in a second I was by his side. Had a thunderbolt burst from heaven among the party, it could not have caused more terror and dismay: uttering yells of alarm, they started to their feet, and, scarcely casting a look at the unlooked-for apparition, darted towards the passage at the end of the cave and disappeared in its dark recess. Brennan alone remained, as if paralysed by the sight of Hackett. With his eyes rolling wildly, he gazed on the stern form before him, as if he thought it was no earthly visitant, and slowly articulated—

"Walter Osborne!"

"Aye, villain! and he is come to drag you to the gallows. For years have I waited for this. Murderer! your days are numbered; your course of crime is run, and you are caught at last in your own kennel, to suffer a dog's death. Yield, or die!"

"Never!" exclaimed the other; "the hemp is not hackled yet that will hang me. Walter Osborne, cross me not in my path this night; I sent your father's soul to —, and by —, if you stop me now, yours shall follow him."

As he spoke, the ruffian made a rush as if to escape by the passage, and as Hackett and I threw ourselves before it to prevent him, with a sudden bound he turned, cleared the pile of turf, and darted through the entrance of the cave.

We rushed in pursuit. On reaching the edge, the smuggler was no where to be seen. Hastily bidding me ascend the path that led to the top of the cliff and warn the military, Hackett rushed down the sloping bank of earth to the ledge below. Five steps I had not made on my perilous path when a sheet of flame rose high in the air, and revealed every object as distinct as if it was broad noon. The still house was on fire! and the blazing alcohol, unflung with the piles of fuel, soared upwards in a column of blue and brilliant light that flashed upon every tree, rock, and crevice in the glen. A few yards above me, I saw Twicknam and the soldiers rising to their feet in astonishment at the sudden spectacle. Hailing them, and pointing to a path that led from the top of the cliff to where I stood, I turned and descended to the ledge on which the still house burned. On glancing round, I perceived on the terrace below two figures, which by the broad glare I recognised as Hackett and Brennan, engaged in mortal strife. As I hurried down the slope towards them, my foot turned on a loose stone, and, falling forward, I rolled heavily down to the very ledge on which they were. Stunned, and unable to rise, I watched the struggle going on within a few yards of where I lay. Both were desperately wounded, and bleeding profusely. The murderous weapon the smuggler wielded inflicted such deadly thrusts, that, though I saw his brow and breast were gashed with Hackett's sword, I trembled for the result. As the light flashed upon each of their faces, tinting them with a haggard hue, I saw deadly hate written on their features, and felt that death alone would separate such enemies. During the struggle, Hackett happened to stand with his back to the precipice, within a foot of its edge. Brennan, perceiving this, with a shout

rushed at him, with the intention of thrusting him with his deadly weapon over its brink. A cry from me warned Redmond of his danger, and, sinking on his knee, as the ruffian dashed with his full force at him, he parried with his left hand the bayonet of his foe, and, piercing him through the heart with the sword in his right, the baffled murderer with a yell fell headlong over the cliff into the glen below.

For one brief moment Hackett's life hung depending on the frail twig he grasped at the edge of the rock; in the next he stood on its surface erect and safe.

The place was now crowded with soldiers, and, on their raising me to my feet, I staggered towards Redmond, as he leant against the side of the cliff, pale and ghastly from the recent struggle, with the blood gushing in torrents from a deep wound in his breast. As I clasped his hand in mine, his head fell upon my shoulder, and his eyes closed, as if in weakness and in pain; and when I tried to support him, his body sank heavily through my arms upon the rock. I knelt beside him, and raised his head upon my knee; and, as I did so, he opened his eyes, and, gazing upon me with a dying look, said—

"'Tis all over, Jack! and 'tis better that it is so. Where's Isaac? Raise me up, and give me your hands. God bless you both, my true and only friends! Let me be buried here—and Jack—sometimes, when I am gone, think—upon old times and—Redmond Hackett—"

Here his voice failed him, and although his lips continued to move, no articulate sound came from them; and his glazing eye and hoarse and convulsive breathing too plainly told the fearful change was at hand.

As with sad and stricken heart I looked on his pallid features, and as all around stood mute and motionless, suddenly starting to his feet, while the death spasm rattled in his throat, he raised his hands high towards Heaven, as if in prayer—glared wildly round, and fell forwards a lifeless corpse at our feet.

My tale is told.

The body of Brennan was found next day dreadfully mangled in the glen, with the sword still sticking in his breast; and his death leaving the band of smugglers without a leader, they were soon dispersed, and their illicit traffic destroyed.

Nolan and Ellen were shortly after married, and emigrated to America.

Honest Twig'em, though inconsolable for a long time after Hackett's death, attached himself more closely to me; and many and many a winter's evening have we spent together, conversing on the virtues of him we loved so well. Of our after life and adventures my readers may yet hear, if this specimen has not exhausted their patience.

In Hackett's lodgings I found a paper, constituting me his heir, and enclosing a large parcel of papers and letters.

His last wish was complied with, and amid the heather that wraps the rocky sides of Knockree, the peasant still points out the green sod that enfolds all that is left of as true and as gallant a heart as ever beat in the breast of man. . . .

HIGHLAND CLANS.

The Cummings were among the greatest and bravest of all the Highland clans; and King Robert Bruce, who wished to exterminate them, created Randolph, his own nephew, Earl of Moray, and being in a generous mood, granted him Dunphail estate. Old Cumming of Dunphail, not seeing the eligibility of that arrangement, resisted the transfer, and sustained a long siege within this castle. Meantime his son, Alistair Bane, a young man of extraordinary enterprise and courage, preserved the famishing garrison alive, by seizing opportunities occasionally to throw in sacks of oatmeal across a deep fissure in the rocks which we were shown. The enemy vainly endeavoured to detect the place of his concealment, until they brought a bloodhound to the spot, which tracked him through the woods. Here we traced every step of the ravine ourselves, till we reached the fatal cave where he was overtaken, the entrance being no larger than that of a dog kennel, and there his enemies lighted a fire that he might be smoked to death. The young hero, seeing his fate inevitable, attempted to come forth, saying, "Let me out to die like a Cumming, sword in hand!" But Lord Randolph cruelly thrust him back, and replied, "No! I die like a wolf as you are!" The head of Alistair Bane was cut off, and carried to a rock opposite, where old Cumming stood, expecting the arrival of his son with provisions, and the enemy threw it at his feet, calling out, in an insulting tone, "Here's beef for your bannocks!" The wretched father recognised his son, and exclaimed, in an agony of rage and grief, "This is a bone to pick that you shall rue!" Discouraged, however, and subdued by so frightful a calamity, the old man struggled no longer, but yielded to his fate, and was put to death, with his forty faithful clansmen. Their heads were stuck up in *terrorum* at Elgin, and their mutilated bodies thrust into a cairn near the spot where they fell, which was shown ever afterwards as "the tomb of the headless Cummins." A few years since the parish clergyman caused the skeletons to be dug up, and carefully buried in a distant church-yard, at the risk of destroying the evidence of this melancholy tale. Not a single skul was found on that occasion.—*Miss Sinclair's Shetland*

SCIENTIFIC INVENTIONS.—In viewing the various implements which the art of man has brought into operation, to supply him with the necessities and comforts of life, it is interesting to trace the nationality of each. As regards the Dutch, the physical geography of Holland necessarily led the inhabitants to cultivate the art of raising water; thus it was a Dutchman who constructed the famous works at Marié, and England is indebted to another for the old works at London-bridge; the simplest pump-box known is of German origin, as also the tub pump of Muschenbrock. Hose for fire-engines, both of leather and canvass, were invented by the Dutch, and they carried the chain-pump to China and India, and first introduced it into Europe. Windmills for draining water first occur (in modern days) in Holland, and it is, indeed, the constant employment of this element (wind,) which preserves them from destruction by another (water.) The French have followed the German and Dutch in hydraulic machines, and we have the double pump of la Hire, the frictionless piston of Gosset; Papin was one of the inventors of the steam-engine; le Demour invented the centrifugal pump; and drawn leaden pipes were projected by Desme. In England, connected with the steam-engine, we have the names of Cartwright, Barton, Worcester, Savery, Newcomen, and Watt; and to the Italians we are indebted for the inventions and improvements of Galileo, Torricelli, Porta, and Venturi.—*Mining Journal*

STANZAS.

Dearest, farewell! for I must go in distant lands to roam;
But think not I shall e'er forget the dear delights of home:
The ocean soon shall me divide from all I dearly prize—
Alas! the thought my bosom wrings with deep and heartfelt sighs.

For "I lov'd thee long and tenderly," and thought to make thee mine;
But my fond hopes are now destroyed, and thee I must resign;
The pleasing task I once enjoy'd, to soothe thine hours of care,
When thou wast left an orphan maid the cold world's scorn to bear,

I must give o'er; another now will make that care his own,
For thou could'st not be left to bear the toils of earth alone;
Unwillingly I yield the hand I vainly thought to gain;
I may no longer cherish hopes thy fondness to obtain.

Dearest, farewell! my constant prayer and daily wish shall be,
Such woe as thou hast made me feel may ne'er descend on thee;
May he on whom thou hast bestowed thy hand and heart, still prove
Constant and true, and ever hold for thee unchanging love!

AN IRISH MAIDEN.

VARIETIES OF SHAKES OF THE HAND.—Some people dangle their hands into yours like the unwilling paw of a peaceable poodle; others stiffen the hand and thrust four fingers into your palm, all smooth and wooden like a Glover's last. Mr. D. appears to have but one finger produceable; hard and bony it feels, like the handle of your tooth brush on a frosty morning. Mr. T. always holds out two fingers; I do the same; and it perplexes him not a little when the tips meet, and he fingers out the *de capo* of his own two to two too. A. evades the hand, and welcomes his friends or acquaintances by a slight pressure above the elbow, as he sniggles out "how 'ye do." Mr. L. who takes pleasure in a tight fit, can never comply with the usual mode of withdrawing the kid, so is hand and glove with every one he meets. A school-master has a habit of offering the left hand; and who but remembers the reluctance with which it was accepted in those days of early delinquency, when *canonology* was practised to such an extent in all well-disciplined schools? Mr. C. a loquacious lounge, secures you, as it were, by interception; and, seizing both your hands, proceeds to suck your brains, and, as he approaches the crisis of that particular piece of information he is in search of, you may perceive by the motion of his digits, that he is busy at some performance on the organ of inquisitiveness.—*Fraser*.

TELESCOPES.—About the year 1672, Sir Isaac Newton invented that farm of a reflecting telescope which bears his name, but the invention lay dormant for half a century, till Mr. Hadley, in 1723, constructed a large Newtonian, 62½ inches focal distance, which magnified from 190 to 230 times; and about sixty-six years afterwards, Herschel constructed his large forty feet reflector, the largest instrument of the kind that has yet been erected. In 1759, Dollond invented the achromatic telescope, since which period this construction has almost superseded every other kind of refracting telescope, and has come into general use both for viewing land objects and for celestial observations; and telescopes of this kind have been constructed nearly twenty feet long, with the object-glass fifteen and eighteen inches in diameter. The largest telescope that has ever been projected is that of the Earl of Rosse, the speculum for which was cast in April, 1842. It is six feet diameter, and is to be formed into a telescope fifty feet focal length. It will have a reflecting surface of 4071 square inches, or more than double that of Herschel's forty feet reflector, and it is hoped that some new discoveries will be made by it in the heavens.

THE LOST SON.

"The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claims kindred there, and has his claims allowed."

"Home of my boyhood! endeared to me by a thousand inseparable associations, perhaps it is the last time I shall ever see thee! No more beneath the cooling shade of yon stately trees, will I beguile away the time which recalls to my mind my former happiness: then, careless and unconscious of my future destiny, I was happy; for evil and misfortune were alike unknown to me. Bitter indeed are my recollections of the past—I that had so many friends; but where are they now? The moment the keen blast of adversity began to blow against me, they fled and left me to myself to bear up against my unhappy fate. But I deserve it all; were it not for my folly and dissipation I would not have come to this; Oh! my dear father, how I have deceived him; he who almost idolised me, and centered his fondest hopes in me, I think I hear him reproach me for my past follies. But no; I will not give way to such gloomy thoughts. Away then; it is useless to repine at my misfortunes. I will resign myself to the will of Him, the great dispenser and author of all true good, and seek that happiness which is only to be found in Him."

Such were Alfred Howard's reflections on passing Howard Hall, on his way to London, (from his native town of —shire,) where he had a few days previously been engaged as a clerk in a mercantile establishment. As he gave "a last fond look" on the stately building, he could not suppress his emotions; the scenes of his boyhood, the happy hours he there spent, contrasted with the life he was about to enter into, together with the thoughts of his kind father—that father who was now no more—all conspired to make him wretched. The mansion which he had just passed was beautifully situated in a wild and romantic part of —shire; there was a long avenue leading up to it, with a row of stately elms at either side of a lawn of surpassing verdure. The house was built in rather a plain and antiquated style, but nevertheless well suited to the taste of its owner. Alfred Howard's father was but in middling circumstances when commencing "the thorny path of life," but by continued toil and industry had saved a considerable sum of money, by which he was enabled to embark as a partner in a banking company which was established in one of the then poor but rising towns of England. To our enterpriser it at first appeared a bad speculation; but the town of —shire was rapidly rising out of obscurity; commerce was progressing considerably; and altogether the prospects, when viewed in a proper light, presented favourable opportunities to one about commencing his career in the commercial world. A few years rolled by, which served to convince him he was not mistaken in his hopes of future success; the tide of fortune flowed rapidly in his favour, and his expectations were realised to a degree his most sanguine wishes ever led him to hope. Fifteen years and Alfred's father had secured himself an independence, by his assiduity and attention to business. Ten years more and he was no longer a man of business; he left the busy scenes of a commercial life, gave up his share in the bank, and retired altogether to his seat in the country.

Alfred was an only son; therefore his father was extremely fond of him; he was possessed of brilliant intellect, highly fashioned by the hand of taste, and his good feelings were impulsive, which, if properly directed, might have become virtues instead of vices; but it was his misfortune to have a father who in the

blindness of his love let him have his own will in every respect, and act on all occasions as it pleased himself.

Alfred was now in his seventeenth year; he had formed an intimate acquaintance with one of his schoolfellows, a lad of the most dissolute and profligate habits, who was always foremost in every irregularity; and every wild scheme that was concocted at school, Edmund Ingleby was sure to be at the head of it. Like Alfred, he was an only son; reared in indulgence, controul was unknown to him, and his wayward passions were self-willed and uncurbed; his fond parent (a widow lady who resided in London) looked forward to him, and indulged the false hope that he would be her future comfort and happiness; but in him she was destined to be sadly disappointed.

Such was Alfred's companion; no wonder then that, instead of improving in his moral habits, he was every day approaching nearer the brink of ruin. His father saw with displeasure the fatal consequences of bad example; he saw his son straying from the paths of virtue; he reprimanded him for his folly, but it was too late; the seed of vice and indolence was too deeply engrafted within him to profit by such admonitions.

Both our heroes had attained manhood; their intimacy and friendship for each other was as strong as ever. Frequently would Alfred think on the advice his father had so often given him to avoid Ingleby's company; but he would say to himself, such advice was foolish, as being in his company would not influence his actions either one way or the other: besides he highly esteemed Edmund's friendship, and he imagined that, even if he were willing, he could not keep from sometimes being in his company.

One evening, as he was sitting by himself in his father's mansion, viewing the beautiful scenery around him, and contemplating the varied beauties of nature, he heard a knock at the door, and presently he recognised the voice of one he well knew—it was Edmund Ingleby.

"Well," said Ingleby, after they had been some time conversing with each other, "I am sure you cannot refuse me now the request I so often made, that you would accompany me to London."

"Indeed," said Alfred, "I am extremely sorry I cannot have the pleasure of going with you now, but I hope I shall be able to accompany you on a future occasion."

"You shall indeed come with me now," rejoined his companion; "perhaps you would never have another opportunity, and I am sure there is nothing to prevent you, unless your own unwillingness."

Alfred was unwilling to accede to his friend's proposal, as he knew he could not do so without incurring his father's displeasure, who had given him so many injunctions to avoid Ingleby's company; and as he knew he could not refuse without displeasing him, whom he so highly esteemed, after considerable reluctance and many objections, he agreed to his friend's request.

In a few days Alfred Howard and his companion left —shire for London, where Edmund was determined that they would spend a few pleasant weeks, and that neither he or his friend would want amusement to make them happy. Accordingly, having arrived in London, Edmund, who was no amateur in every kind of vice, led his companion into the greatest excesses. Each night they might be seen emerging from some of the well known gaming haunts with which that great Charybdis of vice abounds. Alfred was now become a constant visitor in the gaming house, where success for a while continued to attend him, but fortune is ever changeable; by degrees he began to suffer consider-

able losses, and ere long he was drained of all his money. He was now a confirmed gambler and a drunkard : anguish and remorse stung him to the quick ; he heard of the death of his father with sorrow and regret ; but it did not cause him to give up his profligate life—so deeply was he hardened in guilt. As he was now his own master on account of his father's death, whose entire property devolved to him, therefore, as an only resource to redeem his lost honour, he gambled, and soon lost all that property, to acquire which his father had spent so many years of industry and untiring zeal to business. Who can describe the degradation of his fate ? He wandered through the streets of London in an almost state of beggary ; he had not even a place he could call his home ; he left his companion for being, as he said, the cause of all his misfortunes ; and saw only now, that he pursued the path of ruin, till almost too late to recede. As he could no longer think of living in idleness, he applied to a merchant in London, who was a friend of his father's, for a situation, who soon engaged him. We have already described his feelings on leaving his native town, and passing his former residence ; on being obliged to seek support from a stranger, and not knowing but it might be the last time he should see that home, which was endeared to him by a thousand charms.

It was a dark and stormy night in the middle of December, as Edmund Ingleby's mother was seated before the fire, gazing on the dying embers, sunk in the sadness of melancholy thoughts, thinking on the fate of her son, whom she had not seen for the last twelve months. The night wind howled fearfully, and the rain and hail blew in fitful gusts against the windows, which seemed to forebode her unhappy destiny. 'Till now she entertained some lingering hopes of her lost son ; but the howling storm and the awful appearance of the night seemed to her as an ill omen, and shivered the only wreck of hope which remained. It was in such a mood as this, as she was exclaiming, "Oh ! he is irrevocably lost to me !" that her servant entered, and told her that the host of the Eagle (a neighbouring inn) requested some of those sick luxuries which his means denied, for a young man whom he said was dying, and whom he was afraid was past all hopes. In her feeling heart every sorrow found a pity, and ordering some little necessities, she resolved, though still weak and unwell from recent fretting and sickness, to visit the sufferer herself. She would not be dissuaded ; and, attended by her servant, she proceeded through the pelting storm, and reached the house. The host of the Eagle led the way into one of his apartments ; and there beheld the mother bending over a wretched pallet, supporting the dying form of her long lost son ! His sunken eye, his quivering limbs, and clenched hands, too plainly told despair was gnawing his heart ; he gasped for breath to speak ; one delirious gleam lightened his countenance ; he seemed to collect all powers, and in one convulsive motion, stretched his arms to his mother ; and in the broken voice of death gasped, "Forgive—mother—bless your sinful and repentant," and fell exhausted on the pillow. Edmund's throes of agony did not last long ; he fixed his closing eye on the pale form of his mother, and ere morning he lay stretched in the cold and stiffening sleep of death. Alfred Howard was deeply affected when he heard of Ingleby's unhappy fate, and the neglected manner in which he died ; he almost thought it impossible that the companion of his boyhood, he who had so many friends, should die in such a neglected condition.

"Oh ! what a warning to me !" said he ; "how thankful ought I be to Him, who drew me back and let me see my errors, ere I was plunged into theathomless depths of iniquity, and lost for ever !"

Ten years rolled by since the above events.

Alfred, by his industry, became independent of business : he retired from the tumults of the world to a little cottage in his native town, where he spent the remainder of his days in happiness : convinced of his former follies, he looked with humble gratitude on the tempests of the past, through the sunshine of the present.

G. H.

OH ! SING THAT SONG.

Oh ! sing that song
I love so long,
For simple strains remind me
Of childhood's ways,
Of by-gone days,
And friends I've left behind me,
Of sun-lit vales
And primrose dales,
Where all my comrades wander,
To view the mill
Below the hill,
And see the streams meander—
So sing that song, &c.

I love to stray,
At close of day,
Across the heathy mountains,
Where hawthorn hoar
Is spreading o'er
The dwarfish shrubs and fountains.
I love the shade,
Where oft we stray'd
When thou wouldst fondly bring me ;
But oh ! I love,
All else above,
The songs you used to sing me—
So sing that song, &c.

Oh ! would that we
Again could see
The days now gone for ever !
When hand in hand,
Along the strand,
We vow'd we ne'er should sever.
The wild sea-mew
In raptures flew
Above the briny billow,
While we reclin'd,
With tranquil mind,
Beneath the weeping willow.

Then sing that song
I love so long,
For simple strains remind me
Of childhood's ways,
Of by-gone days,
And friends I've left behind me !

F.

BLACK PAINT.—Nothing will prove the injurious effects of black paint more than by observing the black streaks of a ship after having been in a tropical climate for any length of time. It will be found that the wood round the fastenings is in a state of decay, while the white work is as sound as ever : the planks that are painted black will be found split in all directions, while the frequent necessity of caulking a ship in that situation likewise adds to the destruction. Wood painted white will be preserved from perishing as long again, if exposed to the weather, as similar wood painted black, especially in a tropical climate. Wood having a black surface will imbibe considerable more heat in the same temperature of climate, than if that surface was white ; from which circumstance we may easily conclude that the pores of wood of any nature will have a tendency to expand and rend in all directions, when exposed under such circumstances. The water of course being admitted, causes a gradual and progressive decay, which must be imperceptibly increasing from every change of weather.

THE "AGINT."

"Every man to his own taste," said old Bill Connelly, as sitting at his own fireside with his neighbour Jack O'Grady, he lifted a jug of smoking *potteen* punch to his lips.

Bill and Jack were discussing of fairies and *cluricanns*, whilst Mrs. C. and her daughter were spinning at a little distance behind. Norah, the daughter, was a smooth-faced, pretty "*colleen*," with fine blue eyes and tempting cherry lips, that covered a set of teeth as beautiful as ever adorned the mouth of an Irish rustic belle. The night on which the above words passed from old Bill was one of those known to many by the term "*in-door-nights*"—an unpleasant drizzly rain was falling, whilst frequent gusts of wind shook the little casement of the cottage.

"Well, no matter," said Jack O'Grady, (or Graddy, as he was more generally called;) "I tell you that on nights like this the good people carry on their pranks. Sure old Tom Shaughnessy told me that his grandfather's third cousin's cousin, by the mother's side, was carried away over hedges an' ditches by a pookah, an' was left, comin' on mornin', stretched in the ould churchyard."

"By gar-an-ager," exclaimed Bill, "I don't know, but I never saw one on 'em myself in all my life."

At this moment, a knock was heard at the door, which caused the young maiden at the wheel to start, and blush slightly.

"Go to the door, Norah," said her mother, "and see who's there."

She accordingly rose, and lifted the latch, when in stepped a young man muffled in a frieze coat. He was a fine looking fellow, apparently about twenty-five years of age, somewhat above the middle height, with an open, intelligent countenance.

"God save you all!" said he, with a very slight touch of the "*brogue*," as he shook the rain from his weighty "*coats more*."

"An' you too, Pat," answered old Bill. "Well, how went the fair to-day; the same ould story still between the Haggertys an' the Murnans?"

"No, indeed; the fair was, on the whole, very quiet to-day; the people behaved very well."

"Ah!" sighed Jack O'Grady, "the times are changing very fast. There was a time an' the fair never closed without a score of broken heads at least. I often had a hand in the business myself; but them days is past an' gone," and here he consoled himself with a copious draught from the bottle by his side.

"They warn't good times, Jack," answered Bill Connelly; "they warn't good times when men used be killin' one another for nothing."

"*Gos doutha*," said Jack, "'twas very bad, an'—"

He was interrupted by a smart tapping at the door.

"Who can this be," growled Bill, "this ugly, wet night?"

"I'll try," said Pat. "God save you, sir!" he continued, ushering in a man wrapt in a large cloak.

"And you too," said the stranger, stepping forward. "I'm afraid I must intrude myself on you. I've been travelling on some business, and, being overtaken by darkness and the rain, I've come to ask shelter of you."

"You're heartily welcome, sir," answered old Bill. "Come, sit by the fire an' taste some of our mountain dew. Here, Norah, dust that chair, an' hand it to the gentleman."

"I suppose, sir," said Jack O'Grady, when the

stranger had seated himself—"I suppose, sir, you're not of these parts?"

"No, friend; as I have already told you, I've been travelling on business, and, attracted by the light from your little window, I came hither."

"'Twas well it wasn't Jack-o'-the-lantern you saw," said Bill, laughing; "that's the lad that would have led you a journey."

"Ah! I suppose you have a great deal of fairies and that kind of gentry?" said the stranger, smiling.

"By gar I don't know, sir," answered Bill; "I never saw any of 'em, but Jack there can tell you about them—he has plenty of ould stories of fairies an' *leprechauns*, an' all that. Though I never saw a fairy, I'll tell you a dream I had about 'em one time."

"Let's have it by all means, let's have it."

"Well, sir, you must know that we had a beautiful harvest last year, an' I an' the men were reapin' in the field back o' the house: the men were talking of one thing or another till they turned to fairies an' pookas. By-'n-by, I lay down in the field an' fell fast asleep: I thought I heard very nice music, an' then I saw, coming towards me, a band of men an' women dressed in green—all weeny, little creatures, wid one a little bit bigger than the rest at their head. They began to dance, an' went on wid all kinds o' capers, like a parcel of straws that would be blown by the wind. At last, one of 'em comes up and bows to me."

"Good morrow, Mr. Connelly," sez he.

"Good morrow kindly, sir," said I, very civil.

"How does the world wag wid you, Mr. Connelly?" sez the little gentleman.

"Musha poor enough yer honour," sez I.

"Come now," sez he, "how would you like a little goold," sez he; "some fine shinin' guineas?"

"Why they'd be quite welcome, sir," sez I.

"Well, look here," sez he, an' he gives the ground a kick, an' it opens, showin' a crock full av goold an' silver galore—"look here," sez he, "how would you like that?"

"Why very well, your honour," sez I, with my eyes spread at the sight.

"Well here, catch 'em," sez he, an' he began to throw 'em into the air; but every one he threw up would be caught by the little crathurs around him, not leaving me e'er a one at all. I got mad at last, an' I made a grasp at the chief fairy, an' caught him by the waist.

"Ah! you thief, I have you," sez I; but I thought my hand was torn with pain. I awoke with a roar, an' found myself sprawling on the ground, holdin' fast a big bunch of nettles that was growin' in the middle of a heap of daisies. My hand was all scratched an' blistered, an' I ran about the field roarin' an' cursin' all the fairies in the world."

Here Pat, who had been talking to the females for some time, came forward, and addressed the stranger:

"You're to be my guest for the remainder of this night, sir?" said he; "I have prevailed on Mrs. Connelly to give you over to me, as I can more conveniently entertain you than she can. You wont have far to go with me, sir; I live a few yards farther up on the road."

"Really," said the stranger, "I'm very thankful to you all; you're very kind."

"Oh! not at all, sir," said Pat; "you know we must be mindful of 'old Irish hospitality.'"

After the stranger had dried his garments, and imbibed the comforts of a warm fire, he arose, and wishing his entertainers good night, followed Pat to his cottage.

Pat Murnan's mother had died while he was yet very young, and his father was obliged to call in his sister to aid him in the management of his little house-

hold, and to superintend the education of his only son. When Pat was pretty old, his father sent him to a seminary in Dublin, with the view of preparing him for the church. After he had been three years in the metropolis, our hero's prospects were suddenly changed by the death of his father. He returned to take care of his farm, which was now under the management of his aunt, a steady, intelligent woman. Pat had not been long at home when an impression was made on his heart by the bright eyes of Norah Connelly. He accordingly made advances to that pretty maiden, and was favourably received—and he soon obtained the consent of her father, who thought himself particularly fortunate in gaining such a son-in-law as Pat Murnan; but Pat had a rival in the person of his landlord's agent. This man, who cringed like a whipped dog at the beck of his superior, was a cruel, heartless tyrant to those who had the misfortune to be in any way under him. He was agent to a Mr. G., who was owner of the large tract of land on which Pat and old Connelly held their farms. Mr. G. died shortly after Pat's father, leaving his son, a young gentleman who then resided in Dublin, in possession of his estate. Leeson, the agent, thought himself now quite free to do as he pleased. He knew that his present employer was young and inexperienced, and he thought that in the midst of the pleasure of a great city he would forget the wants of his tenantry; but he was mistaken in some of his conclusions. Various petitions were sent to young Mr. G., representing the tyranny of his agent, and the impoverished state of his tenants. Leeson had proposed to old Connelly for his daughter, but he refused him, alleging as a reason that he could not retract his promise to Pat Murnan; the old man at the same time thanked him for the honour he intended to confer on him. Leeson determined to have revenge on old Connelly and Pat. It happened just at this time that Mr. G. resolved to look to his tenants and property. With this resolution, and incited by the blue eyes of a young lady who lived near the place, and whom he had met at a ball, he set out alone, and partly on foot, when, being overtaken by rain that night, he had stopped at old Bill Connelly's cottage. From thence he removed to the cottage of Pat, as the reader has already seen, and with his aid he contrived to defeat the plans of the wily agent.

The agent now began to show great kindness to old Connelly. He became very indulgent, admired his farm, praised his punctuality in paying his rents, and told him that as the time for paying them was near at hand, he need not put himself to any inconvenience in procuring the money. The bait took. The old man, deceived by the seeming kindness of the crafty agent, remained a few days beyond the ordinary time without paying his rent; when, on the morning after the scene we have described in the opening of our tale, the agent unexpectedly entered his cottage, and threatened to distrain him if he did not procure the money in twenty-four hours. The poor old man was thunderstruck at this announcement; however, he promised to carry the rent to him in the evening. Shortly after the agent had departed, Pat Murnan and Mr. G. entered the house, to whom Connelly related what had happened.

"He's a dreadful scoundrel!" exclaimed Pat. "Really, you give a very excellent character of him," said Mr. G., who was yet unknown to Pat or Connelly. "Pray who is your landlord?"

"A Mr. G., sir; a young gentleman who lives in Dublin," answered Connelly. "This bad man is his agent here; he behaves very cruelly to the tinnants, an' they all hate him. I'm tould Mr. G. is a good young gentleman; but he'd be better if he now and then paid a visit to his tinnants."

"I wish he were present to hear your advice," said Mr. G.; "I'm sure he'd profit by it."

"He would, sir, if he took it; but I must now contrive to get the rint-money for this man agin the ev'ning."

When Mr. G. and Pat had left the cottage, the former abruptly addressed his companion.

"Pat," said he, "I have a secret for you, and I want you to assist me in a little plot. I must first let you know that I am your landlord, Mr. G., and that, urged by frequent petitions from my tenants, I have resolved, at length, to inquire into their complaints."

Pat was quite astonished at this unexpected discovery.

"I have now," continued he, "come hither in secret, and without the knowledge of Leeson, my agent, through a whim which seized me. I wish to remain *incognito* for some time, till I see the end of this fellow's plots; I'll want your assistance to discover them."

"You have it with all my heart, sir," answered Pat.

It was evening when they turned their steps towards old Connelly's house. At a turn of the road, they suddenly encountered a man running at full speed, whom they immediately recognised as the servant of the agent, Leeson. The man, who knew Mr. G., was electrified when he beheld him; he stood motionless until that gentleman spoke.

"Why, how now, Ned!" said he; "what's the matter, man?—are you dumb?"

"I—I; sir—I—" stammered the servant.

"Come now," said Mr. G., sternly, "you've been on some goodly errand for your master. I've been informed that he and you have been carrying on some villanous plot. I have already discovered some of your deeds. Come, come, confess the whole. Confess it, and you shall be well rewarded; conceal it, and I'll find means to punish you and your master for your villany."

The man, terrified by threats on the one side, and enticed by promise of reward on the other, confessed that he had been sent by his master to rob old Connelly! They had, he said, plotted this between them, in order to deprive the old man of the means of paying his rent, and thus induce him to give his daughter to Leeson. He said that he was now after robbing Connelly, and produced the money.

"Was ever so complicated a piece of villany arranged by man!" exclaimed Mr. G. "What a dupe that man has made of me. Now you," he added, turning to the servant—"do you, my good fellow, go to your master; tell him you have done as he bid you, and show him the money; but, at your peril, don't mention a word about me. Come, Pat."

The servant promised to obey him and departed, and Mr. G. and Pat proceeded to old Connelly's cottage. There they found the old man with his face buried in his hands, his daughter sobbing in silence, and Mrs. Connelly venting her grief in loud lamentations. On hearing them enter, the old man arose.

"Good evening, sir," said he; "you've come in time to witness my misfortune."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Mr. G., feigning ignorance of what had happened; "what has caused this grief?"

"Oh! sir," answered the old man, "a sad misfortune has happened since I saw you last. 'Tisn't an hour ago since I was robbed of the money I was carrying to the agent. As I was goin' along the road, a man stopped me, an' puttin' a pistol to my throat, commanded me to stand an' deliver. He was masked, but I'm sure I heard his voice before. 'Stand an' deliver!' sez he. I took out the money. 'Here,' sez I, 'is all my money; 'tis what I've got to pay

my rent; if you take it, a curse will follow you,' sez I; 'but if you leave it to me, you'll have the blessin' of a poor man.' He snatched the purse an' went away. I thought it useless to go an' tell my story to the agint, for he wouldn't believe me."

"Do you think," asked Mr. G., "that you could recognise the robber?"

"Oh! Lord bless you, sir, not I; sure he was masked. I think I heard the voice before, but I cannot tell when or where. But what am I to do now? the agint will come in the morning and distract."

"But don't you think he may give you a little time when he hears what has happened?"

"Is it he, sir? not he; he'd no more—"

"Well, well," interrupted Mr. G., "as there's no hope in that quarter, take a little advice from me. Allow this agent to do as he wishes to-morrow; don't remonstrate with him, whatever he may do, and, perhaps, you may hear from me to-morrow," and away he went, leaving old Bill in wonder at what he could mean.

Morning came, and with it the agent and his satellites. Old Connelly, who had been expecting him for some time, met him at the door. Leeson began to upbraid the old man for his ingratitude, and the manner in which he repaid all his kindnesses; telling him that since he had behaved so ill to him, he would cause a distraint immediately. The old man excused himself, and related how he had been robbed.

"Poo, poo," said the agent, "this is all a sham, got up to deceive me; but it's all of no use."

"Mr. Leeson," said old Connelly, "you're the first man that ever told me I lied, and look ye—but no, no; go on with what you intend to do."

"Well, well," said Leeson, "I'll try and manage matters the best way I can. Give me what I asked of you before, and all will be set to rights."

"What is that?"

"Give me your daughter in marriage."

"Never!" said the old man firmly—"never! I will not sell my child in that manner. I may be turned forth from my poor home, be driven to poverty, and wander a houseless beggar upon the wide world; but I will never sell my poor child—never!" and he struck the table vehemently with his clenched fist. "Besides," continued he, "I told you that she was another's. I gave my promise to Pat Murnan, and when I pledge my word I never break it," and he turned from the room.

"Come here, Norah," said Leeson, as Connelly's daughter entered. "I've been speaking to your father; I promised to settle all if he consented to make you my wife."

"And what did he say, sir?" asked Norah, suddenly turning deadly pale: "what did he say?"

"He refused me at once; but I want your opinion on the matter."

"If my father refuses, there's no necessity to ask me."

"But I think if you consented he'd be satisfied. Besides, think on your father's situation; you ought to make some little sacrifice for his sake."

"Mr. Leeson," answered Norah, "how can you press me thus? You know that my father has given his promise to another; and, even if I was satisfied to it, he would not break his word."

"Aye, your father told me that you were to be married to Pat Murnan," said the agent; "but think you he will look on you when he hears that your father is a beggar?"

"Aye, that he will, my old gentleman," said a voice from behind. "Come, what's the matter now?"

It was Pat Murnan. The agent turned on him with a dark scowl, but his look suddenly changed from anger to surprise, terror, and confusion, as,

raising his head, he beheld the form of Mr. G. in the door-way. He stood rooted to the spot, fascinated, and incapable of utterance; until, at length, summoning together all the impudence he could assume, he stammered forth—

"I—I—beg to be excused, sir; but really this visit is so—so unexpected—I—"

"Oh! don't disturb yourself," answered Mr. G.; "the fact is, that, receiving so many good accounts of your care and attention to my tenantry, I have come to thank you in person."

The agent did not at all relish the tone in which Mr. G. spoke; he knew that he did not mean exactly what he said, yet he pretended to understand it as a compliment.

"I'm sure I'm very thankful to you, sir," he answered, with a sickly smile. "I'm very thankful for your good opinion; I hope I have done my duty."

"I suppose the owner of this house refuses to pay his rents?"

"Yes, sir," stammered the agent; "I've come to—I—"

"Away with this trifling," said Mr. G., sternly.

"Mr. Leeson, to you has been entrusted the care of my tenantry, and I'm compelled to say that that trust has been grossly abused by you. You have persecuted this poor old man to the utmost of your power, (pointing to Connelly, who stood looking on in amazement;) you have behaved most disgracefully; you have caused him to be robbed of the money he had to pay you, and then you come to demand what you had already taken. Aye, sir, you may start; I have discovered your plans. Come in, (beckoning to some one outside,) come in. Here is your servant and accomplice. Shame on you, sir, to act so basely. You, old man, were right in thinking you knew the voice of the robber; there is the man. Mr. Leeson, from this moment I free you from all responsibility concerning my property; you may go, sir, unless you see anything very agreeable to detain you here."

The agent shrunk from the cottage quite crestfallen. What need to tell the rest?

Pat and Norah were married in a few days, and in a fortnight after Mr. G. "led to the altar a lovely bride," as the newspapers said on the occasion—who did not love him the less because he had behaved kindly to his tenants.

Cork, Jan., 1843.

D. H.

THE LAMENT OF THE LARK FOR HIS DAISY.

Glad o'er the mountain,

When the first ray
Played on each fountain,
I speeded away.

Scorning each dull grove
And each shaded bower,
I hastened to thee, love,
My beautiful flower!

My first song at dawn
Was sung in the praise
Of the pride of the lawn,
The joy of my days:

But the winds fiercely cried
In the dead of the night,
And the thunder in pride
Sent its withering light.

The sun of the morrow
Too brilliantly shone,
For, mocking my sorrow,
It told—Thou wert gone!

Long, long shall I grieve thee,
In sunshine and shower;
Oh! why didst thou leave me,
My beautiful flower!

RELIEF OF THE IRISH POOR.

The Irish Poor Law gives relief only in work-houses; a workhouse being established in the center of a union of town-lands. The number of houses declared fit for occupation is 100, out of 130, the total number in Ireland; and these are variously capable of accommodating from 200 to 2000 inmates. Eighty-four houses are already occupied, and the remaining sixteen are receiving their stores. The number of individuals, old and young, in the eighty-four houses, is 27,537. The total amount of accommodation which the 130 houses, when finished, will be capable of affording, is for 92,860 persons; and in case of pressure, the capability of the houses may be considered to be from ten to twenty per cent. beyond this number: included among these there is accommodation for upwards of 2000 idiots, or harmless lunatics—the buildings being provided with wards for persons of this class. All the buildings are large, substantial, well-ventilated, and furnished with airy court-yards. The clothing of the adult male inmates consists of a coat and trousers of barragon, cap, shirt, shoes, and stockings. The female adults are supplied with a striped jerkin, a petticoat of linsey-woolsey, and another of stout cotton, a cap, shift, shoes, and stockings. The male children have each a jacket and trousers of fustian, a shirt, and woollen cap. The female children have each a cotton frock and petticoat, a cap, and linsey-woolsey petticoat. Each bed is supplied with a straw mattress, with blankets, bolsters, &c. The able-bodied women and children sleep in double beds; the sick, the infirm, and the male persons sleep in single beds. It is an established rule, (except in special cases,) not to admit children without their parents, if dependent on them; nor a man without his wife, nor a wife without her husband. The sexes are completely separated. The diet varies in particular unions, chiefly depending on the condition of the poor in the neighbourhood, the object being to give such diet to the inmates of the workhouse as shall not be superior to that obtained by the independent labourer. A common dietary for adults is—for breakfast, 7 ounces of meal made into porridge, 1 pint of butter-milk, or half a pint of new milk; for dinner, 3½ lbs. of potatoes, and 1 quart of butter-milk. Children five to fourteen—¾ ounce of oatmeal for breakfast; dinner, 2lbs. of potatoes; supper, 6 ounces of bread, and 1 pint of new milk, daily. The expense of maintenance is levied by rates on the country at large; and now, for the first time, all will be taxed alike.—*Half's Ireland.*

AVARICE—One of the most common and absurd marks of ambition that ever shows itself in human nature is that which comes upon a man with experience and old age—the season when it might be expected he should be wisest—it is the passion for getting and saving money. This desire reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them; humanity, good nature, and the advantages of a liberal education are incompatible with avarice. It is strange to see how this passion kills all the noble sentiments and generous ambitions that adorn human nature. It renders the man who is overrun with it a peevish and inconsiderate master, an unsocial husband, a severe parent, and a worthless neighbour.

CONVERSATION.—The too great desire of outshining and dazzling others renders conversation disagreeable. We are willing at any rate to give a great idea of our merit: this desire puts us upon a flow of talk, without giving others the leisure or opportunity to exert their small talents, and so they depart soured and provoked against those that have thus kept them in amusement.

LINES

Written on walking by moonlight on the banks of the Slaney, Wexford.

Flow on, gentle Slaney! I'm alone by thy stream;
Thy waters are lit in the moon's pallid beam,
And yon bright star that glistens in Heaven above
Throws a light round my heart like the sweet light of love.

Flow on, gentle Slaney! the breeze now is still,
And stirs not the flowrets that bloom on the hill;
The valley is sleeping in beauty and light,
And Nature lies hushed on the bosom of night.

Flow on, gentle Slaney! 'tis pleasant to roam
And muse o'er the lov'd scenes of infancy's home,
Where my early affections were first taught to twine,
And hearts now are cold that gave rapture to mine.

Flow on, gentle Slaney! 'tis many a day
Since last by thy waters my footsteps did stray,
With the friends of my childhood, the gladsome, the free;
But now their bright faces are missing from me.

Flow on, gentle Slaney! it seems like a dream
Since I wandered with Emma alone by thy stream;
And oh! at our parting, the look that she gave
Was sad as the willow that bends o'er thy wave.

W.

TREASURE-TROVE.—In legal Latin *thesaurus inventus*, is a branch of the revenue of the crown by the law of England. Where coin, plate, or precious metal are found hidden in the earth or any private place, and the owner or person who deposited them is unknown, the property becomes vested in the king by virtue of his prerogative. But if the owner is known, or is ascertained after the treasure is found, the property belongs to him, and not to the king. The civil law gave treasure found in general to the finder; but if found accidentally in another man's land, half was given to the finder, and half to the owner of the land. And so if it was found in the land of the emperor, it was to be equally divided between him and the finder. The law of England adopts the definition of treasure-trove from the civilians. And to entitle the crown to the property, it must appear to have been hidden or deposited by some one who at the time had the intention of reclaiming it. Whenever therefore the intention to abandon appears from the circumstances—as for instance, where the property has been found in the sea, or in a pond or river, or even openly placed upon the surface of the earth—it belongs to the finder. In England the concealment of treasure-trove from the king was formerly a capital offence; at the present day it is a misdemeanour punishable by fine and imprisonment.

ALEXANDRIA CANAL.—This canal affords communication between that city and the Canoptic, or western branch of the Nile. It was originally dug under Alexander the Great, but was subsequently closed up. Mehemet Ali, the present ruler of Egypt, determined to reopen it; and, with a despotism peculiar to him in carrying on public works, ordered 20,000 men, from all parts of the country, to meet at Atfe on the Nile by a particular day. Not daring to disobey, the multitude assembled, were set to work, and in six weeks this canal, though 48 miles long, was completed. All then returned to their homes.

TRUE LOVE.—There is nothing, perhaps, so totally subversive of self-possession as the unexpected sight of one we love. It paralyses by the too great intensity of its nervous excitement. It smites the heart to its very core, and the stream of life is arrested in its course; we cease to breathe: every function of life seems suspended, but that of sight; the eye usurps, as it were, the power all other organs have lost, and we can only gaze.—*Lover's E. s. d.*

IMMENSE SALT MINE.

The largest salt mine is at Wilisca, in Cracow, in Poland. It has ten openings, through which the miners descend to the depth of six hundred feet, and as soon as the first touches the ground, he skips out of the rope, and all the same in succession. The body of the mine is a spacious plain, containing a subterranean republic with houses, carriages, and roads, exhibiting all the bustle of business. In various parts of this spacious plain stand the huts of the miners and their families, some single, and others in clusters like villages. The inhabitants have very little communication with the world above the ground, and many hundreds are born and end their lives here. Through this plain runs the great road to the mouth of the mine, filled with carriages of salt, conducted by drivers, all merry and singing. The horses kept here are numerous, and when once let down, never again see the light of the day. The miners dig out the salt in the form of huge cylinders, each of many hundred weight, which are drawn up to the surface, and sent to the mills, where they are ground to powder. A stream of fresh water runs through the mine, so that the inhabitants have no occasion for a supply from above.

HUMAN HAIR TRAFFIC.—In Brittany, a province of France, this traffic is carried on, and all the fairs are regularly attended by purchasers, both male and female. The Breton peasants have particular fine hair, and generally in great abundance; their beautiful tresses they are perfectly willing to sell; and it is no uncommon sight to see several girls sheared one after the other like sheep, and many others standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out and hanging down to their waists. Every successive crop of hair is tied up into a wisp by itself, and thrown into a large basket, placed by the side of the operator. The highest value given by these abominable hair-merchants for a fine crop of hair is twenty sous, but the more frequent consideration is a gaudy but trumpery cotton handkerchief, worth about sixteen sous. The profit thus netted by these hairmongers must be enormous.

EMPLOYMENT.—The man who thinks to maintain a constant tenure of pleasure by a continued pursuit of sports and pleasures, deceives himself. The most voluptuous and loose person breathing, were he but tied to follow these pursuits every day, would find it the greatest torment and calamity that could befall him; he would fly to the mines and gallees for recreation, and to the spade and mattock for a diversion from the misery of a continual unremitted pleasure. But, on the contrary, the providence of God has so ordered the course of things, that there is no action the usefulness of which has made it the matter of duty and of a profession, but a man may lead the continual pursuit of it without loathing and satiety. The same shop that employs a man in his youth, employs him also in his age. Every morning he rises fresh to his work; custom has naturalised his labour to him; his shop is his element, and he cannot with any enjoyment of himself live out of it. The happiest life is that wherein a man is constantly employed.

INDIA.—Great encouragement is given to science and education by the Rajah of Travancore. He has established schools in every village and a fine observatory at Trevandrum.

COMMUNICATION WITH INDIA.—Instead of a tedious, sometimes dangerous voyage of from six to ten months, the English traveller may now reach Bombay, the nearest station in India, in from forty to fifty days; seeing in his way some of the most interesting objects in the civilised world.

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

The matron at her mirror, with her hand upon her brow,
Sits gazing on her lovely face—aye, lovely even now :
Why doth she lean upon her hand with such a look of care ?
Why steals that tear across her cheek ?—She sees her first
grey hair !

Now she beholds her first grey hair !—oh ! deem it not a crime
For her to weep when she discerns the first foot-mark of Time !
She knows that, one by one, these mute mementos will increase,
And steal youth, beauty, strength away, till life itself shall
cease.

Ah ! lady, heed the monitor ! Thy mirror tells the truth ;
Assume the matron's folded veil : resign the wreath of youth ;
Go !—bind it on thy daughter's brow ; in her thou'lt still look
fair :

'Twere well would all learn wisdom who behold the first grey
hair !

BLACKWOOD.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—It is only in the first moment in which you witness something which is entirely new to you, that you feel that novelty in all its vividness, and perceive really how widely divided is the nature and aspect of what you then contemplate from the objects of your former knowledge. Every hour that you continue to regard what strikes you with its newness, carries off the newness, and your impressions fade and bedim themselves in proportion. You are soon surprised to find how little there is to surprise you; how familiar all about you is become, as if you had conversed with it all your life. This is especially the case in regard to the novel aspect and manners of a foreign country. It is only by noting down on the spot, and at the moment, what strikes you, that you can secure the force of these first impressions: and when you afterwards refer to these notes, you are often no little astonished to find amid what really curious people and things you are existing, and yet how completely all the strangeness has vanished from your consciousness.—*Howitt's Sketches.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A. C. B." Dingle.—Received. There was no necessity for endeavouring to disguise the handwriting, with which we are well acquainted.

"R. S. C."—The tale and poem have come to hand : we shall give them due consideration.

"* * *," Cork.—We have endeavoured to meet your wishes, and hope we have been successful.

"W. F. C."—Subscribers have a peculiar claim upon us, and therefore your communication shall be attended to.

"W. T."—The "Sketches" are highly esteemed.

"E. A. K."—Our fair friend will probably behold her story in our next.

"S. S."—No. The paper possesses considerable merit, but the manner in which the subject is treated renders it unsuitable to our pages.

"P. O."—Most willingly. We hope to hear from you again.

"E. G.," "P. A.," and "B. E." declined.

Printed for the Proprietors, at the Office, 32, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications (post-paid) are to be addressed, to the Editor.

Published by T. LE MASSEUR, (late T. Tice and Co.)
4, Lr. Abbey-street, Dublin; and all Booksellers.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 15.—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

THE YOUNG BARONET.

Towards the close of the year 1826 I resided at the Adeline Hotel in Scarborough, which, for accommodation and comfort, was one of the best. Scarborough stands in the recess of a beautiful bay on the borders of the German Ocean, rising from the shore in the form of an amphitheatre. Mr. Nugent, who for many years filled a high situation in India, resided in one of the principal streets, the chief residence of the nobility. Bred amid the luxuries of life, and accustomed to society from his early years, he gave frequent balls and parties, which, for the elegant society that constituted them, and magnificence and wealth displayed on such occasions, were unrivalled in the town. Sir Robert Dillon, Bart., to whom Mr. Nugent was guardian, had completed his studies at Cambridge, and was expected to make one of the many that were invited to Mr. Nugent's ball on the 24th December, 1826. Arriving a few hours before evening, the young baronet dined with me. I had not seen him since he was a mere child, and I would not have recognised him had he not first accosted me. He was tall, well proportioned, and calculated to interest those with whom he conversed; in short, he was one that the ladies would adore and the gentlemen admire. I was amused by an interesting account he was giving me of the chapel of King's College, Cambridge, which, for its splendid structure, is much admired, when I fortunately remembered that, as we had a considerable distance to go, it would be late ere we arrived at Mr. Nugent's if we tarried longer. Dressing, therefore, for the ball as expeditiously as possible, we found ourselves at the place of our destination sooner than we expected. On entering the ball-room, I was dazzled with the brilliancy of the numerous lights, displaying the splendour of everything around me. Lovely women, whose exquisite dresses added to their beauty, were not inattentive listeners to the insinuating language and impassioned avowals of gay lieutenants, gallant captains, and high functionaries. Passing a magnificent suite of illuminated rooms, I led Sir Robert to Mr. Nugent, who was conversing with Lord Denham, a distant relation of the young baronet. Mr. Nugent greeted his ward with that sincerity which a fond father welcomes his son after an absence of many years: he loved him dearly, and no man ever discharged the duty of guardian more honourably than

he did. He corresponded frequently with the young baronet's tutor, to know if Sir Robert was improving in his studies, and each time received an answer that he was one of the most talented and studious lads in the university. Such news was, indeed, gratifying to Mr. Nugent; but the morning he read his name in the paper as the successful candidate in mathematics and classics, he was really delighted.

"Come, Robert," said he, taking his arm, "I must introduce you as the poor scholar to your little play-fellow, Ellen; but I suppose you will not know each other, it is so many years since you have met."

At this moment a very beautiful girl was coming towards them, leaning on the arm of Lord Denham: she had attained the golden age of nineteen, and possessed all the charms of womanhood; her hair, dark and glossy as the raven's wing, was twined around her beautifully-formed head; her lips when parted displayed a uniform set of ivory teeth; but the touching loveliness of her features, heightened somewhat by a delicate paleness, could not fail to rivet the attention, and excite the admiration, of the beholder.

"Come hither, Ellen," said her father, "until I introduce you to this poor scholar, who has met with unfavourable success in the literary world, and will join our family circle for a few days."

Making her obeisance in a formal manner to the young man, she was about to proceed with her companion, when Lord Denham, turning to Mr. Nugent, said—

"Though I am an old man, yet I am not insensible to the smile that dimples the cheeks of your lovely daughter; but I feel it would be uncourteous in me not to resign her to this young stranger, to whom, as a guest, the rights of attention are to be paid, and who, I doubt not, will play the gallant better than I."

So saying, he relinquished Ellen Nugent to the care of the young baronet, and followed her father to the card-table. Sir Robert viewed her whom he had known in childhood with mingled admiration and delight, and seemed unconscious that his unwavering gaze had flushed deeper than usual the countenance of his guardian's daughter. If there are times in a man's life worth living for, surely this was one of those happy periods to the young baronet. Conversing with an admirably beautiful woman, who was the very art of pleasing personified, and whose eyes sparkled with spirit and the innocent joys of youth, it was no wonder that he felt all the power of feminine

attractions, and experienced that degree of delight amounting to ecstasy. Twice or thrice he was about to call her his "dear Ellen," whom he had often gambolled with in his early days, when he as often restrained himself, lest the disclosure that he was the identical Robert whom she once knew might draw forth an ejaculation of surprise, which probably would attract the attention of those around them. After dancing a minute, the supper-room was thrown open, and the guests seated themselves around the table, laden with costly viands, massive silver plate, the choicest wines, and all that could tempt and satisfy the cravings of the epicure. The sparkling wine had already exhilarated the spirits of some and obscured the faculties of others, when a door at the extremity of the room was opened by a female servant, whose dishevelled hair, disordered countenance, staring eyes, and death-like silence contrasted strangely with the happy group before her. Arising from my seat, I immediately proceeded towards her. Her lips scarcely moved, but I distinctly heard her give utterance to the word—"Fire!" Looking in the direction towards which she pointed, I perceived a vivid glare of light issuing from an ante-room. The dreadful truth flashed across my mind—the house was on fire! Beckoning to Mr. Nugent to follow me, I opened the door, when a light so intense as to dazzle vision burst upon our view. I instantly shut it, lest any of the company should see the blaze; then turning to Mr. Nugent, I exhorted him to be calm and follow my directions; but, ere I could advise an act, a loud shout from the street of "Fire!" announced to each one present the dreadful news. A volley of stones against the windows, to arouse the inmates, next followed. All started from their seats and rushed to the door; some gained the street; while others, less fortunate, were endeavouring to make a way for themselves through the crowd in the various apartments. Neither rank nor beauty was now respected. Handsome captains, who were before gay and gallant militaires, were now actuated by one feeling—self-preservation; wives clung to their husbands, daughters to their fathers, unheeded: no more amid that joyous assembly is heard the sound of revelry; the fear of death, in all its horrors, hath blanched the fairest cheeks, and withered the smile on the manly countenance of the soldier. A silent, heartfelt prayer of thanksgiving is breathed to the Eternal Being by those who escape the fury of the terrible element. Already it has communicated with the lower part of the building, and the piercing shrieks of those within sent a thrill of horror through the assembled multitude without. A hoary-headed old man, whose stalwart frame seemed to have suffered little from the ravages of time, bore from the smoking ruins several who, probably, but for his timely aid, would have fallen sacrifices to the unrelenting fury of the flames; and each time, on examining their features, did he turn away in apparent disappointment, again to brave the danger of the conflagration, and gain, if possible, her whom he sought. At length, exhausted by excessive exertion, he stood in speechless agony gazing on a female figure, whose surpassing beauty excited the interest no less than the admiration of the crowd. She stood near the drawing-room window, every pane of which was smashed to pieces; her hair wafted to and fro towards heaven; her heaving bosom betokening the emotion of her soul, and her blood-forsaken cheeks the consciousness of surrounding danger.

"Oh! God," said Mr. Nugent, "give me strength to save my daughter, though I lose my life in the endeavour."

So saying, he rushed again into the burning dwelling, ascended the wide staircase which led to the drawing-room, and ere a minute had elapsed he held

his much-loved daughter in his arms; but his strength has failed, and he falls with his lovely daughter to the ground! A cry of horror arose from those who witnessed the sight, and "Save them, save them," was shouted from all sides; but none seemed inclined to obey the mandate, till a tall, athletic young man, calling for a ladder, placed it against the wall; then rushing in he ascended the stairs, which were now burning, and appeared not likely to withstand the fire much longer. Now he is seen distinctly by the light of the blazing embers rushing here and there: then again he is lost to view by columns of smoke enshrouding him in darkness. "He is a brave and noble youth!" were the words that all who witnessed his daring gave utterance to. But hark! a loud crash is heard—a faint scream follows—and Ellen Nugent is seen supporting the miserable form of her father! Every nerve in my body quivered for exertion; but my right ankle was sprained, and I stood a passive and unwilling spectator of the dreadful scene before me. Death, of the most appalling kind, seemed now inevitable both to father and daughter, when, just at this awful moment, the young man whom I have before mentioned, again appears, raises both in his arms, and with almost super-human strength bore them from the house. A deafening shout of applause greeted him as he reached the street. He turns his eyes once more towards the dwelling, and beholding a solitary being about to precipitate himself from one of the top-room windows, in a deep, manly voice, which I well knew to be the young baronet's, he called to the wretched man to remain where he was, and ascending the ladder which he had placed against the wall in case of necessity, he entered the room from which but a short period before he had escaped with the greatest difficulty. The fire now raged in every part of the building, notwithstanding the vigorous efforts of the fire companies to stay its fury, and a low smothered flame ascending from the roof of the adjoining house showed that it was extending, and likely to communicate with a row of houses if not speedily suppressed. All seemed ready to lend a hand, provided neither flesh nor bones were endangered; and the most active means were resorted to to quench the flames. Mr. Nugent stood gazing fixedly and wildly on the flaming and smoking ruins, occasionally starting at the noise of the cracking and falling timbers, and alternately asking his daughter and me if we thought Robert would escape. My reader, doubtless, knows that it was Sir Robert Dillon who saved Mr. Nugent and his daughter. The old man on breathing the fresh air was restored, and learned from those around him that his young ward, heedless of the danger, had ventured again into the house to rescue Lord Denham. Several minutes had elapsed, and neither Sir Robert nor his lordship appeared. The back part of the building had now fallen with a tremendous crash; all hope of safety for any that was within it was now rejected. A simultaneous cry of horror burst from the crowd, which shortly was succeeded by rapturous applause, as the young baronet was seen descending the ladder, bearing Lord Denham on his right arm: his vast muscular strength enabled him to support his lordship with ease to himself; but reclining rather much, he lost his balance, and both fell to the ground. Fortunately, the height from which they fell was not considerable, and neither, though stunned, were injured. The street was now rendered impassable by the dense crowd that congregated to see the fire, and it was with difficulty, even at four o'clock in the morning when they began to disperse, that I made a passage through them and arrived at the Adeline Hotel. I was confined within doors for a couple of days, owing to a severe cold which I had got that night. Mr.

Nugent, his daughter, and Sir Robert called to visit me one day during my illness. The former told me that he had lost property to a considerable amount on the night of the fire, but that for that he did not care, since his dearest treasure on earth was saved—namely, Ellen Nugent; “and, doctor,” said he, “if I do not patronise her preserver I certainly will be called a niggardly and ungrateful old fellow in the literary world, as the rascal is an author. Don’t you think if I settle one hundred a-year on him for life, that I will discharge my obligation? But he saved my life also, and in consideration of this I shall double the annuity. Now, doctor, don’t you think he ought to be satisfied?”

“Certainly,” said I, “the young b——,” (I was about to say baronet; Mr. Nugent winked; I took the hint, and said)—“the young man ought to be thankful, and I have no doubt that, if industrious, he will ere long rise in the world, celebrated as an author.”

“Well, doctor,” said he, “I perceive you have a flattering opinion of Robert’s talents; but, what do you think? he had the presumption to make love to my daughter, and then ask my consent to marry her; and, what annoyed me most, this young truant (turning to his daughter) favoured his addresses. Now, in order to put romantic ideas out of their heads, I am determined to dismiss this mad author, and have Ellen married immediately to Sir Robert Dillon, whom we expected this night at the ball; but I suppose he is loath to give up the pleasures of a college life so soon to be burdened with a wife; however, he will be in Scarborough this day week, when we shall expect the pleasure of your company at the wedding.”

Reader, I hasten to the conclusion. Mr. Nugent I have said loved the young baronet; his daring and gallant conduct on the night of the fire endeared him to his guardian more than ever. He ardently wished for a union between his daughter and Sir Robert, but he was not one of those fathers, on perceiving the attachment of young men whom they deem eligible matches, who sacrifice their daughter’s happiness to their own caprice; he resolved that his daughter’s choice should be unbiassed. Several persons of distinction had proposed for her, but were rejected, and he was annoyed on perceiving that the marked attention of the young baronet was treated with apparent indifference, promising no better success in joining the affections of his daughter than that of her former suitors. I have already mentioned that the young baronet and Ellen were playfellows, but separated when very young; it was impossible that they could know each other without being introduced, so great a change takes place between childhood and our riper years. My reader knows that Mr. Nugent introduced Sir Robert to his daughter as the poor scholar, and it now occurred to him that Ellen, who was not yet undeceived as to who the poor scholar really was, entertained doubts about his character, and probably thought he was some adventurer imposing upon the bounty of her father. Determined, however, to know if she had any affection for Sir Robert, he suddenly told her one day that he was going to be married to a very amiable creature. The pure alabaster paleness of her complexion was now dyed by a blush as deep as ever mantled o’er the face of lovely woman, which quickly died away into an unnatural and death-like paleness. Enough! I thought Mr. Nugent—“she loves him!” Then, feigning displeasure, he addressed her—

“I was but jesting when I said Robert Dresden (the assumed name of the young baronet) was going to be married; but am I to infer from your altered countenance when I mentioned it, that he is your lover, and the accepted one too? If so, he leaves my

house; but no, I shall punish him; he must wait until you are married to Sir Robert, your affianced husband.”

“Oh! father,” said Ellen, “surely you would not mar my happiness in this life by uniting me with a man whom I have not seen for many years, and for whom, perhaps, I will feel no attachment beyond that of mere friendship.”

These brief and artless words, accompanied by a look so bewitching and entreating, had such an effect upon Mr. Nugent, that he could not dissemble anger any longer, and, taking her hand kindly in his, he said—

“This day fortnight I have appointed to be the wedding day. Sir Robert then will be in town; but if, on seeing him, you do not wish to become his wife, I shall then permit you to choose whom you will, even Robert Dresden. But tell me, Ellen, do you love him?”

“I do!” were the words the lovely girl uttered, as the delighted father left the room.

The 25th of January, 1827, was a bright and delightful morning, the sun shining in unveiled and majestic splendour from the heavens. A bridal party are assembled at Mr. Nugent’s house; every heart is merry; every countenance is the index of a happy mind. A splendid chariot is at the door. Mr. Nugent entered the house leaning on Sir Robert’s arm; he advanced to his daughter Ellen.

“You know that it is my wish that you marry Sir Robert, but then I promised to leave you to your choice, if, after seeing him, you would have an objection to become his wife. Now behold him!—Sir Robert Dillon your playfellow, and Robert Dillon who saved your life, are one and the same. Now he appears in *propria persona* to claim you as his future wife. Say, will you have him for a husband?”

Reader, surprise and joy were equally depicted on Ellen’s face: she gave her hand to the young baronet, who led her to the church, where the holy bond of matrimony united them for ever.

P. H.

STANZAS TO ELIZA,

On returning a waist-ribbon which she had lost.

Eliza! this bosom’s a wild troubled ocean,
And thou an enchaunted of heaven-taught art,
To calm by soft magic its billow’s commotion,
And shed a bright gleam o’er the waste of my heart.
Could I rear a sweet hope in my dark soul of sorrow,
When the midew of grief o’er its bright blossoms be;
Could I court the lov’d light of thine eye, when to-morrow
That sun-burst of brightness may beam not for me?
Take thy magical zone—from the moment I found it
My night dream is hope, and my day thought despair;
O! raven-hair’d fair! that no chance had unbosom’d it,
Or I the embrace of that girdle could share!
I envy the wretch not his vile soul’s devotion,
Who the grace of thy air-lifted form could behold,
And would prize the rich gems of the wide earth or ocean:
O’er all that blest girdle embro’d in its fold.
That zone would be mine, fair Eliza, for ever,
Near my bosom for aye should the visitant sleep;
But when fate, cruel fate, from Eliza shall sever
This wild heart of feeling—her poet would weep.
How thy beauty-star rose on his pathway forsook,
Then vanishing, left the poor wanderer lone—
Take it—oh! take it!—’twould sad thoughts awaken—
A long, long, reluctant adieu to thy zone!

E. W.

TIME.—The difference of longitude causes a very considerable variation of time. In Dublin the clock is 25 minutes 31 seconds too slow, and at Edinburgh 12 minutes 43 seconds too slow; whilst at Paris it is 9 minutes 21 seconds too fast!

NOTES IN AUSTRALIA.—THE BUSHMAN.

(From the Tale-book of a Traveller.)

The summer sun shone beautifully bright, as a fragile bark was shoved from the beach by a powerfully built man, who seemed by his haste and exertions to have something troubling him else than the amusement of rowing on the surface of the little tranquil lake. All nature seemed hushed; the birds even seemed as if lazy to open their throats and enliven the scene by their mellow notes; no sound disturbed the quiet of the scene, except occasionally the flap and flutter of the swallow-tailed duck, and the discordant whistle of the *orinthyrynchus*.* The day was excessively hot, and by the superhuman exertions of the boatman, it would seem as if the little canoe flew over the rippleless lake. What could occasion it, thought I; why does he come so carelessly thro' the birds I have been expecting to get a shot at for the last fifteen minutes?—he has just disturbed that curious amphibious animal at which I have been endeavouring to get a shot for the last week. I suddenly heard the deep-mouthed yowl of the blood hound. The truth flashed across me—he was a felon who had escaped from the penal settlements, and was now pursued by the officers of justice. My suspicions were very shortly confirmed. I heard the reports of some half dozen rifles and saw the bullets patter here and there about the canoe so closely, that I judged the pursuers were no bad marksmen. I heard a piteous moan from the boat after the shots; the rower threw himself in the bottom of the canoe after the first shot; I saw a hare or deer-skin cap cautiously appear over the gunwale of the canoe; I saw a rifle presented towards his pursuers along the stern; I saw a flash; heard a report; my eye could detect no object until after the shot, and I saw the blood hound on the opposite shore leap convulsively in the air from a rock under which his pursuers lay; another volley from his pursuers; he now jumped on his appointed seat, heedless of any chance shot from his pursuers: I saw from his now hurried and agitated manner that some misfortune or other had befallen him; he stooped repeatedly to the bottom of the boat; I saw his reason; his canoe was sinking! He urged it with the strength of a despairing man towards the shore, on which I was concealed: he succeeded in forcing it to within 30 yards of the bank; the water was to the gunwale; he jumped out suddenly, and waded towards the shore, dragging the canoe after him: the boat soon stranded; he returned and took his rifle out of it, with a little white terrier dog, and stood on the shore rubbing the wounded limb of his favourite, and shaking the wet from his own drenched limbs.

I was so placed, that I could not escape without his seeing me, and after remaining for about half an hour unseen, during which time he had bound up the wound in his dog's thigh, I put as bold a face on the matter as I could and stalked boldly up to him, with my rifle cocked, merely for self-protection. He had just taken the wounded dog in his arm, and also his rifle, which he had, in military parlance, at the trial, when I accosted him. "Where are you going, friend?" said I. He started at the word, and threw his rifle and dog from him, at the same time snatching a pistol from his belt. I saw it, and raised my rifle to his breast. Quicker than lightning his pistol flashed; I felt a curious sensation about the crown of my head, and as his words—"Another devil done for!" reached my ears, I fell and fainted. The bullet grazed my head rather deeply, and after the loss of some blood my senses returned; I opened my eyes and looked

vacantly around. I saw him squibbing his rifle quite unconcernedly, which was wetted in the boat. He then loaded it most cautiously, after which, laying it carefully on the ground, he took up mine, quietly uncocked it and recocked it several times, and examined it attentively. "A good lock," said he to himself, again cocking it. He looked at me; I dared not stir. He raised it like an experienced marksman to his shoulder, and aimed at some object near me. I thought my hour was come; I closed my eyes in silent horror; I was sure I was to be the victim. Oh! what words can describe my feelings on the occasion. I expected momentarily to hear the bullet—my own bullet! from my own rifle!—crashing through my brain! Oh! what a sensation of horror crept over me!—what a host of feelings crowded on my mind in a moment! I thought to jump up and beg my life. No; he would shoot me, thinking I was about to resist. Suppose (thought I) I snatch his rifle. No; I would have his bullet through my brain in a moment. Never did any human being endure such agony of mind as I did. All my past transgressions crowded on my imagination. I thought the judgment just; but to be shot by, perhaps, a murderer, the thought was harrowing to my soul. Oh! Lord forgive! I looked, and his eye was on me; I groaned in agony and fainted. Some short time after, I again recovered my senses. I looked around me—he was gone, thought I. Would to heaven that he was; but I was destined to endure other trials: I was lying on my side and he was behind me. I soon got a ruthless pull, which left me on my back. My gold chain caught his eye; he laid his hand on it, and it was transferred with my gold watch (at which he looked as if he knew not what it was) to his neck, more fitted for an hempen chain. My purse was also appropriated to his person. He opened my vest; a black ribbon was there, from which was suspended a locket containing the hair of my father and mother entwined, with the words engraved on the back—"God Bless our Boy!" The plain but beautiful picture of my sister (I was too young to love any other) was clutched with the locket in the ruffian's right hand. He laid his left on my breast, and gave a sudden jerk which separated the ribbon, which was also transferred. I would have resisted, but what use—his dagger, a foot long, would be in the twinkling of an eye through my head, or a pistol bullet would give me my *quétus*.

I thought to beg of him to take all but the locket and miniature. What a foolish thought, to ask a boon from a robber, a felon, whose answer might be a few inches of cold steel! He was throughout under the impression that I was dead, and a man who would not hesitate to fire as he did, and to rob me, without a tinge of compassion or compunction coming over his features, could not be the person capable of granting a boon to a person totally in his power. After plundering me, he took the two rifles, my ammunition, and with the greatest coolness walked off. I never saw him again. E. B. B.

IMPURITY.—Give no entertainment to the beginnings, the first motions, and secret whispers of the spirit of impurity. For if you totally suppress it, it dies; if you permit the furnace to breathe its smoke and flame out of any vent, it will rage to the consumption of the whole.

READING WITHOUT REFLECTION.—Nothing has such a tendency to weaken, not only the powers of invention, but the intellectual powers in general, as habit of extensive reading without reflection. Mer reading loads, oppresses, enfeebles, and, with many, is a substitute for thinking.

* An animal of the otter species, with a bill like a duck—it is amphibious.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

Many persons have expressed their astonishment that so few accidents occur on the American railroads, when informed that the rail is frequently laid alongside the common roads, and that they are crossed in many places with no other precaution of safety than erecting a large board on which is painted, "Look out for the locomotive." The railways are open for every person to walk on; no police, even at the bridges, nor any fence, but what may be formed by the nature of the work, prevents cattle from getting on the track, which is sometimes, as in the case of horses, a source of amusement, as they gallop along, seeming to vie with their great rival. I had the pleasure of seeing a good race of this description come off, without previous notice; the nag acquitted himself well, and his owner seemed well pleased with his performance. With all this apparent want of protection in not fencing the roads, the accidents are very few; but were it not for the caution and great ingenuity exercised in the contrivances introduced for the public safety, America could not have her 3,319 miles of railway; as the expenses necessary to form the work of them as in England would be beyond her present means.

A brief description of a train ready to start will show a few of these contrivances, and give an idea of the security of American railway travelling. In front of the engine an inclined plane is attached, raised in the centre, presenting the appearance of two moulding-boards of a plough, placed back to back; it lies close to the rail in front, so that it catches anything being thereon; and as it gradually inclines down on the sides to the centre, it throws the object caught with violence out of the way of the train; it has frequently removed cows from the road, and I have seen pigs whipped up and deposited "with a speed new to the lazy grunter." Next to the tender is attached the luggage carriage, on front of which the breakman stands, with his hand to the break; he has a full view before him, and, should occasion require, can disengage the carriage from the engine, and put on the break; a bell is placed near his ear, by which the conductor signifies his wish to stop the train; the engineer is likewise provided with a bell, placed on the top of the engine, by which he rings when about to start, and when approaching any crossing. In winter the "cow catcher" is removed and a snow plough attached in its place, which clears the road of all snow, and thus enables the mail to travel in all weathers.—*Railway Magazine*.

POTASH.—The term *kali* is the Arabic name of the plant from which potash was originally procured, and to this the particle *al* was prefixed. The term alkali then passed into Europe as a general name for the ashes of all plants, and has been adopted by chemists as the generic name for those several substances, and a number of others found in the organic kingdom, which possess similar properties. Potash is procured by the combustion of wood and other vegetable substances; but it also occurs in some minerals of volcanic origin, as pumice-stone and leucite. The earthy residue, or *ashes*, which remain on the combustion of woody matters, being purified by washing, forms the potash of commerce; and this being freed from the carbonic acid, (by boiling with lime,) forms caustic potash, which is the simple oxide of a bright metal resembling silver. The metal is, however, very soft, and lighter than water, upon which, if it be thrown, it burns with a brilliant reddish white light till it disappears, leaving the water a solution of potash. Potash, combined with fats, forms soft soap, and with aqua fortis (nitric acid) it forms nitre, the basis of gunpowder.

THE LAGAN.

One calm summer eve, when the last golden rays
A red glory threw o'er the deep silent flood,
I stray'd on the bank where the lone willow plays,
Oh! Lagan, with thee, 'neath the shadowing wood.
Oh! stream—thus I said—were the future as bright,
How gladly I'd lay me to rest in thy wave,
And glide from this cold world's dark sorrowing night,
To wake in a morning of peace from the grave!
The night-wind should murmur a dirge o'er my doom,
Thy waters should sorrowing weep o'er my bier;
Thou darkly thy stream rolls, oh! darker the gloom
That hath left not in life one hope or one fear!

January 29, 1843.

INNISFAIR.

LONGEVITY IN RUSSIA.—The Bishop of Tomsk told us, that in his diocese, the preceding year, a man had died at the age of a hundred and sixty-two, having a son at the time of his death aged a hundred and ten. We heard of another person then living, of upwards of hundred and thirty years old, residing at a distance of only sixty versts from Tomsk, but it was to far too go to see such a phenomenon. This longevity is, perhaps, attributable to the abstinence from animal food. In this neighbourhood, where fish is exceedingly abundant and cheap, it is probable that a man of the lower order might have lived that great number of years without almost tasting meat. But in the Russian statistics there are a number of cases cited of extreme old age; we remember to have read of a man, who, in the time of the Empress Catherine, was sent for to court at the age of a hundred and forty, who had given eighty-six subjects, by five wives, to her Imperial Majesty and her predecessors.—*Cottrell's Siberia*.

THE MESS TABLE.—In the army and navy, dining may be said to form part of the discipline. In the former service, the officers' "mess" is especially useful. When men of equal birth and education are so constantly associated, a great degree of familiarity must naturally exist amongst them, whatever be the disparity of military rank. And this gives rise to the difficulty of preventing that familiarity from impairing the official respect and deference to orders, which must be rigidly exacted from the subaltern to his superiors. All this is set to rights by the mess. While on duty, the differences of rank are most strongly marked, and obedience to the smallest command exacted in a peremptory tone, which a civilian would call harshness. But at the mess table, the order of things is reversed. Every expedient that ingenuity could invent, has been adopted to put all the officers on a friendly equality. Their dresses, which, upon parade, mark their difference of rank, are now exactly alike; so that it is impossible to tell the youngest ensign, by his costume, from his colonel. In addressing each other, the surname is simply used. The designation "captain," "major," or "colonel," so rigidly exacted on parade, is seldom heard at table. The offices of president and vice-president are undertaken by each member of the mess in turn, so that no permanent superiority may exist in that respect. The field-officer, who has perhaps in the morning been giving a subaltern a severe reprimand, (in military parlance, a "wiggling,") may now be seen chatting and laughing with the same individual with the most unrestrained familiarity. The dinner is the great harmoniser: under its genial influence, all misunderstandings are charmed away, all differences forgotten.—*Chambers*.

GAS FROM ANIMAL MATTER.—The carcass of a horse, weighing 685.41 pounds troy, being distilled, produced 4.907 gallons of inflammable gas, 30.41 lb. of sal ammoniac, and 42.2 lb. of animal charcoal, or ivory black.

THE SOLDIER AND HIS BRIDE.

"The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate, 'till neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away"

Lalla Rookh

In the spring of 1840, Lieutenant Charles Belford was married to the beautiful and accomplished Adelaide Rowan; she was the daughter of a respectable and independent London merchant, who loved her to a degree of extravagancy. He was pleased with the address of the handsome young soldier, and consented to the union of Adelaide and Belford.

It was in the summer of the same year that Charles and his bride pursued their short walk in the garden behind the house. Adelaide looked happy and animated, but Charles wore a deep and troubled aspect.

"Belford, does anything uncommon trouble your mind to-night?" asked the lovely Adelaide.

"Yes, my dear," answered Charles, "I have very unpleasant news for your ears! My regiment is under orders to repair to the Indies. For myself I care not—a soldier has no choice; but I tremble when I think of the hardships your sweet form must endure."

"Speak not of hardships, Belford, while you are near me!" replied the fair girl.

"But I may not be always so, my love."

"You surely will when duty calls you not!"

"Dear girl! then you have resolved upon coming with me?" said Belford.

"I have!" replied the sweet girl; "I am now your wife, and feel my duty towards you. I know no will but yours. Let others possess the enjoyments of an easy life; what would they be to Adelaide without her Charles?"

"Dear, dear Adelaide!" said Belford, clasping her in his arms, "how noble are your sentiments! how good is your heart! May you never feel a moment's anguish!"

"And if I did," she replied, "I could endure it without a murmur, as long as you would be spared me."

"Your goodness exceeds your loveliness!" he exclaimed; "but, believe me, it requires a more hardy constitution than yours to combat with the severities of the climate I have spoken of."

"Mention them not!" said Adelaide, as she plucked a rose from its parent stem: "do you mark how great and how wonderful are the mercies of the Almighty displayed even in this insignificant flower?—and why should we, who are the very children of that Omnipotent Being, despair?"

"'Tis true, Adelaide, the flowers look beautiful for a while; but, when the cold blast comes, do they not perish?"

"They do; it is natural that they should; their existence is but a short one; yet the Almighty wills that they should flourish; but when the winter comes, it is time that they should droop, as they have fulfilled the end for which they were made: in the following spring new ones start in their stead. Is not human nature like unto the flowers?—we live a life of troubles and disappointments in this fleeting world; but when our winter comes, we must also sink into oblivion: nor are we missed out of the great mass, for thousands start into existence daily."

"You speak cheeringly and with comfort, Adelaide."

"I do, Charles; but not presumptuously, I hope. I have always admired and revered the works of the great Creator. Oh! how vast and how beautiful are the productions of the Lord."

"The great Spirit proves himself in every instance to be a good father," replied Charles.

"He does," answered Adelaide, with enthusiasm, catching his arm, and pointing to the planets above them; "look upon yonder moon, how quietly does it pursue its silent journey, and those bright stars around which twinkle in the distance, how sublime, how solemnly grand is every object in that concave sphere! And those wonders of the Creator were made for the benefit of ungrateful man, to light the earth by night; while the more magnificent sun was created to stand still, and shed his rays of brightness during day."

"Adelaide, I never loved you with more fervency than I do to-night. Sweet girl, you are a treasure," said the young soldier, embracing her a second time. "I little thought that you possessed such a mind. Dearest, let us leave the garden; this night air cannot serve you."

"Charles," replied Adelaide, "I love to look upon the heavens to-night; I always possess a melancholy reflection when I do; but my admiration is particularly drawn this evening."

"Dear Adelaide, let us go into the house," said Belford, wrapping her mantle more closely around her.

"Charles, we shall go together," replied Adelaide, as they walked in the direction of the building. "Belford," she continued, "I am not naturally superstitious, but, believe me, I begin to think that this night seems particularly linked with my future existence; nor can I explain the reason why I think so."

Adelaide and her husband soon crossed the threshold of the house, and proceeded to the parlour. Old Rowan was seated next the table reading one of the papers of the morning, but laid it by, and arose to greet his children on their appearance.

"Charles," said the old man, with pleasure in his countenance, "what in the name of wonder possessed you to remain in the garden so long?"

"Oh! sir," answered Charles, "I was so delighted with Adelaide's observations on the orbs, that I forgot everything else."

"Indeed," replied the fair girl, smiling, "I am but a very poor observer in such matters; but my father's skill in the graphic of the heavenly bodies is excellent; he has often taught me to reverence the works of the Almighty."

"I have," said Rowan, "and I remember when I was but a boy, I delighted in reading the works of Newton and of Franklin."

"Franklin was an extraordinary man," replied Charles.

"He was," answered Rowan; "and it is only since his death that men of genius really appreciate his great talent."

"It is generally the case, sir," replied Charles.

"You speak with truth," said the old man; "for while we have a man of genius amongst us we cannot feel his loss, but when he is gone we mourn the vacancy which he has left. But

Franklin was a man whose fellow has not been found; nor will it for some time, if ever. The printer's boy possessed a mind superior to an emperor's. His knowledge of electricity was incomparable; and all this immense store of science was acquired by his own perseverance."

"He met with his own misfortunes before he died," observed Charles.

"He did," replied Rowan, "and in a quarter where he least expected them."

"He lived to a good old age," said Charles.

"He did," replied Rowan. "He saw more than eighty summers, but died in the possession of his faculties and his affections."

"Father," said Adelaide, "you forget that tea is waiting."

"Thanks to you, my darling," replied Rowan, as he smiled upon the sweet girl beside him.

The little party having been served with tea from the fair hand of Adelaide, a new subject was started, and the evening passed away pleasantly until a late hour, when they retired.

The fatal day for leaving England at length arrived, and with it the grief of old Rowan for parting with his children—perhaps never to see them again. After a time spent in the usual ebullitions which follow such an occasion, the vessel left the white cliffs of Albion behind, and steered her course to the Indian land for which she was bound.

Nothing of particular interest occurred during her long passage. The voyage seemed to have agreed well with the soldier and his bride. The good ship reached her destination with quickness and in safety: the troops were landed after the usual precautions, and all enjoyed the unspeakable satisfaction of ones more treading *terra firma*.

The regiments having landed, their immediate orders were to repair to Cabul, in which town they arrived when the position of the British army was in much danger. The success which attended the Afghans in a few minor engagements, rendered them bold and fearless. Their assaults became every day more and more alarming; and it was at last resolved by the British to follow the natives into the interior of the country.

The English army left Cabul accordingly to pursue the enemy. But why should I attempt to describe the scene which followed?—it requires a more able pen than mine to do so. The battle of the Kyber pass is well known: the papers of the day attempted to convey an idea of the horrors which happened; but they have fallen miserably short in explanation; nor shall I dare to soar where editors have failed. Suffice to say, that in that fearful pass fell 2,000 British soldiers! The horrors of Jellalabad immediately succeeded, when there fell 10,000 more! Thus 30,000 of the English army were destroyed in the course of one month!

On the eve of the day which followed the slaughter at Jellalabad might be seen the figure of a beautiful female walking slowly around the bodies of those who fell upon that fatal field, gazing wistfully in the face of each. Her task was a mournful one—perhaps seeking for a father or a husband! She suddenly stopped short on viewing the body of a British officer; his fine hair, which

fell in disordered curls about his face, was clotted with blood; and upon his forehead he bore the mark of a deep and extensive sabre wound, which told that he was one of that day's vanquished. The female looked upon his countenance for a minute, and then wildly crying—"It is he! it is he!" fell upon his breast.

The eyes of the young officer opened slowly, and rested upon his burden—"Adelaide, is it you?" he gasped.

"It is! it is your own dear Adelaide," she replied. "Oh! what misery, what anguish does my young heart experience already! Dear, dear Charles, look at me again!—smile upon me, and say that all will be well!"

"All will be well," he replied, "but not in this life! We shall enjoy each other's love long and uninterrupted in another and a better world, where no misfortunes can follow us."

"Oh! say not so, my own dear Charles!"

"Sweet girl, it grieves me to leave you," said Belford, "but sometimes think of your husband."

"Speak not thus, if you have pity for my broken heart! Oh! Charles, why do we not die together?"

"Providence has willed it otherwise!"

"May God pity me then!" sobbed the beautiful creature; "I am already grown desperate with anguish. Feel these aching temples!—oh! they will burst! But it shall not be long so; another half hour and the fever will be past. Did they not tell me so, Belford?"

"Who do you speak of?" asked Charles.

"The bridal party!" answered Adelaide—"did they not tell thee the same, Belford? Come, let us to the house! How very cold this ground is!"

"Just Powers! grief has ruined her!—she has lost her senses!" cried Charles.

"To the house, Belford—ha! ha! ha!" shrieked Adelaide.

"My poor girl! the hand of affliction has dealt heavily with you," said Charles.

"This dress is not a proper one for such a gay and happy occasion!—I must change it for my white one! the white satin one which you presented me with, Charles!—they told me that my bridal one became me when I wore it!"

"Dear Adelaide, do you know where we are?"

"I do, Charles; why should I not? This field is next to my father's garden, and yonder grows the good old oak, the forest king. But do you not feel the evening chill? Come, let us to our friends. Ah! here are the warriors my father invited to the feast."

Belford looked in the direction to which she pointed, but great was his horror when he perceived a marauding band of Afghans scouring the field. Not content with the havoc of the morning, the enemy returned to the spot for the purpose of robbing the dead and despatching the wounded. The barbarians rushed in every direction for spoil, and displayed the greatest cruelty upon the dying British. The eyes of Charles followed their leader. A new victim seemed to have been found in the form of Adelaide. The chieftain spurred his charger in the direction where she lay, and fifty Indians followed in his course, shouting with a hellish triumph as they came bounding o'er the plain.

Charles, though weak and dying, endeavoured

to raise himself upon his arm. His hand became firmly clenched on the pistol which lay in his belt, and his gaze was fixed on the troop which was fast approaching.

A second and a third shout followed that of the first; the leader's horse was within thirty yards of the dying and the frantic.

"Sweet girl," said Belford, "they shall not separate us while I can use a weapon, or hold one spark of the life which is fast ebbing."

Belford and his wife were already surrounded by the savage band. The Afghan chief vaulted from his steed and stood before the prostrate pair. The first act of the barbarian was to seize the raven hair of Adelaide, which fell in luxuriant curls about her neck and shoulders, with one hand, while with the other he brandished a short, bright dagger. The beautiful girl shrieked piercingly from the pain which she suffered.

"Wretch!" cried Charles, "that shall be thy last act."

Belford as quick as lightning drew the pistol from his side, and slowly raised it on a level with the aggressor's head: his finger rested on the trigger for a second, then followed a loud sharp noise. The Afghan suddenly relaxed his hold, and staggered round the spot: his efforts were many, and almost ineffectual, to gain the precise position of his prey; but, at that instant, when he seemed most exhausted, his foot, by an unlucky chance; struck against the broken carriage of a cannon, and he was precipitated to the side of Adelaide. The Indian raised his dagger, smiled in exultation, and with a well directed blow plunged the weapon to its hilt in the back of the beautiful girl; then he rolled a corpse at her feet, grinning horribly even in death!

A dozen spears gleamed in the evening air at that moment, and in the next their points were buried in the bodies of the soldier and his bride.

It was the anniversary of the night that Adelaide so attentively gazed upon the heavens! R.

SCRAPS FROM IRISH HISTORY.

STRONGBOW.

"The walls of Christ's Church, Dublin, entomb the dust of 'Strongbow,' Earl of Pembroke, the great Anglo-Norman conqueror of Ireland. He died about 'the kalends' of June, 1177, of mortification in the foot, and was interred in the Cathedral."—HALL'S IRELAND.

I.

Crush'd was the heath, and red the fern,

That fringed Lough Cara's tide,*

And many a chief and kern

Lay bleeding by its side.

Upon that day when Strongbow first

O'er Iveragh like thunder burst,

And tost like leaves before the gale

The vanquish'd host of Innisfall:

* Carah Lake, about fifteen miles west of Killarney, is divided into the upper and lower. The upper lake may be classed among the grandest and most beautiful of the lakes of Kerry, being little, if at all, inferior to its more celebrated namesake of Killarney. The mountains here open surrounding Glencar like an immense amphitheatre, and the lake terminates in a long river or bay, navigable for about two miles, running up into the glen, between scenery of surpassing beauty.—Hall's Ireland, Part VI.

Yet stoutly battled was that fight,

Nor unreveng'd did Erin bleed;

Tho' conquest graced the stranger's might,

Full dear they bought their victor's meed;

For skein and axe did well repay

The Norman spear and glaive that day,

And but for Leinster's traitor band,

Had swept those spoilers from the land.

But just when victory seem'd to grace,

With favoring smiles, the Irish race,

And baffled from the hard fought field

The crafty Sassenachs seem'd to yield.

Sullen and swift, in feign'd affright,

Fast spurring from the blood-stain'd plain,

Like struggling sea birds whom the might

Of autumn's winds have check'd in flight,

And backwards bore to land again.

'Twas then, when from their mountain's steep

In mad pursuit, the Irish sweep,

A rushing, wild, and reckless train.

Full on their flank MacMurrough came,

And stout De Cogan shouted high

Above the din, his battle cry.

Fitzgerald spur'd with lance in rest,

And Raymond charged with England's best,

And all was lost: in loose array

Before that shock gave Erin way.

Dispers'd and broke, tho' battling still,

Her scatter'd children sought the hill;

And vainly then each high born chief,

Still in the rearguard, fought and bled,

Hall'd their tribes, a moment brief,

They add but numbers to the dead.

And onwards still, with levell'd spear,

The Norman swept his fierce career.

O'Carroll's haughty crest is low,

O'Driscoll falls amid the foe,

MacDona dies, and, close beside,

O'Sullivan, Dunkerron's pride;

And far Glengariff's mountaineers

Their tanist brave shall call in vain.

And there is wailing on the hills,

And voice of mourners by Lough Lane,†

For him, the gallant and the true,

Lord of the Lakes, O'Donoghue.

II.

The fight was o'er, and round the field †

Where roar'd of late the conflict high,

The clash of helmet and of shield,

The shout! the cheer! the battle cry!

Was silence deep, and save the moan

Of some faint warrior sad and lone,

Or gasping prayer from lips which weak

And wan can scarce such accents speak.

All was as still by plain and river,

The purple heath, and wild lake's shore,

As if its mountain caves had never

Wafted sounds of warfare o'er.

Far westward, far, by bleak Glenbay,

The battle tide had roll'd away;

And wild Glencar still echoed back

The tumult of the fierce attack,

As stubborn on their native hill

The fierce ClanCarthy battled still;

But round Lough Cara's hill-girt zone

Silence and sunshine dwelt alone;

And, save for the crimson die that cast

Its hue upon the stream that past,

Rushing and dark, the mountain's side,

And swept along a mimic tide;

And footsteps stamp'd the heath among,

And spear and brand at random flung,

By hands which never more shall wield

* This was a common stratagem among the Anglo-Roman invaders of Ireland, and proved generally successful, throwing the undisciplined forces opposed to them into fatal confusion.

† Lough Lane, "the lake of learning," the ancient name of Killarney. Glengariff, "the rough glen," a spot of wild and singular beauty, situated between Bantry and Berehaven, in the western highlands of the county Cork.

Weapon again in battle field,
Scarce would ye deem, when gazing on
Those silent cliffs and barren heath,
That early morn there late had shown
O'er men who fought for life and death :
The wild bee humm'd its course along,
The young fawn lay the fern among,
The eagle soar'd aloft in air,
And all around had look so fair.
Oh ! who could deem that man was there,
And marr'd with earthly passions rude
Such calm and holy solitude ?

III.

Close to the verge of that lone lake,
Where fiercest late the fight hath stood,
Beneath an oak whose branches make
A shelter broad above its flood,
A chieftain lies, and wounded sore,
His heart's blood bleeding ; never more
By Laune's free stream, at trumpet sound,
MacCarthy's gallant prince shall bound.
His golden torque is crush'd and bent,
His saffron vest with gore drops died,
His manly breast all pierced and rent,
With ghastly wounds both deep and wide.
The knight who gave lies close beside,
Clove to the teeth ; and stern and grim
The chieftain's look is fix'd on him
Smiling—as if e'en then he felt
Fierce pleasure from the wound he dealt
Upon his mail clad foe ;
When casque and crest, and bone and brain,
Gave way, as if of cobweb frame,
Before his downright blow.*
And o'er him bends with fond regard,
And tearful eye, his faithful bard,
Staunching with mountain herbs, in vain,
The gushing wounds that mock his pain.
The mother o'er her child will wail
When death hath marr'd its features pale,
The lover weeps beside the bier
Of her he loved with grief sincere ;
But youth or matron never knew
A keener pang, or grief more true,
Than silent there that minstrel felt,
As by his master's side he knelt,
And wiped the gore from breast and brow ;
But all in vain ; 'tis useless now ;
One parting pang ! and from its clay
That dauntless soul has past away !

IV.

The minstrel knelt beside the dead,
And gazed upon its features pale,
Raised from the earth the drooping head
And placed it on his lap instead,
And o'er it pour'd his funeral wail ;
And wild and sad those sounds of woe
In mournful accents from him flow,
With frequent pause, when sorrow's sway
Broke in with sobs upon his lay ;
As if the very bitterness of grief
Had robbed him of his tuneful art,
And left him there beside his chief
Voiceless and lone, and crushed in heart.
It was not that his wounded side
Poured fast and warm a crimson tide,
That thus MacDiarmid's voice was weak,
And tears of woe bedewed his cheek ;
For next his master's side that day
He shared the dangers of the fray,

Shouting the war-cry of his race,
And filling well a warrior's place,
As firm of heart, and stern in mood,
As the best kern that by him stood ;
But that before him lifeless lay
The last of Desmond's ancient kings,
Chief of his name. And who are they
That do not know what feeling springs
Within the hearts of those who claim
A foster-brother's holy name ? *
And such to him, tho' far between
Their sep'rate ranks, that chief had been.
In boyhood's prime they trod th' hill
And forest lone together still,
Equal in years, as equals fared,
And all a hunter's pastime shared.
When manhood came, his minstrel proud
Selected from a rival crowd,
The sweetest notes his harp could claim
Were blended with MacCarthy's name :
He sang his love in beauty's bower,
He hymned his praise in hall and tower.
Pulse of his aching heart ! oh ! how
Can he pour forth his death wail now ?

V.

There comes a sound upon his ear,
The ringing sound of warlike steel,
And suddenly at hand appear
A hostile band, with glaive and spear,
And riders armed from head to heel,
And archers light, whose bow and dress
Their English origin confess.
Slowly they pass that lake around,
And reach the spot where by the slain
That solitary bard they found,
And halted there, a gallant train !
Far o'er the cope, and thro' the dell,
Glance brand, and spear, and pennoncelle ;
White men at arms, and pikemen stout,
And Norman squire, and nimble scout,
And prancing steed, and rider gay,
Came trooping on in proud array.
Yet there were stains and signs of fight
Upon their helms and armour bright,
Which show'd some recent struggle past,
And won, tho' dearly, won at last.
The foam that flaked each charger's neck
Was tinted with a crimson speck,
The surcoat that its rider wore
Was smirch'd, and soil'd, and stain'd with gore ;
And glitt'ring bas'nets foul'd with dust,
And harness rent with blow and thrust,
And bleeding limb, and drooping mein,
All vouch how fierce the fight hath been.
The blood-red plume and dragon crest,
He bore who rode before the rest—
His stalwart form and haughty air
Proclaimed their leader stern De Clare ;
And spurring forth his good grey steed,
Straight to that green oak's shade he went,
And gazing on the dead, with head,
Full grimly smiled, as if content
The life of such a foe was spent,
And then had turn'd him on his way,
After such moment's brief delay,
But that the bard before him stood,
And holding fierce his bridle rein,
Bore back, despite its startled mood,
His war horse to the spot again,
And sternly pointing to the dead,
Raised high his voice, and thus he said :

(To be continued.)

* The battle-axe was a favourite weapon with the ancient Irish, and so expert were they in its use, though no armour, however well tempered, could resist the force of a blow inflicted with it, several instances similar to the one mentioned in my text are recorded by the old chroniclers ; but none in so graphic a manner as in the pages of quaint Geoffrey Keating, when describing how Morrogh (Brien Boroihme's eldest son) slew, with a single blow of his axe, Sitricus, the Dane, "dividing him into two equal parts" at one cut.

* There was an ancient custom prevalent in Ireland of sending the children of one family to be brought up with those of another, by which an affection so strong was engendered that the "foster-father" often divided his wealth between his natural and adopted children. The term "*fostre*," to nurse or bring up, is Icelandic, and would render the existence of a similar custom probable among the northern nations of Europe. *Wright's Scenes in Ireland.*

THE VOW.

A LEGEND OF BALLINDERRY.

"Mortal! to thy bidding bowed,
From my mansion in the cloud,
Which the breath of twilight builds,
And the summer sun-set gilds,
Though thy quest may be forbidden,
On a star-beam I have ridden,
To thine adoration bowed,
Mortal, be thy wish avowed."

BYRON.

Our readers in general cannot but have some idea of the principal features which characterise a wake amongst the lower classes of our countrymen, and the unimposing customs by which they, as they imagine, pay respect to "departed worth"—customs which, we are glad to perceive, are being fast done away with, indeed almost entirely abolished. Intemperance, that great bane to the happiness of Irishmen and insurmountable barrier to improvement, was the greatest obstacle to the discontinuance of such unholy practises as carousing and revelling, at that, which should be a sad office. To the minister of Providence, who effected the great moral revolution—whose soul-inspiring influence acted like a talisman—to him vast praise is due; and to him are we indebted for the great change to improvement which is every day making such rapid strides among our countrymen, and being the means of those customs being done away with, which, in many cases, only tended to breed dissension and discord amongst those who were their most anxious upholders. But as our prescribed limits will not permit us to enter more into detail on a subject, to pursue which, must be alike gratifying to each and every one of us, and as we are digressing from our original subject, we will draw the veil for the present, and proceed with our tale.

Never had the villagers of Ballinderry a sadder office to perform than attending the funeral procession, and seeing to their last home the remains of the widow O'Grady; nor never was there any one so universally regretted as she to whom they were paying the last rites of respect, and who was now no more. As the procession slowly wended its way along to the little churchyard, many a eulogium was passed on the late widow, and many a regret expressed for her loss.

Mrs. O'Grady was the proprietor of a small shop in the village of Ballinderry, by means of which she was enabled to live in comparative comfort. She had secured to herself nearly the entire custom of the village, and, for one on so small a scale, did an ample share of business. A few years after her marriage she had the misfortune to lose her husband, and was left, as she designated herself, "a poor lone woman," with nothing but her own industry, and the little shop we have already mentioned, to push her way through life. When the time for mourning for the loss she had sustained in the death of her husband had passed, she began to think of the expediency of again seeking a protector and companion at the altar of Hymen: and it was not that she had not enough of suitors for her hand, that she was disappointed; but her ambition soared too high, and prevented her accepting those who were in a sphere of life that would form an equal match for her: like many others, she

refused offers the like of which she never afterwards got; and when her charms and powers of fascination had fled, she would try and console herself with the forlorn hope that yet remained, and cast a longing, "lingering look behind."

Mrs. O'Grady was possessed of a great many personal accomplishments—a description of which we are not about to inflict on our readers; suffice it to say, she was "fat, fair and forty," together with being possessed of a lively and vivacious disposition, good feeling and hospitality towards her neighbours, and humane and generous to those who required her assistance. At the period at which we write, she had given up all former ideas of ever getting married a second time; and, in common parlance, she might be said to be at the wrong side of seventy. All her youthful vivacity and liveliness were gone; she was old and decrepid, on account of which she retired from business; and it is quite probable, had she not, business would shortly have retired from her, on account of her old age, and total incapacity to carry it on any longer. With her neighbours she was a universal favourite, and, on account of the high opinion they entertained of her intuitive knowledge, they invariably consulted her in cases of sickness that required superior judgment and penetration. "Many a time and oft" would she amuse a whole group of listeners from the neighbouring cottages, of a winter's night round her own fireside, with her store of wild tales and traditions, and make some of her most fearless and sturdy looking hearers almost afraid to go home; and when they would, they would imagine they beheld an apparition about to start from behind every hedge or tree they left behind—such an impression would her tales leave on their imaginations. It was a dark and dreary winter's night, as a number of the villagers were assembled together in the cottage which was so often enlivened by the presence of Mrs. O'Grady. It was not in anticipation of hearing any of her wild tales and legends: no, for she was now no more; she with whom they had spent so many pleasant evenings lay stretched in the cold and dreamless sleep of death. There was a general gloom and sorrow depicted on every countenance, for the irretrievable loss they had suffered in the death of her, who during life, by her kindness and affability, had alleviated the sufferings of so many of her neighbours when in affliction. But they determined that even in death they would pay her that respect she so well merited through life, and that at the wake, for which they were now assembled, they would drown all sorrow, and that pleasantry and good humour should reign around.

"Well, Maurice," said one of the villagers who was seated at the fireside smoking, and who had almost attained the climax of inebriation, "begorra there wasn't the like of her far or near—the Lord rest her soul to glory; but sure there's no use in fretting; she's gone to a better world; and it's you that ought to be sorry enough for her, for old friendship's sake."

Maurice O'Niell, to whom the speaker was addressing himself on the inestimable worth of the departed widow, was one of her greatest admirers, and even at one time sought her hand in marriage,

but was rejected; nevertheless, that did not prevent him from joining in the universal regret, and being present at the wake, as he had long since forgotten the loss he suffered in not being a successful suitor. It was about an hour after midnight; the room which an hour ago was the scene of such revelry and carousing, was now silent as the lifeless corpse that lay extended on the bed of death. A few candles that were dimly burning on

little deal table in the centre of the floor shed their lurid light across the room; all the villagers had gone to their respective homes, and not a living being remained in the room but O'Niell. He was seated before the fire, indulging in a deep reverie of thought and soliloquising on his future prospects.

"Surely," said he, "the rich man must lead a pleasant and jovial life; every thing that he wishes he has at his command; no melancholy cares torture his brain; all his desires are satisfied, and misfortune keeps from his door. But not so with the poor; troubles and misfortunes are for ever crowding round him, and happiness is to him a thing unknown. Were I even possessed of a small farm, and a few hundred pounds, I would then be satisfied and contented, and deem myself happy; but I fear such happiness is for ever denied me."

"Hold!" said a stern and unearthly voice from behind him; "repining mortal, the happiness you seek is not denied you; your desires shall be gratified, and happiness is now within your reach."

At the first sound of the voice, O'Niell was struck with terror and astonishment, as he knew all his companions had gone home, and not a living soul remained in the room but himself. He looked wildly around, and, to his utter amazement, beheld the form of a human being standing behind him, and looking on him with fiendish delight; his grim and unearthly appearance so completely overcame him, that for a few moments he could not speak.

"Monster! fiend! or whatever else thou art," said he, when he had recovered in some measure from the shock he had received, "in the name of—"

"For one moment hold, I beseech you," cried the stranger, interrupting O'Niell; "do not give utterance to a single word until you hear me, or else you may be the cause of not obtaining that happiness you so ardently seek for. Thou art, indeed, a favoured mortal, and it rests only with yourself to be happy. Barter your soul to him who stands before you; swear allegiance to me; register a vow that you will remain faithful, and you shall ride rampant while you live!"

O'Niell sat listening in silent wonder to the proposals the stranger made to him.

"No!" said he at length—"demon, false one, no, I never will sell the peace of my soul for a few years' enjoyment: I will remain poor as I am; and I command you in the name of Heaven to be gone, or—"

Before he could finish the sentence, the unearthly features of the stranger scowled and became hideously distorted; and in a few moments he was surrounded with a thick vapour and slowly vanished, uttering curses on him he thought to make his dupe.

Many a time did O'Niell recount the adventures of that fearful night, and as often would some of his unbelieving companions insinuate that it was only a dream. Be that as it may, Maurice O'Niell never while he lived forgot the widow O'Grady's wake.

G. H.

LINES WRITTEN IN DULEEK CHURCH-YARD.

When last the summer flowers were bright,
I wandered here with spirits light,
For by my side were those I loved,
And gaily 'mong the tombs we roved,
And thoughtless read each grey tomb-stone,
For slept there none that we had known.

Two noble boys and two fair girls,
With blooming cheeks 'neath shining curls,
With joyous laugh, and sparkling eyes,
Bright and blue as the summer skies;
Our joy was sweet that summer's day,
And I am here—but where are they?

They made the light of one bright hearth,
With morning's sport and evening's mirth;
Their fathers and their mother's joys
Were those fair girls and merry boys;
Their joy is hush'd on that lone hearth,
Their light for ever quenched on earth.

In the far distant busy scene
Of cities' toil where I had been,
I did not dream that in that home
The blight of death could ever come,
And glad I turned my weary feet
To that gay home, that sweet retreat:

Oh! glad I neared the cottage door;
Methought 'twas hush'd as ne'er before:
The woodbine trail'd along the ground,
No flowers did bloom as erst around,
No joyous voices met mine ear—
Oh! where are ye? for I am here.

I raised the latch with trembling hand;
I saw no beauteous, merry band;
I did not know the aged two,
So changed with woe, that met my view;
The tears had worn each once hale cheek—
I gazed, I gasped, but could not speak.

They tottered from their lonely seat;
They strove to smile—they strove to greet;
They hung upon my neck and wept;
"You miss the merry ones!" they said;
"You do—yes weep, for they are dead!"

And then they told that one by one
Their flowers drooped, till all were gone;
That how upon the last cold grave
The little flowers could not wave
Ere its sad depth was oped' once more,
When it received the lovely four.

And how in sickness, and ere death,
My name had burdened each dear breath;
And how they talked of coming days,
When I would sing again my lays,
And here I sing, and tear drops lave
Their mem'ry by their silent grave.

When last the summer flowers were bright,
Ye skipped those tombs with hearts so light,
I could not speer, nor yet could ye,
Into such dark faturity:
And I, that witnessed then your bloom,
Now read your names upon this tomb.

And here I charge thee, old green tower,
When winter-laden storms shall lower,
And by thy ivied sides shall rave,
Shelter, I charge thee, this new grave;
For oft have they that 'neath it rest
Gazed on their tomb from thy old crest.

E. C.

CIGARS.—The manufacture of cigars at Hamburg occupies more than 10,000 persons, chiefly women and children. The total number of cigars manufactured annually is 150 millions, the value of which is about £350,000 sterling.

CHINESE CUSTOMS.—February is considered by the Chinese the most fortunate month to be married; it is the first moon in the year, and the first month in the spring. They have seven grounds for divorce; the fourth is, talkativeness in women!

CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD

In all living bodies, not two minute for us to dissect, we find that there is a vital and highly nourishing fluid distributed all over the body, and penetrating into the intimate structure of every part, on the presence of which life in a great measure depends. This fluid is the blood.

The blood in man is of a beautiful rich crimson colour; it is not so however in all living creatures, for in many, at the lower end of the scale, it is white or colourless. In the *mammalia*, birds, reptiles, and fishes, it is red; and in the other classes of animals, with a few exceptions, it is colourless. Hence arose the mistake, which was so long committed, of supposing the lower classes to be altogether destitute of a circulation. Its colour varies also in different parts of the body. In the minute vessels, which are like hairs, and hence called capillaries, it is colourless, because into these the red globules are too large to penetrate; in the arteries it is vermilion; in the veins of a strong crimson purple; and at the right side of the heart it is almost black. It feels thick and unctuous between the fingers, and has a slightly saline taste. In regard to its heat, it varies; in some creatures being warm, and in others cold; in man, its heat near the heart is 98° by Fahrenheit's thermometer.

When examined by the microscope, blood is seen to be composed of an infinity of red globules, of extremely minute size, floating in a thin transparent yellowish fluid; and when drawn into a cup, these parts spontaneously separate; the red globules coagulating into a firm elastic clot, while the *serum* (so called from resembling whey) becomes clear and of a yellow colour. The clot is principally composed of an animal matter called fibrin, which is the principal constituent of the muscles. The red colour is not a necessary quality of this substance, for it can be washed out, leaving the fibrin almost white: it depends, according to some chemists, on a small quantity of iron which exists in the blood, and according to others, on a peculiar colouring principle, different from anything existing elsewhere. The *serum* consists of water, holding in solution many salts, of which the two most plentiful are common salt and phosphate of lime, which forms more than half the weight of the bones. The description of the blood-globules has occupied a number of clever and patient investigators, but the results they have arrived at are by no means satisfactory.

The proportion of the fluid to the solid part of the blood is nearly that of four to one, yet from this small quantity of solid matter the wants of all the various parts of the body are supplied. It is generally believed now, that the component parts of all the different solids and fluids of the body exist already formed in the blood, and that, in course of its distribution, these are merely separated from it, and arranged in new combination.

For the purpose of sending the blood all over the body, there are a set of tubes everywhere distributed, which are called the arteries; and to drive the blood through them, there is an organ similar in its action to a syringe, which is called the heart. The blood having been poured into the great artery, goes through branches up to the head, and down to the lower part of the body, where its minute or capillary terminations end in veins. Those from the lower part of the body from an inferior great vein; those from the upper a superior; and the two veins terminate separately in a bag called the *auricle*. The auricle is constantly full of blood, which flows to it through the veins in an equable stream; so that whenever the emptied ventricle dilates, the blood from

the auricle rushes in, and distends it for a renewed contraction.

But the arteries are not a set of rigid tubes; they are dilatable, and highly elastic. Hence, at the moment when the ventricle contracts, the blood which is forced into them distends them, increasing their diameter, and producing the feeling communicated to the fingers placed over them, which is called the *pulse*. The number of the pulse is therefore the number of contractions which the heart is making in a minute. And at the moment when the ventricle dilates, the artery, having the distending force taken off, contracts on its contents. It would now drive part of the blood back again into the ventricle, were it not for a valve placed in the artery at its origin, which shuts down the moment the pressure comes on it backward, so that the force of the elasticity of the artery is expended in propelling the blood forward, not in an equable stream, but in successive waves. Hence, when an artery is cut, the blood does not flow from it evenly, as is seen when a vein at the bend of the arm is opened, but in jets. Again, when the ventricle contracts to throw its blood into the aorta, it would throw back an equal portion into the auricle, were not a valve placed there also, which shuts the moment the ventricle contracts. The valves are named from their situation, the first being the *aortic*, and the second the *auriculo-ventricular*.

If the blood could be constantly circulated in the same state, this simple apparatus would suffice. But in passing through the circulation, it acquires certain impurities, derived from the wearing out of the parts through which it passes, and it is requisite that these should be got rid of, before it is permitted to make another circuit. For this purpose it is brought into contact with the air in the lungs, so as to be purified, and be changed from the dark purple colour which it acquires in its passage over the body, and be brought back again to its original scarlet.

In man and all warm-blooded animals, there are two distinct hearts—one for the lungs, and one for the system—a pulmonary and a systemic heart—one for the purple blood, and one for the scarlet. They are united together so as to form one organ, that they may take up little room, and act simultaneously—the one contracting and dilating at the same time exactly as the other; but still they are quite separate in their cavities, having no communication between them, except the circuitous one round through the lungs. In man, the pulmonary heart is placed to the right, and rather in front—the systemic one to the left, and rather behind.

Rising from the centre of the base of the heart is the aorta, or great artery, of the system; on the left side of this is the pulmonary artery, or that for carrying the impure blood to the lungs, and on the right side is the great vein of the head and upper extremities. Below, the great vein of the lower part of the body passes up to enter the right auricle. The pulmonary veins are two on each side, bringing the blood from the two lungs into the left auricle.

The outside of the heart is covered with a smooth shining membrane, which enables it to glide in a bag in which it is placed, called the *pericardium*. This bag is lined with the same membrane which covers the surface of the heart, so that both surfaces being moistened constantly by a watery exhalation, the friction may be lessened almost to nothing. Occasionally the water becomes collected in considerable quantity, causing dropsy of the pericardium, and sometimes the inside of the bag becomes inflamed, and the two surfaces grow together—an unnatural state, which, if it do not produce death at the time, generally brings on disease of the heart at an after period, by reason of the impediment which it gives to its

motions. The outside of the bag is placed upon the upper surface of the diaphragm, or floor between the chest and belly—its back part is in contact with the spine—its front is touching the breast-bone and ribs, and its top is nearly at the root of the neck. The heart extends from the third to the seventh rib on the left side, and its point is felt beating at two inches below the left nipple, and an inch nearer the breast-bone.

If the ear be applied to the chest over the heart, either immediately, or with the intervention of the wooden instrument called a *stethoscope*, certain sounds are heard, produced by the heart in its action. The French denote them by the word *tic-tac*, which represents them pretty accurately. The first sound is heard at the time when the ventricles contract and strike the ribs; the second, of a sharper and more abrupt character, is heard when they dilate.

Besides the disease of the valves of the heart, there may be alterations taking place in the muscular substance. Sometimes the cavities of the heart become dilated, or much larger than they should be, and consequently weaker: and sometimes the walls become much thicker and stronger, so that the blood is circulated with unusual force. These conditions generally bring on dropsy, and the last often produces apoplexy; and they are usually accompanied by palpitations, which are just irregular beatings of the heart. Palpitation does not, however, always indicate disease affecting the structure of the heart, but is frequently nervous, depending on weakness from loss of blood, or other causes, or on disorder of the stomach, or even on mental emotion.

The heart is generally about the size of the fist of the owner; at least that is an approximation which enables us to judge of it on opening a body whether it be natural, enlarged, on the reverse.—*Mechanic's Magazine*.

FEBRUARY.—Though "Nature's journeymen," the gardeners, are undergoing an ignoble leisure this month, it is not so with Nature herself. She is as busy as ever—if not openly and obviously—secretly, and in the hearts of her sweet subjects, the flowers—stirring them up to that rich rivalry of beauty, which is to greet the first footsteps of Spring, and teaching them to prepare themselves for her advent, as young maidens prepare months beforehand for the marriage festival of some dear friend. Towards the latter end of this month, they are all of them at least awake from their winter slumbers, and most are busily working at their gay toilets, and waving their fantastic robes, and shaping their trim forms, and distilling their rich essences, and in short getting ready in all things, that they may be duly prepared to join the bright procession of beauty that is to greet and glorify the annual coming-on of their sovereign lady, the Spring! Now, too, the visible heralds of Spring appear; but they have not yet put on their gorgeous tabards or surcoats of many colours. The chief of these are the tulips, who are now just showing themselves, shrouded closely in their sheltering alcoves of dull green.

METHOD OF SINKING WELLS IN INDIA.—A tower of masonry is built of the diameter required, and twenty or thirty feet high from the surface of the ground. This is allowed to stand till the masonry is rendered firm and compact by time; it is then gradually undermined—the whole tower sinking without difficulty into the sandy soil. When level with the surface, they raise the wall higher, and so go on, throwing out the sand, and raising the wall, till they reach the water. If they adopted our method, the soil is so light, that it would fall in before they could possibly raise the wall from the bottom; nor without the wall could they sink to any considerable depth.

TO KATE.

Dear girl! tho' I leave thee now
By tears in sorrow shrouded,
When I return, thy lovely brow
To me will be unclouded.

In distant climes I'll think of thee,
And wish myself at home,
And sigh that happy I might be,
If I ne'er went to roam.

Oh! if I thought that I should ne'er
Behold my native land,
Green Erin, lovely, sweet, and fair,
Still on thy banks I'd stand.

But tyrant fate has marked my way
Far over waves of brine,
And when far out upon the bay,
I'll watch that form of thine.

And as you breathe a last adieu,
The winds will waft it here,
And each returning wave to you
Is crested with a tear.

W. F. C.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.—The Countess of Orkney died lately, at the advanced age of 76. She was the daughter of Marrouh, fifth Earl of Inchiquin, and afterwards first Marquis of Thomond, by Mary, Countess of Orkney in her own right, of whom the following anecdote is related. She was deaf and dumb, and was married, in 1753, by signs. She lived with her husband, who was also her first cousin, at his seat, Rostellan, on the harbour of Cork. Shortly after the birth of her first child—the Lady lately deceased—the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. The Countess, having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, lifted an immense stone which she had concealed under her shawl, and, to the horror of the nurse, who, like all persons of the lower orders in her country, indeed in most countries, was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of "dumbies," lifted it with an intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the Countess had flung the stone—not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor, where, of course, it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke, and cried. The Countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child had possessed the sense that was wanting in herself. She exhibited on many other occasions similar proofs of intelligence, but none so interesting.

PROGRESS OF REASON.—All the inventions and discoveries of man are only various exertions of his mental powers; they depend solely upon the improvement of his reason. With the vigour of reason must keep pace the probability of adding new discoveries to our stock of truth, and of applying some of them to the enjoyment and ornament, as well as to the more serious and exalted uses of human life. By a parity of reasoning we perceive, that those who remove impediments on the road to truth, as certainly contribute to advance its general progress as if they were directly employing the same degree of sagacity in the pursuits of a particular discovery. The contrary may be affirmed of all those who oppose hindrances to free, fearless, calm, unprejudiced, and dispassionate inquiry: they lessen the stores of knowledge; they relax the vigour of every intellectual effort—they abate the chances of future discovery.

ERNESTA DI CASTELLANI.

It was a lovely evening; the sun was setting over Florence with that splendour which belongs only to Italian skies, and was pouring a flood of light through the crimson drapery that shadowed the window, near which sat leaning on its marble balcony, the lovely Lady Ernesta di Castellani; a soft breeze, bearing with it the perfume of the orange blossom and myrtle, raised with its light breath the ringlets from her cheek as she murmured.—

"Will he not come, dearest, dearest Edward!"

"He is come, my own sweet Ernesta," said Lord Edward Howard, springing lightly from the terrace into the room; "he is come, and craves pardon for his unwilling delay."

"And he shall have it too," said the blushing girl, as the young officer fondly clasped her in his arms. "You are not later than the appointed hour, but time passed heavily as I was alone."

It were difficult to imagine two beings more favored by nature, than those who now stood beneath the walls of that lofty palace.

Ernesta, the sole daughter of a princely house, was one of whom a fond father might well be proud. Her figure was of the middle size, exquisitely rounded; her brow smooth, open, and noble; her eyes those large dark orbs so peculiarly Italian; and a profusion of silken raven hair contrasted finely with her clear delicate complexion. "Yes, lovely she was, and every motion grace," she had but just attained her sixteenth year, when at a *festa* given by her father, (the first she had ever appeared at,) she met Lord Howard, a young Englishman, a son of a proud and noble house; he was in his twentieth year, and the regiment in which he held the rank of captain was then stationed at Florence.

Edward Howard's features wore a majestic beauty and an air of amiable frankness, that might have won a colder heart than that of the gentle Ernesta. His eyes were of a rich deep blue, sparkling at every emotion with a different expression, and his hair had that glancing burnish which varies from brown to gold, in proportion to the light that is cast on it.

From the first moment that he saw Ernesta, he loved her ardently, truly, devotedly, with all the enthusiasm of a young and warm heart's first love. There is an intensity of feeling, a deep devotion of heart in first love, that is never equalled by any after feeling of life: thus felt Lord Howard, and the beautiful Ernesta Castellani was soon seen to return his passion. Six months had swiftly glided away, when Edward's regiment was ordered home, and he now came to acquaint Ernesta with the evil tidings, and to urge her to fly with him, for he well knew the haughty Marchese di Castellani would never consent to their union. Poor Ernesta was deeply affected at the thought of his departure; for, strange though it may seem, it had never occurred to her that they must one day part. When she had a little recovered from her surprise, Edward urged her to accede to his wishes.

"And will you not come with me, my own love?" said he; "you know the marchese is inexorable; and Gulio, though my friend, noble and generous as he is, he is but a brother."

"Oh! Edward, dearest, dearest Edward, do not urge me now; you know the strength of my attachment to you, and that I would willingly go with you to the end of the earth; but the blow was so dreadful, so unexpected, that I am almost deprived of all energy."

"Hark! dearest, there is the trumpet—I must away; the morning after to-morrow we sail; and oh! when we meet on to-morrow's eve do not longer hesitate, my own beloved Ernesta, to trust yourself to me, who values your slightest wish more than his own life."

He kissed the pale cheek of the maiden, sprang from the terrace, and quickly disappeared through the grove of orange trees. Ernesta sat pale and motionless where he had left her, but her bursting heart soon found relief in tears. She had not been long alone when her father entered.

"In tears, Ernesta! what is the matter?" enquired the marchese in a kind tone.

Ernesta thought that this might be the most favourable opportunity for disclosing her love for Edward—disclosed she knew it must be—so she related the whole story to her father, who, though his brow darkened once or twice, heard her on the whole with great composure; she did not, however, tell of Edward's proposal of an elopement.

"Lord Edward Howard!" said the marchese, when he heard all that the trembling girl could say, "I remember him not—ah, yes! the young Englishman with the bright hair, who won Gulio's heart at the *festa* by his gallant bearing; and now, Ernesta, when and where did you purpose again to meet this spozo of yours—tell me truly?"

"On to-morrow's eve in this room," faltered Ernesta.

"Then I shall meet him myself, and see what can be done;" and thus the conversation ended.

Ernesta retired to her own apartment, with a mind somewhat relieved, but a heart torn with alternate fear and hope. The next evening, Lord Edward Howard entered the saloon in which he had met his gentle Ernesta, with a heart and step rendered light by the noise of inducing his lady love to share his fortunes. On entering the room he perceived the Marchese di Castellani, who was seated at a table apparently absorbed in deep thought; he soon raised his eyes and fixed them on Edward, who remained in the utmost confusion, leaning his hand on the balcony in the same position as when he first sprang into the apartment. He bowed haughtily on the marchese raising his eyes; his salute was returned, and the marchese said—

"Lord Edward Howard, I presume?"

"The same, signor."

"Well, milord, this is not an unexpected meeting on my part, whatever it may be on yours, for Ernesta has told me all."

Here the young Englishman started, for he thought of the elopement; and as his lips moved as if to speak, the marchese motioned to him to be silent.

"Explanations are but waste of words, milord, for I thought much on the subject. Your family, though a foreign one, is ancient and noble; of that I am well assured. Now it matters not, but your fortune is not ample, and though I value

not riches, Ernesta shall never marry one whose fortune could not yield her all she has been hitherto accustomed to. Ernesta, therefore, must never be yours, unless at the expiration of twelve months you return to claim her with an earldom or a colonelcy in a regiment. You must not write to, or attempt to see, her before that time; or, mark me, milord, beautiful as she is, she is lost to you for ever."

Here the marchese bowed coldly to the young officer, and left the saloon ere he had time to utter a word. His Ernesta now entered from a boudoir adjoining, where, by her father's command, she had been a silent listener to the whole occurrence.

"My own Ernesta," exclaimed Edward, clasping her to his heart, "what think you of that cruel decree? There is no hope! My brother, the present earl, is young and healthy, and I love him too well to wish it otherwise, even for the sake of winning you, my first and only love. As to the colonelcy, there is no chance of that either, I fear, for my brother would never advance money for the purpose, as he is strongly prejudiced against your nation in consequence of an early disappointment from a fair countrywoman of yours; but I will use every effort to soften him, and, oh! dearest, do not, do not forget me; for, if my life be spared, this day twelve months shall see me again at your feet."

"Forget you, my Edward!—oh! how little you know my heart," said Ernesta, as she hung round his neck a miniature of herself. "This I promised you the day you gave me yours; keep it, oh! keep it for my sake."

"Never, loved image, in life or death, shall we part," exclaimed the youth passionately, and hearing an approaching footstep, he pressed her hastily to his bosom and disappeared.

The twelve months of probation had not yet expired when Ernesta was again sitting in the boudoir where she had last beheld the form of him who was still dearer to her than all the world beside: she wore a deep mourning dress, (for the marchese died suddenly four months after his meeting with Lord Edward Howard;) her fair face was pale, and her features wore an expression of deep melancholy. She held in her hand the miniature of her lover, which she regarded fixedly, and from time to time pressed to her lips. She heard a foot on the terrace, and started with alarm; a person entered the room before she had sufficiently recovered from her terror to speak or call assistance. The person seemed one of those itinerant picture-venders so often seen in the streets of Italian cities; his dress was worn and travel-stained, and his bronzed cheek told of much exposure to severe weather.

"Fear not, lady," said he; "hearing of your generous patronage of works of art, and kindness to strangers, I ventured to seek you, to show you some paintings that I have brought from a foreign land."

Here he took from a case some small paintings, and laid them before Ernesta: one was the portrait of a lady advanced in years, but 'twas a sweet picture; the countenance expressed an almost angelic mildness and benevolence: Ernesta thought she could have gazed on it for ever; the other was of a gentleman, young and handsome; this face also peculiarly pleased her, for there was

something in it, she knew not what, that reminded her of her lover, and she blushed as she anxiously inquired—

"Whose likeness is this?"

"That of a noble English earl, and the lady is his mother."

"Had he a brother?"

"Yes, I am he," exclaimed the voice of Lord Edward Howard, for it was he; "I cannot longer dissemble, my own sweet Ernesta."

The lady uttered a piercing shriek, and threw herself into his arms. At that moment the door burst open, and Gulio having heard Ernesta's shriek, rushed into the room, and seeing his sister in the arms of a man wearing the garb of a common *contadino*, he buried his stiletto in the side of the intruder. The man fell, and Gulio used every means to restore his unconscious sister, who soon revived; but, seeing her lover lying on the floor bathed in blood—

"*Santa Vergine!*" she exclaimed, "it is Edward," and relapsed into insensibility.

Gulio, the terror-stricken Gulio, laid his sister on a couch, and, kneeling beside his bleeding victim, removed his head-dress, and the bright curls, which he had so much admired on a happier occasion, fell to the ground. He tried to staunch the blood which was flowing rapidly, and cried, in a tone of agony—

"Howard! my dear Howard!"

Howard opened his eyes for a moment, smiled faintly, and again closed them, completely exhausted from loss of blood. Gulio called loudly for assistance, and had the young Englishman removed to bed. A physician was instantly in attendance, who pronounced his wound, though dangerous, not mortal, which, in some degree, restored Gulio's peace of mind. For weeks was the young officer confined to his room, during which time Gulio and Ernesta scarcely ever left him. When his health was quite re-established, he was one day sitting with the young Marchese di Castellani and his lovely sister, when he said—

"It is time, my kind friends, to give you some account of myself since the eventful evening on which I parted from my dearest Ernesta for a year, the longest I ever remember spending. After a favourable voyage, I arrived in England, where I found my lady mother and my brother just as I left them. I explained everything to my brother, and endeavoured to persuade him to purchase the colonelcy for me. 'Edward,' said he, with a sigh, 'you are my only brother; as such I love you dearly. May you be happy with her whom you have chosen, but pardon me if I doubt the sincerity of an Italian; however, if you continue to love your signora with the same unabated ardour until within a month of the prescribed period, you shall have the commission.' I thanked him warmly; and, according to his promise, on my declaring at the appointed time that I still loved my Ernesta, I received my commission. The twelve months had not expired, but I could control my impatience to see you no longer, and dreading detection (for I was ignorant of the marchese's death) I assumed this disguise, nor do I regret my accident, since it has proved to me how sincerely my kind friends love me."

The Palazzo Castellani soon became the scene of joyous festivity, and Lord Edward Howard received the hand of his beautiful Ernesta from her happy brother.

NATIONAL TESTIMONIAL.

A numerous and influential meeting was held in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on the 26th January, 1843, for the purpose of "taking into consideration the propriety of erecting an enduring Testimonial of the esteem in which the labours of the Rev. Theobald Mathew are held by all classes of the community."

The Duke of Leinster presided, and Peter Purcell, Esq. was appointed secretary.

Resolutions in accordance with the objects of the meeting were unanimously adopted, being proposed and seconded by the Marquess of Headfort, ex-Judge Moore, Marquess of Clanricarde, T. Wyse, Esq. M.P., W. S. O'Brien, Esq., M.P., Sir G. Hodgson, Bart., Marquess of Kildare, Hon. Captain Southwell, P. Purcell, Esq., D. O'Connell, Esq., J. Haughton, Esq., Capt. Layard, M.P., A. Saunders, Esq. High Sheriff of Kerry, and C. Bianconi, Esq.—who all bore testimony to the incalculable benefits rendered to society by the unwearied exertions of the Rev. Mr. Mathew in the cause of temperance, which has made such amazing progress in Ireland.

A committee, consisting of several Peers, two gentlemen in each county, and several residing in and about Dublin, was appointed to carry into effect the resolutions.

Suggestions and plans respecting the proposed Testimonial will be received and considered by the committee, from which a selection will be made and submitted to the Rev. Mr. Mathew for approval.

The secretary, Peter Purcell, Esq. is authorised to receive subscriptions, to be lodged with the treasurers, Messrs. Latouche, to the credit of the Duke of Leinster, Earl Glengall, and James Haughton, Esq., who have been appointed trustees. All communications to be addressed to Peter Purcell, Esq., 4, College-green, Dublin.

The proposed Testimonial is to be entirely divested both in tendency and design of anything of a sectarian or political complexion; and there can be little doubt that this appeal to the nation will meet a noble response.

FRIAR BACON.—This philosopher was a man of extensive learning, and made so rapid a progress in the sciences, when attending the University of Paris, that he was esteemed the glory of that seat of learning. He prosecuted his favorite study of experimental philosophy with unremitting ardour; and, in this pursuit, in the course of twenty years, he expended no less than £2000 in experiments, instruments, and in procuring scarce books. In consequence of such extraordinary talents, and such astonishing progress in the sciences, in that ignorant age he was represented by the envy of his illiterate fraternity, as having dealings with the devil; and, at length, in 1278, when 64 years of age, he was imprisoned in his cell, where he remained in confinement for ten years. He shone like a bright star in a dark hemisphere—the glory of England—and died at Oxford, in the year 1296, in the 80th year of his age. "Friar Bacon," says the Rev. Mr. Jones, "may be considered as the first of English philosophers; his profound skill in mechanics, optics, astronomy, and chemistry, would make an honourable figure in the present age. But he is entitled to further praise, as he made all his studies subservient to theology, and directed all his writings, as much as would be, to the glory of God."

BOTANY.—The Cuvierian Society of Cork has presented a silver medal to Denis Murray, gardener to William M. Reeves, Esq., of Vosterberg, for discoveries in botany.

ELIZA'S GRAVE.

Eliza, thou'rt gone to rest;
Why should we deplore thee?
Light the turf lies on thy breast,
Soft the winds breathe o'er thee.
Here within thy native clay
Calmly thou art sleeping,
Safer, happier far than they
Who are o'er thee weeping.
Pleasant is thy lowly bed,
Close to him that loved thee;
Trees 'neath which thy childhood play'd
Gently waving o'er thee.
Hark the thrush! how sweet his lay!
See the flowers how blooming!
"Weep not for the dead," they say,
"Though in earth consuming."
"Weep not for her—she is gone
Where no cares can move her;
All her earthly labours done,
All her trials over.
"Weep not—she has found a home
Where no sorrow paineth:
Sin, nor tears, nor terrors come,
Where a Saviour reigneth."

H. T.

WOMAN.—The first, the most important quality of a woman is good-nature. Made to obey a being so imperfect as man, often so full of vice, and always so full of defects, she ought to learn betimes to suffer even injustice; it is not for his, but her own sake that she ought to be good-natured. The ill-natured and obstinacy of the wives never do anything but augment their evils, and the bad proceeding of the husbands: they well know that it is not with those arms they ought to conquer. Heaven did not make them insinuating and persuasive, to become peevish; it did not make them weak to become imperious; it did not give them a voice so sweet, to utter invectives; it did not make their features so delicate, to disfigure them by anger. When they fly into a passion, they forget themselves; they have often reason to complain; but they are always in the wrong to scold. Each ought to observe the decorum of the sex.

LOST ESTEEM.—The gloomiest knell that rings over the fall from virtue, must be to hear of the lost esteem of those we love. That must be the dark, the damning scourge which drives on human weakness to despairing crime.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- "P. J. N.," Athlone.—First part received. When the entire is before us, we shall be enabled to judge of its merits; it gives "goodly promise."
"H. H." and "F." in our next.
"A. C. R.," and other poetical contributors, will find themselves attended to in due course.
"F. R."—If you will take the trouble of applying to our publisher, you will obtain the information you require.
"A. B."—Your communication arrived too late to give it consideration this week.
"B. H."—We shall probably commence the "stray leaf" in our next number.
"AN ADMIRER."—If you could procure any friend in your town who would undertake the agency of our Journal, he would be supplied regularly by our publisher. Thanks for your kind wishes and exertions.
"W."—Your suggestions shall be attended to. We do not expect to please all parties.
"M. E.," "P.," "T. L.," and "D. J." declined.

Printed for the Proprietors, at the Office, 32, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications (post-paid) are to be addressed, to the Editor.

Published by T. LE MESURIER, (late T. Tace and Co.) 8, Lr. Abbey-street, Dublin; and all Booksellers.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 16.—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.—EMIGRATION.

Mr. T. Bartlett, Assistant-Surgeon 51st Light Infantry, has published a work, entitled, "*New Holland, its Colonization, Productions, and Resources*," which is deserving the most serious attention of the advocates of emigration, and particularly of those persons who regard New Holland as a sort of terrestrial paradise, where there is no winter's blast, no ice, no snow; where a man may luxuriate in the finest climate in the world, and at the same time amass an immense fortune, by the exercise of only common prudence; where, in short, he may enjoy the pleasures of perpetual summer, and revel in the possession of almost uninterrupted health. The statements put forth by Mr. Bartlett should make people pause before they quit their native shores for a country of which they know nothing, except through the highly-coloured and exaggerated accounts of interested parties. The spirit displayed by writers in giving flattering pictures of these colonies arises, he admits, sometimes from ignorance, nothing being more common than to hear men forming opinions of the whole country from the knowledge they have of some peculiarly favoured spot. But the desire of colonists to praise the country in which they have cast their lot, and to conceal the difficulties they have had to encounter,

"May arise (says the author) from one of two motives—either the desire to represent their situation better than it is, in order to dispel the doubts of those relatives and friends at home who were adverse to their projected exile; or to paint the country in brighter and better colours than it deserves, with the view of inducing others to follow their example, and thus to benefit the country by the influx of emigration."

The writer then proceeds to show the melancholy difference between the reality of a settler's life in an Australian colony, and the ideal happiness and security he has pictured to himself:—

"It is (says Mr. Bartlett) an interrupted struggle against the average poverty of the soil, embittered by his remote and very generally dismal location far apart from any being at all connected with him by ties, feelings, or religion, and endangered by the ruthless violence of the dreaded savages, who are not restrained by any acknowledgment of the least prohibitory laws."

In another place, speaking of the readiness with which emigrants swallow down all the imaginary histories of the excellence of the Australian country, he adds with great truth—

"Nothing is too extravagant for their belief. Unshackled by dull reality, their ideas wander in the regions of romance, from whence it is natural to suppose that none but pleasing and delightful images will be drawn. They persuade themselves that all the annoyances which had previously affected, will vanish on their landing.

How miserably they have been deceiving themselves, if they are destined to undergo but half the difficulties and privations which, however successful they may be, however wealthy they may become at any future time, they must at their first outset encounter. No words can express the utter misery and despair felt by the agriculturist on landing in these colonies,

"When he discovers too late that the country to which he has exiled himself, and for which he has left his native land, is as deficient of general fertility as his own country is remarkable for it."

He finds that for the rich valleys and clear streams of his native land, he has taken in exchange the dry water courses and the sandy wilderness of Australia.

"Never (continues the author) will be obliterated from my mind the recollection of the calamitous appearance of a fellow-passenger after he had landed on the shore for which he had been sighing for many months. During the voyage his countenance was that of a hale, hearty man; after the lapse of only one week his appearance was miserable in the extreme, his countenance squalid, and it was evident the poor fellow was thoroughly heart-broken; his expectations had received a sudden check, and those dreams in which he had so long indulged were at once rudely dissolved by the unsoftened reality."

Mr. Bartlett draws a very dark picture of the morality of all the Australian colonies, even in those places where convicts are not sent. There appears a general disregard for the laws, and great difficulty in obtaining legal redress for grievances suffered by individuals. Servants are, in the remote districts, almost wholly independent of the controul of their employes. Being frequently convicts or the associates of convicts, they materially influence the morals and character of the children of the settlers' families. Children are the creatures of imitation;

they soon adopt the habits of those with whom they are associated, and it must be apparent to the most casual observer with what difficulty early impressions are removed.

"If young children are bred up in the midst of fraud, dissimulation, and dishonesty, the influence of the principles of virtue which may be expounded to them in an abstract form, will be but as the passing wind, felt only for a time."

Drunkenness prevails to a frightful extent throughout all the Australian colonies. The reasons assigned for this baneful habit being more common than in Europe, are the excessive heat of the air in summer, brackish water and salt provisions; and not unfrequently the feelings of disappointment which emigrants experience on seeing the soil which they have inconsiderately made the land of their adoption, drive them to drown care in the intoxicating bowl.

"Men have been known," says the writer, "to sit down, having made every arrangement beforehand for the supply of liquor, with the avowed intention of drinking themselves to death."

The vaunted superiority of Australia over every other country in its climate, and the productions necessary for man's existence and comfort, is shown to be a mere fallacy. In the latter portion of the volume will be found some sensible observations respecting the waste of English capital in this distant and unprofitable colony, while so fair a field for its disposal exists at home, more particularly in Ireland, where, if it were employed with care and judgment in opening avenues for the interchange of the produce and industry, it would, according to the evidence of Mr. C. Williams (the best practical authority that could be adduced on such a subject,) produce an annual increase in the revenue equal to the whole of the capital expended.

THE TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLE

ON BOARD MERCHANT VESSELS.

A committee of the House of Commons, in the year 1836, in inquiring into the cause of shipwrecks, ascribed a large proportion of them to the practice of drunkenness among the officers and crews, and much evidence was adduced to prove that numbers of lives and an immense amount of property were annually lost from this cause alone. Besides this, it was also proved that the Americans were getting a superiority of the carrying trade, principally from adopting the temperance principle, the practice of which was rewarded by the American Marine Insurance Companies on the return voyages. At Liverpool and Newcastle the same principle is fast growing into use, and some of the chief merchants and shipowners, who tried it partially, have now adopted it wholly. Whatever may be said of "Teetotallers" on land, it is quite clear that "Teetotallers" at sea must greatly conduce to the safety of vessels. With this view (observes a London journal) a new Marine Insurance Company, under the name of "The Temperance and General Marine Insurance Company," is about being ushered to public notice under high patronage, making returns on premiums after safe voyages, and granting prizes to captains after a certain number of years.

RESISTANCE OF THE AIR.

In most treatises on Pneumatics, this important subject is illustrated in a very defective manner; indeed often so as to lead to error. A very common illustration is the noise produced by the swift motion of a rod or whip through the air. If we take an elastic rod, this noise is certainly produced; but if we move in the same manner a rod of equal dimensions, and almost inelastic, we shall find no perceptible sound. If we take different rods of various degrees of elasticity, we shall find that most sound is produced by the movement of the most elastic, and least sound by the motion of the least elastic rods. We must, therefore, infer that it is the vibration of the rods that produces sound, not the resistance of the air. But it may be still said, that, only for the resistance of the air, the rod would not vibrate. It is however plain, that vibration can go on in a vacuum: for suppose the atmosphere to be withdrawn, and let an elastic rod be suddenly moved in the vacancy, motion is communicated at first to the end of the rod which is held, and the rest remains from its inertia fixed for an inconceivably small space of time; the rod must therefore bend, and consequently vibrate. But of course no sound is produced, there being no conductor, and it is principally as a conductor the air acts in the example given in the treatises on Pneumatics. Of course the air exercises some degree of resistance on the motion of the rod, if we shake it in it; but it is too trifling and too imperceptible to entitle it to be made an illustration of that important property. H. H.

LIFE.

Life is like the beam of morn,
That dits before the sun;
'Tis like a dew-drop on the thorn,
That glitters and is gone.
'Tis like the rainbow's gilded light,
That sparkles in the sky;
'Tis like the lucid tears of night,
Which in the morning die.
'Tis like the parting blush of day,
When low the sun declines;
'Tis like the last expiring ray
That on the mountain shines.
'Tis like a false deluding dream,
Too fleeting long to last;
'Tis like a bubble on the stream,
That bursts with ev'ry blast.
Thus man, exulting with delight,
Oft withers in his bloom,
And shrouded in eternal night,
Lies hushed within the tomb.

W.

VEGETABLE GROWTHS IN THE HUMAN SKIN.—

It has been recently discovered that several diseases of the skin owe their peculiar character to the growth of fungi or cryptogamic plants in that texture. M. Greby, of Vienna, describes a species of cryptogamic which occupies the roots of the beard, and forms a species of contagious mentagra. The disease generally occupies the chin, lips, or cheeks; and the affected parts are covered with greyish and yellow scabs formed by the epidermic cells, under which is the root of the hair, surrounded completely by a sheath of cryptogamic: the vegetable is not elevated above the surface of the epidermis. Some kind of fungi have also been discovered in the scalp in cases of ringworm.

A STRAY LEAF FROM THE CHRONICLES
OF SIENNA.

"The woody dell, the hanging rock,

The plain adorn'd with many a flock ;
And, ah ! a thousand more delights
That grace you dear beloved retreat."

KIRK WHITE.

"Malko ! Malko !" cried a little shrivelled old man, in a feeble voice, as he rapped violently with the brass knocker of a green gate that opened into the garden of a small house or villa situated on the eastern slope of the great valley of Strove.* "Open, you d—d negro ! Open, I say, or I'll kick in the door !"

"Push it in rather, Maolo," said a rough voice from behind—the owner of which was a man passed middle age, who was mounted on a mule richly caparisoned, that stood at some distance from the old man. "Push it in ; it is only closed."

"You're right, my lord," replied Maolo, pushing forward the door, which, opening readily, presented to the view of the two strangers a little garden carefully cultivated, and which a judicious distribution of trees and walks rendered larger in appearance than it really was.

At the bottom of the garden stood a small and pretty house, the walls of which, though bearing marks of decay, yet still carefully whitened, attested the owner's struggles to appear decent, in spite of poverty. The windows of its single story were still closed, as during the heat of the day, though the sun, descending slowly behind the Rhaodicefoni,† had left that part of the valley entirely in the shade.

"There's nobody here," grumbled the old man, as he advanced into the garden, followed by a large terrier, with bandy legs.

A more attentive examination soon discovered, squatted in the midst of a shady thicket, Maolo, the object of their search. It was difficult to distinguish his dusky figure from the dark green of the trees, under the shade of which, Tityrus fashion, he was trying to make a reed pipe, and which he appeared to have just completed, to judge from the green shavings and the old pruning knife placed near him. He had, apparently for greater freedom of action, placed his cap upon a neighbouring branch, and his marked partiality towards the same happy condition displayed itself in the specimen of an African skin which he exhibited at the elbows of a doublet, once, indeed, of a bright scarlet, but now, alas ! faded as the fallen leaf ; as, also, at the knees of a trousers, to give a name to the colour of which exceeds our poor abilities : some indescribable shade of grey would, perhaps, come nearest the truth. If to these trifles there be added a broad sheep-skin belt that encircled the negro's waist, we shall have completed the enumeration of his scanty wardrobe.

"I want to speak to your master," said Maolo, as he approached the negro.

"My lord and his sister are gone out."

"Is it long till they'll be back ?"

"Maybe so."

"Do you know what, Signor Malko ? I'll box your ears if I do not get some better answers than these from you."

"My ears !" replied Malko, looking alternately at

his own person and that of the old man, as if wishing to contrast his own herculean form with the little bundle of skin and bones before him. "Who will box my ears ?"

"The new purchaser of the demesne, Signor Castruccio, who is listening to every word you say. Ha ! Master Malko !"

"Maolo," cried a third voice, that of Signor Castruccio, "come here ; what are you doing with that negro ?"

"See Malko ; see, his lordship is impatient. Tell me, when will your master be back ?"

"Immediately," replied the negro this turn ; and having instant recourse to the soothing influence of his pipe, to subdue the rising indignation, naturally enough caused by hearing himself spoken of so contemptuously.

"Signor, the master of the house will be back in a few moments," said Maolo, as he rejoined his master.

"Very well ; fasten my mule here, and I'll rest myself on the grass till he returns."

Throwing the bridle over the head of the animal into the hands of the old man, he stretched himself under the shade of a cluster of trees, growing at the right side of the cottage, which now, at the evening hour, threw their long shadows for a great way down over the picturesque valley of Strove, that lay extended from east to west before him.

It presented the appearance of an immense amphitheatre, in the middle of which, scattered in irregular groups, numbers of white houses were to be seen—each being adorned with a flowered terrace and gilded balcony ; and up from those gay things came the evening breeze, laden with a perfume, and breathing the coolness of the hour.

The goatherd blew a clear, shrill note, and the flocks, with an answering cry, began to return to their night shelter : the sheep and goats came slowly on with many a wind and turn, and some there were who a tender blade of grass drew aside, and then another still further, and they would remain laggards behind, but for the cry of the shepherd or the bark of the dog.

The melancholy sound of the mountain horn was answered by the soft tones of the shepherd's pipe, and both were lost in the murmur from the valley, which soon itself died away.

Castruccio and Maolo sat upon a mossy hillock ; they looked on the distant prospect in silence, and apparently not without interest—and yet their silence may have arisen from another source than that of admiration.

Of the two, he who appeared to be the master wore a vest, the right side of which was of a yellow colour, and embroidered with silver stars ; the left, of a deep purple, and adorned with little red flowers tipped with gold. His doublet and head gear were blue, and bordered with a golden fringe, and his belt of the same colour, terminated in two golden drops that rested on the right leg of his trousers, which leg was of a deep red, while the left was black. A large cloak, that hung down to his ankles and covered his whole person, completed this rich but grotesque costume—a costume that was admirably matched by shoes *a la pulaine*, the points of which appeared to threaten two little grey eyes that kept up a ceaseless dance under his large and massive eye-brows.

The little, ugly man, Maolo, with whom we have formed our first acquaintance, was dressed exactly, omitting the richness, like his master, even to the little dagger stuck in his belt, the handle of which, unlike that of his master, of ivory incrustated with gold, was of plain white bone, and without ornament.

"Don't you think," said Castruccio to his old servant, who waited for his master to speak first—
"don't you think that if I could add this spot to my

* A valley situated among the Apennines.

† A high mountain.

own ground, it would be three times better than what it is?"

"Yes, signor, I always thought so; but I think it will be difficult to come to terms with the young man who owns this house."

"Indeed!"

"When your lordship is acquainted with young Montanini, you will see the truth of what I say."

"Montanini!" repeated Castruccio slowly to himself, as if trying to remember some recollections of his connected with the name. "Is he not a descendant of that proud family which, a century ago, held the reins of government in Sienna?"

"Yes, signor, it was almost destroyed, you may recollect, in a bloody contest with the Salembeni family."

"Yes, I think I recollect."

"Your lordship is, doubtless, aware of the origin of the feud?"

"No."

"It arose out of a wild boar hunt about a hundred years ago, and has ceased only for want of combatants, as the Signor Montanini and his sister are the last of their family."

"A wild boar hunt!"

"Yes, signor. At a general hunting match, one of these animals happening to be run down, it was claimed by both parties; neither would yield its claim; and getting hot on the matter, from words the transition to violence was natural; so, from a treacherous blow with his sword, first given by one of the party of the fallen family, at that time originated a hatred, to which a rivalry in power and ambition had every day only added fresh fuel."

"And since that time has there been no attempt at reconciliation between the two families?"

"No, signor."

"The young man and his sister live together. Are they alone?"

"The Signora Nella is attended by an old servant of her mother's, and the Signor Montanini by that old negro, Malko, with whom I was talking just now. His life was saved by his present master, while an officer on board the Venetian galleys, during an expedition to the coast of Africa."

"So the young Montanini is difficult to manage," said Castruccio, inquiringly, after a moment's pause.

"Proud as a peacock, signor; you would think him the owner of a duchy."

"Has he no other property but this?"

"No, signor."

"In that case," muttered Castruccio, "I will be able to succeed; with a little money I shall gain my point."

As he finished speaking, Maolo, turning his head round, perceived through the foliage the dark eyes of the negro fixed on them, and apparently listening with attention to what they were saying. Without appearing to observe him, the old man bent slowly back, and then on a sudden throwing up his arm, he struck at the projecting woolly head of the negro with a switch he held in his hand, and seemingly with success, as the black immediately bestirred himself, and was making off until seen by Castruccio.

"Indeed, Malko, I did not intend it," said the little, malicious, old villain, twisting his thin lips into a smile of satisfaction.

"I came," said Malko in reply, and looking towards the valley, "to tell you that my master and mistress are coming; they are at the little wooden gate at the end of the garden."

"Well, go and tell your master that Signor Castruccio, member of the Mont des Reformateurs,* wishes to speak with him."

"Master," said Malko, as he entered into a small apartment on the ground floor, where Montanini and his sister were sitting, "there's a gentleman at the gate who wishes to speak with you."

"Did he tell you his name?"

"He called himself Castruccio."

"Castruccio!" said Montanini; "a little, red-faced man, with large eye-brows, and a scar on his face; a suspicious looking figure; eh! Malko?"

"Yes, master; very ugly and very red."

"You know him, Charles?" said his sister, evidently disturbed.

"Not exactly, Nella; but I have seen him several times in Sienna," replied the brother; and then, speaking to himself, he continued—"Indeed we are all acquainted with the Signor Castruccio and his cruelties. What can he want of me? I have nothing to do with their politics or their intrigues; and, whether or no, he considers me in his way."

"And what is the cause of your difference, Charles? I never knew ye had any intercourse."

"Don't you know, Nella, that ever since the election to the Presidency of the Mount of one of that family, the rival and the enemy of our own, the Salembeni, there is nothing for us but persecution and annoyance?" said the brother, bitterly.

"What has either of us done to them?" cried Nella, weeping. "Surely we could not, even involuntarily, have given them offence?"

"No, no, Nella; we merely feel the effects of that terrible law of vengeance, emanating from human folly, that revenges on the children the injuries of the parents."

During this conversation, Malko was expressing his utter astonishment by a most eloquent stare, when Montanini turned suddenly round to him, and said—

"Go, Malko, and show this Castruccio in here. You can tell him I'll be with him in an instant. Dry your tears, Nella, and take courage; by dint of suffering, we shall at last drink the cup to the dregs—then we can frown on the past, for we shall be conquerors. Do not forget at your devotions to pray for patience and courage for us both."

"Be prudent, my dear Charles," replied his sister, embracing him, "and all will be well. Endure this one visit with calmness."

"Adversity has well tried me already, sister; but what pains me most is, to be obliged to meet such men as Castruccio, whom I abhor. At all events, I shall endeavour to bear this new trial."

When he had finished speaking, they parted, and both retired to their own apartments.

Malko, grasping the black fleece on his head, and with mouth half open, stood listening to a discourse, one word of which he did not understand. All he could observe was, the tear in his young mistress's eye, and his own large whites began to water.

After remaining for a moment or two in his darling position—that of immobility—and pondering on what he had seen, he at last set about accomplishing the orders he received concerning Castruccio; but so slowly, that his legs seemed to contend which would do its proper office with least rapidity.

"This is too bad, negro," said Castruccio, looking rather indignant, as soon as he perceived Malko; "does your master intend I should sleep with him?"

"He is waiting for you below."

"Where below?"

"At the house."

"Ha!" muttered Castruccio; "so it appears Signor Montanini is too dignified a gentleman to come and meet me. Well, nigger, go on; I'll follow you."

When they entered the house, Malko showed the

* Chief of the republic of Sienna, in the 14th century.

pompous old gentleman into the little parlour, telling him at the same time that his master would not detain him an instant.

CHAPTER II.

"Where sleep my noble fathers."—DOGE OF VENICE.

When Montanini entered the room, Castruccio stopped short in the middle of a very hasty walk, which he, no doubt, intended should serve for the very useful purpose of being a safety valve to his impatience; at all events, he seemed shy of coming near the glass, or any of the other breakable articles in the department. Well, but he stopped, and met his host with a patronising nod.

"To what circumstance do I owe the honour of this visit, Signor Castruccio?" said the young man, returning his salute, with a countenance not at all indicative of satisfaction.

"Signor Montanini is, doubtless, aware that I am his next neighbour," said Castruccio, in a more conciliating tone.

"I was ignorant I had that happiness, signor."

"Ah! it was only yesterday that I came to live at the Villa-Nuova. I have learned with pleasure that you were my neighbour—this part of the valley is so lonesome."

"Very true, signor; the few houses that might give life to it are at the bottom, and often we can see only fog from this."

"Time must, I think, hang heavy on your hands."

"Oh! no, signor, no; I am not alone; and I can hunt and walk," said the young Italian, impatiently.

"This would be a delightful place, were it not so much out of the way. It surprises me that you can be satisfied to live here alone, with your sister and attendants."

"Signor, my house has satisfied me until—"

"You could easily get rid of this spot, and take the little green house at the bottom of the hill, almost in a line with us. The proceeds of the sale of one will suffice for the purchase of the other; not that your house is of equal value with, or possesses any advantage over, the one below, except merely that of its capability of being united to the neighbouring property—for, you know, they are parted only by a trench. Either of them singly is too small, and would by no means suffice for a gentleman's demesne; they are mutually injurious to each other, and to unite the two is the only way to remedy this defect. What say you, signor?"

"Ah!" said Montanini slowly, and looking the old gentleman steadily in the face—"you wish me to sell my house?"

"If—if you would do it," lisped Castruccio, somewhat confounded by his bold gaze—"I would give you a large sum of money."

"You are the more generous, Signor Castruccio, since, as you say, it is of no great value. Its foundations are sapping every day; its decayed walls and loose stones threaten ruin every minute. It has been like our family, signor, strong yesterday, and standing firm in the fiercest storms; to-day, tottering and trembling in every wind that passes; and to-morrow, perhaps, it will overwhelm in its ruins the last of the race of Montanini. Look at that window—there—to the right. Under these large stone crosses sleeps a great family, each member of which was slain in repelling the encroachments of grasping strangers. Once, signor, we owned all this valley; but each time the tomb closed on a Montanini our limits have narrowed; and, perhaps, one day hence, when I shall be the last of that proud name, I shall not move forward ten paces without walking on another's ground: but these ten paces are to me all

the past and the future: for within that small space for a century have my fathers slept, and for the possession of the world I would not yield up that sacred spot."

"What, signor! you refuse for this single reason some thousands of florins?" said Castruccio, with an incredulous air.

"You have my answer, signor," said Montanini, firmly.

"Still, Signor Montanini should reflect before he refuses me," replied Castruccio, drily.

"Very true; it is not, perhaps, prudent to refuse so influential a member of the Mont des Reformateurs. It is rash, indeed, to refuse the offer of the right hand of the Salembeni family."

"You are assuming airs, signor!"

"Which displease you," replied Montanini, ironically. "Is it not very bold of me, whose ancestors governed Italy, and whose family deeds are recorded on the marbles of Venice, to dare to raise my voice in presence of Castruccio, of notorious memory, formerly a beggar in the streets of Sienna, and now covered with the ermine of a judge? Who can tell the number of murders this beggar of yesterday, this judge of an hour, has been guilty of?—who the number of dagger-blows he has given to attain his present position?—the number he will give to retain it?"

The eyes of Castruccio shot fire, and he made as if he would lay hold of his dagger; but instantly changing his intention, he hurried out of the room, telling Montanini, as far as a look could, all the hate of a blood-thirsty revenge.

"The wretch!" muttered Montanini, as soon as he lost sight of him. "Is it by the scum of society, such as he, that a country should be governed? Poor Italy!" added he, with a sigh—"long, long will you feel the effects of our disorders. Centuries of time will not obliterate the traces of the present. On that spot of desolation, the battle field, a few years will bring a smiling harvest—from the moral field of society, time will scarcely remove the blight."

"Master," said Malko, putting in his head through the open window, "will I fasten the doors?"

"Do, and give me a light."

"Will I awake you to-morrow morning, master?"

"Do not. I have walked a great deal to-day, and am fatigued, and so I do not intend getting up as early as usual."

As he went up to his room, Montanini stopped at his sister's door and listened; hearing no noise, he went away on tiptoe that he might not awake her.

When Nella parted with her brother, she retired to her little room, and there, seating herself in the window, on an old-fashioned arm-chair, a family record of the past, she gazed in melancholy abstraction on the valley beyond; her eyes appearing to rest with a slight degree of pleasure on the tops of the large trees now stirred by the evening wind. Suina, an old follower of the family, who had watched her from her infancy, sat near her, on a stool, covered with a peculiar sort of stuff, on which were worked some very fantastical figures—mementos of the taste of an elder day. Her long, bony fingers were in continual motion, running over the decades of a bead that looked as if it had passed through even older hands than those of its present mistress.

The breeze rising up from the valley, and coming in by the window, breathed its freshness on everything within, even in the inmost nook, waving gently the covering of the snow-white bed, and the blue fringed covers of the antique but rich furniture of the young lady's apartment.

"Suina," said she, after a long pause, during which her head rested thoughtfully on her hand, she spoke softly and with a slight hesitation, "awake me, or rather I will awake you, to-morrow at daybreak, and

we will go and pray at the chapel of St. Catharine, the patroness and relation of our family."

"What do you mean, signora?" replied the old woman, in astonishment. "I'm sure you would be afraid to venture so far."

"My good Suina, you are mistaken; it would not take us an hour to go there. Don't you feel strong enough to undertake this little journey?"

"And though, signora, and though we were obliged, indeed—"

"You do not think it necessary. Indeed you are mistaken, Suina, we have too long neglected to obtain the intercession of St. Catharine, and she has got tired of us. I have been a long time thinking of doing so, and the visit that has been paid us this evening, and my brother's anxiety, have determined me; for I am daily in dread of some new misfortune. Yes, Suina, I am determined to go to St. Catharine's to-morrow and pray there."

"And what will your brother say, signora?"

"My brother is too just to hinder me from doing what I believe to be my duty. I have not, indeed, told him of my intention, because there are many things which we feel obligatory, and yet cannot give a sufficient reason why. We will just tell Malko before we go, in order that he may inform Charles of our destination; perhaps he may come and join us."

"If you are determined, signora, you would do well to go to bed; you see it is dark all round the hill-tops. But what are they doing at our neighbour's house?" said Suina, approaching the window: and both, like true women, forgot the subject of their deliberation, in the wish to gratify their curiosity.

In this they were unsuccessful—as, strain their eyes as they would, the only sense gratified was that of hearing; and this by the bark of a dog, or the voice of Maolo, as each rose alternately higher, and at distant intervals, as they could be heard, knocks at the door of the Villa-Nuova, as of one impatient to enter; but this soon ceased, and the clatter from without was changed for confusion as great, though not so uproarious, within—to judge from the lights glancing through the windows, as if the persons who bore them were passing rapidly to and fro.

After listening for some time in silence, and to little purpose, Nella and Suina bade each other good night, and agreeing on their place of meeting at day-break, each retired to gain that rest and refreshment preparatory to their morning's task. Castruccio, after spending upwards of two hours in resolving plans of vengeance against the young man with whom he had such a short acquaintance, was also on the point of going to bed, when his tiger-like meditations were disturbed by the little affair got up between his dog and the noisy stranger on the outside. He was going to see if Maolo could inform him why "a poor, inoffensive old man" should be disturbed at that unreasonable hour, and he had his hand on the door about opening it when that functionary, no doubt in his hurry to communicate "immediate information" to his "beloved master," had well nigh rendered that master utterly incapable of hearing it; for, forgetting, or neglecting, the ordinary application of his knuckles, and being likewise unacquainted with the immediate contiguity of his master's nose to the door—the sublimating effects of revenge on the mind may account for the said old gentleman's obtuseness to sound—he pushed the door suddenly, and as suddenly measured his master's length on the ground: proving thereby to a demonstration that his liege lord was of such a length as would extend from the bottom of the door to the massive leg of the table, with which his head came in contact. When Maolo observed the effects of his blundering haste, he ran forward with a most expressive howl, and lifted up his half-stunned, half-furious master, in whom even curiosity

had still its share; for, while spitting curses through his clenched teeth, he was lifting up his head in order to begin his inquiries of Maolo when his eyes rested on the cause of all the confusion. This was the stranger who had been knocking at the door, and whom Maolo was about to introduce to his master. He had come from Sienna fast as speed of foot could carry him, bringing a message of vital importance to Castruccio.

"Signor," said he, addressing Castruccio, with as much respect as a strong propensity to laugh would allow him to assume, "Signor Salembeni sends you this," presenting at the same time a large packet.

Castruccio broke the seal hastily, and, after running over the letter with his eye—circumstances sharpen people's invention, even though they be stunned—he muttered, "d—n it, this grows serious; so the conspirators have gone so far;" and then he added aloud—"That will do: tell Signor Salembeni I will be off to-morrow at day-break. Here," said he, giving him some sequins, "make all the haste you can. Do you hear, Maolo? you stupid fellow! wake me to-morrow at day-break, and do not pull me out of bed by the leg in a mistake."

The venerable person to whom these words were addressed heard them with a surprise and an exultation which, to say the least of them, were certainly unbecoming sober grey hairs; the activity too which he displayed in putting the door between him and his master was confessedly indecorous, and the only modifying circumstance which we can advance as a ground on which to claim his right to belong to that most respectable portion of society—the elderly gentlemen—is the deliberation with which he examined every joint portion of skin and bone in his body, particularly his head, as soon as the door was between him and his master. There was nothing foolish in the act; it was simply to satisfy himself that all was safe as when he went.

The good man's surprise was natural; but he would cease to wonder did he know that there was one object to which his vindictive master would for the future refer every trouble, accident or disappointment.

"Hah!" muttered that same master, his eye glancing at the letter as the door closed; "he shall soon feel what it is to insult a member of the Mont des Reformateurs." His hand supported his yet aching head, under which peered his little, vicious grey eyes.

B. H.

(To be continued.)

IRON FOUNDING.—Wrought iron and steel cannot be properly melted by heat. At high temperatures, they drop away and spark off, while the main body of the metal maintains its consistency, and it undergoes rapid oxidation, as is shown by the scales which are perpetually formed on the surface. These metals are, however, in this condition rendered extremely ductile, and the wrought iron especially may be fashioned with facility into any required form by the application of the hammer. On the contrary, pig iron, of which wrought iron and steel are preparation, has peculiarly the property of liquefaction by heat, and is therefore well adapted as a material for castings, in which strength and hardness are required. The business of the iron-founder is therefore to take advantage of the common law, according to which fluids always find their level. If, for example, a quantity of water be poured into a vessel, however curiously shaped, it first finds the bottom, and then spreads on all sides as it rises, filling every corner it can reach. The body of water must then be a perfect model in form of the interior of the vessel, and this may be seen by solidifying it in its place by the application of cold, and extracting the body of ice.

RAVAGES OF WAR!

The destruction of human life—the devastation of thriving and populous countries, which occurred during the Seven Years' War, were indeed enormous, and are thus briefly set forth in Campbell's "Court and Times of Frederick the Great :—"

"The king calculates that the war cost him 180,000 soldiers and upwards of 1,500 officers; 31 generals and 161 staff-officers had either fallen in battle or died of their wounds. In the whole, the Prussian army lost during the war about 4,000 officers: for accidents and disease carried off about the same number as the sword. The Russians, who had fought four great battles, reckoned their total loss at 120,000 men. That power had not gained any extension of territory, but it had acquired a military reputation in the West, and what was still more, it had established its military authority in Poland. * * The Austrians, who had been engaged in ten battles, had sustained a total loss of 140,000 men, including the garrison of Breslau and Schweidnitz. The French, by their own calculation, had lost 200,000; the allied English and Germans, 160,000; the Swedes, 25,000; the princes of the empire, 28,000. Thus, Frederick computed the loss of the belligerent powers at 853,000 dead."

The economic losses of this war speak even of a still more deplorable destruction of human happiness.

"The specie of the country was quite exhausted; the silver plate in the palace of Potsdam, together with the diamond buttons and other decorations of Frederick I., were gone; and the whole kingdom, especially the margravate of Brandenburg, was dreadfully devastated. All the king's enemies had drained his dominions, and levied moreover contributions to the amount of 125 millions of dollars. The fields lay uncultivated for want of cattle and seed-corn, and partly also for want of hands to till them. * * Arohenholz, the historian of the war, and an eye-witness of the miseries which it inflicted, draws a picture so deplorable of the state in which it left Germany in general, as to almost exceed belief. 'The sufferings of great part of Germany,' he says, 'had been immense. Whole provinces had been laid waste; and even in those that were not, internal commerce and industry were annihilated; and this too in spite of the large sums which France, England, Russia, and Sweden had scattered over them, either through their armies or by means of subsidies. The amount of these sums is calculated at 500 million of dollars. Great part of Pomerania and Brandenburg was converted into a desert. There were provinces in which scarcely any men were to be found, and where the women were therefore obliged to guide the plough. In others, women were as scarce as men. At every step appeared extensive tracts of uncultivated land, and the most fertile plains in Germany, on the banks of the Oder and the Wesel, looked like the wilds of the Ohio and Oronoko. An officer affirmed that he passed through seven villages in the Hessian dominions, and met with only a single individual—the pastor of one them.'"

"Such," observes the author, "were the only results of a contest that left all the parties precisely at the point from which they set out."

VELOCITY OF LIGHT.—Light moves with a velocity of 192,500 miles in a second of time. It travels from the sun to the earth in seven minutes and a half. It moves through a space equal to the circumference of our globe in the eighth part of a second—a flight which the swiftest bird could not perform in less than three weeks.—*Brewster's Optics.*

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR 1843.

Mercury, the nearest known planet to the sun, may be seen near the western horizon soon after sunset, on or about the 30th of January (setting about a quarter past six,) the 24th May (setting about ten in the evening), and the 31st Dec. (setting about a quarter past four;) and may be seen eastward, a little before sunrise, on the mornings of the 12th July and the 31st October. On the 12th and 13th July, this planet will be very near Venus, and on the last day of the year near Saturn. Venus, though the most brilliant planet in the heavens, is not well situated for observation this year; the best times for viewing her by the naked eye will be in the mornings of January, February, and July, and in the evenings of the last two weeks in December. Through a good telescope, Venus will appear a fine large crescent in January, and in December exhibit the appearance of a little full moon. Mars may be seen in the mornings in the early part of the year, and in the evenings of the Autumn months. He will be at his least distance from the earth in June, when he will appear with a large and ruddy disc, near the south-eastern horizon. Jupiter will appear very splendid, even to common observers, in the evenings from the middle of August to the end of December. Saturn will be in an advantageous position for observation during July, August, and September; at the same time, if the telescope be a good one, and will bear a considerable power, this planet, and its extraordinary ring, will present rather a novel sight to those who may not be accustomed to observations of this kind.

BE THANKFUL.

Oh! let us be thankful in youth,
And let us be thankful in age,
Let us be thankful through life,
For there's pleasure in every stage.

Youth has its own sweet joys,
And he must be blind as a bat
Who cannot see love's sweet smile,
And will not be thankful for that.

There are friends the dearest to cheer,
Ere half our sand is run;
And affection makes wintry days
As bright as the summer's sun.

And when from the dearest on earth
We part, let us hope 'tis given
A boon to the thankful still
To meet them again in Heaven!

ANECDOTE OF BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.—I was much amused to hear of a narrow escape made by Sheridan when he was deer-shooting once in the north; but his ingenuity was equal to every emergency, and delivered him on this occasion. The Duke of Atholl having furnished him with an escort of Highlanders, besides a luxurious and very substantial luncheon, he began the day's sport by sitting down to finish the wine and refreshments, during which unusual commencement of the campaign, his companions, after consulting aside for some time, came forward in a body, and sternly asked whether he were any relation to "that wicked fellow, Sheridan of London, who had dared to abuse Lord Melville?" "What do you take me for?" answered Sheridan, with well feigned indignation. "Related to such a fellow as that! If I could only catch the rascal, I would hang him on the spot!" "So should we, as soon as look at him!" replied the trusty escort, confidentially; and poor Sheridan, who frequently told the story afterwards, lost no time in making a pretext to hurry home.—*Miss Sinclair's Shetland.*

SCRAPS FROM IRISH HISTORY.

STRONGBOW.

"The walls of Christ's Church, Dublin, entomb the dust of 'Strongbow,' Earl of Pembroke, the great Anglo-Norman conqueror of Ireland. He died about 'the kalends' of June, 1177, of mortification in the foot, and was interred in the Cathedral."—HALL'S IRELAND.

(Concluded from No. 15.)

I.

"And hast thou come with bow and spear
To taunt the slain, thou man of pride?
Then gaze thy fill, for silent here
Lies him who to the last defied
Thy robber host, and constant stood
For God and for his country's right;
And died at last, as chieftain should,
The foremost of his tribe in fight.
When backwards beat, tho' Raymond led
Their riders fierce, the Saxons fled,
And quail'd their mail-clad knights before
Thy good right arm, MacCarthy More.
First of a thousand heroes who, like thee,
Moved o'er the heath, or trod the hill.
In peace thou wert the goodly tree
That gives to all a shelter free;
In war, the lightning swift to kill,
Fleet hunter of the bounding roe!
Strong arm in battle! art thou low?
Yet better thus, amid thy fame
To glorious die, as sets the sun,
Than live to see thy country's shame;
This conflict lost, thy birthright won.
Oh! woe for Desmond! on her pride
A cloud hath sunk, a ruin wide;
And who shall bear from wild Glencar
This dismal tidings of the war,
And tell on Mourne's hills and plain
That Erin's pride, MacCarthy's slain?
A shelter and a home for all,
The traveller blest thy open hall—
The orphan felt thy guardian care,
And thine the widow's grateful prayer.
Hope of all hearts! Glanhira's stay!
Oh! wherefore hast thou past away?"

II.

"Nor triumph thou who wrought this deed,
Tho' flush'd with conquest, graced with power,
On fortune's path you reckless speed.
Tremble! there yet shall come an hour
When Heaven's sure vengeance shall o'ertake,
With fearful meed, both thee and thine,
Till men shall marvel as they make
A record of thy fate and crime.
Ride on! a doom is on thy steed,
Fulfil the course that is decreed,
Profane God's holy altar! slay
The gallant hearts that scorn thy sway,
Wed with a monarch's daughter! win
All but a crown to deck thy brow,
Revel in conquest and in sin
As never mortal dared but thou!
And yet the meanest kern that crawls,
Despite thy pomp and regal halls,
E'en in his hut, will thankful be—
Proud Saxon earl, he is not thee!
Ride on! a nation's curse to feel,
Pierce thro' thy panoply of steel,
Wither thy hopes with sudden blight.
And heart and brain destroying smite;
And since within the land thy blade
Full many sires hath childless made,
Av'nging Heaven shall hear their cries,
And claim from thee a sacrifice;
And on thy hearth the sword shall come,
Nor scathless shall it pass away,
Thou father of a coward son,*

Whom thy own savage hand shall slay!
Seeking with stern and ruthless pride
His recreant infamy to hide.

III.

"But vain! that hope; that crimson stain
Shall dwell for ages on thy name,
And thou shalt feel within thy breast
The gnawing pain that knows not rest—
Withering thy heart as 'twere a thing
That hath a serpent at its core;
Night shall to thee but torture bring,
And God's pure sunshine vex thee more.
Go live to see thy blood wrought power
Crumble to pieces in an hour,
Thy friends fall off, thy vassals flee, †
And to another hand the knee;
And he, thy hated rival, take
Thy leader's fame, and scornful make
Thee, haughty earl! deprent to ride
In secondary triumph by his side.
Ay! seek the revel, it shall bring
No charm to lull thy suffering;
Sullen and dull, no festive glee,
Or banquet mirth, shall gladden thee;
And thou shalt sit beside the board
In sullen grandeur, and abhor'd
Even by those who call thee lord,
Till death were better than such state
Of mingled infamy and hate!

IV.

"And not upon the battle field,
On the good steed in harness bright,
Shouting thy war cry, shall thou yield
Thy spirit up, as fits a knight;
But pent within a leaguer'd wall,
And rotting with a foul disease, ‡
Despised and lone; thy parting hour
Shall prove Heaven's vengeance and its power,
O'er all who work such scenes as these.

truly or not, appears more than doubtful—of his inhuman conduct towards his son. This youth having been alarmed by the war cries of the Irish, at the battle of the Pass of Idrome, fled in a panic to Dublin, and there announced that his father and his army had been all destroyed. When assured of his mistake, he hastened to join the earl in his camp, and was cheerfully congratulating him on his victory, when the inhuman father drew his sword, and, as tradition runs, cut the ill-fated youth in two."—*Moore's Ireland*.

† "Strongbow, conscious of the critical situation in which he was placed, ordered his forces to be immediately mustered, and prepared to march at their head for the succour of the town (Dublin); but a new triumph awaited the popular General Raymond Le Gros: the troops refused to march under any other leader. . . . But further views began now to open upon Raymond, and his ambition rising with his fortune, he ventured to acknowledge to Strongbow a passion he had entertained for Basilina, that nobleman's sister, and asked at once for the double favour of being honoured with the hand of the lady and of being appointed constable and standard bearer of Leinster. To this suit of the aspiring soldier, the earl's answer was cold and reserved; but, at same time, sufficiently explicit to shew that neither of the two requests did he mean to comply with; which so deeply offended the ambitious Raymond that he instantly threw up his commission, and retired into Wales. . . ." Such is the language of Moore when describing the quarrel between Strongbow and Raymond Le Gros. It is easy, therefore, to imagine how galling it must have been to the proud earl to be obliged to sue for the return of his offended general, and comply with all his wishes.

‡ "In the year 1176, died, in Dublin, Richard de Clare Earl of Pembroke, commonly called 'Strongbow,' of a cancerous sore in his leg."—*Irish History*.

* How strong was the traditional impression of the cruelty of Strongbow's character appears from the tale told—whether

No bard shall sing thy slighted name,
No herald blazon forth thy fame—
The very scutcheon of thy race
Shall moulder from thy resting place,
And leave thy rude sepulchral stone
A thing neglected and unknown,
Till God's red bolt, in anger sent,
Shall shattering mark thy monument; *
And men shall recognise thy tomb,
And shuddering tell thy punishment and doom!
Nor alone on thy devoted head
Shall Heaven's avenging wrath be shed,
But they, thy comrades in this hour,
Co-mates in tyranny and power.
Haughty Fitzstephen, De Cogan stern, †
And giant Raymond with the lion crest,
And ruthless Hugo, all yet shall learn
The fearful vengeance of a land oppress.
The madman's cell, the captive's chain,
The traitor's stab, for them remain;
Famine shall dog them like a thief,
And scowling hate their laurels blast,
And war and want and wasting grief
Shall haunt their footsteps to the last;
The very cup they make us drain
Shall come to their own lips again,
And drugg'd with bitterness, overflow
For them and theirs with misery and woe.

v.

"Far other meed and memory
Shall weeping Erin give to thee,
My gallant chief, beloved by all,
A nation's tears shall mourn thy fall.
There's naught a hill from distant Bore,
And Iveragh, to green Glandore,
Whose echoes shall not fill the air
When keeners wail MacCarthy More!
Lough Allua's cliff shall hear the cry,
And far Dunurlin's rocks reply,
From Togher's vale and wild Kilcoo,
From fair Glyncassau and Carrigloe,
To proud Ardea and lone Liskall,
One voice of grief shall swell the gale;
And Callan's pass, Ardfinnan's tower, ‡
And Ossory's triumphant hour,

Deep, deep, shall ransom the disgrace,
This day hath left upon thy race.
Throughout the land thy name shall be
A watchword for the brave and free,
A war cry on the Saxon! when
From Desmond's thousand hills they burst,
Heard in the foray and the fight, to them
That name shall be a sound accurst!
Breathed in their halls at midnight deep,
'Twill scare the warders from their sleep;
And blazing roof, and tower in flame,
Shall prove how true the omen came.
Shouted at noon, that signal loud
Shall call the eagle from its cloud,
Announcing with foreboding clear
That havoc and that slaughter's near;
Until so hateful shall its accents seem
To all who boast of English birth,
That but its sound shall Saxons deem
A fearful crime, tho' spoke in mirth!
And vainly seek with ban and brand
To sweep its utterance from the land.
Vain fools! as if from Irish lip and heart
That cherished name could e'er depart;
As well might Mangerton forget to speak
When thunder rolls around its peak!

vi.

"And vainly as the tempests try
From native earth to tear the oak,
Whose scatter'd leaves they toss on high,
Till bare and bark'd it meets the eye
With blighted buds and branches broke;
Yet in its desolation stern
It mocks their rage, erect and firm!
And when those gloomy hours have past,
And smiling spring time comes at last,
Then leaf and bud, and bough and stem,
All blossom into life again,
Waving in pride their verdant screen
More glorious than they erst have been.
Yea! thus, proud stranger, like that tree,
MacCarthy's ancient race shall be.
Opprest and scatter'd, broke, beset,
Hunted like wild deer, they shall yet,
Despite all persecution, stand
Nobles and chieftains in the land,
O'er centuries of wrong and ill,
And war and want, triumphant still!
When thee and thine have past away,
In all the nothingness of decay,
Leaving behind nor wreck nor trace
To mark thy heritage or race.
Bide on! thy course is but begun;
Speed on thy path—here mine is done."
The minstrel said, and from the rein
His hand he took, and loosed again
The war horse proud upon its way;
Then, turning where his master lay,
Sank at his feet, and feebly tried
To clasp his knees—then close beside
Placed his cold brow, and thus he died!

* A.D. 1562, during a violent storm, "the roof and south wall of the nave of Christ's Church fell in, by which the ancient monument of Strongbow was broken."—*Irish Annals* by J. D.

† The closing scene of most of the leaders of the Anglo-Norman expedition presents a melancholy picture—some, like De Camcey, died of disappointed ambition and hope deferred; others sought, like Harvey de Mountmorris, in penitence and monastic seclusion, the peace their stormy lives had denied them. Robert Fitzstephen, after suffering a painful captivity, lost the use of his senses; and De Cogan and De Lacy both fell by the hands of assassins. The tableaux is a sad one, but not without its useful and instructive moral.

‡ A.D. 1259, during the administration of the successor of Stephen Longespée, a general rising of the MacCarthy's of Desmond threw all Munster into confusion. This warlike sept, the ancient proprietors of the kingdom of Desmond, had, by the grants made to the Geraldines in that territory, been despoiled of almost all the whole of their princely possessions. It was not, however, without fierce and frequent struggles that they suffered their soil to be thus usurped by foreigners; and, at the time we speak of, attacking suddenly a number of nobles and knights collected at Callan, they slew, among other distinguished Geraldines, the Lord John FitzThomas, founder of the Monastery at Tralee, Maurice his son, together with eight Barons, and fifteen Knights. In consequence of this

great success, says the chronicler, the MacCarthy's for a time grew so powerful, that "the Geraldines durst not put a plough in the ground in Desmond;" and in A.D. 1261, more pathetically adds, "The MacCarthy's were playing the devil in Desmond!"

In Ossory, Robert De Quincey, son-in-law of Strongbow, with a number of his Knights, was slain, and the standard of Leinster fell into the hands of their conqueror, O'Dempsey O'Fally. - - - Even those castles built by John were not left long unassailed; that of Ardfinnan, built on a rock overlooking the Suir, was attacked by Donald O'Brien, and its garrison put to the sword.—*Irish History*.

PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPRESSIONS.

M. Ulex, of Hamburg, lately subjected some daguerreotypes to a series of experiments, for the purpose of determining their durability, of which he gives the following account:—"For the purpose of ascertaining the manner in which they would be affected by light, I covered half of one of these impressions with paper, and hung it up, so as to afford a direct southern aspect, thus exposing it for weeks to the continued action of the sun's rays. When, after this time, the protecting cover was removed, not the slightest difference could be perceived in the two several halves of the impression. The same impression was then exposed in the water-bath to a high temperature, without its undergoing the slightest alteration. Other impressions were then exposed to steam, to the action of carbonic acid, ammonia, and even for some time to the action of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, and to the gas of hydrosulphate of ammonia, without, however, the impressions losing in the slightest degree the distinctness of their outlines, or being destroyed. A pure silver plate, in contact with the air, if only for a short time exposed, is, as is well known, rapidly blackened by the action of sulphuretted hydrogen. In the manner, however, in which these impressions are generally kept—that is to say, between paste-board and glass, both pasted together, not even the slightest tinge of brown will be produced by the presence of the sulphuretted hydrogen. If a photographic impression is completely rubbed away by means of a piece of leather and rotten stone, so that the bright surface of the silver is alone apparent, and the silver plate is then heated, the impression will appear distinctly with all its outlines. This experiment serves likewise as an additional confirmation of the statements given by Moser. At the present time the photographic impressions are, almost without exception, gilt, according to the method introduced by Fiset. In the case of an impression treated in this manner, the gold coating defies all noxious influences. We arrive, then, at this result—that the preference, as regards durability, must justly be given to photographic impressions to paintings in oil."

GUNPOWDER EXPLOSION AT DOVER.—A great experiment of exploding 18,500 lb. or 8½ tons of gunpowder, under Rounddown Cliff, took place on the 26th January, and was successful. The account says, that on the signal being given, the miners communicated the electric spark to the gunpowder by their connecting wires; the earth trembled to half a mile distant; a stifled report, not loud but deep, was heard; and the base of the cliff, extending on either hand to upwards of 500 feet, was shot as from a cannon from under the superincumbent mass of chalk seaward, and in a few seconds, not less, it is said, than 1,000,000 tons being dislodged by the fearful shock, settled itself gently down into the sea below, frothing and boiling as it displaced the liquid element, till it occupied the expanse of many acres, and extended outward on its ocean bed to a distance of perhaps 2,000 or 3,000 feet. Tremendous cheers followed the blast, and a royal salute was fired. The sight was, indeed, truly magnificent. Such was the precision of the engineers and the calculations of Mr. Cubitt, that it would appear that so much of the cliff has been removed as was wanted to make way for the sea-wall; and it is reckoned the blast will save the company 1,000l. worth of hand labour. Not the slightest accident occurred.

CRUELTY OF "BATTUES."

These daily "baggings" (as they are called) of one or two hundred animals at a time, probably only to give occupation to the idleness of a party of fine gentlemen, are cruel, absurd, and indefensible. The game might nearly as well be shot at in a cage; they are nearly as thick as chickens in a poultry-yard, and the "sporting" gentleman who publishes the results of his prowess, might as well pride himself upon purchasing his bagful in the market. This "battue" fashion came from Germany. There all the sovereigns of kingdoms from one square league to a dozen are great sportsmen; the meerschau or the gun is for ever in their hand, and those "highnesses" lay down the meerschau only for the gun. But they take the sport as drowsily as the smoking. The game of their woods is driven across a road; the sovereign "sportsman" is awakened from sleep on the cushions of his carriage to fire among them out of the window: he takes his pipe and his sleep between every interval of the "battue," and returns home in triumph with a waggon-load of his trophies! How many of the unfortunate animals who come in the way of these lazy and stupid Nimrods are only wounded, and escape to linger under the tortures of their wounds, and die in agonies! The misery of the lower creation was not intended by their Maker, nor should it be inflicted by man. Necessity has no law, but amusement has, and none can be lawful which puts any portion of living things to torture.—*Britannia.*

SOURCE OF FAT IN ANIMALS.—The observation by Liebig, that the fibrin of plants and animals is identical in its composition, led to the inevitable conclusion, that the animal organization merely modifies the state of the substances presented to it by the vegetable kingdom, and does not form any solids, as plants do, from the gaseous constituents; or, in other words, the fibrin or curd of milk exists ready formed in the vegetables which serve as the food of the cow, while the main constituents of the blood, in like manner, are derived directly from the vegetable matters which constitute the food primarily of all animals. No exception could be urged to this affirmation in reference to the formation of blood and muscle. The anomaly which presented itself was in the instance of fat, which, as far as experiment had been carried, did not appear to exist in sufficient abundance in vegetable food, to authorise the ascribing its origin to such a source. Liebig quotes the instance of a lean goose, weighing 4lb., which, in 36 days, gains 5lb. weight by consuming 24lb. of maize, and yields 3½lb. of pure fat. The latter could not be derived from maize, said Liebig, because maize, according to such experiments as had been made upon it before Liebig wrote, did not contain the thousandth part of its weight of fat. The ingenious views of Liebig have led Dumas and Payen to make a series of experiments, for the purpose of determining the quantity of fatty or oily matter in maize. They have found 9 per cent. of yellow oil to exist in this vegetable; hence they conclude, when a lean goose eats 24lb. of maize, it takes up 2½lb. of fatty matter, which, with the fat previously existing in the animal, is sufficient to account for the source of the 3½lb. of fat. Dumas adds the remarkable intelligence, that hay, such as it is met with in the trusses eaten by animals, contains 2 per cent. of fatty or oily matter.

IRON FOR SHIP-BUILDING.

If our advanced state of civilisation has made British timber no longer adequate to the demands of our shipping, the case is evidently the reverse as regards British iron; the inexhaustible supply, the rapidity with which the raw material can be wrought up—the recent unprecedented extension of our iron trade, occasioned by the demand for railways—the acknowledged superiority of our manufacturing skill, and the manifest bent of our national genius, all point to the extensive use of iron in shipbuilding as one of the happiest applications of the material which the enterprise of this iron age has lighted on.

The rapidity with which the raw material can be converted and wrought up, is one striking point of superiority possessed by iron over wood. Instead of requiring many months, or even years, to season in the timber yard, after having taken centuries to grow, the material of an iron vessel may a few days before have been quietly reposing many a fathom down between beds of clay and limestone; a few months, or even a few weeks would be sufficient to construct a fleet from a stratum of black band, and, so far as regards the material, the vessel would be perfectly trustworthy. How different the case in timber-built ships, where expedition in building has generally been found unattainable, but by the total sacrifice of durability.

Where in the catalogue of objections, real or fancied, to iron ships, is there one to be found equal to that dreadful scourge to wooden vessels—the *dry rot*? No application hitherto resorted to has, in all instances, been effectual to avert its insidious development, or to arrest its destructive progress. Immunity from the attacks of marine insects, particularly the ravages of the “teredo navalis,” is another advantage possessed by iron. The expense of coppering an entire ship’s bottom has sometimes been rendered useless by the circumstance of the keel coming in contact with the ground on leaving port. If by any accident the sheathing be rubbed off, so as to expose even a very inconsiderable surface to the water, the insect will be able to effect a lodgment; entering at first by a puncture so small as to be scarcely discernible, it steadily extends its operations fore and aft. Gradually increasing in bulk, it, at length, pursues its operations so energetically, that the crew can hear the sound of the boring among the planks, till at last timbers of the hardest material and the strongest scantling—even the teak keel of an East Indiaman—may have their substance scooped out, and their strength in consequence destroyed.—*Mechanic’s Magazine*.

ENGLISH MAILS.—Only eleven mail coaches now leave London daily for the country. A few years since, before railways were formed, there were nearly thirty that used to leave the General Post-office. The number of miles which the mail coaches to and from London daily travel on turnpike roads is about 5,000. The number of miles which the different railway companies convey mails daily is 4,435. Cross-road mails in England, Scotland, and Wales, run over nearly 12,000 miles of ground every day. Thus, by principal conveyances the correspondence in that country is conveyed over more than 20,000 miles of ground every 24 hours. From these principal conveyances innumerable mail carts and horse and foot letter-carriers branch off, and every road, lane, street, and court in the kingdom is traversed from sunrise to sunrise.

STEAMERS ON THE RHINE.—In the year 1836 there were only 14 steamers on the Rhine—in 1842 there were 82. The number of travellers by those vessels in 1836 was 50,000—in 1842 the number amounted to 750,000!

OLD BACHELORS.

There is something very peculiar in the physical condition of an old bachelor. There can be no question but that the outward man is more or less typical of the inner—that our bodies are, to some extent, the representatives of our minds. Such being the fact, it is but natural that our “single gentlemen,” who have abundant moral oddities, should always have their outward crust, a varied map, abounding in inequalities and curiosities. Looking at them in the physical point of view, they divide themselves into two great classes—the slovenly old bachelors and the finical old bachelors; specimens of which classes are about equally abundant in society. It is rather singular that there are few “perfect gentlemen” in dress and in address, in the great family of male celibates—that is, few men whose manners and whose mode have that proper degree of ease, simplicity, refinement, and delicacy, which constitutes the “gentleman.” This is a term, indeed, in the use of which we are very choice, as it is largely prostituted and applied to men who have as little right to it as they have to the appellation of angels. Few “old bachelors” then are perfect gentlemen, even in manner, and this especially with the sex. With their own division of humanity, they may pass muster; but there is seldom any very nice discrimination exercised in the judgment. A man with men is a gentleman, if he associate in certain circles; so he is with women, as far as first impressions go. Woman has, however, a much finer perception of physical and social excellencies than her ruder and less delicately organised companion, and shuns, or meets coldly and indifferently, individuals who are “the observed of all observers” with men. So powerful, indeed, is the hold possessed by gentlemanly deportment, that with the sex it covers or modifies the most serious moral culpability, and this apparently spite of themselves. Impulse is one of woman’s leading moral attributes; place before her an object outwardly perfect, “a man, graced with all good grace to grace a gentleman,” and he is at once admired; and with women admiration, esteem, and love are co-existent partialities. Hence it is fortunate that the numerous race of “single gentlemen” are not perfect, or they would be troublesome and unbearable associates in our families. Generally speaking, indeed, we hold a bachelor as a perfectly safe inmate in a household, under circumstances in which we should jealously watch the conduct both of young men and of married men, not from an inherent or acquired virtue on his side, but from the feelings of those around him. This arises from what we may call his repulsiveness—by which term we must not be supposed to intimate that there is anything in his speech or manner offensive; on the contrary, it is more than probable that both are extremely choice—nay, that he is on one hand “the very pink of courtesy,” and, on the other, full of set speeches “and honied compliments;” so that perhaps it may excite some surprise, that the man, being as yet in middle life, fails to be admired, or to attract feminine regard. It is no argument against his doing so that he is an “old bachelor,” as this title cannot make him either more or less than a human being, with all its moral and social sensibilities. The fact is, he is never appealed to—he may make his *agrémens*, but that is all: he wants even the physical attributes of a man and a gentleman to please the fastidious eye of the sex. It is true the man might get married, because, as society is at present constituted, women will marry, not only from love, not only from affection, but from prudence and an offer; therefore the bachelor might get married, and that is all. He makes no impression: he is familiarly admitted into the penetralia of the social circle, perhaps petted and made much of, and is about as harmless as a wooden doll.

THEORY OF COLOURS.

There are, perhaps, no phenomena in nature better calculated to arrest the attention and admiration of man, than the various colours of the vegetable kingdom; and to imitate nature in this profusion of beauty is and has been the pride of man in all ages, and in all ranks and conditions of life. The savage, with whom clothing forms no object of ambition, tattoos and daubs his body with all the various colours his ingenuity can prepare; while the civilised man, by a process more refined, imparts the colour to his clothing. From this passion of endeavouring to imitate nature in all that is beautiful, have sprung up the two kindred arts, dyeing and painting.

Strictly speaking, colours have no material existence: it is altogether an optical delusion—at least they do not exist in the object which appears coloured, but in light which is reflected from the apparently coloured object. A beam of light is composed of three differently coloured rays—red, blue, and yellow; termed sometimes the *luminous calorific*, and the chemical rays, from their different properties of giving out heat and light, or in exciting chemical action. When a beam of light strikes the surface of a body, it strikes off as an elastic ball would do striking the same surface, and this bounding off is termed reflection; or, it is absorbed by the body and disappears, and is altogether extinguished; or lastly, it passes through the body, making it transparent. In the first case, the bounding or reflected rays pass into the eye, and the body appears white, or some particular colour. In the second place, there can no light proceed from the object to the eye, it being absorbed and extinguished: the body therefore is invisible; or if the surrounding objects are illuminated, or reflect light, it appears black; and in the third place, the light passing through unaltered, the body appears clear. The less the light is altered, the more clear and transparent the body, and consequently the more nearly invisible.

Light is composed of three differently coloured rays—namely, red, blue, and yellow; its whiteness depending upon the nice equilibrium of shade the one ray has to the other; but whenever by any means this equilibrium is disturbed, the light is no longer white, but some particular colour, varying according to the rate of the disturbing influence. These different coloured rays are not reflected or absorbed in the same ratio when they fall on the surface of bodies—hence the equilibrium is disturbed, and the result is a colour according to the difference in the reflection or absorption of the different ray or rays. If the red ray is absorbed, and only the blue and yellow rays reflected, the object from which they are reflected appears green; if the yellow ray is also absorbed, the object appears blue; or if it has been the blue ray that is absorbed, and red and yellow reflected, the object appears orange; or if the yellow only is absorbed, the object appears violet or purple. Thus by the rate of the disturbing influence, and the different combination of these three colours, are all the various shades in nature produced.

The principal elements of vegetable substances are, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen: the last exists in such a minute quantity, that in many cases it is scarcely appreciable. There is also a variety of earthy substances in vegetables, such as lime, iron, magnesia, soda, potash, &c.; but, all these never exist in one plant; but they differ according to the nature of the plant, and the soil on which it grows. The green of plants is a distinct substance, existing in the plant. It is obtained by bruising green leaves into a pulp with water, pressing out all the liquid, and boiling the dry pulp into alcohol: when the

alcohol is evaporated, there remains a deep green matter, which, by digesting in water, dissolves, and frees it from a little brown colouring matter, with which it was mixed. This substance has been named chlorophyllite. The formation of chlorophyllite seems to depend entirely upon the action of the solar rays. The function of the leaves and other green parts of plants is to absorb carbonic acid, and, with the aid of light and moisture, to appropriate its carbon. The processes are continually in operation: they commence with the formation of the leaves, and do not cease with their perfect development. But when light is absent, or, during the night, the decomposition of carbonic acid does not proceed; nay, carbonic acid is emitted, and oxygen gas is absorbed: it is evident then that a plant kept always excluded from the light, must have a difference in its composition.

No one can have failed to observe the difference between vegetables thriving in the full enjoyment of the light, and those which grow in obscure situations or which are deprived entirely of its agency: the former are of brilliant tints; the latter dingy and white. Numerous familiar instances might be cited, especially among our esculent vegetables: the shoots of a potato produced in a dark cellar are white, straggling, and differently formed from those which the plant exhibits under its usual circumstances of growth. Celery is cultivated for the table by carefully excluding the influence of light upon its stem; this is effected by heaping the soil upon it, so as entirely to screen it from the solar rays; but if suffered to grow in the ordinary way, it soon alters its aspect, throws out abundant shoots and leaves, and, instead of remaining white and of little taste, acquires a deep green colour, and a peculiarly bitter and nauseous flavour. The heart of the common cabbage is another illustration, and the rosy-coloured aspect of the sides of fruit is referable to the same cause. Changes yet more remarkable have been discovered in plants vegetating entirely out of the access of light. In visiting a coal-pit, Professor Robinson found a plant with a large white foliage, the form and appearance of which were quite new to him: it was left at the mouth of the pit, when the subterranean leaves died away, and common tansy sprung from the roots.

From these facts we see that the green colour of vegetables is owing to a peculiar approximate element existing in the vegetable, not invariably, nor altogether essential to the plant, but depending upon circumstances; those circumstances being at the same time the best for the health and existence of the plant.

The expressed juice of most red flowers is blue; hence it is probable that the colouring matter in the flower is reddened by an acid, which makes it escape when the juice is exposed to the air. The violet is well known to be coloured by a blue matter, which acids change to red; and alkalies and their carbonates, first to green, and then to yellow. The colouring matter of the violet exists in the petals of the red clover, the red tips of the common daisy of the field, of the blue hyacinth, the holyhock, lavender, in the inner leaves of the artichoke, and numerous other flowers. The same substances made red by an acid, colours the skins of several plums; probably, also, gives the red colour to the petals of the scarlet geranium, and of the pomegranate tree. The leaves of the red cabbage, and the rind of the long radish, are also coloured by this principle. It is remarkable that these, on being merely bruised, become blue, and give a blue infusion with water. It is probable that the reddening acid in these cases is the carbonic, which, on the rupture of the vessel which encloses it, (being a gas,) escapes into the atmosphere. If the petals of the red rose be triturated with a little water and chalk, a blue liquid is obtained. Alkalies render this blue liquid green, and acids restore its red colour.—*Mechanic's Magazine.*

DIGESTION.

GASTRIC JUICE.—This possesses three remarkable qualities—a coagulating, antiputrescent, and solvent power. The most putrid meat, after remaining a short time in the stomach of a dog, has been found to become perfectly sweet. The epicure who relishes game when most “high” appears to have had an instinctive knowledge of the safety with which he might gratify his palate in this particular. The boar-constrictor, that gorges itself at distant periods, has a portion only of its prey in the stomach; the part without soon undergoes decomposition, but as this proceeds into the stomach, the putrefactive process is at once suspended, and, as in the canine species, it becomes perfectly sweet by the agency of the gastric juice. This remarkable agent is more or less acid, containing free muriatic acid, and sometimes acetic. It coagulates albumen (white of egg) before it dissolves it, and converts the food, animal and vegetable, into one homogeneous pulpy mass, in which cannot longer be recognised the separate ingredients by their several qualities. The gastric juice will, when the individual dies, dissolve the very stomach which had secreted the powerful solvent. The quantity of gastric juice secreted bears relation not to the mass of food received into the stomach, but to the quantity of aliment required by the system. Hence, if we should eat more than the wants of the body require, we are punished by indigestion supervening, owing to that portion of the food which is in excess not being chymified.—*Hayden's Physiology.*

SEVERITY OF A RUSSIAN WINTER.—In Petersburg in winter faces are not to be seen in the streets, for every man has drawn his furs over his head, and leaves but little of his countenance uncovered. Every one is uneasy about his nose and his ears; and as the freezing of these desirable appendages to the human face divine is not preceded by any uncomfortable sensation to warn the sufferer of his danger, he has enough to think of if he wish to keep his extremities in order. “Father, father, thy nose!” one man will cry to another as he passes him, or will even stop and apply a handful of snow to the stranger's face, and endeavour, by briskly rubbing the nasal prominence, to restore the suspended circulation. These are salutations to which the people are accustomed, and as no man becomes aware of the fact when his own nose has assumed the dangerous chalky hue, custom prescribes, among all who venture into the streets, a kind of mutual observance of each other's noses—a custom by which many thousands of these valued organs are yearly rescued from the clutches of the Russian Boreas. A man's eyes at this season cost him some trouble likewise, for they are apt to freeze up every now and then. On such occasions it is customary to knock at the door of the first house you come to, and ask permission to occupy a place for a few minutes by the stove. This is a favour never denied, and the stranger never fails to acknowledge it on his departure, by dropping a grateful tear on the hospitable floor.—*Khol's Russia.*

HEIGHT OF ENGLISH, IRISH, AND SCOTCH SOLDIERS.—As far as the line regiments are concerned, the Irish have a decided advantage in height. It must be, however, taken into account, that the guards, the marines, and the majority of the cavalry and artillery, are English, and the recruits for these are all of superior standard. It may then be doubted, if an equal number of tall men were deducted out of the total recruits raised in Ireland, whether any difference would exist. In weight, the English recruit has the advantage, the heights being equal. A regiment of the line that consists wholly of Englishmen will generally be found to average shorter than either the Irish, Scotch, or the mixed corps.—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

A FAREWELL—TO MISS MARY Mc—.

Mary, my love, farewell! farewell!
We part, alas! for ever:
Adieu to thee, my only love,
Since I must from thee sever.
Again farewell! yet think not we
Can trample every tie,
And look to those bright days of yore,
Nor breathe one tender sigh.
Say, is each fond endearment dead
Which bound our hearts in love?
Or will they like some wild fled dream
To our young wishes prove?
Have those sweet perfumed flowers of love,
In joyous moments cherished,
Which flung their sweets o'er our young hearts—
Say, are those bright flowers perished?
We part! but oh! canst thou forget
The vows to me thou'st given?—
Vows we have mutually sworn,
And registered in Heaven!
And shall another kiss those lips
Which mine in love have pressed?
And shall his head recline to sleep
On my sweet Mary's breast?
And will her heart as wildly beat
As when my head was there,
When her little fingers smooth'd
My brow, with anxious care?
'Tis sweet to think on those bless'd days,
Though transient they have sped,
Like spring flowers which so brightly smiled,
Their sweetness soonest fled!
Could sighs recall those flowers again,
Or make them smile as sweet,
How soon I'd bathe them with my tears,
Though they'd fade 'gain as fleet,
I hoped, at parting, time would rare
And blot thee from my brain;
But every effort I have made
Recoiled on me with pain.
Joys! joys! oh! where—where have they flown,
Which thou hast given to me?
I stand in this wide world alone—
Still, oh! farewell to thee!

Phibaboro' Avenue, Feb. 1843.

E. V. B.

EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.—The stone of the Persian date, as seen in the grocers' windows, will grow when placed in the mould.—An acorn when put in a glass bottle, and suspended in water, will grow into a beautiful miniature tree.—Corn, after many months being gathered, will, on being placed in water, turn green, and grow into a beautiful leaves, with roots, &c., of bright green.—To those wishing to see the beauty of prismatic colours, boiling hot water put in a cup held against the light of the sun will show them to advantage.

CARVING A HAUNCH.—Uncle Sam's manner of carving a haunch was peculiar to himself, being after a fashion that allowed of the separation of the flesh from the bone, without permitting the escape of one single drop of what physicians designate the animal juices, but cooks and aldermen are agreed to call gravy. This consisted in cutting the joints in a spiral form, commencing at a point in the middle top surface. As this aperture increased in diameter, it formed a basin in the centre, precisely over the “Alderman's walk!” This was kept continually fed by the streams which poured down from under the well-directed knife of Mine Uncle Sam, who, as he observed the luscious juice collecting in its carnelous reservoir, would turn round to his next neighbour, and with an eye beaming with hospitality and self-satisfaction, would quietly reiterate his favourite phrase—“That's my plan.”—*Sporting Magazine.*

GRATITUDE—A TALE.

It was in the year 1786, and on a clear and beautiful afternoon in the month of June, when Nature seems to be in her highest perfection, when the heat of the mid-day sun is mingled with the cool blowing zephyrs, and when everything around can be compared to nothing less than an earthly paradise—on such an evening, near the small but neatly built town of Sarra Louis, in France, might be seen two persons walking on the banks of the rapid stream which rushes by it. They were evidently not natives of France, and carried on their conversation in a foreign language. One was an old grey-headed man, with a countenance bespeaking kindness and generosity, and with a peculiar handsome expression of face not common to people of his age, which might be said to be over half a century. His companion, who appeared some thirty years his junior, was very tall, but at the same time well proportioned, and displayed to advantage his finely-made person; his face was in full unison with the rest of his body; and his expansive brow showed that Beauty had not forgot her favourite either in that respect; and, from the tone of veneration in which he answered his senior, left no doubt that he was his son. They were a Swiss gentleman and his son, of the name of Ramier, who were travelling through at this time, for the recovery of the health of the elder Mr. Ramier, which was very delicate, and who had been recommended by the physicians of his native place to try the effects of a change of air, by taking a trip to France, as the only means of recovering his former constitution. Mr. Ramier immediately set out on his travels, accompanied by his only son, William, to whom he was greatly attached, and, being in the possession of a good property, was not restrained from any moderate enjoyment, leaving the care of his wife and two daughters to his brother, who was curate of his native parish.

Mr. Ramier and his son continued walking along the banks of the river for about half a mile, admiring the splendour of every thing around—now and then the echo of some hearty laugh reverberating through the Eden-like silence, and the low murmuring of some adjoining rivulets as they glided along, gave additional beauty to the scene. A silence had ensued for a few minutes, when Mr. Ramier, addressing his son, asked him—

“My dear William, can anything of Nature’s works be more noble or more truly grand, than what is now spread around us? Behold! with what majesty the sun is preparing to set beneath yonder hills! Observe the natural fertility which spreads itself throughout this entire country as one great garden! As much as I have seen, I can compare nothing of Nature’s works to what I now behold.”

“It would be impossible for me, my dear father,” spoke Edward, “not to admire the beauty of Nature around; but when I contemplate my own native vales and hills, the beauty fades away by degrees. Can you, father, compare our own dear mountains when covered with one continual sheet of snow to this scene?”

William and his father suddenly stopped—cries were heard in the distance, as if from some person in distress, and on their looking to learn whence they proceeded, they beheld a young man borne

rapidly along with the stream, and vainly endeavouring to breast the current; on the bank was an old man crying out for assistance, exclaiming—“My son! my son! oh! save my son!”—which had attracted their notice. The young man, in the meantime, overcome by the impetuosity of the waters, had sunk; but in a few seconds the top of his head was again visible above the water, when it was immediately caught by some friendly hand, and dragged to shore. It is almost needless to state that his preserver was the young Swiss, who when he saw the young man struggling in the river, threw off his coat and shoes, bravely leaped in, and brought him ashore.

In a short time the lad was completely restored; he was about the age of 17 years, and was strongly built; he was dressed in very poor clothes. The old man who had first attracted the attention of his son’s deliverer, was better clad than his offspring, and almost fainted with joy when he saw him safe again; with tears in his eyes he thanked the young Swiss for saving his son’s life, and begged of him and his father to come to his cottage, which was only a short distance away, in order that he might dry his clothes and take some refreshment. Young Mr. Ramier and his father gladly accepted the invitation, and they all quickly set out for the cottage. The abode of the host was a small, neat house, with a few trees planted near it. On entering a young and handsome girl flung herself into the old man’s arms, saying, “Welcome, father!” She was surprised at beholding the two strangers; and almost shrieked when she saw the young lad in such a trim; but her father calmed her by informing her that it was only a ducking Michael got, and that she need not be alarmed; at the same time telling her to prepare something for supper. In a short time, having dried their clothes, they sat to a comfortable repast, consisting of fruit, cheese, and delicious wine—the host apologising for not having anything better. After having partaken of the refreshment, they sat round the fire, when Mr. Ramier begged of the old man to relate to him how the accident had happened to his son that evening.

The host said—“My dear sir, the service you have rendered us this day prompts me to speak to you rather as a friend than a stranger. I am a poor man, living by my own exertions, and trying to support as well as I can my humble family. I possess a few acres of land, which has descended to me from my grandsires, and by which I am enabled to keep this little cottage. I have but two children, those you see before you—my daughter Maria and son Michael. My wife died about three years ago, leaving them to the care of a maiden sister, who lives close by us. My son I have not yet put to business, and indeed I must confess that he is little assistance to me: the only thing in which he takes pleasure being to ride and practice on all the horses about the village, and riding those horses has been the cause of the accident which befel him to-day; for while watering a spirited animal, he was cast from his back into the river, and being unable to oppose the stream, would have been drowned, but that I fortunately saw him; and it was my cries that attracted your gallant son.” The old man, with tears, concluded by thanking them for preserving his son’s life.

Mr. R. and his son shortly after took the

departure, highly gratified with their evening's adventure. They paid several other visits to the cottage of their old friend, and at last the day approached when they determined to take their departure for home, the health of Mr. Ramier being now quite recovered. The evening previous they paid a farewell visit to the cottage, and after spending a few agreeable hours, rose to go away. Mr. Ramier and his son having taken an affectionate farewell of their host and his young daughter, approached Michael, who was engaged mending an old bridle: he shook Mr. Ramier and William by the hand, and said he would never forget their kindness; at parting, he bestowed upon William, as a gift, an old-looking mechanical figure, with the letters M. N. rudely engraved upon it.

Next morning Mr. Ramier and his son set off in a carriage, drawn by four horses, for home.

In 1798 war was declared by the French Directory against the little republic of Switzerland, and the charge of the army was given to one of the ablest generals after Bonaparte himself. The brave resistance of this small state against one of the most powerful countries that existed, drew on it the silent admiration of all Europe; and while they wished success to the Swiss, were themselves afraid to interfere, lest they should be the next victims of so arbitrary a power. They, therefore, kept quiet, and left the gallant republic to contend single-handed against its destructive enemy. The issue of this unjust war is known to every reader of history: it is sufficient to say, that the Swiss, unable to cope with their adversaries in the open plains, betook themselves to the fastnesses of their native mountains and other inaccessible retreats, while the French laid waste the entire country.

It was on a dark and cold day in September; the snow descended thickly, and the French soldiers, unaccustomed to such severe warfare, were smarting under the cold. The troops were suddenly halted, and orders given by an old veteran officer to a party of cavalry that stood near him to advance and reconnoitre, as he feared there was an ambuscade some distance before them. This command was given to a fine young officer, who immediately set out with twenty troopers; they continued at a quick pace for about an hour when suddenly a sharp report like a pistol-shot was heard, and the horse of an old trooper plunging forward, fell dead—at the same instant about forty men, armed with guns and swords, rushed forth from all directions, and commenced an attack on the cavalry, who galloped forward, and a short time dispersed their assailants, taking six of them prisoners, together with their leader, in capturing whom two of the cavalry were severely wounded. The cavalry, with their prisoners, then returned to the encampment, which they reached a little after nightfall.

The following morning the sun shone brilliantly upon the French army. Here and there parties of officers were conversing: a person in a military undress, apparently about the age of thirty years, the stars on his breast denoting that he held high rank, approached, and inquired of the officer in command of the party of cavalry the preceding evening if any prisoners were taken? The officer replied there were seven, who were yet untried. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "we will set about

that at once." They all then repaired to the place where the prisoners had been confined. Being brought before them, the prisoners were asked by the president what they had to say in defence for attacking the French cavalry? They all remained silent except the chief, who answered that he gloried in the deed, and all that he was sorry for was that he could not live to see the day of his country's freedom. They were then sentenced to be shot two hours after night-fall.

While the president was reading the sentence, the leader of the Swiss seemed struck with a sudden thought, and begged a private audience of the president. This being granted, the Swiss drew forth a round piece of wood, which was suspended by a riband about his neck. The president looked at it for a few moments, and grasping the Swiss prisoner by the hand, tears trickled down his weather-beaten cheeks.

There stood young Mr. Ramier, the leader of the Swiss—and by his side the once poor and illiterate lad whom he had saved from drowning, but now the leader of the French cavalry, and the giver or taker away of his life—it was Marshal Ney!

That night Mr. Ramier and his six companions escaped, under disguise of French soldiers, by the interference of the poor French boy whom he had saved years before!

Enough has been told. From that day forward Ney behaved with the greatest humanity to the unfortunate Swiss; and when we consider his own unjust death, (whatever were his faults,) we cannot help thinking how different a fate would have befallen them if the good fortune of the "Bravest of the brave" had triumphed. O'G.

THE GREEN FIELDS OF ERIN!

Let us stray, let us stray,
Nature's choice gifts to share in,
Where the sun's latest ray
Lights the green fields of Erin!
Where the pure waters spring
From the clear crystal fountains,
And the low valleys ring
'Neath the cloud-kissing mountains!
Let us stray, let us stray, &c.

There the bower and the brake
Are with blossoms teeming,
And the calm lucid lake
In the sunshine is gleaming!
There the rose tree and pine
Shade the moss-mantled towers,
And the tall tendrils twine
In the green myrtle bowers!
Let us stray, let us stray, &c.

In our own native isle
Ev'ry heart throbs with gladness,
And the fond maiden's smile
Frees the dull soul from sadness.
Then away, let us go
Where the dark ivy's creeping,
Where the mild breezes blow,
And the night owl is sleeping.
Let us stray, let us stray,
Nature's choice gifts to share in,
Where the sun's latest ray
Lights the green fields of Erin!
F.

LAUGHING AND SMILING.—We seldom laugh without having something to laugh at, but a smile is a cut and dry sort of thing ready at command. A laugh will never shake the sides of any of the darker passions—a smile is often seen to play upon their lips.

HEROISM REWARDED.

In the year 1539, when London Bridge was covered with houses overhanging the pent up turbulent stream—as if the ordinary dangers of life were not sufficient, that man should, out of their ingenuity, invent new ones, desert terra-firma, and like so many beavers, perch their dwellings on a crazy bridge—Sir William Hewitt, citizen of London and cloth-worker, inhabited one of those temptations of Providence. His only child, a pretty girl, was playing with a servant at a window over the water, and fell into the rapids, which even now a-days it is counted a kind of feat to shoot. Many a one beheld the fearful sight, in the helplessness of terror, without dreaming of venturing into the stream. But there was one to whom the life of the perishing child was dearer than his own, and that was the apprentice of Sir William Hewitt. He leaped into the water after his youthful mistress, and, by the aid of a bold heart and a strong arm, bore her in safety to the shore; and he had his reward. Years rolled on, and each succeeding one brought wealth to the father, and grace and loveliness to the noble-minded daughter. Such was the fame of her beauty, that, even in that aristocratic age, the gallant and far-descended chivalry of the land were rival suitors for the hand of the merchant queen of hearts. But fairer in her eyes was the 'prentice cap of the daring youth who had snatched her from the whirling waters, than the coronet of the peer; and, with the single-minded disinterestedness of a genuine woman, she gave to her entitled preserver, Edward Osborne, the hand and the heart which the Earl of Shrewsbury, the heir of the lofty house of Talbot, had sighed for in vain. Well did her lover vindicate her choice! Edward Osborne was a nobleman born—of God's creation, not man's: he rose, by successful industry, to the highest honors of that city, whose merchants are the paymasters of the rulers of the earth. And from the city-beauty, to whom faith and love were dearer than titles and wealth, and the merchant-'prentice, who perilled his life as frankly in the cause of the helpless, and for the sake of humanity, as ever did high-born youth for fame and glory, and golden spurs, descends George-William-Fredrick Osborne, Duke of Leeds!

"CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL."—At a recent meeting in Manchester, one of the speakers gave the following account of the circulation of this periodical:—"I was the other day in Edinburgh, and had the opportunity of going through the establishment of those excellent and meritorious men, William and Robert Chambers, the publishers of *Chambers's Journal*; and William Chambers told us that they sold 60,000 copies per week of that circular, and that for 59,000 they found customers in the manufacturing districts, not more than 1,000 being sold in the agricultural districts of Great Britain and Ireland; and that in the districts around Liverpool and Manchester more than half those 59,000 copies were consumed. He said that Manchester itself read more of *Chambers's Journal* than the whole of the population of Ireland."

MR. BARRY, THE ARCHITECT.—The members of the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, at their last meeting, elected Mr. Barry, the architect of the new houses of parliament, as one of their members; he is the only English member of this ancient society.

DISCOVERY OF ISLANDS.—The captain of the Hamburg schooner, *Paradise*, in a voyage from Valparaiso to Manilla, on July 18, 1841, discovered a group of six islands, thickly studded with cocoa-nut trees, and supposed uninhabited, in lat. 9 S. long. 172 W. of Greenwich, (supposed not to be laid down in the charts.) The captain named them "Paradise Islands."

To

Those gentle eyes!—those gentle eyes!
Whose hue is of Italian skies;
The softest, clearest, sweetest blue
That sunshine ever glistened thro';
At times so grave—oh! I can it be
That grief ere dimm'd their radiance,
Or flung one tint of earthly care
Athwart a brow so young and fair?
Ah, no!—those dewy orbs are fraught
With all that shade of pensive thought,
Which early nature oft imparts
To youthful and to feeling hearts—
The look to pitying angels given,
When gazing on this earth from heaven.

Many an eye of liquid light
Has past before my dazzled sight!
Many an eye, whose starry glance
Brought back the days of old romance!
When beauty's simplest smile would be
The guerdon bright of chivalry:
But never yet I look'd upon
An orb which half so sweetly shone,
Whose looks reveal, untouch'd by art,
So much of gentleness of heart;
The sunshine of a brow, whose calm
Comes o'er the fevered soul like balm,
And whispers peace and placid rest
Are inmates of thy quiet breast.

Few moments hence, and I shall be
In other scenes and far from thee,
To tread a path not free from thorns,
And mix with those my spirit scorns;
Yet, ere I turn upon my way,
Oh! gently hear my parting lay:—
Fair be thy lot, and bright and blest
Still be the fairest and the best;
Long shall my lips repeat thy name,
And still a minstrel's homage claim;
No matter where his steps may roam,
Unmark'd, unnoticed, and unknown,
Still cherish'd in his heart with sighs
Shall memory paint those gentle eyes!

. . . .

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"M. E."—The MSS. have been received, and will be made use of in accordance with the author's views.

"T. O'B."—We regret being obliged to answer in the negative. Any communication with which we may be favoured shall receive due attention. To draw forth Irish talent is our chief object.

"E. V. B."—The "chapters," when completed, shall adorn our pages, if the author should favour us with the MS. We accept thankfully your kindly proffered assistance. A communication awaits you at our office.

"M. J. R."—In our next.

Several Cork friends have written to us, stating that Nos. 14 and 15 of our *Journal* arrived to our agents in that city together—the former No. being a week late. Our respected publisher has adopted measures to prevent a repetition of this irregularity. Parts 1, 2, and 3 of the Second Volume have been issued—our agents will supply them.

Printed for the Proprietors, at the Office, 32, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications (post-paid) are to be addressed, to the Editor.

Published by T. LE MESSEURIER, (late T. T. T. Co.) 8, Lr. Abbey-street, Dublin; and all Booksellers.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE

No. 17.—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.

To the Editor of the Dublin Journal.

SIR—The extracts from Mr. Hall's late work inserted in a recent number of your Journal, together with certain notices of alleged discoveries concerning our round towers, having attracted considerable attention to the subject, with your permission I beg leave to offer a few observations suggested by their perusal.

The object of these modern researches, it would appear, is to point out the real uses of the round towers from those novel discoveries, and consequently to prove that all former speculations were erroneous. Various, indeed, have been the theories promulgated from the earliest times to the present on these ancient structures. Cambrensis, Lynch, Walsh, Molyneux, Harris, Valancey, Ledwich—and, in our own days, Messrs. Petrie, O'Brien, Ruxton, and Thomas Moore, seem all to have written in vain; for, notwithstanding the zeal of all those learned gentlemen to shed new light upon the often explored subject, they have wonderfully contrived to render the matter more puzzling and intricate. This much, at least, is evident—that, after all the laboured disquisitions of these eminent antiquaries, the world is still considered in a state of uncertainty as to the real use for which the buildings in question were intended, the country from whence they have been derived, or the age in which they were erected. Thus we find, that, in compliance with the changeful opinions of the passing day, they have been considered by turns as ecclesiastical towers—fire towers—penitentiary towers—watch towers—belfries—defensive retreats in time of war—Bhuddish idols!—and now, at length, in the fancies of our modern antiquarians, they have absolutely dwindled into mere sepulchral structures for the pagan dead!

If the purposes of those buildings have been thus enveloped in mystery, the country from whence these venerable piles were originally derived is equally obscure. Like the fabled birth-place of the great prince of epic poetry, many countries have been awarded the honour. Thus these magical

edifices have been derived from India—from Persia—from Caucasus—from Phœnicia—from Bulgaria—and even from Denmark! and, wonderful to say, each of these places has been adopted by some one or more of the before-mentioned authorities.

As each of those theories have repeatedly been discussed with considerable ability, I do not mean at present to contend for any one of them in preference to another, but shall merely quote the introductory paragraph to the article first alluded to. It commences thus:—

“These structures were (*according to Mr. Windele*) temples used in the system of fire-worship.”

And a little farther on Mr. Hall adds, that—

“The researches of Messrs. Odell, Abell, Hackett, Wall, Horgan, and Windele, in 1841, by which nine of these structures have been examined, have *established the sepulchral character* of many of the Irish towers.”

Now from this deduction, with all possible respect for the opinions of the aforesaid gentlemen, I must venture to express my dissent; for if their sepulchral character be established, it would completely upset the hypothesis that they were originally intended as fire towers, or belfries, or for any other purpose—such an after appropriation of them forming a mere accident in their history. On the other hand, if originally designed for fire worship—as alleged on “the authority of Mr. Windele”—the “sepulchral character” becomes founded on the accidental application of them in after times, which I will endeavour to shew is the fact, from the local situation and circumstances connected with those towers which have been already explored.

1. Of Ardmore tower I know nothing, excepting from Mr. Hall's account, who tells us “that in the base of the tower the remains of two skeletons were found in a bed of sifted earth, carefully covered with layers of stones, whilst the absence of any remains of coffin, or crozier, or rings, affords a fair presumption that the deceased were not Christian.”

2. Of Cashel tower the *Cork Reporter* (July, 1842) thus speaks—“Although human remains were found in that structure, yet, because they were near the surface, mixed with earth and

decayed timber, it was supposed they had been thrown in casually from the adjacent cathedral. It is also to be noted, that there was evidence of a previous delving, and that it was probable the human bones there found had been disturbed from their original resting place in the body of the old church." The *Reporter* adds—"It must be admitted that the Cashel researches" (made in the presence of Dr. Cotton, Dean of Lismore, and Mr. E. Odell) "cannot be adduced as a positive instance of the sepulchral character of these towers." In which conclusion I fully coincide; particularly as Dean Cotton himself informed the writer of this article that about fifteen years ago, when Archdeacon of Cashel, he had the whole interior of the church cleared of the bones, weeds, and rubbish which then overspread it; and which, it is very probable, was at that time thrown into the empty adjoining tower.

3. Of the tower of Cloyne it is said, that "within an irregular serrated oval, 6½ feet by 4, were found the bones of four human skeletons, lying in the direction from west to east, 13 feet below the door-way."

4. "The Roscrea tower was opened three weeks since, (*last summer*), at the request of our society, by Mr. E. Wall of that town, who discovered human remains all through, from the door-way downwards, in a depth of over ten feet."

5. "The correspondence of Sir W. Betham with the Marquis of Downshire shews what success has attended the opening of the tower at Drumbo. In it, several feet below a deposit of rubbish, earth, human bones, horns and stones, partly vitrified, and a concrete floor, was reached."

6. "The tower of Maghera has also been opened, in which also were found human remains."

7. "Similar results attended the opening of the tower of Ram Island."

8. "In Tipshoe tower, we have Sir W. Betham's authority, who found not only human remains, but the sepulchral urn."

9. "In the Abernethy tower (Clondalkin) human skulls and bones were found in great numbers, and there was also discovered an urn."

Having thus, as in candour and justice bound, laid the entire evidence on which these alleged discoveries rest, before your readers, we may be allowed to examine a little further into their extent, and how far the inference drawn, that those nine towers were ever intended as tombs for the dead, can be supported.

The first inference is, that because human bones have been found in them, they were solely intended as tombs for their interment. The next is, "that because several layers of large stones were placed over the remains with some care and precaution, it thereby indicated the rank and importance of the deceased;" and thirdly, "that the absence of any remains of coffin, or crozier, or rings, afforded a fair presumption that the defunct was not christian!" "But what beyond all question decides the paganism of these buildings is the discovery of an urn of green clay (or perhaps a portion of a broken old pitcher) in one of them."

After all, may not these accidental accumulations of bones, and horns, and rubbish, be more easily accounted for by a much simpler hypothesis?

The tower of Cashel, we have seen, has been

completely abandoned by our explorers; but let us take for example the tower at Cloyne, where these excavations and discoveries have been made. The road from Castle Martyr towards Cove passes through the village of Cloyne, leaving the old church and cemetery on the left hand side, and the round tower on the right. It is evident, from a comparison with other burial grounds, that this tower was originally situated in the grave-yard; and when at some former period it was found convenient to cut the road directly through it, the graves which might have occupied that portion became dug up and disturbed.

The veneration of the Irish peasantry for the remains of their friends is, I believe, generally acknowledged: and they would naturally seek out a place wherein to deposit the bones of their ancestors, and thus to rescue them from further profanation. Such a receptacle was presented in the bottom of the adjoining tower, where they had only to build up the rude flight of external steps to the doorway, which remain to the present day.

The tower at Roscrea is similarly situated. The road from Mountrath to Nenagh passes through Roscrea. On the left side of it is the facade or front of the very ancient church, and on the right the round tower. That they were both originally situated in the church-yard, though now dis severed by the road, is very evident, until public convenience suggested the advantage of passing the road directly through, instead of winding round either the tower or the church. Here also the former building presented itself as a secure retreat against future disturbance to the remnants of mortality thus disinhumed. A similar secularising of a grave-yard occurs nearer home, at Clondalkin, county Dublin. The modern parish church, and some remains of a former one, are on the left side of the road from the Grand Canal to the Rathcoole road. The tower stands on the right hand exactly opposite the church. Like the before-mentioned examples, graves may have occupied the space thus thrown into the public way, while their contents, still revered, were deposited in the bottom of the adjoining tower as a final resting place—thus, by this addition of materials, raising the floor ten or twelve feet to the level of the door-way, which is also accessible, like Cloyne tower, by a flight of external steps; and within which, no doubt, were the inhabitants of Clondalkin as curious as those of Cloyne, the bones of some of their forefathers would still be found.

At Rathmichael, also in the county Dublin, there is the stump of an old round tower, which the country people call the "*skull hole*," from the circumstance of depositing in it all the skulls dug up on opening old graves.

At Aghadoe, near Killarney, the stump of another round tower still remains, and is filled up to the height of five or six feet, which, if excavated, would probably present similar results.

At Maghera, county of Down, near Dundrum, the upper portion of the tower is said to have fell down in an almost entire state in the year 1714. This immense tube of stone (if the circumstance be correctly stated) has, in the lapse of 130 years, completely disappeared: the remaining portion or stump in the interim may have been filled up with

the superfluous materials of the adjoining cemetery ; but this would constitute no proof whatever, that such was the original design or intention either of this or any other of the towers, on which I have decanted at perhaps too great a length.

I shall, therefore, conclude with mentioning that your former article, in stating the number of *existing* towers or their visible remains at eighty, has considerably overrated the amount—the real number being rather under sixty, by the most correct computation.

L. L.

Feb. 12, 1843.

TYPE-COMPOSING MACHINE.

Mr. Young, the inventor of this novel machine, has given the following explanation of the construction and mode of using it:—It presents an appearance not unlike that of an upright piano thrown open, and is very neatly and elegantly finished. A female, with the "copy" to be printed placed before her like a sheet of music, sits at the keys, of which it contains ninety, and on which she acts with her fingers precisely in the same manner as a person would when performing on a piano. The types are placed in channels or reservoirs, communicating with the keys by means of steel rods. In these channels there is a complete fount of type, each channel containing its proper letter; and when the key of any letter is pressed, it moves by means of the steel rod or lever, which, striking against the column of type in the channel, cuts off, as it were, a single letter; and this letter, descending by its own weight through a curved channel in an inclined plane at the back of the machine, is propelled by a wheel though a narrow trough or spout on towards the justifying box, where the type is adjusted to the proper width, whether of a newspaper column or page of a book. Of the ninety keys seventy-two in the machine correspond with the ordinary letters of the alphabet; the remainder with small capitals. Channels with keys attached for italics can be readily added. At present, when italics would be required, the German mode of spacing the ordinary letters is adopted. In alluding to the economy both in time and money, and other advantages to be obtained by this mode of composing type as compared with that at present in use, Mr. Young stated that as many as 8,000 letters or types can be "set up" in one hour by two females at the *Type-Composing Machine*, with the aid of a lad or two; whereas an ordinary compositor "sets up" not more than from 1,500 to 1,700 types in the same time. Besides, in a short space of three months a person of ordinary education can become as skilful and expert in "playing" the types on this machine, as it would take three years to render the same person by the method now in use at printing establishments; thus the time now spent in a long apprenticeship can be employed by the future compositor in acquiring information which he cannot at present attain to; in other words, the young compositor can proceed to the acquirement of his business an educated and well-informed person, instead of being the reverse. The expense of printing by this machine is only one-third of that by the ordinary method.

STUPENDOUS ORGAN.—A new organ of unexampled power and completeness is in the course of construction for the church of St. Eustache, at Paris. It is to contain seventy-eight registers, and 6,000 pipes. A bellows on a new system is to be introduced into it, as also will be the celebrated mechanism of M. Bocher.

Monuments are about being erected at Rome in honour of the Italian authors—Metastasio, Visconti, and Pinelli

IRISH MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENTS.

For gratuitous relief to the sick poor of Ireland, there are 41 infirmaries, 88 fever hospitals, 626 dispensaries, 11 lunatic asylums, and 9 institutions in Dublin supported by parliamentary grants—making 774 establishments. The annual expenditure is for infirmaries £45,006 9s., of which sum £2,877 was from private subscriptions, £3,172 8s. 2d. from parliamentary grants, and the remainder made up by grand jury assessment. For the fever hospitals the annual cost amounts to £27,038, of which £7,168 came from private subscribers, the balance being made good by the county rate. The cost of dispensaries was £73,100, of which £34,727 came from subscribers, and the rest county rate. The lunatic asylums cost £39,184, all paid by county assessment. The Dublin hospitals cost £38,825, an annual grant from parliament. Total expenditure for all these establishments, £223,165 10s. Number of patients annually relieved—in infirmaries 18,989, fever hospitals 41,694, lunatic asylums 2,311, Dublin hospitals 12,128—total intern patients 75,122; the dispensaries afforded relief to 1,200,000 persons.—*Statement of Mr. French in the House of Commons, February 7, 1843.*

TO A LOCK OF HAIR.

Beloved pledge of happier years,
When life was in its bursting spring,
Ere Love had learned to speak in tears,
Or Hope to stoop her eagle wing!
Thou' dark and drear thy story now!
In sorrow shed—in darkness braided—
And cold the eye and dim the brow
That once thy silken ringlet shaded,
I turn from brighter things to bless
Thee, in thine utter loneliness!
When life and love grow dark and dim,
And friends are cold, and youth is past,
My soul shall turn to thee, and him
Whose heart was changeless to the last;
Years had not shed their withering blight
Upon the freshness of his truth,
Nor sorrow put one ray to flight
That scattered gladness o'er his youth;
Hope in his web her garlands wove,
And still survived unaltered love!
Time was, each breeze that wander'd by
Could waft thee on thy native brow;
The rudest storm that sweeps the sky
On thee and him is powerless now:
He ne'er shall know the bitter smart
Of nursing dreams—to weep in waking,
Nor feel that loneliness of heart
For which there is no cure—but breaking!
There had not been one cloud to stain
That sun which ne'er can shine again.
Lie near my heart, thou lonely thing!
Thou all that love had power to save!
And thou shalt rear the hopes that spring,
The flowers that blossom from the grave!
Round thee shall dwell no thoughts of gloom,
But fancy learn in thee to read
A message from the spirit's home,
A token from the silent dead:
She cold may frown—she kind depart—
Lie thou for ever near my heart!

G.

FRIENDSHIP.—This is a tacit contract between two virtuous souls. The wicked have only accomplices—the voluptuous, companions—the designing, associates—men of business, partners—bulk of idle men, connexions—prinoes, courtiers; but virtuous men alone have friends. The obligations of this contract are stronger or weaker according to their degree of sensibility and the number of good offices performed.

SULPHUR AND ITS COMBINATIONS.

Sulphur is met with in nature in many forms. Uncombined, it is found crystallized in oblique octahedrons, remarkably beautiful in form, in their clear yellow colour and lustre, around the edges of volcanic apertures, as at Quito, at Volcano, and Teneriffe. But in this state its quantity is too small to form an object of practical importance. It is found disseminated in the earth in masses, particularly in those strata termed by geologists secondary, in most countries that are the seat of volcanic power. Of this Sicily affords the most remarkable example, for around the flanks of Mount Etna the ground in a great number of localities is mined for the sulphur it contains, associated with calcareous marls and with gypsum, and interspersed with nodules of sulphate of strontian, and with layers of clay and of alumstone. Although Sicily is to us the most important depository of sulphur in this shape, yet it occurs every where that volcanic fire is in operation. Iceland, Java, Guadeloupe, may be mentioned as similarly circumstanced. In many places the soil is so impregnated with sulphur to the depth of twenty or thirty feet, that the locality is termed *Solfaterra*. Such is the district about Puozzoli, near Naples.

In union with hydrogen gas sulphur is also dissolved in many mineral springs, which are recognized by their peculiar odour, highly disagreeable, analogous to that of rotten eggs, and by their property of blackening a silver spoon immersed in a glass of the water. Such springs are of great medicinal activity, especially in diseases of the skin.

Sulphur occurs very extensively distributed in nature in combination with a great number of metals, forming native sulphurets. Such is sulphuret of silver, sulphuret of antimony, sulphuret of lead, sulphuret of iron, and many others. In the form of sulphuric acid it is found also native, combined with barytes, with lime, with oxide of lead, and many other metallic oxides.

Sulphur exists even in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. There are, in fact, few animal substances destitute of it; and hence, when such bodies putrify, the sulphur they contain is exhaled in combination with hydrogen, and gives origin to the peculiarly bad smell which accompanies the decomposition of animal substances. Its presence in vegetables is not by any means so constant; but it is found especially in those of the cabbage tribe (natural order Cruciferae.) Of these the seeds of mustard may be instanced as containing more sulphur than any other vegetable substance known, and, in fact, putrefying in a manner nearly similar to that of animal bodies when in contact with water.

For the purposes of commerce the sources of sulphur may be reduced to two:—1st. That of those volcanic (*Solfaterra*) solfataras in which it is merely mixed with the soft rocky material. 2nd. The decomposition of the bi-sulphuret of iron, from which a portion of the sulphur may be expelled by heat. To prepare the volcanic sulphur for exportation, a very simple process suffices. The mixture of sulphur with marl and clay is heated in large iron pots. The sulphur melts, and the earthy impurities fall to the bottom: the clear, melted sulphur is then ladled off and run into large moulds, where it solidifies, and constitutes the rough brimstone of commerce.

If sulphur be heated a little beyond the tempe-

rature at which water boils, that is to 226 deg. on Fahrenheit's thermometric scale, it melts, and forms a liquid of a clear yellow colour, limpid and thin as water. But when it is further heated, it undergoes a very curious change, becoming thick and opaque, so that at the temperature of 400 deg. it is dark brown, quite opaque, and so thick that the vessel containing it may be turned upside down without its spilling. On heating it still further, however, it again loses this condition, so that when it has risen to 600 deg. it is as thin and limpid as it had been at 226 deg. If, however, the thick sulphur at 400 deg. be suddenly cooled by immersion in a large quantity of water, in place of assuming its natural appearance, it forms a soft transparent brown mass of remarkable elasticity, and may be drawn out into threads of considerable length. After some time, however, it changes into the hard brittle yellow mass it usually presents. At the temperature of 601 deg. the sulphur boils, forming a rich yellow vapour, and by this property its purification is carried on.

Sulphur is obtained for the arts from the native bi-sulphuret of iron, or iron pyrites. This mineral, known by its hardness, so that it strikes fire with steel and has been frequently employed in fire-arms in place of flint, by its density and its deep yellow colour, is very extensively diffused. It occurs abundantly in Wales and in many parts of Ireland.

When sulphur is heated to a temperature about 360 deg. it takes fire, and burns with the pale blue flame which is popularly associated with so many dismal ideas. It then unites with the oxygen gas contained in the air, and produces a gas which, when dry, is perfectly colourless and invisible, but which generally forms a whiteish smoke, from uniting with and condensing the moisture of the air. This compound of sulphur with oxygen is called sulphurous acid. It is known by its peculiarly penetrating odour of burning sulphur, and by its remarkable power of bleaching, in consequence of which it is applied to many useful purposes. Thus corn, which has become dark from exposure to damp, or from heating, has the healthy colour of grain of the first quality given to it by being, as it is termed, sulphured. Straw bonnets have their yellow colour removed by being *stoned*; and silk and sponges are whitened in the same way. The process is, to burn sulphur in a room where the articles are spread out, or hung up, and the apertures being closed, to leave them so for some hours to absorb the gas. This, then, combines with the colouring matter and whitens it. The beautifully white gelatine which is now so much used for food, is prepared with the same materials as common glue, but more carefully, and the dark colour removed by bleaching with the fumes of sulphurous acid.

It is a remarkable peculiarity in the bleaching effected by sulphurous acid, that the colouring matters on which it acts are not destroyed or decomposed, but that they merely enter into union with the gas, and forming compounds of a more or less pure white colour, become invisible.

The most important compound of sulphur with oxygen is, however, sulphuric acid, the manufacture of which constitutes one of the most

extensive branches of chemical industry. Its name of oil of vitriol is derived from rather a collateral source.

An atom of sulphurous acid, acting on an atom of nitric acid, takes an atom of oxygen, and forms sulphuric acid, whilst the nitric acid, by the loss of the atom of oxygen, is reduced to the condition of *nitrous acid*. This nitrous acid is an orange red coloured gas, but it unites sulphurous acid and a little water to form a white solid body which crystallizes very easily. If there be no air present, and no large body of water, the action stops here, and there would be from one atom of nitre (ten parts,) and two atoms of sulphur burned (thirty-two parts,) produced an atom of sulphuric acid and an atom of the crystalline substance just noticed. The manufacturer knows, however, that he must keep abundance of fresh air in the apparatus, and also that he must present an extensive surface of water. Such being the case, the white crystalline body, according as it is formed, falls like a shower of snow down on the water, by which it is decomposed, in such a manner that the nitrous acid loses an atom of oxygen, which passing to the sulphurous acid, forms sulphuric acid, and the substance (hyponitrous acid) which remains is resolved also by the water into nitric acid, which remains dissolved along with the sulphuric acid, and into a gas, nitric oxide, which escapes from the liquor with effervescence. Now, this gas has the property of taking oxygen from the air, and forming nitrous acid, which instantly seizes on another quantity of sulphurous gas and forms another shower of crystalline acid snow. The decomposition of this by the large body of water gives a new supply of nitric oxide gas which, with the fresh supply of air in the vessel, continues passing through the same series of metamorphoses until it is quite exhausted. It is thus seen that the supply of oxygen to the sulphur is derived from the air, the nitrous acid acting as a carrier of that element to the sulphurous acid, and thus serving to perfect the acidification of very many times its own proportion.

Such is the complex reaction that is constantly going on in those gloomy leaden chambers which, constructed of such vast size, constitute so prominent a part of the generality of chemical factories. Into them constantly enter sulphurous acids and nitrous fumes, with a current of pure atmospheric air. There passes out, where the process is accurately carried on, only the useless residue of the air, the oxygen, the sulphur, and the nitrous fume being retained as sulphuric acid, and a quantity of nitric acid proportionally small.—*Professor Kane, in Polytechnic Review.*

MONUMENT TO NAPOLEON IN THE INVALIDES.—The chapel containing the remains of Napoleon was closed to the public on the 25th January, 1843. The construction of the monument, on Visconti's plan, has commenced. The King of the French laid the first stone of the tomb on the 27th. The execution of a statue of the Emperor, which forms one of the most prominent features in the plan, has been entrusted to the great sculptor, Marochetti. A wall of masonry already transects the church, hides the statues of Vauban and others of the heroes of France, and completely hides from view the chapel of St. Jerome. The number of persons who visited the remains of the Emperor, during the few days when they were exposed to view, was very great.

WARLIKE IMPLEMENTS.

Many weapons both offensive and defensive have obtained their appellations either from the places at which they were originally invented, or at which they were fabricated with superior excellence. The carronade was first made at Carron, near Falkirk, in Scotland; hence its name. The pistol is said to have taken its name from Pistoria, a city of Tuscany, Italy; where, as Fauchet tells us, it was first made. The bayonet was invented at Bayonne, in the department of the Lower Pyrenees, France. The first use of them in battle, according to Dufresnoy, was in 1693. The term Chevaux de Frise (sometimes, though rarely, Cheval de Frise, a Friesland horse,) is derived from Friesland, one of the seven united provinces, where it was invented. A sword is sometimes called a Toledo, because that city, which is situated in New Bastile, Spain, has been long famous for sword-blades. Bilbo, or Bilboa, also implies a rapier or sword, because at Bilbo, a town in Biscay, Spain, instruments of steel were made in the utmost perfection. A broad-sword acquired the title of a Ferrara, from a city in the north-east part of Italy, of that name, formerly in great estimation for its manufacture of this article. The Scotch Highlanders, who had a great demand for these swords, were accustomed to procure them from a celebrated artificer of that place, of the name of Andrea di Ferrara; and the best kind of broad-swords are still called by the Highlanders "True Andrew Ferraras."

THE ADIEU.

A pearly tear bedewed her eye,
When Henry came the news to tell,
That he to join the fight must fly,
And bid in sorrow his farewell.
A transient glow o'erspread her face,
As round her passive form he threw
His arms, and pressed in fond embrace
The lips, that could not bid adieu;
And as he kissed each tear that fell,
And breath'd each sigh that heaved her breast;
What felt he then, they best can tell
Who thus the loving maid have pressed.
But soon, the distant trumpet's sound
Aroused him from his reverie,
Who e'er at honour's post was found,
The favoured child of Victory!

And now the raptured trance is o'er,
And he the battle field has sought!
Alas! sweet maid, he shall no more
To thee in triumph's joys be brought;
No more the tender words you'll hear
Which he was wont to breathe to thee;
Unheeded now shall fall thy tear,
Thou ne'er again shalt Henry see,
For in the battle's raging heat
Your Henry fell amongst the brave,
Mid glory met a soldier's fate,
Mid honour found a soldier's grave!

Philaboro', February, 1843.

M. J. R.

COMMUNICATION WITH THE WEST INDIES.—A tabular statement has been printed of the voyages performed by the West India mail steamship in 1842, which affords a striking proof of the regularity with which transatlantic communication is effected by means of steam navigation. The average length of the West India voyage appears by this table to have been 18½ days. The longest outward voyage was made in 20 days 17 hours, and the quickest in 16 days 19 hours—the distance being little short of 4,000 miles.

A STRAY LEAF FROM THE CHRONICLES OF SIENNA.

(Continued from No. 16.)

CHAPTER III.

"And thus they plod in sluggish misery,
Routing from sire to son, and age to age,
Proud of their trampled nature and, so die,
Bequeathing their hereditary rage
To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage
War for their chains, and, rather than be free,
Blood gladiator like, and still engage
In the same arena, where they see
Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same tree."

Childs Harold.

"The murky cavern's clammy air
Shall breathe of balm, if thou hast smiled:
Then, maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,
Mother! list to a suppliant child."

Scott.

The oligarchy—whether of the nobles, the middling class, or the great mass of the people—which for more than a century held the reins of government in Sienna, kept that unfortunate country in a continual state of ferment. The few and short periods of repose which it enjoyed at distant intervals, were nothing better than suspensions of hostilities, during which each party recovered and prepared itself, by the renovation of its strength, exhausted by endless contests, to renew the combat with more fury than ever.

For several years past, the result of every fresh out-break was, to advance the popular influence; and, no matter who began the struggle for political superiority, the multitude were sure not only to be victorious, but to gain an accession of power on every occasion. At first they took up arms in order to get some share of patronage, and of the general administration of affairs; and having succeeded in this, their next step was to eject their present co-sharers in power from their posts, supplying their places with those of their own party—to the utter exclusion of the wealthy and the nobles. With the assistance of Charles IV. they succeeded in obliging the last mentioned class, together with many of their leading merchants, to quit the field of politics altogether, and to seek the shelter of retirement, under their jealous espionage, or to revel in the freedom of the cosmopolite. When they had thus cleared the ground whereon to build a constitution, they set to work, and produced as the fruit of their labours, that darling of a dominant party—it would be an inverted pyramid in architecture—the oligarchy substituting one oligarchy for another. Now-a-days power springs from the broad base of the people: with them it originated in the pinnacle—themselves. The new government was named in sober seriousness with all the gravity of drawn poinards, and without the slightest intention of a pun, "the Mont des Dowse;" or "the inverted pyramid on twelve legs, as it could not stand on one," we trust we will be allowed to give as our free translation.

Castruccio had, like many other worthless fellows of his class—he was merely the son of an artisan—who were just possessed of sufficient courage to commit crime, contrived, in the excitement of the popular mind, to gain considerable influence: and by his ready flattery of the popular leaders, and the proper application of the powers of a supple and intriguing disposition, he succeeded in gaining, at that time the highest ambition of his heart, and he became a member of the Mont des Dowse, also called Mont des Reformateurs. Thus freed from the depressing in-

fluence of insignificance, his subtle mind soon asserted its superiority; and, without appearing to control, he found means to have his colleagues of one mind with himself. He never allowed blood that might injure his cause to be shed; but when a pretence was but given, he seized on it with avidity, and that dark water flowed in torrents at his beck. Then his natural taste for blood seemed to find a stimulus in the very shedding of it; and while under this horrible excitement, he often went beyond the point where prudence would have thought him to stop short. But he had such controul over the masses, his manners were so simple, and the motives he assigned for what he did were so plausibly pure, that those fugitive murmurs soon died away, and still other triumphs were added to those that he had already gained over those around him.

The patience of the nobles, weary with looking in vain for better prospects, was exhausted: their strength and animosity increased every day; and Castruccio knew too well the merits of his own party, to imagine for one instant, that the union of the triumphant masses could be depended on against the discomfited and therefore concentrated party of the nobles. He knew that a party like his, in its best days ill-fitted to govern—whose utmost wish was to gratify their brute passions, and therefore never looking beyond the present—a party, which was weakened by the very possession of power, would stand but a short time—would in fact split into a thousand fragments, before the concentrated shocks of the enraged nobles.

Though he had never learned Latin, he had learned the meaning of the words "divide et impera." The popular mind was drunk with excitement and victory, and yet, still stronger excitement was absolutely necessary for its continuance as the ruling party in the state. The antagonistic party, or that of the nobles, must be divided; such an overwhelming power of popular hatred must be brought to bear upon it as utterly to annihilate its existence as a distinct party, or at least to destroy every trace of its existence as such. Castruccio had objects to attain; he had little private pillage to carry on; he had enemies to destroy, many ends to gain, and all the varied occupation of the leader of an unsettled and tyrannical government. To destroy every obstacle in his way, was to his mind the easiest method of effecting his purposes. But then, the people, like individuals, will not tolerate the character of blood-thirstiness in any but themselves; so if he intended to keep to his original line of policy, and wished at the same time to retain possession of power, some other shoulders than his must wear the bloody robe. He thought that if he could bring over some of the young nobility to his side this object might be attained; also he would weaken the party of his opponents considerably: and thereby advance nearer to the two ends, to arrive at which seemed the magnetic point of his life. Looking round him carefully for such as he might find ductile to his management, he singled out for an experiment to begin with, Paul Salembeni, a haughty, bold young man, ardent in all his undertakings, and whose unhacknied and generous mind, sympathising with the popular resistance to oppression, was easily taken with the current slang of the day concerning liberty. His motives, doubtless, were not unalloyed with vanity and ambition—passions Castruccio was careful to gratify, by having him elected in spite of all opposition to the preship of the Mont des Dowse. But, for this indulgence of selfishness, it will be admitted he was fully punished, by the contempt and hatred of his own long headed party, and in the mortification of finding, that the only utility expected from him by Castruccio was the protection of his name, in order, that, while

his wily political guide might reap the benefits of crime, to him might be left the harvest of infamy.

This small desertion from the ranks of the nobles served only as an additional stimulus to their fury; they divined at once the meaning of this tricky policy; and they saw clearly the determination of Castruccio to retain power by any means. Their determination to oppose became as strong as that of Castruccio to crush; it seemed too bold for them to dare; the discovery of plots and plans for the overthrow of the hated twelve, was of almost daily occurrence; and more than once there seemed a prospect of the utter destruction of all law, government, or order, in the fury of contending factions.

Such was the state of public affairs in Sienna at the time of which we write; and it was to prevent one of those conspiracies already alluded to that Salembeni had dispatched the cavalieri in all haste, and at that late hour of the evening, to Castruccio, who was then taking a few days rest at the villa which he had purchased in the neighbourhood of Montanini.

On the morning of the day following that of the interview between Montanini and Castruccio, mentioned in the last chapter, and a little after sun-rise, the latter, attended by his servant, and both being mounted on mules, stopped about two miles from the villa, from whence they had set out at day-break, and appeared to view with great attention something passing in the lower ground of the valley beneath them. The morning vapours, from which the sun had already freed the upper regions, still rested on the lower valley, covering everything with a gauze-like veil, and giving them a transparent beauty which it would be impossible to describe: nature alone was awake, for no noise or sound told of the buzz of life usual below; even the windslept in the gorges of the great Apennines—the green, grey, and white masses of which presented throughout, from man's dwelling in the valley to the home of the tempests and eternal snows above, one wide scene of undisturbed repose.

As the misty veil disappeared, all things below became more and more distinct, and among the variety of objects presented to the view, the eye could not fail to observe a number of persons advancing along a path that wound capriciously over woodlands, through bottoms, or down slopes. They kept no particular order, advancing sometimes in groups, sometimes singly, and at intervals; each member of the party being wrapped in a large cloak, stray folds of which opening, displayed rich garments, which could only belong to the noble or the wealthy. Their way appeared to lie in a northern direction towards the wildest and narrowest part of the valley; and, as the wayfarers advanced, the winding nature of the paths and the gradual approach of the hills soon hid them from the view of the two, who, from above on the hill side, were, unobserved indeed, yet still observant and deeply interested spectators of their movements.

Maolo looked at his master, who was still in the same position, and was now shaking his head at what he had seen.

"Signor," he began, "if I am not very much mistaken, these are they on whose track the republic has been this long time. They are certainly the conspirators of whom Signor Salembeni wrote to you last night. They are now about to meet, and—"

"You know the place?" demanded Castruccio eagerly.

"Yes, Signor—at least I don't think they can go to any other place but the grotto of St. Catherine—a large cavern about a mile from this in the narrowest part of the valley."

"Could you guide me to it?"

"What, signor! would you trust yourself among these outlaws?"

"Yes, Maolo, I would; but with a good troop of archers, to teach them to respect us. Come, make haste, and we'll be back the sooner."

Castruccio hurried forward, rejoiced at a discovery which put his enemies in his power, and at the additional influence he would acquire by these new services to the state.

Agreeably to her determination of the past evening Nella arose at the dusk of the morning, and calling up her old nurse, they both set about preparing for their departure: then awaiting until Malko had got ready the animals on which they usually rode—a mule for the young lady, and an ass for the aged servant—they mounted and set forth on their pious journey. Their route lay along the bottom of the valley, variously winding through woods and waving harvests, where everything, after the coolness and dew of the night, was blooming and fair to behold.

"I'm so glad, Suina," began Nella, "that I have set about accomplishing this pilgrimage at last! I don't know how it is, but I feel a presentiment that good will come of it."

"That you may have your wish, is what I pray," said the old woman.

What a contrast, even to the most indifferent spectator, did the worn, wrinkled figure of the old woman present beside the full Hebe-like form of her beautiful mistress, in the enjoyment of youth and of health, and living on those golden baubles—the hopes of years to come! It was the withered leaf by the side of that which has for the first time showed its spotless face to the light—no! it was a full-blown rose and a withered one on the same stem—it was the past still lingering with the present!

They travelled in this way for upwards of an hour by the path on which Castruccio had already that morning observed the conspirators, when they came to a thick wood; still advancing onward, and the valley narrowing rapidly, they were soon covered by a gloomy yet beautiful arcade of trees, through the over-arching branches of which the light could with difficulty penetrate.

Though the spot had been to Nella where she had spent the principal part of the hours of her girlhood—where she and Charles had walked and talked, and climbed the rocks and trees, and found, without seeking it, in that true *elixir vita*, pure air and light, that gift, out of the power of civic life to give—health—the health of longevity! Though it had been to her a spot familiar and dear—familiar as an household acquaintance—as the old house-dog that followed her steps in its winding paths, and over whom she wept when he died—this had been her first pang—to the little wayward heart it was bitter; and when she did return to the wood again to wander, and to think of her lost favourite, it was dear to her. But more for this was it still dear now in her womanhood, that here, when thus her heart's little nest was first disturbed, did that event occur, to the virgin mind that had not yet one voluntary thought—to the bright soul where care-bringing knowledge had not yet left one mark—to the young mind that had merely reflected the thoughts of others, and had not yet sent forth one thought from itself—the most powerfully moving of any in childhood; for she looked for the first time on the future—that dark ocean of knowledge and of guilt. Myriads had set forth on its dark waters, and left no track; myriads were each instant passing, silent, noiseless, and shadowless as the spectre-bark on the midnight sea: not a ripple sparkled in their wake, and they passed on, silent in self, and with to each a bare wide ocean around. As she gazed, there was a dull blackness everywhere—oh! it was awful to look upon! She shut her mental eye, and strove to hide it from her view; yet still she felt a thrill, not of joy or of terror,

of pleasure or of hope : but she looked again, and it was fairer and brighter—again, and it was still more so ; each day brought more light and beauty ; and as the future became fairer than the past, was that past forgotten. It was to her, like to the child of the forest, who had come at the dawn to lave his feet in the ocean ; for he had heard its waters, in the distance, murmur sweetly, in the grey, clear air, on the sand. He had seen the rolling prairie, and the ocean of leaves, from the giant Magnoli's tower ; but never until now had his eyes rested on, to him, the eternity of waters. He stood in fear and awe, for the prospect was dark as the dreamy future of Nella. He looked forth on the wide bosom of the deep—no sound, nothing disturbed the sight or ear : he saw the purple dawn in the far-distant sky, and the waters blushing as if tinged with the hue of the rose. Gradually with the advancing sun and increasing light, strange lands arose to his view—like the dreams of the geologist, glorious, lightsome, and beautiful—with colours such as this earth hath not to give : he felt that he saw the home of spirits, not of men ; yet did he gaze in desire, 'till the veil of time hid them from his view, and then left with a sigh for his forest home, those golden climes of the east.

But of Nella and the path.—Though it was thus endeared and well known to her, she now stopped short, as if terrified by the general stillness ; and the noise of a small stream, as it dropped its waters in a kind of cascade on a gravelly bottom, seemed, whilst it broke the stillness, only to add to the melancholy darkness around.

"Did you hear anything, Signora?" said she, looking fearfully about her ; "I thought I heard something."

"So did I too, Signora—I heard voices."

"Yes, indeed," said Nella in a whisper, and turning pale with fear.

"Heaven protect us, signora!" exclaimed the old woman, in the same tone ; "let us fly to St. Catherine ; the grotto is almost dark, and we can hide there."

The two females crossed themselves devoutly, and then entered the cavern, which was only a few paces from them ; but scarcely had they entered—they had not time to dismount—when they were both surrounded by a number of armed men, whom the darkness of the cavern had hindered them from seeing.

B. H.

(To be continued.)

MISS MITFORD.—This celebrated authoress is, we regret to state, in so straitened circumstances, that her friends have deemed it necessary to open a public subscription in her behalf.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF IRELAND.—The medal of this Society has been awarded to Mr. J. Sproule, editor of the "Irish Farmer's Journal," for the best essay on manures.

THE HINDOSTAN STEAM-SHIP.—This stupendous steamer, which left Southampton for Calcutta on the 24th Sept. 1842, arrived at Madras on the 20th of the following December, having, including delays at intermediate ports, made the passage in 87 days—under steam, she averaged 200 miles a day.

ECONOMY IN PAYING DEBTS.—An Oxonian borrowed two sovereigns of a brother collegian, promising soon to return them in some shape or other. "I should like to have them back as nearly as possible in the shape of two sovereigns," observed the lender ; "and I trust you will not forget the old adage—*bis dat qui cito dat*—he gives twice who gives quickly." "Then we are quits," cried the borrower—instantly tossing back one of the sovereigns.

AWFUL CALAMITY.

AN AVALANCHE.—The French papers give the details of a calamity which occurred in the department of the Isere—the destruction of the village of Valsecure by an avalanche. The snow-fall buried 26 houses, containing 82 inhabitants—73 of whom were, however, subsequently restored to the light of day, by means of ropes and ladders let down the chimneys of the houses, from wells dug through the snow which covered them. Amongst the ten persons who perished, nine were crushed to death, or smothered by the snow which enveloped them on every side. The tenth, the mother of the forest-keeper, died in the arms of her son, who was extricated from his critical position twenty-four hours afterwards. The following particulars are interesting : The fatal descent took place between the hours of three and four in the morning, when the villagers were buried in slumber, and the stealthy tread of the mountain-spirit is well expressed in the fact, that but few of the sleepers in the buried houses, or in the cottages which it spared, were awakened by his coming. It was not till day-break that the latter were aware of the calamity which had befallen their neighbours ; and the former (those of them whose homes the casualty had covered but not crushed) fancied the dawn was long in appearing, and concluded at last, in each case, that the common occurrence among the mountains of a night of snow having blocked up their doors and windows, had made temporary prisoners of them, and awaited the succour of their immediate neighbours without alarm.

GIFTS.—These, however trifling, add to the general stock of harmless pleasures, by quickening the affections and nourishing the growth of those sympathies which bind us to each other. They are eloquent in their silence, and speak most unpretendingly of love, friendship, and kind remembrance. They are the sunshine of a loving heart, and like sunshine, should be received as heavenly visitants, bringing with them joy and gladness.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.—There have lately been discovered near the town of Hyères, in the Var, the remains of an ancient Roman city. Excavations having been made to the extent of between 80 and 100 yards in a line from the sea-shore, there have been opened out a hypocaust of large dimensions, reservoirs, &c., and several walls faced with curious paintings, one of which is semi-circular. These paintings were at first very fresh, but faded on exposure to the light and air. They are composed of arabesques, figures of men and animals, flowers, and other ornaments, fantastically arranged, similar to the most beautiful of those found at Herculaneum and Pompeii. Pottery, vases, medals, coins, &c. have also been dug up.

SINGERS.—It is to their determination to be stronger than Nature that we owe the rapid decline of some of our best singers. Pasta, for instance, who had a husky and limited voice, would sing up to C sharp ; and, thanks to her indomitable will, did so. But the organ, thus painfully constructed, lasted only some ten years.—*Athenæum*.

ALCOHOL.—An experiment has been made, at the Theatre of Montpellier, of a new principle of lighting, from alcohol, said to be successful, and important to the vine-growing districts of France, as a fresh vent for their produce. The light is stated to be of dazzling brightness, and without either odour or smoke.

MIGNONETTE.—This favourite plant now naturalised to our climate, is a native of Barbary. Many years since it was introduced to the South of France, where it was welcomed by the name of "mignonette"—little darling.

WHAT LIFE TO CHOOSE.

Down to the minutest divisions of human occupation it will be found that the men whose pursuits bring them in contact with inanimate nature, enjoy their avocations much more than those who are conversant with humanity, and all the modifications of the social and moral system. Champfort observes, that the writers on physic, natural history, physiology, chemistry, have been generally men of a mild, even, and happy temperament; while, on the contrary, the writers on politics, legislation, and even morals, commonly exhibited a melancholy and fretful spirit. Nothing more simple; the former studied nature, the others society. One class contemplates the work of the great Being, the other fixes its observation upon the works of man: the results must be different. We cannot handle human passions, even to play with them, without imbibing some portion of their acrimony, any more than we can gather flowers amid the nettles without being stung. Into every thing human a spirit of party becomes insinuated, and self-love is perpetually forcing us to taste of its bitterness; but there is no rivalry with nature; our pride does not revolt at her superiority; nay we find a pure and holy calm in contemplating her majesty, before which we bow down with mingled feelings of delight and reverence. Contrast this with the effects produced upon us by human grandeur and elevation. Hence the charm of solitude; it places us in communion with things, whereas society fixes our regards upon man.

Farming, the primitive natural business of man, is probably the most healthful, both for body and mind; it places us, as it were, in daily contact with the Deity, by our unceasing experience of his superintending love, connects earth with heaven, and brings religion home to our business and bosoms.

Gardening, which exalts man into a species of creator, is another recreation fraught with all-soothing and sweet delights; and it is pleasing to reflect, that some of the most eminent persons of antiquity are associated with its cultivation.

Many of the arts elicit sensations not less pure and unalloyed.

Sculpture is also a species of creation, and one can hardly imagine anything more delightful than the life of ancient statuary, whose business it was, in the formation of his deities, to exalt the pleasure derived from contemplating the most rare and exquisite specimens of human symmetry into devotional rapture, and taste, as it were, the religion of beauty. He dedicated to the divinities the finest and most faultless forms of real existence, devoting himself to their production with the combined enthusiasm of the senses and of the spirit. This is the whole secret of the *beau idéal*, about which so much has been written: there is no rising above nature without going out of nature, which is deformity, not beauty.

Portrait painters, gazing more frequently upon stupid and repulsive countenances than upon those

that are attractive or intelligent, and brought into perpetual collision with human foibles and vanities, can have no very ardent impulse or lofty sensations.

The *Landscape painter's* is probably the most delicious pursuit to which human talent can be devoted. Perpetually looking out upon a face of eternal youth and beauty, whose smiles and frowns, in their inexhaustible variety, form but so many alternations of loveliness, he derives from every minute form, from every tint of earth, rock, or leaf, from every passing variety of cloud or sky, a charm that has reference to his art over and above the natural one that addresses itself to his senses; looking through nature up to nature's God, he feels the placid influence of the scene he paints; and in his solitary rambles,

"Exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing"

He who draws out the hidden harmonies of Nature into new combinations, possesses a fountain of pure and inexhaustible gratification.

The *Musician* has a perpetual resource against ennui; he can sooth the heart, while he delights the ear; his art, like charity, is twice blessed—"it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

A *Military* life may be the road to wealth, honours, rank; but does it conduce to happiness? This is an inquiry that may be left to its professors to solve.

Medicine and *Surgery* hold out few attractions. Painful and distressing profession! that turns to us perpetually the darkest side of human nature, subjects us to the harrowing repetition of mental woe and bodily anguish, to sickness, decay, death; while it exposes to us moral as well as physical deformity, by bringing to our cognisance the selfishness of friends, the hollowness of relatives, the hypocrisy of heirs. There are some who, in the lofty consciousness of dispensing health or allaying pain, or preserving domestic ties unsevered, and the link of friendship unbroken, enjoy an exquisite gratification, that atones to them for manifold annoyances and miseries. Let such men be venerated.

The *Law* is a vast arena of the vices and evil passions of mankind, where its professors, stripping off their moral clothing, appear as gladiators to fight for victory, not for justice! to stand in the midst of a wrangling crowd, and constitute a focus for all its hateful feelings, to be made the confidant of "wretched rogues forlorn," to be the depositary of their offences, to witness perjury, to advocate wrong, and oppose truth and justice, when hired by a client; and finally, to be promoted to the bench, that you may listen all day long to the evidence of repulsive crimes, and condemn their miserable perpetrators to the prison or the gallows.

The career of *Politics* will find few advocates among those who are more solicitous for mental peace than for worldly advancements.

This analysis might easily be extended; but if we have not said enough to determine "What Life to choose," we have at least indicated what to avoid; so that if the reader be wise in his wishes, we may safely ejaculate, in bidding him adieu—"Dii tibi dent quæ velis!"

TRAITS IN THE CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.

The pretty fable by which the Duchess of Orleans illustrates the character of her son, the regent, might, with little change, be applied to Byron. All the fairies, save one, had been bidden to his cradle. All the gossips had been profuse of their gifts. One had bestowed nobility, another genius, a third beauty. The malignant elf, who had been uninvited, came last, and, unable to reverse what her sisters had done for their favourite, had mixed up a curse with every blessing. He was born to all that men covet and admire. But in every one of those eminent advantages, which he possessed over others, there was mingled something of misery and debasement. He was sprung from a house, ancient indeed and noble, but degraded and impoverished by a series of crimes and follies, which had attained a scandalous publicity. The kinsman whom he succeeded had died poor; and, but for merciful judges, would have died upon the gallows. The young peer had gained intellectual powers; yet there was an unsound part in his mind. He had naturally a generous and tender heart; but his temper was wayward and irritable. He had a head which statuary loved to copy; and a foot, the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked.* Distinguished at once by the strength and by the weakness of his intellect—affectionate, yet perverse—a poor lord, and a handsome cripple—he required, if ever man required, the firmest and most judicious training. But, capriciously as nature had dealt with him, the relative to whom the office of forming his character was entrusted, was more capricious still. She passed from paroxysms of rage to paroxysms of fondness. At one time she stifled him with caresses—at another time she insulted his deformity. He came into the world, and the world treated him as his mother treated him—sometimes with kindness, sometimes with severity, never with justice. It indulged him without discrimination, and punished him without discrimination. He was truly the spoiled child of nature, the spoiled child of fortune, the

* One of the most striking passages in the Memoirs of Lord Byron's early days is where, in speaking of his own sensitiveness on the subject of his deformed foot, he describes the feelings of horror and humiliation which came over him when his mother, in one of her fits of passion, called him "a lame brat." In the opening of his drama, "The Deformed Transformed," we find these lines:—

"Bertha—Out, hunchback!

"Arnold—I was born so, mother."

The whole drama, indeed, was probably indebted for its origin to this single recollection. At a much later period of his life we find the same sensitiveness on the subject of his deformity tinged the life of the man, and rendering him misanthropical and satirical. He had left a ball at three o'clock in the morning to be present at the execution of Bellingham; his old school-fellow, Mr. Bailey, accompanied him; and some delay having taken place before they could get into the house where they had engaged places to view the sight, they sauntered up and down the street. Seeing a woman lying on the steps of a door, Lord Byron, with an expression of compassion, offered her a few shillings; but, instead of accepting them, she violently pushed away his hand, and starting up with a yell of laughter, began to mimic the lameness of his gait. He did not utter a word, "but I could feel," said Mr. Bailey, "his arm trembling within mine as we left her." On another occasion, when leaving a party with Rogers, as they were seeking their carriage, a link-boy ran before Lord Byron, crying—"This way, my lord." "He seems to know you," said Rogers. "Know me!" said Byron, with bitterness in his tone—"every one knows me: I am deformed."

spoiled child of fame, the spoiled child of society. His first poems were received with a contempt which, feeble as they were, they did not absolutely deserve. The poem which he published on his return from his travels was, on the other hand, extolled far above its merit. At twenty-four he found himself on the highest pinnacle of literary fame, with Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and a crowd of other distinguished writers, beneath his feet. There is scarcely an instance in history of so sudden a rise to so dizzy an eminence.

Every thing that could stimulate, and every thing that could gratify the strongest propensities of our nature—the gaze of a hundred drawing-rooms, the acclamations of the whole nation, the applause of applauded men, the love of the loveliest women—all this world, and the glory of it, were at once offered to a young man to whom nature had given violent passions, and whom education had never taught to controul them. He lived as many men live who have no similar excuses to plead for their faults. But his countrymen and countrywomen would love him and admire him. They were resolved to see in his excesses only the flash and out-break of that same fiery mind which glowed in his poetry. Every thing, it seemed, was to be forgiven to youth, rank, and genius. Then came the reaction. Society, capricious in its indignation as it has been capricious in its fondness, flew into a rage with its froward and petted darling. He had been worshipped with an irrational idolatry. He was persecuted with an irrational fury. Much has been written about those unhappy domestic occurrences which decided the fate of his life. Yet nothing is, nothing ever was positively known to the public, but this—that he quarrelled with his lady, and that she refused to live with him.

To Greece Lord Byron was attached by peculiar ties. He had, when young, resided in that country. Much of his most splendid and popular poetry had been inspired by its scenery and by its history. Sick of inaction—degraded in his own eyes by his private vices and by his literary failures—pining for untried excitement and honourable distinction, he carried his exhausted body and his wounded spirit to the Grecian camp. His conduct, in his new situation, showed so much vigour and good sense as to justify us in believing, that, if his life had been prolonged, he might have distinguished himself as a soldier and a politician. But pleasure and sorrow had done the work of seventy years upon his delicate frame. The hand of death was on him: he knew it; and the only wish which he uttered was that he might die sword in hand.

This was denied to him, Anxiety, exertion, exposure, and those fatal stimulants which had become indispensable to him, soon stretched him on his sick bed, in a strange land, amidst strange faces, without one human being that he loved near him. There, at thirty-six, the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century closed his brilliant and miserable career.—*Edinburgh Review.*

EXPENSE OF AN OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.—This is generally estimated at £134—viz.: £4 from London to Paris—£10 from Paris to Marseilles—£28 from Marseilles to Alexandria—£12 from Alexandria to Suez—whence the fare in the steamer to Bombay is £80.

SENSATIONS.

Some ideas are acquired by *sensation and reflection united*. Thus the ideas of beauty, grandeur, sublimity, symmetry, harmony, proportion, &c. The idea of the beauty of a prospect cannot be acquired by sensation alone; because, if it could, the horse we ride upon would have as good an idea of it as we ourselves, he being as quick sighted as we; which is absurd. Neither can it be acquired by reflection alone; for, if it could, a blind man would have as good an idea of it as one that could see, since one has the power of reflection in as great a degree as another; but this is also absurd.

All the five senses may be very properly considered to be different modifications of *feeling*. Thus, *seeing* an object is only feeling the image of it struck upon the *retina* of our eyes by the particles of light; *taste* is feeling any thing with the tip of the tongue; *smell* is feeling small particles of the effluvia of any thing with the inside of the nose; *hearing* is feeling the air striking the sound upon the drum of the ear; and *feeling* is a sense which no animal can do without. It constitutes the life of every thing. Where there is no feeling, there is no life: it seems to be the distinction between the animate and inanimate part of the creation.

Qualities are powers of affecting us, or causing changes in other objects, making them affect us differently from what they did before. For instance, heat in fire is the power of affecting us with the sensation of warmth, and of melting wax, &c., whereby things or matter are made to exhibit another appearance than they did while cool and hard. The former are called *sensible qualities*; the latter more frequently *powers*. *Sensation* conveys to the mind the *qualities* of bodies. *Primary qualities* are those which may be conceived to exist in the objects, such as they are perceived by the senses; for instance, solidity, extension, figure, motion, rest, number, &c. *Secondary qualities* are those which cannot be conceived to exist in the objects, such as they are perceived by the senses; namely, sound, tastes, colours, smell, heat in the fire, &c. Secondary qualities depend on the primary; for instance, a penknife would not have the quality of sharpness without solidity to force its way in cutting.

Heat in fire is only a secondary quality; because heat does not really exist in the fire. All that exists in the fire is a body of sharp-pointed particles, which gush out from the bars of the grate; and this violently striking upon the flesh, produces a sensation of pain which we call heat. But surely the heat we feel and what exists in the fire are quite different things; that is to say, the sensation we feel, and the cause of that sensation, are different things. This fact may be proved by several arguments. If you ask a person who says there is heat in the fire, or that the fire is hot—if you ask him “how he knows it,” he will distinctly tell you “because he feels heat from it.” He therefore makes the sensation which he feels, and the cause of it, the very same thing. But it may be proved that the heat which we feel and the heat which exists in the fire are two very distinct things. For example, if a person hold a burning coal in one hand and a lunar caustic in the other, and shut his hands, he will perceive the same effects from both; and if his eyes be shut, he will not be able to distinguish which hand holds the coal, and which the caustic. The man will tell you that the coal is hot; but he will not pretend to say that the caustic is hot, because it is in reality a cold powder. Yet he has no more reason to say that the coal is hot than that the caustic is hot, since that the caustic burns him as much as the coal; and all the reason he can give for saying that the coal is hot, is because it burns him. The fire which at one distance produces in us the sen-

sation of warmth, at a nearer approach to it produces a sensation of pain. There is no more reason for saying that the heat is in the fire, because it produces in us that sensation, than to say that the pain is in the fire, because it produces in us that sensation. Again a penknife in cutting the skin produces a smart: yet no one pretends to say that the smart is in the penknife; for surely there is no resemblance between the smart we feel and the edge of the knife; yet we may with just as much reason, say that the smart is in the knife, because it produces it, as that heat exists in the fire because it produces it. Lastly, a feather when rubbed over the flesh produces a tickling; yet no one pretends to say that the tickling is in the feather; but we may, with as much reason, say the tickling is in the feather as that heat is in the fire.

Taste is a secondary quality. Manna, when applied to the tongue, produces a sensation which we call *sweetness*; and for that reason, and for that only, we are apt to say that the sweetness is in the manna. But the sweetness really is not in the manna; for, all that there is in the manna is such a texture of inward parts so suited, as, when applied to the tongue, to cause a sensation which we call sweetness. Several arguments tend to prove that there is no sweetness really existing in the manna. For instance, the self-same manna, when it gets into the stomach, causes a sickness; but no one pretends to say that the sickness is in the manna, or that the manna is sick; while hardly any one will hesitate to say that the sweetness is in the manna, or that the manna is sweet; but let such an one inquire what better reason he has for saying that the sweetness is in the manna, than for asserting that the sickness is in the manna. He says the manna is sweet, because it produces that sensation in him. Why, then, is not the manna sick, because it produces the sensation of sickness in him? We have no more reason for saying that the sweetness is in the manna, because the manna produces the sensation in him, than we have for saying that the smart is in the penknife, because it produces that sensation in him, or for saying that the tickling is in the feather.

Sound is also a secondary quality. There is no sound in a bell. All that there is in a bell is a vibrating motion, which, when propagated to the air, strikes the drum of our ear, and produces a sensation which we call sound. It is plain that the sound which we perceive and the vibrating motion of the bell are two very different things. This is proved by the fact that it is not improper to ask whether the sound is base or shrill, flat or sharp, &c.; but it would be a downright absurdity to ask whether the vibrating motion were base or shrill, flat or sharp, &c. The two foregoing arguments of the knife and feather will serve for this case likewise; for there is no more reason for saying that sound exists in a bell, because we perceive it, than there is for saying that smart exists in the penknife, or tickling in the feather, because we perceive them.

Smell is also a secondary quality. If we hold a rose to our nose, it produces a sensation which we call *smell*; and we are apt, because it produces that sensation in us, to think that it really exists in the rose; but all that exists in the rose are small particles of effluvia, so suited to the inside of the nostrils as to cause the sensation which we call smell.

Colour is also a secondary sensation. If a carpet be produced to our senses, it creates in us a sensation which we call colour. The colours are caused by the rays of light coming on the carpet, and thence rebounding back to our eyes, so as to cause the sensation of so many colours.

Hence, heat, tastes, sounds, smells, colours, &c. do not exist in the objects themselves, but are only the sensations produced from them.—*London Journal*.

THE MAID OF LISCANNER.

The last rays of a glorious sun were stretching the dark shadow of a range of lofty cliffs over Liscanner bay, and the mouldering walls of the ancient castle were tinged with its beams: the green fields and verdant foliage of the trees told that the summer season was at hand; and the light canoes of the fishermen were leaping here and there over the waves. On the cliff a maiden was tracing the narrow path which led by its summit, as the broad swelling water of the Atlantic struck the iron base beneath her, or murmured plaintively as it swept the pebbly beach and dashed its sparkling foam into the cavities of each protruded rock. Long white lines of distant breakers rolled over the sparkling strand of Lahinch, which, with the white washed cottages of its peaceful village situated at the top of the shore, formed a contrast to the dark frowning cliffs which towered their stupendous bulk and jutting ramparts, as if defences against the ocean's swell. On the Liscanner side, a bright ridge of sand-hills, which stretches for a mile along the strand of the watering place, were gilded with the last rays of expiring day. The scene, which would have been worthy the pencil of Raphael or Caracci, lay unregarded by the young woman; she held in her white hand a lock of raven hair, on which her eyes were intently fixed. "'Tis Edward's! my own loved Edward's!" She deposited it again in her bosom as she spoke those words aloud, believing no one near. A footstep startled her; she looked—'twas Edward, who had come up the path unperceived. "Dear, dear Mary!" he exclaimed, as in agitation he caught her hand, "nothing to live for! all hope is lost!" The colour faded from the cheek of the maid. "You have seen my father," she faltered. "Yes yes; he has blasted all the hopes of my breast; all is lost to me now." A tear hung on the long silken eyelash of the noble minded girl, then coursed slowly down her cheek. "Will you meet me to-night Mary, and we'll fly?" he then asked. "Meet thee Edward!" she replied—"yes I will!" "Very well," he continued, "on the quay when the tide is full in, to-night mind." During the conversation they had followed the beaten track; in this part the cliff slopes gently until it comes to a level with the shore. "Adieu now, dear Mary," said the young fisherman, "I'll meet thee again at the quay." He jumped over the gap and was soon running across the meadow. The long row of fishermen's dingy cabins now met her view; the black canvass canoes drawn up on the sand close by the cottage doors. Mary quickly repaired to her home, and resolved to meet Edward again if possible at the appointed place on that night.

James Coffey kept the hotel in the little village of Liscanner; he was a widower, with an only daughter, whom he loved with a fatherly affection. Mary was fond of solitude, and used often visit her grandmother, who lived about four miles from thence. A circumstance occurred when she was but eighteen years of age, which tended greatly to settle the destiny of her future life.

The cliffs of Moher are justly styled the "proud ramparts of our greenisle:" with awful grandeur they raise themselves from the depths of the ocean—their dark summits seek the skies. On these wild cliffs did Mary love to stray—her heart then as free as the loud winds which there never cease to blow. It is a common practice at these ramparts to let men down the cliffs by means of ropes: in this way they capture young hawks in their nests.

"The eagles, the robbers, are to be taken to-morrow, so they are!" said Mary's grandmother to her, as they sat by the blazing fire of the cottage;

"they come, the villains, and take away our lambs and every eatable livin' cratur they can find; but there'll be a stop put to their roguery to-morrow."

The morrow came. Mary expressed a wish to see the fight with the eagles; but her grandmother forbade her, saying—"Child o' grace, don't think of it, for 'tis in the most dangerous cliff of 'em all the robbers builds their nests, so it is; Tom will bring us home word, for he'll be holdin' the ropes."

Mary having seated herself at the little window of her bed-room, in a short time heard a loud shrill cry proceeding from the direction of the cliffs; and soon afterwards five men were perceived by her coming quickly towards the cottage, two of them carrying a dark burden in their arms. A young fisherman was borne insensible into the cottage, and laid on a bed. As soon as Judy recovered somewhat from her surprise, she exclaimed—"Melia murder! me—" Her son laid his hand across her mouth, at the same time whispering—"He's only wounded; he kilt the eagles, an' fought like a man: dad, mother, but you were goin' to set up the Irish cry, and the young man not dead at all; 'twould be a pity he was."

Dr. Finucan was sent for to Ennistimon, (the post town of Liscanner,) and arriving towards evening, he pronounced the wounds to be dangerous; he visited him almost every day. Old Judy sat at his bed-side by night; while the remainder of the time was allotted to Mary to watch over him: when she retired to rest she longed for the morning again to enter on her task. The young fisherman gradually recovered; in a few months he was conveyed home to Liscanner—and then Edward Duncan found that his heart remained behind in the cottage on the cliffs of Moher.

Mary did not remain long at her grandmother's after the departure of the young fisherman; the lovers often met, and their affection for each other became stronger at every interview. Duncan at length solicited the hand of the fair maid from her parent. The inn-keeper replied, "that his daughter should never wed a man whose life was at the mercy of the wind and waves, and whose fortune rested in the sea." Edward's father, besides possessing one of the best fishing sloops on the shore, rented a small farm in the neighbourhood: but Coffey, who always kept "a head high" in the village, rejected the proposal of young Duncan with disdain.

On the night alluded to in the former part of our story, Mary left the warm cheerful parlour of the hotel, and wrapping herself up in her cloak, stole down the narrow street. The roaring of the breakers resounded through the air, as she passed the cottages on the beach, and hurried to the old quay. Edward was already there; his boat rose on the heavy swell by his side; he stretched out his hand to Mary. "Edward," she cried, "are you going to leave me?" "Will you come?" he exclaimed—"will you fly now with me?" "We'll be lost!" she replied, "and oh! my poor father!" "He comes!" said he, springing into the boat! and cutting the rope which fastened it to the quay, it dashed through the surge: as it was lost to the sight, a voice cried from the foaming sea, "Farewell, Mary! I'll love thee long and for ever!" The tones were drowned by a loud blast sweeping from the land. Mary shrieked—"I'll fly with thee, Edward, I will; return, and I'll brave the ocean for thy sake!" A fierce burst of the storm hurried her along towards the end of the quay: she cried—"Edward, Edward, save me!" Her flowing garments were grasped by a strong arm, and she found herself firmly clasped to her father's bosom, who, on finding her from the house, had gone in search of her. The raging surge dashed itself at their feet. Coffey exclaimed at the top of his voice, "Rash young man, come back; return, and you shall have my daughter!" but no answer was heard amid the strife of the ocean.

billows, and he bore Mary home fainting in his arms. That night the tempest roared among the rocks, while vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the heavens, succeeded by hoarse thunder claps, which rent the air. In the morning, when the gale subsided, the surrounding shores were searched for the young fisherman, but no trace of him could be discovered.

A year rolled on, and in that space many changes had occurred in the peaceful village of Liscanner. Old Duncan died shortly after the disappearance of his son. On the brow of the innkeeper rested a settled melancholy, and his forehead was wrinkled with care. Mary, his daughter, was pronounced by the doctor to be fading away under a rapid consumption, and at her request her father allowed her to dwell with her grandmother at Moher. Oft would she sit at the window from which she first beheld her lost Edward, lost to her for ever; but she durst not venture on the wild cliff where oft she loved to roam, and soon she durst not walk from her bed-room to the parlour of the cottage, without the assistance of her aged grandmother.

Six dreary months passed. Judy sat gloomy and melancholy at her lonesome fire-side. The storm howled furiously abroad. "God help 'em that are on say to-night, Tom! God help 'em!" exclaimed his mother; "an' my poor Mary, this is a cold night for her to be out, my poor, poor child." The bright tear rolled down the old woman's cheek and dropped on the hearth-stone.

In one of the pauses of the storm a gun was heard from the sea, and shortly after another. "Ha!" exclaimed the son, "I saw that ship to-day between us and the islands of Arran, from the telegraph; the poor souls will be wrecked; there'll be no hope unless they make for the Hag's Head, and then the most that can be done for 'em is to save their lives." Another gun was heard booming over the mingled war of the sea and wind. "That last gun," said Tom, "came from the Hag's Head, and they have a chance of being saved."

Towards morning the wind fell, and the moon, in its last quarter, rose red and glaring; the waves still rose mountains high, and a long white belt of surge skirted the shore. The day had scarcely dawned when a knock was heard at the door of Judy Coffee's dwelling; her son drew the bolt, and a stranger entered. Tom caught his hand and inquired, "Is this Edward Duncan?" The first words he spoke were—"Where's Mary?" Judy hid her face in her shawl and wept like a child, while her son was deeply affected and replied not. "Oh Heavens! she's dead!" he exclaimed, and rushed from the cottage.

There is a little church-yard by the road's side, a mile from Liscanner, which the peasants call Cile-vic-crihu, in the centre of which is the wreck of a large gothic window covered with ivy; while around the pile of crumbled ruins, broken tomb-stones are sheltered from the breeze by bunches of thickly grown nettles.

On the day after the tempest, two men, emerging from the road, crossed the gap and walked in silence along the tenement of the dead. Arriving at a grave on which the wild daisy was springing up among the grass, they stopped; and the eldest of the party said, in a choked voice and with tearful eye—

"There she lies! my poor daughter, Mary! On the quay the night you departed, I called out to you, but you heard me not. Oh! had you returned, she would not now be lying in that cold narrow bed. She faded like the summer flower, my poor, lost Mary!" The old man groaned, and fell over his daughter's grave.

"That night—that storm!" exclaimed Edward, staring wildly on the grass—"would that I had been

buried in the deepest abyss of the ocean: but I was born for misery. We drove before the gale for two days, when a vessel took me on board; 'twas on a voyage to America, and we never touched a British port 'till last night, when we were wrecked off the Hag's Head, and three of the crew lost. Oh! I was born for misery!" Seizing Coffee's hand, he continued—"But why do I delay? All is now lost to me—father, Mary, and all! The remainder of my wretched life shall be devoted to the service of my country!"

And, stranger, as you pass by that little romantic church-yard, think that the cold blast springing from the bay sweeps over the early grave of—Mary, the Maid of Liscanner! R. S. C.

THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.—The form of the organs of support of the vegetable kingdom vary in every class: in the lowest tribes there are no hard fibres nor any lignin present; the stem being composed of the same description of cellular tissue as is the root of the plant. Proceeding from one extreme to the other, we reach the highest classes, and there find specimens with stems, or rather trunks, fifty, sixty, or a hundred feet in height, composed of a tissue which in some cases approaches towards the hardness and density of iron, and which in many instances withstands the strongest attacks of the most keen and well-tempered instruments. The wood of the pomegranate tree is nearly half as heavy again as an equal bulk of water; lignum vitæ, also, will not swim upon the surface of that fluid; many other woods are still more dense than these. Cork and poplar, again, are about one-fourth lighter than water, and are about the lightest of known woods. Not only the density but the size of the vegetable skeleton varies very considerably: we have the common mould, with a stem not above an inch in length, and scarcely of the thickness of a piece of sewing cotton, and we have chestnut trees, as that of Etma, within the trunk of which there is space sufficient for the standing of one hundred horsemen. There is an oak, also, at Brentwood, which is sixty-eight feet round; and a sitting-room, thirteen feet in diameter was exhibited a few years back in London, at the Oxford-street Bazaar, hollowed out from the trunk of a walnut tree. The great palm tree of Africa, and the common mahogany tree of Cuba, often attain an altitude of 100 feet; and the banana of the East Indies has a stem twenty feet in height, which is annual, or is reproduced every year.

STREET MINSTRELSY IN VIENNA.—At Vienna no popular amusements are complete without music; during the summer evenings each public garden has its own band of musicians assembled on a platform, nor is the pettiest retailer of beer or wine without his especial set of performers. Every corner in the Prater has its singer; under every oak is to be met with a troop of musicians, either Bohemians or Hungarians, with their cymbals, wind instruments, and pealteries. The life led by the inhabitants of Vienna, as they lounge about the Prater, is somewhat similar to that of the Germans in the Wai-halla; the veriest street beggar is not without a violin, guitar, or harp. Music is at Vienna the property of the people, and admitting its liability to considerable modifications as regards form, still it can never be entirely lost sight of.

GERMAN PRINCES.—In Germany you will see princes sitting in public places with their friends, with a cup of coffee, as unassumingly and as little noticed as any respectable citizen. You may sometimes see a grand duke enter a country inn, call for a glass of ale, drink it, pay for it, and go away as unceremoniously as yourself.—*Howitt's Life in Germany.*

WONDERS OF CREATION.

What a splendid revelation of His existence and varied power has the Almighty given to the grandeur and strangeness of his creations! Can we gather into calm thought the little he has shown to us of His magnificence and omnipotence? Millions of stars illuminate and shine upon our passage of a few short years to the grave. God has exerted his infinite intelligence in performing and bringing about the most unlooked-for, incredible, and stupendous miracles. He has created man, whose thoughts "wander through eternity;" and the poor earth-worm, who possesses neither brains, eyes, ears, or bones. In this world are seen hugh whales, giving birth every now and then to a monstrous and unwieldy cub; and here also are found the sturgeon and the herring spawning at one time millions of fishes. The great Author of Nature can do what he pleases; with Him there is no restrictions, no impossibilities; Nature becomes what we would have it; time and space, illimitable and boundless, are filled with the productions of his wisdom, the wonders of his mysterious and incomprehensible existence. Nature in her developments is indeed a theme for admiration: what bewildering story of magic equals the romance of vegetation, when returning spring calls forth the flowers from the dull mould, and covers the trees with green leaves and fruit, and beauty? The riches of God and his benevolence are nowhere more displayed than in the liberality with which he pours out life; if the children of one pair of the human family went on without check increasing for 1,500 years, they would, at the expiration of that time, have given birth to more than 35,000 times the present population of the whole earth.

The Deity has in Nature exhibited alike his boundless extravagance and surprising economy; a polypi is not wasted. He has shown his power by his various creations; there are bees and ants, which are neutral as to sex; and leeches, which are in themselves both male and female; zoophytes grow like plants on rocks; oysters have no locomotion; while the pigeon will dash through a hundred miles in some minutes; or the adventurous coote cross deserts and oceans without a pilot; the lion falls in the forest, and his lordly carcase gives being to a host of things; the larvæ of nameless insects produce moths and butterflies; all beautiful as the dragon fly may appear, the germ of its fantastic and curious being once floated on the rivers, and marshy pools, without form or motion, in a tiny egg; the mole lives in dark galleries under the surface of the earth; toads exist for centuries enclosed in solid blocks of marble; snakes breathe for years, and neither eat nor drink; a star-fish, if cut to pieces, but divides its being, and what before was one existence becomes many. Thus does God triumph in the boundlessness of power, shutting within the small compass of an acorn, a forest to overshadow miles, or endowing an orange pip with sufficient fecundity to cover acres with trees and fruit. The creation is full of wonders; these are merely specimens taken at random from the vast arcana. Through what dense volumes of air must the comet cut its victorious way! what hells of fire toss up their flames to the crater of Mount Etna! what oceans of water dash in foam and fury against the rock-ribbed earth!

How the winds sing hallelujas to His name. His name, which glows alike in the burning-sands of the torid zone, and shines in the cold and desolate ice of the arctic regions!

The investigation of modern astronomers have thrown such a light upon the amplitude and immensity of the creation, that language is unable to express or make known the magnificence of their discoveries. Vast as the planetary system is, of which our earth forms a part, it dwindles to a mere point in space, a twinkling light, when the mind beholds ten thousand more such systems rolling in the immeasurable largeness, in the eternal circle which they occupy.

The fearful magnitude of *room* by which we are encompassed is a subject almost too vast for human contemplation, and the mind staggers with the weight of its own conceptions. Were we to travel millions of years, and miles, east or west, the distance would be undiminished; we might still travel further and further, and further, without end! Having glanced at the wonders of the infinitely large, now let us with the assistance of the hydro-oxygen microscope behold worlds as infinitely small, for God has spread out the starry skies, and He has made creatures so little that the effluvia of a rose-bud is food for thousands!—*London Journal.*

THE LOVER'S REQUEST.

I'll wait thee in thy silent bower,
When the bright sun is tinging red
The woodbine, cowslip, wild-grown flower,
And violet in its verdant bed.
Louisa! dearest to my breast,
How sweet it is to think of thee!
Oh! hasten to thy sylvan rest—
Oh! hasten there, and fly with me.
May angels guard thee in thy flight,
And sil'ry Luna light the way
That wafes thy footsteps, gay and spright,
To my fond arms, sweet queen of May!
'I'll wait thee, and I'll sing thy praise
Beneath the castle on the shore;
The Gods will strengthen all my lays,
And tune my lyre to praise thee more.
My shalop's moored upon the bay,
And rising in the evening's swell;
Then hasten with expiring day,
And where we'll fly—no one can tell. R.

STARCH.—This is soluble in hot water, but not in cold; an excess of starch in hot water is converted into the gelatinous mass employed by our laundresses. The presence of starch is readily detected by the action of *free* iodine, which unites with it, and produces a fine blue colour, being the iodide of starch. This effect does not follow unless the iodine is *free*; as, for instance, the addition of *iodine* of potassium to a solution of starch produces no change of colour; but if another element, having a greater affinity for potassium than iodine has, as chlorine, be added to the above mixture, a *chloride* of potassium is formed; and the iodine being set free, unites with the starch and produces the characteristic blue tint; or, which amounts to the same, if such mixture be subjected to voltaic action, the iodide of potassium is decomposed, and the iodine being liberated is free to combine with the starch. Potato starch may be obtained in great abundance by allowing water to stand over the gratings of potatoes: with little trouble, beyond the requisite washings and filtrations, the article is produced in a tolerably pure condition.

HEAT AND LIGHT.

That these agencies are physically independent of each other, is clearly shown by the fact that they may be entirely separated even when they come to us in the form of a sunbeam. That they are intimately related, is, however, shown by their obeying the same laws of refraction. Heat, it is true, is less refrangible than light, but it still obeys the laws of sines; and being incident upon a doubly refracting substance, the rays after emergence are found like those of light, to be polarized in planes perpendicular to each other; leaving no doubt that were our organs and our instruments of a construction suitable for their appreciation, all the corresponding phenomena to those of colours in the case of light might be obtained and made sensible. The phenomena of interference have not however been yet observed; but although we have not up to the present time recognised the actual production of cold by the combined action of two rays of heat, the analogy in other respects is so close that it seems probable in this case that additional observation alone is wanting. Moser's hypothesis of latent light may perhaps be placed in juxtaposition with Black's theory of latent heat; for although additional investigation be still required to place it on the same firm basis, the evidence already adduced is of a kind not to be lightly estimated. In the conversion of calorific rays of one degree of refrangibility into those of other degrees, we, however, recognise a case to which the phenomena of light furnish no parallel; for we have never known red light converted into blue, or violet into orange.

NERVOUS TEMPERAMENT.—This is a sort of aristocratic constitution, consequent upon civilization, the refinements, the excitements of the higher walk of life—the offspring of the ball-room and the boudoir, as well as of the inevitable wear and tear of the system, which must be suffered when wealth, fame, and distinction are to be purchased by the “sweat of the brain” and the anxious throbbing of the heart. Richeran says that Tronchin, a Genevese physician, acquired great wealth and reputation by the treatment of nervous affections. His whole secret consisted in exercising to fatigue women habitually inactive, keeping up their strength at the same time, by simple, healthy, and plentiful food.—*Hayden's Physiology.*

HAPPY HOME! HAPPY HOME!

Happy home! happy home!
 Tho' thy hills recede in view,
 While I roam, while I roam,
 Still my heart shall live with you.
 Vale of peace and early joys,
 Merry scenes of childhood,
 Where the little streamlet's noise
 Echoes thro' the wildwood:
 Happy home! happy home!
 Tho' thy hills recede in view,
 While I roam, while I roam,
 Still my heart shall live with you.
 When my bark, when my bark
 Bears me back again to thee,
 Then the lark, then the lark
 Shall be welcome, aye, to me;
 Then I'll hear the valleys ring,
 While I gather flowers;
 Then I'll hear the warblers sing
 In my native bowers.
 Happy home! happy home!
 If thy hills again I see,
 I'll not roam, I'll not roam,
 But shall ever rest with thee.

TURKISH CUSTOMS.

The Turks never improve anything. The distinction between them and the Europeans is, that the latter think of convenience, the former only of luxuries. The Turks, for example, build handsome pavilions, plant showy gardens, and erect marble fountains to cool them in marble halls; but they never mend a high road—they never even make one. Now and then a bridge is forced on them by the necessity of having one, or being drowned; but they never repair that bridge, nor sweep away the accumulated abomination of their streets, nor do anything that it is possible to leave undone.

Pera is the quarter in which all the Christians, even of the highest rank, live: the intercourse between it and Constantinople is of course perpetual; yet, perhaps, a stone has not been smoothed in the road since the siege of the city.

One extraordinary circumstance strikes the stranger, that but one sex seems to exist. The dress of the women gives no idea of the female form, and the whole population seems to be male. The masses of the people are dense, and among them the utmost silence in general prevails. About seven or eight at night the streets are cleared, and their only tenants are whole hosts of growling, hideous dogs, or a few Turks gliding about with paper lanterns: these, too, being the only lights in the streets, if streets they are to be called, which are only narrow passes, through which the vehicles can scarcely move. During the Ramazan no Turk eats, drinks, or even smokes from sun-rise to sun-set. The moment the sun goes down, the Turk rushes to his meal and his pipe, not eating but devouring, not inhaling but wallowing in smoke. At the Bajazet colonnade, where the principal Turks rush to enjoy the night, the lighted coffee-houses, the varieties of costume, the eager crowd, and the illumination of myriads of paper lanterns, makes a scene that revives the memory of Oriental tales. Everything in Turkey is unlike anything in Europe. In the bazaar, instead of the rapid sale and dismissal in our places of traffic, the Turkish dealer, in any case of value, invites his applicant into his shop, makes him sit down, gives him a pipe, smokes him into familiarity—hands him a cup of coffee, and drinks him into confidence: in short, treats him as if they were a pair of ambassadors appointed to dine and bribe each other—converses with and cheats him.—*Lord Londonderry's Tour.*

ORIGIN OF MILITARY UNIFORMS IN ASIA.—The first trace of uniforms being adopted by particular corps or regiments in Asia may be found on the occasion of a general review of the Tartar troops by their renowned Emperor, Timour, a short time previous to the commencement of the memorable campaign in which Bajazei-Ildirim, the Ottoman sovereign, was taken prisoner. Mohammed Sultan, Timour's favourite grandson, arrayed his troops in uniforms for that solemn occasion, and received the felicitations of Timour upon the idea, which was shortly afterwards adopted with respect to the other portions of the army. Some squadrons of cavalry had red standards, saddles, scarfs, quivers, shields, and garments; and others yellow. A few were clad in white uniforms; and two regiments wore coats of mail and cuirasses.

STANZAS ON VISITING KING WILLIAMSTOWN IN 1838. *

I saw thy site—No living sound was there
To break the silence of the savage dell.
Saw where the fleet hare burst its grassy lair.
Or wild bee kiss'd the holed heather-bell,
Or mallard upward sprung from wave to sky,
Where broad Blackwater murmured lonely.

I saw thy site when winter stern went forth
To wrap all nature in his snowy shroud ;
Thy guest the winged wanderer of the north ;
Hark screamed his signal from the frozen cloud,
The signal sound which told the race that plough,
The Heaven's wide pathless sea, their haven thou !

I saw thy site—There lurked the hunted men,
Whom stern-ey'd justice plac'd beneath her ban ;
There frequent stalk'd along thy heathy fen
The belted leader of the Rockite clan,
And outlaw fierce, who sought thy shelter lone
From fell pursuit, for crimes not all his own !

I saw along the dark and dreary wold,
Where high O'Keefe once held his ancient sway,
The wretched peasant dig the barren mould—
Fair science gleam'd not o'er his darkling way—
Where spring could scarce produce a sheltering leaf,
" And half an acre's corn was half a sheaf."

Saw on the deep morass the hovels vile,
Where sights obscene sent forth the putrid reek ;
Their habitants, in respite from their toil,
The heathy couch on dung-strewn floors did seek,
The care-worn slaves, since reason's earliest prime,
Of middlemen—green Erin's curse and crime.

In other days, an older eye hath seen
The grey wolves prowl along thy path for prey,
And warrior-men yclad in battle sheen,
Mayhap as wild, but fiercer far than they—
The tall and dark-ey'd clansmen who awoke,
At Desmond's call, to burst the Saxon yoke.

Had seen the kirtled clan O'Keefe had sent
Along thy moor to yonder mist-wrapt mount,
Yet nam'd from Desmond's host-encampment tent,
That crown'd its brow at broad Blackwater's fount—

* In the centre of a wide mountain tract, extending far into the adjacent counties of Cork, Kerry, and Limerick, rises the new village of King Williamstown, on the bank of the Blackwater, and near the source of that beautiful stream. The lands of Poble O'Keefe being vested in the Crown, and the lease by which they were held having expired, Mr. Weale, a principal officer in the department of Woods and Forests, was sent over in 1828 to sell them. At that time the primitive and simple people of the district lived in hamlets, consisting each of six or eight mud-built cabins ; they had neither cart nor plough, nor any instrument of husbandry, save a small ill-fashioned spade, and burdens were usually conveyed on sliding-cars across the wide undulating moors. Mr. Weale, feeling the cruelty of consigning the population to rapacious land-jobbers, in his report to the commissioners, suggested the propriety of retaining the people under the immediate protection of the government, of improving the district, and building a new town as a centre, whence a knowledge of husbandry and other arts should diverge, and which might be a depot of merchandize for the supply of the circumjacent country. These, with various other suggestions of that benevolent gentleman, were put into operation ; and in 1838, when the writer visited this interesting place, the new village of King Williamstown contained a respectable inn, a very handsome school-house, besides ranges of buildings occupied by joiners, smiths, shoemakers, &c. Near the town is a model farm-house, with commodious offices.

The long-hair'd warriors tall who vainly fought,
Men of the mountain glen, untam'd, untaught.

I see thy site—not as 'twas seen of yore ;
Sciences and taste have on the desert smil'd.
Strange visions rise my wondering eyes before :
A fairy city in a lonely wild
Salutes the sight, as though some wizard's wand
Had deak its magic power upon the land !

Now rife with sights and sounds of busy men,
The waste where loneliness had built her cell,
Where form'd the hare her bower within the fen,
Fair mansions rise, where lords were proud to dwell,
And many a dew-gem'd flower, bright summer's child,
Could feast the bee that sipt the heather wild.

Where swept the cold blast o'er the marshy moor,
Green leafy groves the gales enamour'd woe ;
Where scream'd the wild-fowl in her haunts secure,
Echo repeats the gentle cushat's coo :
And by Blackwater's bank twines many a bower
Woven by fair taste for love or friendship's hour.

Where famine stalk'd, gay plenty smiles around,
And science guides the labours of the plough ;
The gaunt wolves' path with wavy corn is crown'd ;
The purple hill is grassy upland now ;
The marsh that erst had bred the sedge tall,
Now rears huge fatted oxen of the stall.

On every side along the wide champagne
Flee the vile hovels—rise the mansions fair ;
And sounds of joy from labour's happy train
Prevail where once were cursings of despair !
For they who did 'neath grinding landlords groan,
Bend to imperial Britain's Queen alone.

The men whose fathers cur'd the Saxon name
See blessings scatter'd by the Saxon hand,
And they whose sires had lighted discord's flame
Have quench'd for aye the bigot's burning brand ;
For this fair pledge of Saxon friendship shews
The sons forget their fathers were our foes !

Fair infant town ! some worthier bard shall tell
Thy pride mature, when mute my tongue for aye ;
But his high strain shall not more fervid swell
Than that which rudely hails thy natal day.
Thy early bard bequeaths his blessing true—
Town of the Saxon king ! a fond adieu !

Tourin.

EDWARD WALSH.

Mr. Johnson, the comedian, long a favourite on the Dublin stage, died at Kingstown on the 12th February 1843, and was interred in Mount-Jerome cemetery.

Mrs. Wood, the vocalist, has, it is stated, been placed by her husband in the "retreat" at York—an establishment set apart for persons afflicted with aberration of mind.

Mr. Horncastle is giving lectures in Dublin on the music and songs of Ireland.

The Irish Art Union have presented to the Royal Dublin Society a cast of Mr. Panormo's group of the "Young Protector."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Traveller."—We regret being compelled to decline inserting the tale ; it is not suitable to our pages.

Our Thurlow correspondent shall be attended to.

"S. E."—Send the papers for perusal.

"T. N." and "W." declined.

Several communications shall receive due attention in our next publication.

Printed for the Proprietors, at the Office, 32, Lower Back-village-street, Dublin, where all communications (post-paid) are to be addressed, to the Editor.

Published by T. LE MESURIER, (late T. Tree and Co.) 8, Lr. Abbey-street, Dublin; and all Booksellers.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 18.—Vol. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

A TALE OF DURROW ABBEY.

"It is the voice of years that are gone—they roll before me in their deeds."—*Ossian*.

Durrow would appear to have been one of the most ancient of the religious establishments of Ireland, and to have existed as the abode of recluse piety at a period not very long subsequent to the introduction of Christianity into that country. Its connexion with St. Columb, or Columbkil, the saint of the Orkneys, would seem to be vouched for by the old cross still existant within its precincts, which is a curious piece of antique sculpture, yet known to the peasantry of the neighbourhood as Columbkil's cross. Tradition adds many circumstances well calculated to strengthen the opinion, that Dervagh, or Durrow, was one of the most eminent of those endowments that at a remote period were the retreats of those who sought, by seclusion from the world, to make their way to heaven. But, though founded by St. Columbkil, it was not for many years after, on its size being augmented, that a portion of it was allocated to the reception of nuns—Aed M'Brenaynn, king of Teaffid, having been one of its benefactors, and having increased for that purpose the endowments by which it had been previously distinguished.

Two or three centuries after his death our story takes its rise. At that time the female portion of the institution was under the superintendence of the abbess Bridget, who, descended from king Aed M'Brenaynn, had herself been a great benefactor to the abbey, and under whose mild and dignified controul its inmates had augmented and its celebrity increased. While she was abbess, there lived on the borders of Munster a chieftain, who was her near relative, and with whom—some said, in consequence of an attachment which existed between them early in life, and which had been thwarted by their parents; more probably on account of his being less rude and ferocious than most chiefs at that period—she lived on terms of closer intimacy than she did with any of her other relatives, since she had retired from the world. This chieftain, by name Fergus M'Brenaynn, was a

widower, with two daughters, celebrated for their beauty. He married early in life a lady, to whom he had been much attached, but was doomed, a few years after their union, to weep over her grave! As it is not uncommon, under such circumstances, bereaved of the mother, his attachment to the daughters increased, to a degree almost childlike. On them he lavished all the affection that, if he had lived, he would have reserved for her. In them he saw her revived; and, as they advanced from infancy to girlhood, and from girlhood to woman's more attractive charms, the older they grew, the more he thought ~~he saw~~ developed in them the beauty of their mother, especially in Bernicia, the younger, who was called after her—Deira appearing to him to resemble her more in disposition than in beauty; indeed, they were both very beautiful girls, highly adorned by nature; and it was much to their praise, considering the bereavement they had sustained, and the fond idolatry of their remaining parent, that their conduct was in every respect irreproachable, and apparently characterised by wisdom beyond their years.

The family of M'Brenaynn had been early converts to Christianity. Of all those who had listened early and attentively to the preachings of Patrick, none had listened earlier or more attentively than they had; and, though centuries had elapsed since the existence of that missionary, none remained more steadfast in their adherence to what they had learned. It has been observed that Fergus M'Brenaynn was related to the abbess of Durrow. This circumstance, even if there had been a tendency to indifference in the family, would of course have helped to suppress it; but, even without this, there seems no reason to suppose the faith of the M'Brenaynn family would have been feeble or wavering. It seems probable, however, that this circumstance tended to increase the zeal of Fergus, who was much more of a devotee than any of his forefathers had been, and was most assiduous in his endeavours to instil an equal portion of devotedness into his daughters; and so far succeeded, as to rear them up in abhorrence of

all the ceremonies by which the Paganism once prevalent in the land had been distinguished, and make them as constant attendants on Sabbath prayer as any of the other pretty girls in the neighbourhood.

It may appear, that, considering the long time that Christianity had now prevailed in the land, it could be no longer necessary to convey any warnings against the superstition it had supplanted, which, though once powerful, must have now ceased to exist. This was not the case. It has been observed by a writer of Irish history, that so powerful has long habit been always in most countries, but especially in Ireland, that St. Patrick found much difficulty in weaning the inhabitants of the "sacred isle" from their old observances, and was compelled so far to compliment the old creed, as to allow them to retain those portions of it which he deemed least reprehensible. Such being the case, it can scarcely be matter for surprise, that in many a lone nook, yet unamalgamated with Christianity, there lingered, hidden by primeval forests, the remains of that superstition which for centuries had overspread the earth, and which was famed alike for the potency and the mysticism of its priests.

A few miles distant from the residence of M'Brenaynn lived a chieftain, who, agreeable to the fashion of the times, or probably to distinguish him from others of the same name, was generally known as Fethleimid, the son of Othrimthan. This young man was tainted with the suspicion of being yet a secret follower of the Magi, or Druids; and it was more than hinted, that in the neighbourhood of his patrimonial dwelling there lived under his protection an old priest, the last of the Druid hierarchy then existent in Ireland. He made, however, no open profession of the sympathy with which he regarded the declining superstition; nor was it necessary he should do so, for there was no longer any public evidence of its existence; but, amidst the shades of the deep forests that abounded at that period, it was suspected he attended the cruel mysteries by which this singular faith had been distinguished. To Christianity he lent a cold and passive obedience, but did not in this respect differ much from many wild and careless young men in his vicinity, who, while they expressed a belief in its dogmas, seemed by their lives to refute the assertion. There was, however, sufficient known, or at least suspected, with regard to him, to exclude him from the hospitable hall of M'Brenaynn, who was too sincere a Christian, and too fervid a supporter of it on all occasions, to admit to his presence, or to the society of his daughters, a man to whom such suspicions were attached.

One of those casual circumstances that it is impossible to guard against, and that are always unforeseen, occasioned that acquaintance between M'Brenaynn's daughters and Fethleimid that their father was most anxious to prevent, and produced that impression in Fethleimid's favour that M'Brenaynn would have regarded as the greatest calamity could befall him. It was the custom in these remote times, for females, when they travelled abroad, especially to any considerable distance, to make use of a machine that in some degree resembled those used in war by the Greeks

and Trojans, and at a still later period by the Britons. It afforded room for two persons to seat themselves behind, while a third guided it in front. On the morning upon which the event occurred which I am about to record, Deira and Bernicia, accompanied by a driver, to whose care they had sometimes entrusted themselves before, proceeded in this machine to the wedding of a friend, which was to be celebrated at a few miles distance. No danger of any kind was apprehended in doing so. The roads, indeed, were rude at this period; but they had been often traversed before in this manner, and seemed to present no difficulties more formidable than heretofore. The sisters, however, had not advanced far on their way, when their rude machine encountered an eminence—one of those steep but not large hills common in some parts of Ireland—which rendered it necessary for them to slacken their speed. This they did: with a slow but painful progress they advanced to the summit of the hill, and were proceeding towards the descent, which was generally esteemed the most dangerous, when the sudden bounding of a deer in the wood which skirted the narrow road in which they were placed, rendered their horse, hitherto quiet, no longer controllable. With a furious spring he bounded forward, where deep beneath lay a declivity many feet in depth. Destruction seemed inevitable. The affrighted driver, anxious to escape the fate that seemed to await all, leaped from his seat, and lay apparently lifeless on the road, too timid to attempt the preservation of the ladies. Just at the critical moment when any human aid would have been soon too late, a powerful arm arrested the progress of the maddened steed, and rendered his advance impossible. The arm that did so was that of Fethleimid: he had been in search of game in the woods, and perceiving through the trees the danger in which the sisters were placed, rushed to their aid in time to preserve them from the danger that menaced. The moment it was passed, and while he yet held by the head the still frenzied horse, he raised his eyes to the chariot in which M'Brenaynn's fair daughters were seated, and beheld, with mingled astonishment and admiration, beauty, which, though existing in his vicinity, he had never seen before, and which seemed to him more fit for heaven than earth. If, however, he felt surprise at the loveliness of those he had accidentally preserved, it was scarcely greater in degree than the surprise with which the daughters of Fergus M'Brenaynn beheld the athletic form of the person to whom they were indebted for preservation under such trying circumstances. Nor were they incapable of observing it was that of a young man who to a graceful form and intelligent countenance added much of the manliness and dignity which characterised the chieftains of that martial age. For a few moments both parties were silent: each seemed to find difficulty in speaking. At length, Deira, though with evident timidity, spoke thus—

"Stranger, may I ask to whom we are indebted for our preservation? You have this morning acquired a claim to the fervent thanks of Fergus M'Brenaynn, and I should add, of his daughters, for the successful intrepidity you have evinced in their behalf."

"Lady," replied Fethleimid, "if you had not asked me to tell, I would willingly depart without divulging to whom you are indebted for the assistance accident enabled me to render you; as, from the disinclination that Fergus M'Brenaynn has always shewn to receive even kindness from Fethleimid, the son of Chrimthan, I fear my name will render disagreeable, not only to him but to you, the accidental aid it has been my happiness to be able to afford you."

"I am sorry," returned Deira, "that any circumstance should have hitherto existed to lead you to believe that the assistance you have rendered to the daughters to-day, would be disagreeable to the father. I am, however, unable to gainsay what you assert in that respect; for myself I will say, and also for my sister," (as she spoke, she looked at Bernicia,) "we are sincerely thankful for the timely heroism by which you saved us from destruction."

Whether there was something in the tone and manner in which this was delivered, that evinced that Deira, though thankful, could not quite conceal the effects of long-nurtured prejudice, which had taught her to regard Fethleimid as one deformed by evil, or whether it was that Fethleimid himself felt, that, however strongly he might be impelled by politeness or admiration to remain still longer with the daughters of M'Brenaynn, it was possible his motives might be misconstrued, and even any further intimacy he might contemplate retarded by so doing, just as Deira concluded these words, glancing at the vehicle to see that it was in a condition to advance safely, and bowing gracefully to her and her sister, he vanished amid the adjoining trees, almost as rapidly as he had emerged from them.

No casualty marked the further progress of the sisters after the departure of Fethleimid. They arrived at and returned from their friend's wedding, without the occurrence of any other incident worth recording. The paternal abode, however, in which they had long dwelt in quiet, and which had hitherto been to them a scene of happiness, rarely disturbed even with those petty vexations which will sometimes interrupt the bliss of the most fortunate, was no longer to them the blissful home it had been. A new species of uneasiness took possession of their bosoms. They felt an interest with regard to the youthful chieftain, long the bugbear of their imagination, but who had proved their protector in the hour of need, which no other man had ever excited, and which they blamed themselves for cherishing for a moment. Indeed, it seemed to both that they had lately been guilty of a crime—and yet a crime, the recurrence of which they would not be unwilling to experience. And, as they had suppressed from their father's ear the danger in which they had been placed, and the interposition by which they had been rescued, this insincerity added to their unhappiness, and at the same time shewed them there was something unusual in the event that made them guilty of it, for the first time. When, however, they blamed themselves for having been guilty in this point, it seemed to them that they were impelled to it by some secret dread of the consequences that would ensue from revealing the truth—some apprehension of calamity, either

to their father or Fethleimid, if they acted otherwise. And then came the question—though fond of their father, why should they feel any interest about Fethleimid, who was not equal in birth or power to many chiefs they had seen, and who was disliked by their father? The answer to this question revealed to both the daughters of M'Brenaynn, that if not in love with the son of Chrimthan, they were not far from being so.

A circumstance equally unexpected as the first meeting between Fethleimid and the sisters now occasioned Bernicia to have an opportunity of taking from Deira a lover, for whom both began to feel many of the symptoms of commencing attachment. A relation of Fergus M'Brenaynn's, who was married to a chieftain in a distant part of Leinster, came on a visit to his house, and during her stay there, formed an attachment to Bernicia, who, on her return, she begged leave of her father to take home with her for some time. It was not without painful emotion that M'Brenaynn consented to part his youngest daughter even for a few weeks, and as he delivered her up to the care of his relative—

"Bernicia," said he, "your conduct will, I expect, be as exemplary and as amiable under the care of your relative as it has been under mine, and sooth to say, I believe it will. But one thing I would warn you against—do not form an attachment, of which you may think I could not approve, or which your own heart may tell you should be avoided."

Thus speaking, he departed, to hide the emotion of a heart agitated with the pain of parting a beloved daughter for the first time. Alas! for the success of parental warnings!—Bernicia was soon forgetful of this affectionate admonition.

The chieftain to whom Bernicia's friend was married, and to whose house she carried her, differed greatly from M'Brenaynn in character. He was a Christian as well as M'Brenaynn, and also possessed considerable power as a chief; but here the similarity between them ended. He had none of the religious fervor of M'Brenaynn, and admitted all his acquaintances, without reserve, to his table, where any of the disguised Pagans yet remaining in the land might easily have found a place. It was, therefore, not extraordinary that, very soon after Bernicia's arrival, Fethleimid also appeared here as a guest. He had been long intimate with O'Neill, (so was the chief named with whom Bernicia resided,) and was not slow to take advantage of that intimacy to improve the acquaintance he had just commenced with Bernicia; and this he did gradually but successfully—none of the difficulties that repelled him at her father's residence existing here. Who that is or has been young does not know the rail-road pace of love, when aided by inclination and opportunity on both sides; or how young hearts that have been severed by unkindly fate, unite, when the barrier that divided them is removed? Nor is it to be wondered at, that when Bernicia met Fethleimid almost every day at her friend's table, and that when the pleasing manners and attractive exterior of the young man—to her the most attached of lovers—were aided by the recollection, that she owed her life to his intrepidity that she should feel for him all the tenderness of which her heart was capable.

True, she struggled for a while ; for a while her father's parting words often sounded in her ears ; for a while the prejudices of early youth often recurred to her memory, and, mixed up with occurrences of the day, embittered her dreams : for a while she was undecided and unhappy, and, dreading a sister's and a father's anger, hesitated to admit that she loved him ! But when her brow was darkened, Fethleimid came to chase away the clouds !—when hope seemed to have fled her bosom, his voice came to recall it, breathing the soft accents of love ; and soon to the day-dreams of that love, forgetful of the fears by which she had been once saddened, she gave herself up, without regret, without restraint.

It at length reached M'Brenaynn's ears, that his daughter was beset by that danger, from which he had long sought to protect her ; and that, if not promptly recalled, an affection would grow up between her and Fethleimid, the consequences of which no one could foresee. Her unhappy parent immediately compelled her return to the parental roof, which she now for the first time entered with a countenance distressed and agitated—a heart saddened by conflicting emotions—alternating between affection for a father she respected, and love for an admirer to whom she had become attached. In addition to the wretchedness these circumstances occasioned her, she had the misfortune to find that her sister was estranged from her, and, instigated evidently by jealousy, took every opportunity of wounding her by sarcasm, and of rendering her life irksome, by a system of spiteful but petty annoyance. Only for this, it seems probable, considering the great respect in which she had always held her father, and the pain, the great pain, it would have caused her to persevere in any thing unpleasant to him, though it would of course have occasioned her a struggle to do so, she would have refused to see, perhaps have given up all thoughts of Fethleimid, at least for the present ; but when her residence at home was made wretched to her, by the change that every day became more evident in her sister's manner, and when, while this rendered her discontented, emissaries from Fethleimid assured her of his undying affection, and of his anxiety to see her again, her mind took that decided turn in his favour, to which it is vain to offer opposition, inasmuch, as woman's resolves in affairs of this kind are generally resolves the most decided and unconquerable.

The difficulties that now impeded any interviews between Bernicia and her lover may be easier imagined than described. The anxious care of a parent, and the jealous watchfulness of a sister, united, formed an obstacle not easily eluded. As, however, is frequently the case, the greatness of the difficulties they had to encounter only increased the ingenuity and perseverance of the lovers, which eventually triumphed over every impediment : and though they often suffered days and even weeks to pass without daring to attempt to meet, yet, at the end of this unavoidable abstinence from bliss, came the pleasure of meeting. More than once they met, and met undiscovered. More than once they had those brief but thrilling interviews which form the heaven of young hearts, when severed by the despotism of un pitying fate. More than once, 'neath the pale moonlight, their

lips uttered the words of affection, and their eyes looked its language, without deceit, without restraint.

At one of those furtive interviews, Fethleimid introduced Bernicia to the ancient Druid, with whom it had long been suspected he continued a correspondence, and, on account of the suspicion, had become obnoxious to M'Brenaynn. He was a venerable old man, of uncommon dignity of aspect, and far beyond the common size. More than ninety winters had blanched his brows, over which the long white hair flowed loosely. Age too had stooped his shoulders and enfeebled his step ; yet his eyes retained much of the fire of youth, and, especially when he spoke, kindled with animation. He sat beneath a monarch-oak, which for centuries had spread its shade in the spot where he had looked on it for near one, and where he had often performed the ceremonies of his mystic faith. The hour—it being the twilight of an autumnal eve—the undisturbed solitude of the forest—the wan and unearthly aspect of the old man—his floating robes, on which the feeble rays of the moon played fitfully through the deep foliage or the trees—all combined to make a deep impression on the mind of Bernicia ; and, as she listened to his energetic address, in which he spoke enthusiastically of the creed of which he was the priest, and invoked hill and stream to bear witness to its past glories, when multitudes, beside immemorial tower or in the midst of extensive plain, acknowledged its high source, or bowed to its behest. As he dwelt on the wonders it had performed, and its bright source, in that luminary to which all are indebted for gladness and life, she felt her faith in her own creed to waver, and overpowered by the solemnity of the scene and the touching pathos of the speaker, who omitted no topic which could render his address affecting—perhaps too, in no slight degree influenced by her affection for Fethleimid, to whom she knew such a change of religion would not be unacceptable—she consented, though not without hesitation, that on the following evening she would become the wife of Fethleimid, and at the same time renounce Christianity.

But though she had hitherto eluded the vigilance of her father and sister, she was not destined to be always so fortunate. They suspected she had seen Fethleimid since her return from O'Neill's, though they had been unable to discover when or where ; and they determined, by the exercise of more care, and by placing some person as a perpetual spy on her actions, to prevent the recurrence any more of an event, against which they were anxious to guard. For this purpose, M'Brenaynn employed an old domestic, firmly devoted to his family, who, by making inquiries in the neighbourhood, and learning all the particulars he could with regard to Fethleimid, might mar any projects that might be hatching, and prevent any secret interviews between him and Bernicia. This plan proved successful. On the eve of the day previous to the day on which Bernicia intended to meet Fethleimid in the woods, and become his bride in the presence of the old Druid, the old servant M'Brenaynn had employed to watch her divulged to his master her intentions, having, by bribing one of Fethleimid's adherents—too venal to resist the power of gold—learned the time at which the

Intended nuptials were to be celebrated, and every particular with regard to them. Once aware of how narrowly he had escaped the loss of his daughter by a marriage to which he would have infinitely have preferred her death, M'Brenaynn resolved to adopt a measure which he had for some time contemplated, and which he deemed would be effectual in preventing it. This was by compelling her to reside in future with the abbess at Durrow, and, after the completion of her noviciate, inducing her to take the veil. Accordingly, securing her that night in his own residence, so that escape was out of the question, he set out with her for Durrow the next day, accompanied by a strong escort. Two days' journey brought them to that religious abode, even then venerable, where they received a warm welcome from the abbess, who, as has been already observed, since her retirement from the world, showed more regard from M'Brenaynn than for any of her other numerous relations. Arrived here, M'Brenaynn found no little difficulty in prevailing upon his daughter to assume those habiliments which foreshadow the more sombre ones, which indicate eternal farewell to the world. He would willingly have insisted she should do so, no matter how obnoxious they might be to her. The abbess, however, refused to compel her to adopt them against her will, and remonstrated so warmly against such a measure, that M'Brenaynn was compelled to be more moderate, and endeavour to effect the accomplishment of his object, not by force, but entreaty. By frequent use of the latter, he succeeded, after some days, in procuring from Bernicia a tardy assent to his wishes; and had the happiness to see her, in the dress of a noviciate, commence those religious duties which he expected would end in her becoming a nun. For his success in this respect, he was in a great degree indebted to the abbess, whose affectionate manner and uniform kindness and amiability won much on Bernicia, and, united with his own entreaties, at length induced her to adopt a step to which she had much disinclination. Having succeeded thus far, M'Brenaynn determined to leave Durrow, accompanied by Deria, deeming there could be now very little reason to apprehend any disappointment of his wishes, when Bernicia was once placed under the careful superintendence of the abbess, and never for a moment supposing that Fethleimid would attempt to mar his plans in any violent manner. In this respect he erred, as will very shortly appear.

Stunned, at first, with the complete prostration of his hopes, which seemed to follow on the discovery to her father of his intended marriage to Bernicia, Fethleimid was unable to form for some days any plan by which he could hope to obtain her; and consequently made no attempt to take her from the escort that conducted her to Durrow. But when he had time to reflect, and when he found it was the intention of her father to hide her from the world in the dark recesses of a convent, he determined, by the employment of any measures he could adopt—no matter how violent or indefensible—to prevent him from doing so. Young, reckless, active—rapid in his movements—possessed of many friends—but, above all, devotedly attached to Bernicia—it may easily be imagined

that when the possibility of regaining her once found entrance into his mind, he did not slumber long inactive. Emissaries were despatched by him in every direction. Friends and adherents were summoned to consultation from many a lone nook: and, notwithstanding the prevalence of Christianity in the land at the time, and the veneration with which its establishments were regarded, such was the power that Fethleimid possessed as a martial chief of considerable fame—such was the popularity of his manners, by which he won many adherents, and the number of the followers who were attached to him by relationship and by many other causes—that, although from the moment he began to collect his martial followers, it was known to all that they were destined for an attack on Durrow abbey, he found no difficulty whatever in collecting them; and, when he had them collected, in inciting them to rush forward recklessly to the intended attack. He represented to them the deeds of former times; the many glorious conflicts in which his and their ancestors had fought and bled together: then, turning abruptly to the cause of the present expedition, he dwelt upon the beauty of the lady he had lost, the strength of their attachment, and how she had been remorselessly torn from him without cause. He expressed his willingness to bow to all religious ordinances which were not used as a cloak to injustice; but he asked them, with impassioned energy, was it not cruel and unfeeling to tear asunder those who were joined by mutual attachment, and who were equally noble in lineage? The answer to this speech was conveyed by loud shouts and gestures expressive of a determination to follow wherever he pleased.

Bernicia had been only a few weeks in Durrow, when Fethleimid appeared before it with a large force. M'Brenaynn had arrived there before him with an army, which he posted in the neighbourhood of the abbey. It was, however, inferior in numbers to the troops led by Fethleimid, and was under a commander much inferior to him in the rude military art practised at that period. It did not, therefore, seem probable it would offer him any efficient resistance; and the probability that it might, seemed to vanish entirely when it permitted Fethleimid to invest the abbey unopposed, and draw round it a line of circumvallation, which he did, deeming it too strong for assault. Matters remained in this state for some days. One evening, while Fethleimid was examining an outpost, and directing that sentinels should be increased at a spot that had hitherto been neglected, he thought he observed more light than usual within the walls of the abbey. As he looked on, it increased rapidly. At length it became evident that a fire had broken out in it, that raged wider every moment, and baffled all attempts to suppress it. The moment the calamity that had befallen it became evident, all other feelings in the breast of Fethleimid were merged in intense anxiety with regard to Bernicia. He directed that a gangway should be fixed across the fortification, over which he entered with a chosen body of his followers, bearing the appearance of the deepest grief, and not that of an opponent. As they approached the abbey, the scene was grand but awful. Great part of the building, which consisted principally of wood, had already caught the flames, and, though the night was

MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.

Luna multa videt.—LUCRATIUS.

I.

The moon looked o'er a silent city !
 O'er casements and roofs, a goodly show,
 Yet none were awake in that silent city !
 Save three, who dwelt in garrets, I trow :—
 The first a Lover, his name ye know,
 He was sighing aloud a pensive ditty,
 'Twas made on his lady's hand of snow.
 "Ho!" says the moon,
 "That's an old tune,
 And the words I have listened to, long ago!"

II.

The moon looked o'er a silent city !
 O'er college, and spire, and lofty dome,
 And the next awake in that silent city,
 With haggard brow, was a Student lone,
 Poring intent o'er an antique tome ;
 'Twas written in Greek by a Theban witty,
 And his cheek was pale with watching grown.
 "Ho!" says the moon,
 "Thou silly loon,
 'Tis the might of my beams you will ponder soon!"

III.

The moon looked o'er a silent city !
 O'er highway and alley calm and still,
 And the third awake in that silent city,
 A Widow who nursed an infant ill,
 And hushed with a song its wailings shrill ;
 The child was dying ! alack ! for pity !
 Yet anxious hopes did the mother thrill.
 "Ho!" says the moon,
 "Is life such boon,
 That ye shrink from death's shadow with fear and gloom?"

IV.

The moon looked o'er a silent city !
 Some weeks had past since she shone before,
 And round she went in that silent city,
 To peep in those garrets three, once more.
 She heard in his bed the lover snore,
 He was dreaming (no doubt) of maiden pretty,
 And mad in his cell on the workhouse floor
 Lay the Student pale, all his high hopes o'er !
 "Ho!" says the moon,
 As she lit each room,
 "Ho! where is the third, who watched of yore?"

V.

The moon looked o'er a silent city !
 O'er warehouse, and wharf, and river bright,
 But in vain she sought in that silent city
 For her who tended her child that night,
 Till she came where stood the head-stones white,
 And the church-yard walls all grey and gritty—
 There a drooping figure met her sight.
 "Ho!" says the moon,
 "A common doom,
 A Mother sits weeping o'er her first-born's tomb!"

excessively dark, spread a brilliancy around surpassing the glare of the brightest day. Round it were many anxious faces, and frequent was the shriek of agony and the cry of despair from many parts of the falling edifice. In most cases all aid was vain, so rapid was the progress of the flames ; but many who could have saved sufferers stood stupidly gazing at a calamity which seemed to have turned them to stone. Fethleimid was distinguished from all by the tearless agony of his countenance, and his indefatigable perseverance in his search for his beloved Bernicia. Many times he thought he heard her cry, as some of the unhappy inmates of the burning cells implored that aid it was impossible to afford them. At length, in a building a little detached from the rest, and which the fire had just reached, he heard a woman's voice imploring aid—yes, he heard the voice of that woman that he loved above all others, and in a moment he was at the spot. A broken ladder, sufficient for his purpose, which chance threw there, soon raised him to a projecting window, from whence he bore in his arms to the earth the half-inanimate form of Bernicia, who, when she had recovered her consciousness, he brought to his camp, and both became partakers of all the happiest lovers should feel under such circumstances.

Next day Fethleimid withdrew his forces from Durrow abbey, which was now a pile of ruins ; and a few days after his return home he was united to Bernicia in marriage.

Chronicles relate, that shortly after the wedding the old Druid died, and that Bernicia, who had been bewildered by the power of his eloquence, the first time they met afterwards, regretted deeply the infirmity of her faith on that occasion, and returned to the religion of Christ with even more fervour than she had felt in early life. They add, that, after a few years, she brought round Fethleimid, who became more sincerely attached to Christianity than he had ever been to the doctrines of the Druid. This event was followed by an immediate reconciliation between him and M'Brenaynn, who from thenceforth bestowed many acts of kindness on him and Bernicia, and was very fond of their children. As to Deria, she went into a convent, and devoted the rest of her life wholly to religion.

AUTOBULUS.

Clara, 20th February, 1843.

ARIOSTO.—It is related of this extraordinary genius, that his father being one day very angry with him, reprimanded him in the bitterest terms ; to which Ludovico not only listened with patience, but with the most respectful attention, not offering a single word in his vindication ; but, on the contrary, seeming to wish that the admonitory lecture had continued longer. A friend of his, who was present at this most interesting scene, asked him, after his father was gone, what could be the meaning of his singular behaviour ? To which Ariosto returned for answer—"That he had been for some days at work on a comedy, and on that very morning had been much perplexed how to write a scene of an angry father reprimanding his son ; that from the moment his father opened his mouth, it struck him that that was an admirable opportunity to examine his deportment with attention, that so he might paint the picture as closely as possible after nature ; and that being thus absorbed in thought, he had only noticed the voice, the face, and the action of his father, without paying the least attention to the truth of the falsity of the charge."

SHAKSPERE.

Nothing can be more clear than the inward life of Shakspeare; it is mirrored in his page. Nothing, after all labours and researches, more vague and general than his outward life. The modern admirers of his genius, and in some sort (be it not said disrespectfully) traders in his name, have furnished us with the only facts respecting him upon which we can rely. These have been gathered from law documents, which, had they not been leavened by the name of Shakspeare, all mankind would have complacently suffered to be burnt in the mass, as a congenial offering to the goddess of dulness. Lord Chancellor Ellesmere has left to the world that wherewith we have been enabled to remove from his memory the heap of rubbish which was shot over it by his biographers and commentators. The production of sundry documents, all legal, has served to satisfy the dull upon a point which was never doubtful to those who really loved the poetry of Shakspeare, and were accustomed to read it with a reverential spirit. The foolish stories, gilded with the great names of those who transmitted them, about Shakspeare's descent, youth, and early manhood, have been all exploded. And it is now clear to the meanest capacity, that our greatest poet was on either side of gentle blood, and in his own person from an early period of his life, "a prosperous gentleman." It never was disputed that in the decline of life he was rich and worshipful, living in his native place, in familiar converse with the best quality of the neighbourhood. This fact might of itself have convinced the commentators of the absurdity involved in all the tales of calf-killing, and deer-stealing, and horse-holding, and so forth, which still disgrace the prefaces to the only editions of Shakspeare accessible to the multitude. A shabby play-actor would not have selected his own town, where the meanness of his origin, the disreputable pranks of his youth, and the poor shifts and struggles of his early manhood were known, to retire to, as a place in which he could take his ease, and live in all respect and honour. Were he such as Rowe and Pope, and thick-headed Farmer, and sancy, burly Warburton fancied him, he never would have sought the society of the gentry of Stratford, and he never would have gained it. The new place would have remained unbuilt; the mulberry tree unplanted. Not dull dry facts upon parchment show that Shakspeare had from an early age all those appliances and means which keep the soul free from the sordid stain which poverty, at the outset of life, can scarcely fail to inflict; and thus the close and outset of his career are placed in harmony; and we recognise the "gentle Will" of the choice assemblage of bright wits and high hearts at the "Mermaid," in his proper lineaments. The gentleman to whom the multitude are indebted for bringing to light those vouchers for Shakspeare's "respectability," is Mr. John Payne Collier, the author of several works relating to our early dramatic literature—a man of great candour, and with true enthusiasm of industry.

The papers of the Chancellor Ellesmere are in the possession of Lord Francis Egerton. To those Mr. Collier had access; and from amongst the heaps he has unburied those which relate to our poet, and which confound the conjectures made and traditions adopted by those who, while they professed to worship the author, took the most wayward pleasure in degrading and decrying the man.—*Polytechnic Review*.

FREEMASONRY.

The original institution of this order is traced even to the Greeks and Romans. Numa established the first corporations of architects, *Collegia Fabrorum*, together with the inferior *Collegia Artificum*. They were invested with a religious character, and rights of framing laws and treaties amongst themselves. They greatly contributed to the increase of the Roman power amongst the barbarians, as have done our own people amongst the North American Indians, with whom an article of treaty, on their part, has always been to send a blacksmith amongst them. The *Collegia* were greatly promoted by the Roman Emperors in the rebuilding of cities, in the aqueducts and public works, and endowed with peculiar privileges, as freedom from taxation, holding councils with closed doors, &c. Victor relates that Hadrian was the first to attach a corps of architects to the Cohorts (about 120 A.D.)—an example which the admirable institution of Civil Engineers at Putney, in favour of our Colonies, promises to follow with great advantage.

But it was at the termination of the eighth century, that the masons of Como assumed their peculiar form of Freemasonry, raised into importance by the patronage of the commercial and zealous Lombards, in the building of churches and monasteries with new materials; and dispersed after the destruction of that kingdom by Charlemagne, they spread themselves over Europe, obtaining bulls from the Pope, and maintaining peculiar rights and mysteries. *Collegia* had existed in England; but, destroyed by the ravages of the barbarians, the Freemasons (probably of Como) were invited by Alfred, and after by king Athelstan, who gave them a charter in York (926,) the original of which is said to exist still in that ancient city.

In 1459 a grand lodge was erected at Ratisbon, of which the Architect of Strasbourg cathedral was the grand master. Charters and privileges were added by Maximilian, 1496. In 1717, Sir C. Wren, was the grand master in England; but shortly after the ancient fraternity, altered its original form and purpose, and became what we now understand by Freemasonry.—*Professor Cockrell's Lectures*.

A HAZARDOUS CALLING.—Dr. Graves, of Dublin, in seconding a resolution of the "Medical Benevolent Fund Society of Ireland," lately, gave the following startling account of the mortality of the healing profession in this country:—"Compared with the other professions, physicians are very short-lived. Even lawyers enjoy greater longevity. But in Ireland the mortality amongst medical men is infinitely greater than in England, for, in this country, typhus fever alone cuts off more than one-fourth, as will soon appear from a most important statistical report drawn up by Doctors Stokes and Cusack."

TEMPER.—It is temper which creates the bliss of home, or disturbs its comforts. It it not in the collision of intellect that domestic peace loves to nestle. Her home is in the forbearing nature—in the yielding spirit—in the calm pleasures of a mild disposition, anxious to give and receive happiness.

THEORY OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

There are, perhaps, fewer phenomena in the external world more calculated to excite in our minds an idea of some of the more wonderful operations of Nature in her extensive domain, or from their occasional occurrence arrest our attention and imbue us with a deeper degree of reverential fear before her all-presiding Master, than the sudden and vivid flash of the lightning, illuminating the whole canopy of the heavens with its brilliancy, or the reiterated rattle of the thunder, convulsing, as it were for the moment, the entire mass of murky clouds above our heads with its tremendous sound, and displaying at once, on an immense, although magnificent scale, one of the most remarkable forms in which electricity is capable of manifesting itself to our notice.

In accounting for the production of the phenomena under consideration, it may be premised, that when bodies undergo any change in their molecular constitution, or those particles which characterise their physical qualities, a corresponding disturbance of their electrical equilibrium generally ensues—as when bodies pass from a solid to a liquid condition, or from a liquid to a gaseous state, or reversely, electrical action to a certain amount in all cases invariably results. Hence it is in the truth of this law that atmospheric electricity may be most easily accounted for; and we find that one of the most abundant sources of its production exists in the evaporation of water from the surface of our globe. In addition to this vast and inexhaustible source, it has been proved that the combustion of our ordinary fuel contributes no small share to its production likewise.

The great mass of aqueous vapour that is eliminated at all ordinary temperatures from the surfaces of all large bodies of water—for example, in our seas, lakes, and rivers—carrying with it an enormous quantity of electricity which had been generated during its evaporation, becomes mixed with our atmosphere, and constantly renders it in an electrical state. As it ascends upwards to the more elevated and cooler regions above, it becomes condensed, and necessarily assumes that appearance which constitutes a cloud, in which is concentrated all the electricity evolved at the surface. We may thus consider the mass of clouds above our heads as being intensely electric, and when such causes operate to disturb its quiescence, we have produced all the brilliancy of the lightning, succeeded in too many instances by fatal loss of life and property, from its destructive influence; whilst the report produced by its neutralisation from the surfaces of the remaining clouds, by the declivities of mountains, or in the valleys beneath, greets the ears with the alarming effect of the continuous rattle of the thunder.

These effects are, for the most part, produced when the clouds are attracted to each other by induction, or to some prominent object on the earth's surface, as a mountain top or an elevated building, when the discharge and neutralisation of the electricities simultaneously take place.

W. T.

It is not the greatness of a man's means that makes him independent, so much as the smallness of his wants.

HAS THE MOON AN ATMOSPHERE

Although many great authorities assert that the moon has no atmosphere, there are some facts which should lead to a different conclusion.

It is true, indeed, that astronomers cannot perceive any of the heavenly bodies over which the moon may pass to be refracted on emerging from behind her disc. But to produce a degree of refraction sensible to the inhabitants of this earth, the atmosphere of our satellite should extend a considerable distance from the lunar surface. There is nothing therefore to hinder us from saying that the atmosphere of the moon may extend itself to but a short distance from the surface in a narrow but dense coat. This conclusion is rendered almost certain, when we reflect that the moon is studded over with volcanoes, which evidently could not be in action without the presence of some aerial substance to support their combustion.

The absence of clouds or mists floating over the moon's surface, is thought by some to be an evident proof of her having no atmosphere. For it is asserted that such vapours would be present if there was any aerial fluid on which they could rest. But it should be remembered, that astronomers have recently concluded the moon to be destitute of water or similar fluids; as it has been discovered that the large dusky spaces on the surface of our satellite, which were formerly supposed to be seas or lakes, are really great sandy deserts or alluvial plains. Knowing that mists or other vapours could not exist without some aqueous fluid, from which to be evaporated, we must conclude that the real cause of their absence from the vicinity of the moon, is the absence of fluids on her surface.

Having now shown the futility of the arguments which have been advanced to prove the non-existence of an atmosphere surrounding the moon, we beg our readers to recollect the presence of the volcanic fires already mentioned, and they will have little doubt of the existence of the moon's atmosphere.

H. H.

Cork, February 20th, 1843.

IRISH WASTE LANDS.

The Improvement Society held a meeting on the 16th February, 1843, in London—Lord Devon in the chair. The report stated that the system pursued by the Society in reclaiming large tracts of waste lands, and in the construction of roads, bridges, cottages, and farms, on their estates at Kilkerring, Gleneask, and Ballinakill, had during the year 1842 undergone considerable improvement. A model farm had been established at Kilkerring for the instruction of the company's tenants, who were furnished with seeds, timber, materials, and cattle, to carry on the necessary operations. A great proportion of the unemployed population of these districts had been engaged during periods of distress, and prizes had been distributed to tenants for improvements in farming and building; eight miles and a half of a road had been formed at Kilkerring; supplies of manure for the fields being conveyed over the rocks on women's backs!

SAXON GLEES AND BALLADS.—The Anglo-Saxons delighted in rhyme and harmony. The harp was handed round at their festivals, and he who could not join in the "glee," (this word is pure Anglo-Saxon,) was considered unfit for respectable company.

THREE SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF JACOB.

I.—THE DREAM.

Near Haran, in a lovely vale, the weary wanderer lay,
When even's clouds droop'd gloomily upon the mountain way :
A rugged stone his pillow was—the grassy earth his bed,
A fragrant couch of purity that Nature's self had spread—
When lo ! far Æther folded back her robe of starry blue,
And the kingdom of the " Lord of All " was opened to his view :

A ladder, wrought of living light, before the dreamer's eye,
Wound gorgeously its gleaming way, 'til fixed within the sky ;
And at its top the " Lord of Hosts " stood glorious in the blaze

Of all the mighty heaven's gushed, omnipotence of rays ;
And myriad angels, brightening space, with wings of splendour flew,

Like shades that His magnificence, of endless being, threw ;
And then the Lord of Glory spoke unto that dreamer there,
And told him that the land he press'd, where mead and mountain were,

From that time forth were given him, and to his offspring too.
He 'woke!—and Haran's silent vale sloped gently 'fore his view.

II.—THE COURTSHIP.

Beautiful on earth was she!—the father's younger child,
With form stately as the pine, as perfect and as wild ;
And who that saw her dark eyes' gleam, her lips' bewitching smile,

But felt his heart beat high with joy and tenderness the while.
Yes ! she was lovely as the babe that blushes in its dream—
The antelope upon the lee—the sun upon the stream—
The swan upon the glassy lake—the wild-bird on the spray—
The lily lulled upon the wave that sinks at close of day ;
And Rachel's heart was full of love, and of the wandering youth

Who won her by his meekly mien of manliness and truth,
Who praised her with his beaming eye, and watch'd her waking will,

And, like the moon that wooes the wave, lov'd silent, but lov'd still.

" I'll serve thee, father," Jacob said, " for seven years to come
To every toil a willing slave, thro' pleasure and thro' gloom,
And give me Rachel for my bride, thy lovely younger child ! "
The lover ceased and trembling stood. The stern parent smiled ;

And Rachel knew that meaning smile—it gladdened her young heart—

For Jacob was to tarry there, and never more to part !
How blissful is the sunny time when youthful lovers meet,
High seated on a throne of life, with sorrows at their feet !
Nor dream they of the cloud of care the future has in store ;
They love !—earth's greatest blessing here—and seek to know no more.

III.—THE BRIDAL.

'Tis the day—'tis the day ! Joy ! joy ! to the fair !
The young bride is wreathing the flowers in her hair,
And the smile on her lip is like dawn on the hill
So timid, so weak, yet so beautiful still ;
And blushes of beauty, half startled with thinking,
That gush from the heart at its throbbing and sinking,
O'er her neck, o'er her bosom, all fittingly glow,
Like the crimson of evening on plumage of snow ;
For the seven long years of probation are gone,
And Jacob and Rachel, at eve, will be one.

'Twas the eve—'twas the eve—and the hour was come
Of the sun and the cloud, of the sheen and the gloom ;
When, veiled and in silence, the wanderer's bride
Stood still as a statue enrobed at his side.

" Ah ! Rachel—my Rachel—young modest one flee
To my heart—to my soul—they are lone without thee.
As the dove in the gloom when his mate is away ;
As the Persian awaiting the idol of day ;
As the bud without light ; as the gem in the waste ;
As the vase unadorn'd with flowers at the feast ;
As the garden at spring, ere its roses we see—
So sad is my soul, my young love, without thee ! "

'Twas the morn—'twas the morn—and Jacob awoke,
As the beams of the sun thro' the green lattice broke ;
And fondly he stole, with affectionate pride,
To gaze on the face of his beautiful bride.
" That hair !—why, my love, it was dark as the night,
Or the sea-diver's plume, and as black and as bright !
And that lip !—and that brow !—Heavens ! what do I see ?
Awake !—and those eyes !—misery ! !—thou art not she ! "

No, Jacob—they wronged thee ; thy Rachel's not there.
Go !—kneel to thy God, in this hour of despair ;
For thine own—thy betrothed—is walling for thee,
And her sister before you, in slumber, you see !

J. T. C.

UGLY WOMEN.

Many is the tragedy which would probably be enacting in every country in the world, but for the fortunate circumstance that we have no longer any fixed standard of beauty, real or imaginary, and by a necessary and happy consequence no determinate rule of ugliness. In fact there are no such animals as ugly women. There is no deformity that does not find admirers, and no loveliness that is not deemed defective ; however parsimonious or even cruel nature may have been in other respects, they all cling to admiration by some solitary tenure that redeems them from the unqualified imputation of unattractiveness. One has an eye, that, like oharity, covers a multitude of sins ; another is a female Sampson, whose strength consists in her hair ; a third holds your affections by her teeth ; a fourth is a Cinderella, who wins hearts by her pretty little foot ; a fifth makes an irresistible appeal from her face to her figure, and so on to the end of the catalogue. Still it must be acknowledged, that however men may differ as to details, they agree as to results, and crowd about an acknowledged beauty, influenced by some secret attraction of which they are themselves unconscious, and of which the source has never been clearly explained.

EFFECTS OF ARSENIC ON SHEEP.—A communication was lately made to the Paris Academy of Science, from the commission appointed to make experiments with arsenic on sheep, with a view of ascertaining whether it is really innocuous to them, as the account given of its effects when administered for the cure of chronic pluryia would seem to indicate, and for the purpose of ascertaining whether the flesh of the animal to which arsenic had been administered, could with safety, and at what period, be used as food. It appears from the results of the experiments, that although arsenic cannot be said not to be poison, even when administered to sheep, it may be given in very large doses without producing a poisonous effect, but sufficient time has not yet elapsed for a decision to be come to, as to the extent and duration of the absorption.

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

"——Ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Manè salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam."

VINET.

In the peaceful valley of Ballys——, on the outskirts of the county of Carlow, and within an half hour's drive of the flourishing town of Tullow, is beautifully situated the neat country mansion of the late unfortunate Henry Br——ll, Esq., which seat, with a large tract of land immediately adjoining, were held by his ancestors, from time immemorial; but, since the death of its last proprietor, although inheriting the greater part of its former beauty, it no longer presents that animated appearance which the court yard and avenue of an indulgent, hospitable landlord never fail to impart, when crowds of rustics assembled at the young squire's invitation, to regale themselves on the delicacies of his plentiful board; who afterwards made the walls re-echo with the sounds of their revelry, or turned out on the green sod opposite the hall-door, where an Irish jig or a country dance were performed with a grace that would have delighted the most polished circle of our metropolis. But alas! what an alteration has befallen this delightful place in the course of the last half century! The eye can no longer gaze on floods of living beings incessantly passing and repassing the avenue in all seasons: a far different spectacle now presents itself; nothing but loneliness and solitude reign throughout, as if the place never before resounded with peals of mirth and gaiety.

The roads in the immediate vicinity are exceedingly irregular, and, to a person unaccustomed to them, very fatiguing to travel; yet the country round is not altogether destitute of beauty, viewed from the highway, which generally winds along the side of a few small mountains: the ancient road-makers, it appears, having had a dangerous antipathy against low, swampy, wet grounds, and bogs, particularly the latter, which they avoided by all possible means, as they were frequently known to run their course up the steepest acclivities, and the most circuitous routes, rather than cross an arm of one, by which, perhaps, they might have preserved the level uninterrupted. But on your arrival at the entrance to Ballys—— House, the prospect before you amply rewards your toil, as on every side you turn your wandering eyes you behold indelible traces of the splendour and magnificence of the place. The very gateway itself is not without its interest; the high ground in front, which reaches nearly twenty feet above the level of the road, having been environed with a circular wall, affording sufficient room for a coach and four to turn without difficulty: a luxury which the place has not known for the last fifty years; and it is now converted into a ball-alley by the young men of the neighbourhood.—*Sic transit gloria mundi.* As you proceed down the avenue, the stupendous trees which grow on either sides, unite above your head, throughout the whole passage, in such a way as to nearly exclude the daylight from you during the summer months; among whose top branches the noisy rooks have fixed their habitations, whose discordant notes from their airy abode form a striking contrast to the sombre

appearance and silence which prevail beneath. Here the lovers of the antique may find ample food for their evening contemplations; here they may behold the remains of former glory on every part of this fertile demense, the grass growing along the avenue where carriages erst rolled in dozens; the beautiful fishponds, where the trout and other fishes sported in the noon-day sun, choked with weeds and mud to the top: the verdant lawns, where the light-hearted folk of former days oft walked during the twilight of evening; and the rows of ancient trees, unsparingly planted by the former proprietors on every fence, and thro' the fields in clusters, under whose shade

Many a lover's vows were plighted,
And many a jovial tale recited,

now as silent as the grave, save the occasional voice of the gentle herds that graze peacefully around, or the murmur of the streamlet that sparkles along its pebbled bed.

It was about the close of the last century that Henry Br——ll, the subject of our present narrative, on the demise of his father, succeeded to the paternal estate above mentioned, before he had scarcely attained the age of manhood. His younger brother, Benjamin, having been bred up by his father for the church, was shortly afterwards advanced to a curacy in a neighbouring county, and consequently was no further incumbence to him, who now remained the sole, undisputed proprietor. Being thus early ushered into the cares of the world, he soon forsook the careless life he had been hitherto leading, and applied himself wholly to the consideration of the affairs of his tenantry, and to endeavour to preserve that comfort and happiness, which they had enjoyed uninterrupted under the dominion of former landlords. His kind, open disposition, and the affable manner in which he discoursed with the meanest person about him, endeared him more and more to them; and though great was their veneration for his immediate predecessor, the cheerfulness and generosity of his son completely eclipsed the actions of all who had gone before him; and the happy peasant, his heart overflowing with gratitude, after the fatigues of the day, would amuse his family with strange stories about "the young master, and the doings at the big house." Thus he passed his time, not like the greater majority of the landlords of Ireland, squandering away their fortunes in foreign climes, but in the midst of his tenantry, in his native land, administering consolation to the afflicted, assistance to the distressed, and employment to the idle and unhappy—beloved and beloved by all.

In about three years from his accession to the property, the celebrated Mr. R——d gave one of his election dinners, after a severe struggle for the representation of the county, but which displayed none as the riots and disturbances which characterise modern times; and, among the gay and festive throng invited on the occasion, our young hero shone most conspicuous, from the interest he took in the return of his host, in this his first intermixture in the public politics of the county. His fine manly features, and commanding appearance, naturally turned all eyes upon him; and the cheerful, but at the same time polite manner in which he returned the various salutations and

introductions, contributed to render him an especial favourite with both young and old. But among the vast concourse of ladies, whose presence on the present occasion added considerably to the evening's amusement, none made a deeper impression on his heart than the amiable daughter of Mr. R——d, who had just completed a highly finished education; whom he had the pleasure of having as partner in the dance, and afterwards her company during the greater part of the night. She was a beautiful creature, who had just attained her seventeenth year, with a form and face which instantly attracted the eye, even before the charms of her understanding has time to develop themselves. These last she never obtruded in company, but was as silent in society as her associates were talkative and gay. The loveliness of her form,

"E' l lampeggiar dell' angelico riso ;"

therefore it was that it instantly struck young Henry. The fatigue she had undergone had raised a brighter glow in her cheeks, and given an additional lustre to her eyes; while the natural dignity of her manner received, in his opinion, new charms from the remains of embarrassment which she endeavoured to shake off, and in which after a few moments she succeeded so well, that they became as much at their ease as if they had been both acquainted from their infancy; while he hung with fondness, approaching to adoration, on every word she uttered, considering that for the present their acquaintance must be short. Such delightful moments as these are but of short duration in the eyes of the happy being who enjoys them, and young Henry could not but regret the termination of the festival, when he was obliged to bid the fair one good-by, if not for ever, at least for a long period, as the distance between his residence and C——n House was full fourteen miles—a distance in those days regarded in a stronger light than at present.

From that momentous meeting, every thought and wish of young Br——ll was concentrated in the one particular object, that of possessing the precious treasure of his heart; but as it was next to impracticable to obtain a sight of her again, till such time as another opportunity like the former presented itself, he had no alternative but to send her an occasional letter, setting forth his love in the most affectionate terms, and always had the gratification to learn that they had been most graciously received by the hand he would have almost died to be permitted to touch. And thus time glided away, every day binding firmer still the bond of mutual love that had subsisted between them, never dreaming that a period would shortly arrive when their fondest hopes would be blighted, by being most cruelly separated, never to be permitted to behold each other again.

Although Mr. R——d was no stranger to the attention his young guest paid to his daughter, the real purport of it never occurred to him; he considered it as the result of pure disinterested friendship so natural between young persons of their age, rather than the work of true love; and as their correspondence was carried in secrecy to him, (knowing how much he would object to their union, considering young Br——ll, though his friend, so much his inferior,) he consequently

took no further notice of the affair, after the night before mentioned.

Such a perfect beauty as Miss R——d could not be expected to remain without admirers; great indeed was the influx of wooers who paid their addresses to her, and who were vying with each other to see which would possess the fair one's hand; but as her heart was already bestowed to one, the thoughts of whom, though distant, were uppermost in her mind, she declined their suits faster than they could be proposed, which often gave great umbrage to both her father and them. One evening, as she sat before her window, absorbed in meditation, after perusing the contents of a letter she had that day received from young Henry, and which she still held in her hand, her father entered in apparent haste, and advanced towards her as if he had something of great moment to impart.

"Come, my dear," he began in an affectionate tone, "and prepare yourself to meet a young Dublin gentleman, whom I intend to introduce you to this evening. He is an eminent barrister, and, as I am informed, is owner of a considerable property in the north of Ireland; and I doubt not but that he will prove a valuable acquisition to our family. I hope that you, who are difficult to be pleased, will have no objection to such a handsome young man as Mr. Bl——r, when he enters."

Being thus interrupted in her reverie, in which the image of the man who had engrossed her whole thoughts was vividly pictured before her, without at once recollecting herself, she inadvertently inquired was he as handsome as young Henry Br——ll?

"As handsome as young Henry Br——ll!" replied her father, in great and apparently painful surprise; "pray how came young Br——ll to occur to you?"

"Nay," she answered, attempting to appear indifferent, "I know not how, unless that he is the handsomest young man I have ever seen."

"Surely you do not think of him," he resumed with increased emotion; "surely you are not so imprudent as to entertain the least idea towards one so much your inferior in life. For the future, let me be assured that you will never think of him again. But stop, what have you got here?" he demanded, taking up the letter, which in her embarrassment she forgot to conceal, and hastily running over the contents—"And so you have thought proper to carry on an intimacy with young Br——ll without my knowledge!" he resumed in an imperious tone; "I have long beheld your strength and beauty wasting away, without knowing any cause to assign for it; now at last the fearful secret has transpired! But know this, madam, that all your silent sighs and tears, for the one who here so honourably applies for your hand, are in vain, as I shall stop all further intercourse between you; know also, that you shall never receive another of these loving epistles again, either from him or any other person; as I shall take necessary precaution to prevent it, by uniting you at once to the young gentleman I have been speaking of, and if you betray the least symptoms of coldness, dislike, or unwillingness to bestow your hand on him, I shall banish you for ever from me,

and never, never, under any pretence whatever, permit you into my presence again!"

So saying, he rushed out of the room, and before she could recover from the shock she had sustained by such a severe reprimand, he re-entered accompanied by the young man, whom he at once introduced as Mr. Bl—. On his entering the room, he was particularly struck with her appearance; she had not now that dazzling complexion, nor that animated countenance, which were once so dangerous to behold: she was pale and languid; her eyes had all their softness, but their lustre was diminished, and the enchanting sweetness which used to play about her mouth was now supplied by a melancholy smile, the effect of a faint effort to conceal the anguish of her heart. Such as she now appeared, however, Mr. Bl—r thought her very lovely; he saw in her interesting languor, in her faded cheeks and downcast eyes, a sentimental effect, which none of the beauties he had hitherto seen had ever so eminently possessed; but if such were his sentiments before she spoke, his admiration arose to extravagance, when, after breakfast next day, he engaged her in a walk in the garden, where he found her mind corresponded with the elegance of her form, and that she had a good taste for poetry, of which he was enthusiastically fond. In short, he was so smitten with her many elegant qualifications, as enamoured with her beauty, that he at once proposed for her hand to her father, who agreed to their union forthwith; and in spite of her remonstrances and entreaties in private, portraying the miseries of an unhappy marriage in the most glaring colours, and disclaiming all connections with one, whom, though she considered a very accomplished young man, she could never lovewith that tenderness becoming an affectionate wife, in three weeks from the time of his first appearance at C—n House, Mr. Bl—r possessed the hand of the fair Miss R—d, but not her heart, which was long the property of another.

Nothing could exceed the mortification young Henry Br—ll experienced on finding all his fondest hopes in life were thus frustrated, and that the only one he ever loved, or for whom he entertained the slightest regard, was now locked in the fond embrace of another! For several days he was never seen outside his door, and when he did seek consolation abroad, it was in giving vent to his feeling in the most violent paroxysms of grief: calling on her by name, and listening as if he heard her sweet voice near him; anon, starting forward, and pacing the fields with rapid strides, and when weary, throwing himself on the damp cold earth; and, but for the interference of his domestics, who forced him back again to his house, he would have repeatedly perished on the open fields. A commission of lunacy having been issued against him, he was brought to trial, where, after the strictest examinations on him, nothing could be extorted from him to prove the fact, and consequently he was fully acquitted.

It was a beautiful spring day as he returned again to his residence, although so drear and dismal on his departure: within a few days the whole face of nature had changed; the snow, which had covered every object with cold uniformity, had now given place to the bright verdure of

infant spring; the earliest trees, and these in the most sheltered situation, had put forth their tender buds; the copse were strewn with primroses and March violets, and the garden glowing with the first flowers of the year; while, instead of the usually rude winds of the season, those gales only blew which

"Call forth the long expecting flower,
And wake the purple year."

Myriads of birds, who found food and shelter amid the shrubberies and wood-walks, seemed to hail with songs of joy their future protector,

"Hopp'd in his walks, and gambol'd in his eyes!"

And, while every thing was thus gay and cheerful without, the house, when he entered it, showed him only contented faces; the old servants, its ancient and faithful inhabitants, who had loved him from his earliest childhood, rejoiced in the hope of ending their days in his service; the tenants, who loved him also, were glad to find their young landlord returning; that, instead of the rents going to Dublin, as they would in case of his retention, he was come back to spend the remainder of his days among them; and the poor, who had severely missed the bounty which had marked his residence, invoked blessings on his head, from whom they were assured of more constant consideration from his own noble nature, than was heretofore paid them. But their joy was of short duration; scarce one week had elapsed, ere he relapsed again into his former miserable condition, with this exception, that instead of fierce outbursting fits of raving and madness, he gave way to a more melancholy state of dejection and idiotcy—a complete simpleton, from whom reason had fled for ever! Again the commission of lunacy was issued, and as he would not permit himself to be conveyed away, except in his own carriage, he was accordingly placed in it—the last journey he was ever permitted to take in the same conveyance.

It was a truly distressing spectacle to witness the dear young landlord on his departure from his beautiful mansion, to which he was destined never again to return. As he passed along the avenue, the bench underneath one of the great elms, where he had so often sat with his brother in childhood, and where but a few months before he had been recalling those delightful times to recollection, struck him most; it looked like a monument to lost happiness! As the great gate at the entrance shut after the carriage, he felt himself exiled for ever from the only spot in the world that contained any thing interesting to him, and although little disposed to think of poetry, almost involuntarily repeated:

"O unexpected stroke! worse than of death,
Must I then leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades!"

His insanity being now easily proved, he was consigned to one of the lunatic asylums of our metropolis, where he spent the remainder of his days in peace. His whole occupation, during the solitary hours of his confinement, consisted in writing letters to her to whom he had sacrificed his reason, and consequently his liberty, generally commencing with the words—"My dear Mrs. Bl—r, but which I do not believe you to be;" and which were regularly taken from him every

day, as if they were forwarded to the proper medium like other letters. And although Mrs. Bl—r passed away from this world of misery, like a flower that prematurely withers on its stem, before it is permitted to waft its sweetness to the world, he remained unconscious of the same, and continued his letters to her without cessation; and the young recluse from the rest of mankind derived a pleasing consolation from that, when every other pleasure was denied him. He continued his correspondence for upwards of forty years, age having not in the least abated his ardour; and at his death, the last words he uttered were Mrs. Bl—r's name!

The facts of this case are unfortunately too true. This deserted mansion still remains a lasting memorial of its proprietor's former happiness; but we trust our tale will have the effect of inculcating the moral intended—an awful warning to parents not to be too avaricious in the settlement of their children; but let them recollect, that, without content, all the riches of the earth are of no avail; and also, that almost half the miseries of mankind are produced from unhappy marriages.

• • M.

SAXON WOMEN.

We took our standard of woman's worth, as well as other free customs and institutions, from the Saxons and their forests. From the earliest period of their history, (says Miss Lawrence in her "History of Woman in England.") woman among the Saxons occupied a station far higher than that assigned to her among the later Britons, is proved by their laws and their usages, no less than by the accounts of the later Greek and Latin historians, who remark with astonishment the lofty station maintained by the Teutonic matron, compared with that assigned to women among the polished but degenerate Greeks. "It was in Germany," says the eloquent but accurate Michelet, "that woman became the companion of man in his dangers, united to his destiny in life as in death. She withdrew not even from the battle-field, but watched and hovered over him—the fairy president of the combat—the fair and awful walkyriur, who bore away, as a gathered flower, the spirit of the expiring warrior:—and anxiety to prove himself worthy of her applause nerved the arm of the Saxon chieftain in many a perilous conflict, and to deck his bride in the gold and gems of southern climes, launched "the long ship" of many an adventurous pirate on the stormy ocean.

Although a rude, and in the earlier periods of their history a savage people, the Saxons never excluded woman from their feasts or their amusements. The queen took the place of honour in the festive hall, and presented the mead cup to the most honoured of the guests, as the highest mark of distinction they could receive. Thus, when Beowulf entered King Hrothgar's "meal hall," the queen Walthowa, "encircled with gold, mindful of her high station, greeted the warriors in the hall," and presented the cup, and then taking her seat beside her husband remained "while the cup continued to flow, the song to arise, and the revelry to increase." And thus in the monkish chronicles we read of high-born ladies presiding at splendid feasts given by them to the monarch and his numerous retinue; and lady-abbesses, too, welcoming their clerical and royal guests to the noble banquet; and thus many a rude illumination exhibits the male and female guests seated alternately round the well covered table, engaged in conversation or listening to the songs of the minstrel.

IMPROMPTU,

ON PRESENTING A LAURESTINA TO MISS KATE ———

I plucked by chance a tender flower,
And bore it from its native bower,
Where it in modest beauty grew,
A lowly, lovely thing to view.

I watched with care its fragile form,
Which flourished 'neath affection warm;
But shrunk when'er the chilling blast
Of cold neglect was o'er it cast.

Its destiny was linked with mine;
I carried it to beauty's shrine,
Where first with joy I gazed on THEE,
The sole presiding deity!

My laurestina and my heart
By fate were joined, and could not part!
The emblem and reality,
The flower-beloved, I gave to thee:

And with it all the burning fire
Which new-felt love and hopes inspire,
Whose flame consumes my faithful breast,
Where cherished doth THINE image rest!

Feb. 1843.

P. W. M'C—.

IRISH ARTISTS.—The best picture in the British Institution collection is by Mr. T. C. Thomson, R.H.A.; it is that of a beautiful Irish girl. It is pleasant to perceive Irish artists taking their rightful place in natural art, as they have done in this exhibition. The country which produced such a painter as Barry, and such a critic as Burke, should not yield to any other in the race of glory, where art and intellect are in the field.—*London Observer*. Feb. 19, 1843.

VALUABLE RELIC.—A travelling Jew residing in Barnardcastle, in the course of his barterings, lately got possession of a gold ring, having received it with 4d. boot for a trifling article, from a housekeeper. Having a latin inscription on the inside, it was forwarded to the London Antiquarian Society, who decided that it belonged to Queen Mary, and that the value of it was about £250.

THE HUMAN HEART.—How inexplicable are its mysteries! How long and how much will it unchangingly endure of unkindness, injustice, and neglect; and yet, at some critical moment, a word, a tone, a look, like that of the Medusa, is sufficient to change its softest yearnings into eternal stone! Affection, at least, is a pearl, which often passes uninjured thro' every other species of ill usage, and yet dissolves instantly in the sharp acid of a taunt.

OLD FRIENDS.—A chance meeting of an old school-fellow in a foreign land, or the unexpected appearance of a college chum in a crowded city, will excite a train of pleasurable emotions in our hearts, which, whether by recalling welcome associations of time past, or by suggesting plans and problems for future happiness, bestows a boon upon our solitary wanderings, that would not willingly be exchanged for even a more self-advantageous turn of fortune. It is a little offset against the vaunted selfishness of humanity, to say even this much, and shows that misanthropy is not so universal a doctrine as many think after all. The visit of an old friend confers more intense gratification than almost any other contingency; and what with prospect and retrospection, it must be a long day indeed, that the conversation cannot make short withal. A quiet evening spent in this way between two old friends, is a most delectable enjoyment, and evokes a series of thoughts which, but for that friendly mental attrition, might have remained eternally dormant in the heart.

THE WAR IN INDIA.

RETREAT OF THE BRITISH ARMY FROM CABUL,
JANUARY, 1842.

(From Lieutenant Eyre's Narrative.)

Dreary indeed was the scene over which, with drooping spirits and dismal forebodings, we had to bend our unwilling steps. Deep snow covered every inch of mountain and plain with one unspotted sheet of dazzling white, and so intensely bitter was the cold, as to penetrate and defy the defences of the warmest clothing. The order of march in which the troops started was soon lost, and the camp-followers with the public and private baggage, once out of cantonments, could not be prevented from mixing themselves up with the troops, to the utter confusion of the whole column. On the second day, after being harassed by repeated attacks from hordes of Giljyes, we arrived at the entrance of the Khoord-Cabul Pass. Here, again, the confusion became indescribable. Suffice it to say, that an immense multitude of from 14,000 to 16,000 men, with several hundred cavalry horses and baggaged cattle, were closely jammed together in one monstrous, unmanageable, jumbling mass. Night again closed over us, with its attendant train of horrors—starvation, cold, exhaustion, death, and of all deaths, I can imagine none more agonising than that where a nipping frost tortures every sensitive limb, until the tenacious spirit itself sinks under the exquisite extreme of human suffering. The idea of treading the stupendous pass before us, in the face of an armed tribe of blood-thirsty barbarians, with such a dense irregular multitude, was frightful; and the spectacle then presented by that waving sea of animated beings, the majority of whom a few fleeting hours would transform into a line of lifeless carcases, to guide the future traveller on his way, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. We had so often been deceived by Affghan professions, that little or no confidence was placed in the present truce: and we commenced our passage through the dreaded pass in no very sanguine temper of mind. This truly formidable defile is about five miles from end to end, and is shut in on either hand by a line of lofty hills, between whose precipitous sides the sun at this season could dart but a momentary ray. Down the centre dashed a mountain torrent, whose impetuous course the frost in vain attempted to arrest, though it succeeded in lining the edges with thick layers of ice, over which the snow lay consolidated in slippery masses, affording no very easy footing for our jaded animals. This stream we had to cross and recross about eight-and-twenty times. As we proceeded onwards, the defile gradually narrowed, and the Giljyes were observed hastening to crown the heights in considerable force. A hot fire was opened on the advance, with whom were several ladies, who, seeing their only chance was to keep themselves in rapid motion, galloped forward at the head of all, running the gauntlet of the enemy's bullets, which whizzed in hundreds above their ears, until they were fairly out of the pass. From this time up to the crowning catastrophe at Gudamuck, were daily thinning of the ranks by cold, famine, and slaughter. During this period of multiplied horrors and hopeless desolation, the unflinching spirit of the British officers never once flagged, but all to no purpose; meantime, General Elphinstone, with the married and wounded officers and their wives and families, had been claimed as hostages by Akbar Khan, and severe as were their sufferings and gloomy their prospect, it was well for themselves that they had been so—for of all that numerous host, Dr. Brydon alone reached Jellalab ad alive!

A HIGHLAND ANECDOTE.

Duncan, for so I shall call him, had been engaged in the affair of 1746, with others of his clan; and was supposed by many to have been an accomplice, if not the principal actor in a certain tragic affair, which made much noise a good many years after the rebellion. I am content with indicating this, in order to give some idea of the man's character, which was bold, fierce, and enterprising. Traces of this natural disposition still remained on Duncan's very good features, and in his keen grey eye; but the limbs had become unable to serve the purposes and obey the dictates of his inclinations; on the one side of his body he retained the proportions and firmness of an active mountaineer; on the other he was a disabled cripple, scarce able to limp along the streets. The cause which reduced him to this state of infirmity was singular. Twenty years or more before I knew Duncan, he assisted his brothers in farming a large grazing in the Highlands, comprehending an extensive range of mountain and forest land, morass, lake, and precipice. It chanced that a sheep or goat was missed from the flock, and Duncan, not satisfied with despatching his shepherds in one direction, went himself in quest of the fugitive in another. In the course of his researches he was induced to ascend a small and narrow path, leading to the top of a high precipice. Dangerous as it was at first, the road became doubly so as he advanced. It was not much more than two feet broad, so rugged and difficult, and at the same time so terrible, that it would have been impracticable to any but the light step and steady brain of a Highlander. The precipice on the right rose like a wall, and on the left sunk to a depth which it was giddy to look down upon; but Duncan passed cheerfully on—now whistling the gathering of his clan—now taking heed to his footsteps, when the difficulties of the path peculiarly required caution. In this manner he had more than half ascended the precipice, when in midway, and it might almost be said in middle air, he encountered a buck of the red deer species, coming down the cliff by the same path in an opposite direction. If Duncan had a gun, no rencontre could have been more agreeable; but, as he had not this advantage over the denizen of the wilderness, the meeting was in the highest degree unwelcome. Neither party had the power of retreating, for the stag had not room to turn himself in the narrow path; and if Duncan had turned his back to go down, he knew enough of the creature's habits to be certain that he would rush upon him while engaged in the difficulties of the retreat. They stood therefore perfectly still, and looked at each other in mutual embarrassment for some space; at length the deer, which was of the largest size, began to lower his formidable antlers, as they do when brought to bay and preparing to rush on bound and huntsman. Duncan saw the danger of a conflict in which he must probably come by the worst, and, as a last resource, stretched himself on the little ledge of rock which he occupied, and thus awaited the resolution which the deer should take, not making the least motion, for fear of alarming the wild and suspicious animal. They remained in this posture for three or four hours, in the midst of a rock which would have suited the pencil of Salvator, and which would have afforded barely room enough for the man and the stag, opposed to each other in this extraordinary manner. At length the buck seemed to take the resolution of passing over the obstacle which lay in his path, and with this purpose approached towards Duncan very slowly, and with excessive caution. When he came to the Highlander, he stooped his head down, as if to examine him more closely; when the untameable love peculiar to his country began to overcome Duncan's fears. Seeing

the animal proceed so very gently, he totally forgot not only the dangers of his position, but the implicit compact which certainly might have been inferred from the critical circumstances of the situation. With one hand Duncan seized the deer's horn, whilst with the other he drew his dirk; but in the same instant the buck bounded over the precipice, carrying the Highlander along with him. They went thus down upwards of a hundred feet, and were found the next morning on the spot where they fell. Fortune, who does not always regard retributive justice in her dispensations, ordered that the deer should fall undermost and be killed on the spot, while Duncan escaped with life, but with the fracture of a leg, an arm, and three ribs. In this state he was found, lying on the carcass of the deer; and the injuries he had received rendered him for the remainder of his life the cripple I have described. I never could approve of Duncan's conduct towards the deer in a moral point of view, but the temptation of a hart of grease, offering, as it were, his throat to the knife, would have subdued the virtue almost of any deer-stalker.—(*From T.'s Scrap-Book.*)

FANCY BALL AT THE ROTUNDO.

To the Editor of the Dublin Journal.

SIR—Many years ago, on an evening when the Ball for the relief of the Sick and Indigent Room-keepers took place at the Rotundo, in Dublin, it was my singular good luck to be perched on the pedestal of one of the two lamp-posts which then decked the particular entrance of that building which looks towards Sackville-street. From this "eminence sublime," for about half an hour, I enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the different groups, as they passed from their carriages to the ball-room; until, at last, a merciless policeman, taking "a dirty advantage" of my situation, "dodged me" from behind, and (to use the language of a Member of Parliament, when addressing his constituents,) compelled me "to retire from my proud position, and descend once more into the paths of private life"! On my way home, the scene I had just witnessed made a strong impression on my imagination. The rich and varied dresses of the half revealed forms and figures that flitted by me—the strange costume of some of the fancy characters—the trampling of the dragoon horsees, and glittering of their trappings—the dim vision of some passing beautiful face, seen for a moment by the light of the lamp above my head—and the occasional bursts of music that floated by me from the interior of the building, at whose threshold I stood—all excited me to such a pitch, that ere morning the following verses were the result. The concluding stanzas were written many years subsequently, on returning from a Masquerade, and, as usual, finding the reality of the scene far short of what my fancy had depicted it. Believe me, Sir,

Your sincere well-wisher,

• • •

I.

They come! they come! to join the laughing throng
That meet to-night in yonder festive hall,
Where beauty woos the thrilling heart with song,
And many a bosom answers to her call.

They come!—the fair, the young, the happy—all
Whom pleasures lures, or music can inspire.
Lightly their footsteps in the gay dance fall:
Hark! to the blended sound of lute and lyre;
High throbs each breast beneath its fanciful attire!

II.

Thalia has donn'd her magic mask to-night,
And summon'd mortals to her glittering fane;
And fast they come, as falling meteors bright,
From every land and clime, and o'er the main,
The maids of Greece, and Briton's haughty dame;
Istamboul's mistress: Tuscany's dark girls;
Circassia's beauties, and the fur-clad Dane,
Mixed with Hindu maidens with their raven curls,
With lotus wreathed, or decked with jewelry & pearls!

III.

And all unheard, the lover's light guitar
In wine-clad Spain doth pour its serenade,
For hither borne, in fancy's rapid car
His mistress comes, in all her charms array'd.
The sun-brown'd Swiss has left her mountain glade,
And lightly carols to the strangers by
The artless song she in far Tyrol made,
What time the autumn's sunset deck'd the sky,
And blushing grapes assumed a deeper, purpler dye!

IV.

Here meet, with wondering gaze and mein,
The castanet Turk and Oroonoko's chief;
Dark Chili's dwellers, and the sons of Spain:
Few were their greetings, and those greetings brief.
The placid Hindu, with his look of grief,
Shrinks from the savage Tartar's fiery glance.
Jamaica's planter smokes his fragrant leaf;
While on the scene the Arab looks askance,
And often strokes his beard and grasps his quivering lance.

V.

Fresh from the tangled woods, the tiger's lair,
The Indian hunter treads this fairy ground;
The eagle's feathers wave amid his hair;
His shoulders dusk with panther skins are bound;
He leaneth on his bow and looks around,
And sigheth for his hut and native lake,
Where oft he stopt the wild deer's nimble bound
With arrows keen, that well his bidding spake,
Then track'd its blood thro' full many a winding brake.

VI.

The fading leaves that deck an autumn's wood;
The stars that sparkle in a winter's sky;
The pebbles on the sea shore wildly strew'd;
The parting hues of dolphins ere they die,
Are numerous and lovely to the eye:
Yet all as many was the motley crowd
That, clad in various garbs, came sweeping by,
As low at Thalia's throne they passing bow'd,
And homage paid in many a jargon strange and loud.

VII.

And side by side the Greek and Roman went,
Pride in their eye and grandeur in their gait;
While close behind, in mixture oddly blent,
Came groups of men of high and low estate—
The German count, the tinker and his mate;
Pedlars and gypsies; mountebanks and kings;
Lawyers and fiddlers; doctors with looks sedate;
Beggars and sweeps; fairies with tinsel wings;
Devils and dandies; and thousand other nameless things!

VIII.

All blended and confused, like troubled dreams;
Odd forms and shapes of divers hues and kind;
A strange fantastic throng, like such as teems
Within a madman's brain, or poet's mind;
All ages, nations, and degrees you'll find
United here, in mimic jubilee—
Fox-hunters, knights, and cobblers interwin'd
With highland chiefs, and jolly tars, as free
As the light barque that bears them o'er the dark green sea!

IX.

'Tis strange that gloomy thoughts should on me press
Amid a scene where all is revelry and light :
Yet o'er me now they darken ne'er the less,
Marring the splendid vision of the night.
The gay and happy flit before my sight,
In pleasure's mazy dance ; yet could I call
Those youthful forms in fashion's garments dight,
A century hence, from out each silent pall,
Oh, God ! what beings then would fill this banquet-hall !

X.

E'en now are there not many in that crowd
Whose motley garbs their inward thoughts belie ?
Whose hearts are sad, although their jests be loud ?
Whose gayest laugh is coupled with a sigh ?
Here youth seems old and feeble to the eye,
And coxcomb age is gay and youthful made ;
While levity is clad in vest of sable dye,
Discretion walks in folly's garb arrayed :
Why marvel ?—Look round.—The world's a masquerade !

XI

Yet better suits to tread the sandy shore,
And mark the light waves dancing to the breeze,
And hear at times the seaman's dashing oar,
As hies he homeward o'er the rippling seas :
Or ponder upon the stars, until flees
My soul's imaginings aloft and far,
Than linger sadly amid scenes like these,
And feel my bosom's thoughts the revel mar,
And wound my heart as captive is by prison bar.

XII.

Then to the gay and glittering scene farewell !
Where pleasure's fruits hang tempting from each bough ;
E'en as a Palmer turns, with staff and shell,
From some proud hall, to finish holy vow,
Thus pass I from this festive meeting now ;
Yet at the threshold stop to view once more
Each young and happy face and lovely brow.
Peace be to all !—light be each bosom's core !
And may succeeding morn fresh happiness restore !

* * *

FEES TO COUNSEL.—Mr. Jeffray received 1,000 guineas in the Queenberry case. Sir Edward Sugden in the Atwood case, 3,000 guineas. The famous Gerbler received £12,000 for the successful pursuit of a case.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

FEMALE DELICACY.—The bloom of delicacy on a woman's mind is like the impalpable down on a butterfly's wing, which once rudely brushed off, never returns.

DISCOVERY OF GOLD.—At the Paris Academy of Science, a paper was read "On the recent discovery of a mass of native gold, weighing 36 kilogrammes (about 40 English pounds,) on the eastern side of the Oural." This enormous mass, which is double the size of any hitherto discovered, was found at a few feet beneath the surface, under singular circumstances. The establishment formed at this part of the Oural, for the purpose of seeking for gold, had tried every part of the ground near it, and the speculation being deemed a hopeless one, it was abandoned, and the buildings which had been erected were demolished. It was precisely in the ground on which one of those buildings stood, that this mass of gold was found. M. de Humboldt, who made the communication to the academy, added some interesting facts relative to the gold mining industry in Russia. It appears such is the prodigious increase of the produce of washed gold in Russia, and especially in Siberia, to the east of the southern chain of the Oural, that the total produce in the year 1842 amounted to 16,000 kilogrammes, of which Siberia alone furnishes 7,800 kilogrammes.

MUSIC.

Music, like nearly everything else, has made rapid strides towards perfection, and it has now this with it, that it may be at once scientific and agreeable. This is effected by a process, of all others, the most simple. It is found that that which contains a real melody can be worked and varied just as much as that which possesses none ; the ear does not tire because there is a something which it can follow ; it is the clue in the labyrinth which guides even the unlearned ; it enables us to anticipate that which is to follow, and consequently combines the freshness of novelty with the real enjoyment of an old acquaintance ; it flatters us, because we are not disappointed in what we have foreseen ; and it is consequently a compliment to our knowledge : it soothes, it enkindles, it transports us, because it speaks the language of passion ; it enraptures, it entrances us, because that language is addressed to the heart. For this we are indebted to such as Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Spohr, and Cimarosa, but proximately to Rossini and Weber, who have found worthy imitators in Meyerbeer, Bellini, Donizetti, Auber, and Herold. Great progress has been made of late in this country both in the love and culture of music among the middle and lower classes, attributable to the institution of promenade concerts, and the importation of foreign operas on our stage. The former have offered a cheap and easy opportunity of hearing good instrumental music, the latter have established an acquaintance with the vocal. The chief thing to be done is to get people to go where they will hear good music. We fear, however, that it will be very long ere we behold in this country, as in Italy, France, and Germany, congregations of soldiers and the people in towns and villages, singing, in parts, music such as we now only hear upon the stage ; but we, nevertheless, do not despair of such a time coming.—*Polytechnic Review*.

MARRIAGE AMONG THE JEWS.—Every Jew is obliged to enter into the marriage state ; the proper time for entering into that state by the Rabbies, is the age of eighteen ; a man that lives single till twenty, is looked upon as a profligate. This institution is grounded upon the Almighty's special command to our first parents, "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth." Is it customary for bride and bridegroom to be betrothed sometimes six months or a year before marriage, as agreed on between the parties.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A large supply of valuable contributions has come to hand this week—among them favours from our esteemed friends, "E. V. B."—"J. T. C."—"E. A. K."—"Inniskill"—"F."—"J. B."—"M. J. R."—"M. M."—to which we shall pay due attention.

"R." Waterford.—On application at our Office in Backville-street, what you require will be obtained.

"P. N."—We cannot insert your communication ; it contains personal allusions, which render it inadmissible.

Printed for the Proprietors, at the Office, 32, Lower Backville-street, Dublin, where all communications (post-paid) are to be addressed, to the Editor.

Published by T. LE MESURIER, (late T. TAMES and Co.) 8, Lr. Abbey-street, Dublin ; and all Booksellers.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 19.—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

With no less truth than eloquence, the Royal Prophet has asserted, that "the Heavens declare the glory of the Lord." No feeling mind can, indeed, gaze upon the starry heavens without mingled sentiments of delight and of admiration. Thousands of stars glitter in the firmament; and the eye is enchanted with the glorious sight. But pleasure is not the only sentiment that so magnificent a scene awakens in the philosophic mind. Enlightened by science, it penetrates through the immensity of space, and discovers in the host of heaven, not mere glittering specks, but spheres of which the magnitude is far beyond its conception; suns bestowing light, heat, and fertility to innumerable planets and worlds!—Though analogy alone leads to this conclusion: yet the idea is too pleasing, too reasonable, too magnificent, to be rejected as improbable. In the pride of his nothingness, man may imagine himself; and perhaps with truth, the primary object of his sublunary abode; but he is not the only end of universal creation. In the inconceivable plan of existence there must be other living, other rational beings besides himself. Organization, fruitfulness, and life are perceptible around us; even a drop of water teems with inhabitants; and shall the vast masses of the planets be barren and deserted?

How vast, how sublime, is the idea of a plurality of worlds! Whilst it astounds our reason, it elevates our mind, and gives us a better, though still a very inadequate notion, of that Being whose mere fiat produced the universe, and whose inconceivable wisdom watches over the preservation of this stupendous manifestation of his infinite power. Thousands of stars are perceived by the naked eye; millions are discovered by the telescope; millions of millions are placed far beyond the reach of our best instruments; and round each of these stars planetary bodies circulate, inhabited by myriads of myriads of rational beings! What is the mind of man to cope with such infinity! Yet what is it not to be enabled to arrive at such sublime conceptions? The earth becomes a speck

in the universe, and vain, haughty man a mere atom in the scale of created beings!

The heavenly bodies, it seems probable, are inhabited by beings, whose nature, ideas, life, &c., are suited to the peculiar organisation of the planets they inhabit, and consequently widely different from those of terrestrial beings. This conclusion will be rendered more probable by considering how much the planets differ from our globe, and from one another, in their distance from the sun, the inclination of their axes, the length of their revolutions, their magnitudes, &c. If the analogy we discover between the planets and our globe leads us to conclude that they resemble it in many respects, the similarity between our sun and the fixed stars must induce us to believe that they also are suns, dispensing light, life, and fertility to planetary bodies. Bearing in mind that the universe is the work of infinite wisdom, in which utility must be no less conspicuous than beauty, a moment's reflection upon the vast magnitude and the immeasurable distances of the fixed stars will convince us that they were not created for the use of man, or as mere ornaments of the heavens. That they are useful to us, no one can possibly deny; but by examining into the operations of nature, we readily perceive that Divine wisdom has ever connected individual advantage with universal utility—an arrangement by which the mind that can embrace at one glance the immense chain of causes and effects could alone establish. So consonant is this idea with the principles of sound philosophy, that even the greatest sages of antiquity—Pythagoras, Epicurus, Anaximenes, Anaximander, and others—taught the doctrine of a plurality of worlds, and believed that the fixed stars were the suns of other planetary systems. Reason alone led them to this conclusion, for they had not that more perfect notion of God and of his attributes which we have received from Revelation; but this remarkable accord between the dictates of simple reason and the conclusion to which we are led by the superior light of Revelation, is no trifling testimony in favour of the opinion which has been here maintained.

A STRAY LEAF FROM THE CHRONICLES
OF SIENNA.

(Continued from No. 17.)

CHAPTER IV.

"Falling, I know the penalty of failure
Is present infamy and death."—*Marino Faliero.*

"Grasp the falchion—gird the shield;
Attack, defend—do all but yield."—*Moo-e.*

After a short deliberation, some of those who surrounded the two women went out hastily, and returned in a few minutes, which appeared as so many hours to the two poor captives, tormented as they were with all the terrors of suspense.

They exchanged a few words with their comrades, and then signed to Nella and Suina to dismount, when they secured the animals on which the females rode, by fastening them to some projections of the rock. After this had been done, a man who, like his companions, was completely concealed by the folds of a large cloak, requested the young lady and Suina "to be kind enough to follow him." As they looked upon this request in the light of a command, they submitted passively, and followed.

Trembling in every limb, pressed close to each other, and scarcely daring to breathe, in their blind terror they repeatedly hurt themselves against the projections from the roof and sides as they proceeded; and though a light was of primary necessity, in this their subterranean journey, yet their conductor carried none.

As they advanced, the darkness became so great, that they soon lost sight of their guide; and the sound of a foot-fall echoed and re-echoed by the sides and roof, the recesses and crannies of the rocks, that fell on ears that actually listened in an intensity of agony to every breath, with a deafening power—this was their only guide.

The hollow sound of water falling in some distant part of the cavern, borne on the breeze that blew fresh in their faces, it seemed unnaturally cool; and the wing of some night bird touching their skins, as, disturbed by their passage, it started up and flew over their heads, made them shrink together as it were into a smaller space, and covering their faces still closer, hurry blindly forward to dangers more real, perhaps, and still worse, than those from which they fled.

After proceeding for some time in this way, they came to a sudden bend in the passage which turned to the right, and when they went round the corner, their eyes were dazzled by the ruddy glare of an artificial light; for they found themselves standing in a small vaulted chamber, formed by an enlargement of the passage by which they had come; the light they found to come from a lamp suspended from the side of the cave by an iron hook, over which projected a large ledge of rock that served to concentrate the light on the objects beneath.

There was a bed of fresh moss, and a man seated thereon supporting his head with his hands, and apparently little affected by the want of distracting objects around, by the ample occupation his own thoughts seemed to give him. The richness of his *costume*, and the projecting handles of his dagger and sword, which, adorned with brilliants, glistened in the light over his head,

marked their owner's rank, and contrasted singularly with the primitive appearance of every thing else around him.

The arrival of the new comers did not disturb his *reverie*, and their guide was obliged to stoop down and whisper him a word or two before he exhibited any signs of being sensible of their presence. He then suddenly raised his head, glanced rapidly round, and rising up in haste, advanced to meet Nella and Suina.

"Who are those women?" said he to the guide, who stood with head uncovered before him.

The latter gave his reply in an under tone.

"What is all this mystery for? speak up—what are you afraid of, Antonio? Oh! I see, 'tis a habit you have got; take courage, man; there is no one here but ourselves; it is not here with us, as above in the open air, where we cannot speak. Patience! patience!" he continued, forgetting the two captives who stood before him; "we shall soon succeed; perhaps, this very day we shall regain our place and rank. Oh! your pardon, Signora," said he, addressing Nella, who stood with down-cast eyes, awaiting in anxiety his judgment. "Pardon us; a cruel necessity has obliged us to be guilty of this breach of gallantry in your regard; we shall give you liberty in a short time—perhaps this evening; we cannot possibly do it before then; the least imprudent step might ruin us. Meanwhile, be not in the least disturbed; I trust no one has given you cause of complaint by acting disrespectfully towards you: such an act being with me an unpardonable crime. I leave you mistress of this place, where you will be in perfect safety; all I regret is my inability to render it more convenient, and I have no better to offer you. I request you will be tranquil until your departure, which we will hasten as much as we can."

He then made Nella a low bow, which she, lightened and relieved by his words, returned with equal cordiality; and after seeing him depart followed by the guide, she remained listening, as if still in doubt of her safety, to the echo of his foot-steps, as they gradually seemed at length to dissolve into quiet.

"Suina!" cried Nella, the first to break silence.

"Signora!" was the reply; and they threw themselves into each other's arms.

"Oh, Suina! I was so terrified."

"And I, Signora—I thought they were going to kill us; and yet they are not so bad as they appear; they treated us as if they met us in a drawing-room."

When the topic of their delivery was exhausted—an unusual occurrence with the tongue-armed, the gentle ones—many other matters, though not so interesting, yet were handled with equal skill.

It was while deeply engaged in one of these discussions that Suina exclaimed—

"But listen, Signora—see you can hear all they are doing below; didn't they say we were next them?"

In reality, that part of the cavern where the two females were, was on a level with the external portion, and separated from it only by a thin rocky partition; and in consequence, they could hear, if not the words, at least the sound of the voices of those who were without.

On a sudden Nella sprang forward; she listened

for an instant attentively, and then cried out—"Oh Suina! surely, I hear my brother's voice; they are going to kill him if he resists. Oh! my God! Holy Virgin! St. Catherine! protect him—protect him." But as the noise and cries redoubled, she rushed out into the passage, committing herself without reflection to the darkness and terrors from which she had but escaped.

She hurried along, directing her foot-steps by the damp sides of the cavern, and her course to where the noise seemed to come from. But soon the silence of death succeeded, and her only resource failing her, Nell stopped short, exhausted, and not knowing where to turn. To her previous excitement succeeded an overpowering fear. The damp chill and darkness made sad work with a mind suddenly prostrated from a high state of excitement. She felt at every pore; indistinct sounds seemed to come to her ears; and her heart throbbed audibly. Once or twice she thought she heard a cry of distress, and strove to rise, but found herself entirely unable; and then the thought of her brother's danger recurred to her; it was relief to her oppressed sensitiveness, for it made her weep.

Montanini himself, having been informed by Malko of the departure of his sister, and of the place whither she had gone, had set out, as she anticipated, for the cave in about an hour after she left the villa. He was followed by the negro, who, with his hands thrust in the pockets of his doublet, was luxuriating in the pleasures of a morning walk, with all the gusto of an amateur; and occasionally humming over some original tunes of his own, which, if not indeed very elegant, were at least admirably suited to the ear of the composer, and the ingenious machine on which they were to be played. The awful strides of which he was capable, from the great length of his legs, enabled him to equal his master's rapid movements with scarcely an effort; and they proceeded in this way, each in his own fashion, till they came within a few paces of the cave of St. Catherine, when, to the utter astonishment of Malko, who was in one of his most amicable moods, he saw men armed to the teeth, rise, as it were, out of the ground, surround and set upon his master, and compel him, with a pike to his throat, to submit and follow them; and all this did not occupy the space of one minute of sixty standard seconds. His first thought was to seize his dagger—alas! it was only his "teneris aventa" he found. His next was to make one spring, unarmed as he was, from the place where he stood, into the middle of the hostile force that surrounded his master, clearing away every obstacle in admirable style, by his own specific gravity and that of his fists, to which there must be added the momentum of blows administered incessantly to the right and to the left, and with the heartiest good will. In a few seconds—for this laborious work did not occupy one minute—Montanini was freed by the exertions of his valet, whose success was as much attributable to the suddenness and rapidity of his attack, as to the weight of his blows; and as men's courage rises in proportion as their cause for fear diminishes, so, in the present instance, there needed for the armed force that Montanini and his servant had so nearly put to disgraceful flight, only to open their eyes, to secure

both servant and master almost without an effort; for twenty drawn cross-bows, pointed to oppose one's further progress, are productive of a wonderfully quiescent effect.

There was, of course, no alternative left, but to deal with the two last prisoners as with the first, and so both were led into the cavern. Montanini's first thought, as he entered, was about his sister; and he immediately insisted that they by whom he was surrounded should conduct him to her. But he had scarcely given utterance to his demand, when a man rushed into the cavern, crying out that the archers and officers of the republic were upon them, that a large number of them were coming towards the cavern, and that they would be there in less than five minutes. This disagreeable piece of news was at first received by a low muttering, which was soon changed for cries of rage, revenge, or despair, as the courage or timidity of each was predominant. All was confusion; when at length, over all this din and noise, the clear strong voice of the leader was heard stopping the cowards as they rushed inwards under the pretence of getting arms, and giving steadiness to the agitation of all.

"Stop! stop, friends!" he cried, as he stood with wonderful coolness at the mouth of the cavern. "You can save yourselves—stand on the defensive, and heaven will protect your sacred cause; or let us rush out on our enemies; theirs are hired daggers—ours are unpurchasable as our liberties, for which I, if none else, am ready to pay the price of life, to retain. Oh! your liberties, my friends—your liberties!—one dagger-stroke and they are free. Take arms—your arms alone can protect life, liberty, honour, name, and family. Here are they who would deprive you of all"—pointing to the circle of archers, who, with bent bows and arrows ready to fire, stood round the mouth of the cavern, waiting but the orders of their commander, Castruccio, to commence their deadly work.

A solemn silence followed on both sides.

It was first broken by the croaking voice of Castruccio, deliberately calling on all in words, every letter of which was distinctly heard—with such painful intensity did all listen—to surrender in the name of the republic.

The leader of the outlaws' voice rose in reply, loud, sonorous, and without one tone that expressed fear—

"My friends! take your choice, between the chance of protection from your own daggers, or certain death from the executioner's axe. Surrender, and you will be taken as traitors, and—"

A word, a sharp twanging sound running round the hostile circle, and a shower of arrows stopped him short; this was the signal of attack. The archers rushed forward to take advantage of the confusion they supposed they had caused, but were met with equal determination at the mouth of the cavern by the assailed, armed only with their daggers; and throwing away every thing else as an incumbrance, they too had recourse to the same weapon. It now became, for the most part, a contest of individual bravery, though, indeed, a single stroke decided many a fight. Grasping each other by the throat, face, hair, or whatever could first be laid hold of with one hand, and

with the other using the dagger with the demon ferocity of cannibalism when roused in man, and with shouts like the growl of the tiger when disturbed over his bloody prey; nay, when all else failed, they had recourse to tooth and leg, like the brute—one with a hand or an ear between his teeth, and the other perhaps with a nose, kicking all the while like maddened horses. The shouts, the screams, and the death-shriek, that seemed to come half from the mouth, half from the dagger-opened throat, added to the darkness, dust, and confusion, required but little imagination on the part of an external spectator to believe the cavern to be one of the entrances to the dwelling place of the damned.

The fiercest storms are soonest over; even so was it with this storm of blood. The mutterings of its dying thunders—a prayer, a blasphemy, a curse, a moan, or a call for mercy.

The traces of its footsteps were bloody, shapeless things, still vibrating under the galvanism of the cold wind blowing out of the cavern; rent, or whole garments died in their owners' gore, or arms scattered and broken and tinged with the common dye. A few escaped the general carnage; and Casruccio stood, the embodiment of the bloody principle he supported, looking with a cold satisfied smile on those gory props of his power. He raised his eyes but for an instant, and, to his utter surprise, they rested on Montanini, who, followed by his sister, her servant, and the negro, was coming towards him from the interior of the cavern.

(To be continued.)

ON JULIA.

Yes, thou art fair, in nature's bloom,
Undeok'd with falsifying art;
'Twas thou that first expelled the gloom
That darkened o'er this stormy heart.
On Erin's shore I saw thee first,
All lovely as the glorious light
That from the clouds of evening burst,
To silver o'er the frown of night,
'Twas in that hour thy magic form
Before these joyless eyes arose,
To still despair's conflicting storm,
And give this troubled heart repose.

Dublin, Feb. 28, 1843.

T—r.

WHALE FISHERY OF NEW ZEALAND.

The European whalers living in Queen Charlotte's Sound are about forty in number. Some of them are runaway convicts, and desperate characters. They command the whaling boats, and direct all the operations, while the natives pull the oar. The latter profit, we are told, by the energy and information of those men, without being infected with their vices. The female whales, or cows, as they are termed, betake themselves to the sheltered inlets and coves about Cook's Straits towards the close of the period of their gestation. The young calves are easily taken, and then the cows, which never desert their young, are sure to be the victims. The shores of Queen Charlotte's Sound and Cloudy Bay are strewn with the bones of those gigantic animals. The produce of this fishery has been nearly £24,000 a-year, but the trade will soon be annihilated. As the calves are killed for the sake of killing the mother also, the whales are rapidly diminishing in number, and the whale fishery in New Zealand will be destroyed, as has been the case with the seal fishery, by the reckless and cruel mode of carrying it on.

THE ARTS.

All the arts spring from an inherent desire in man to enlarge the sphere of his enjoyments, and improve his well-being. As soon as he has learned, by the help of the mechanical arts, to secure for himself the necessities of life, and has advanced a few steps in civilization, he begins to turn his attention to the arts of elegance and refinement—to what are called the *liberal* and *imaginative* arts; and calculated as these are to withdraw him from the grossness of mere sensuality, to unfold and exercise some of his noblest faculties, and provide him with a train of pleasures suited to his own mixed nature, (from which he may reap not only amusement, but great moral advantage,) they may well be regarded as benefits worthy of the Supreme Giver of all good gifts. For many of them, under due regulation, are capable in an important degree of purifying the affections and spiritualizing the mind; their sublimer aspirations are strongly expressive of a yearning after a more perfect state of things; and while they supply us with a delightful solace here, may perhaps afford a glimmering indication of the higher destiny that awaits us hereafter, and even help to qualify us for its enjoyment. These arts, though each is distinguished by some peculiar characteristic, possess many qualities in common, and a strong mutual resemblance, which marks them to be sisters of one lovely family, who reciprocally assist, adorn, and support each other. Thus, eloquence derives her rhythm from music, her imagery from poetry; the latter obtains her measures and harmony from music, her graphic descriptions from painting; dancing combines poetry with motion and gesture, regulated by music; sculpture lends her aid to architecture; and the drama, an eclectic art, borrows from all. The general object is that of presenting to us enjoyments and gratifications adapted to our innate appetencies, which are suggested by nature, but must be sought for, selected, and carried on upon deduced maxims of art. To this an agreeable stimulus of the organs by which our perceptions are conveyed to the mind is made to contribute in no inconsiderable degree; hence, Addison describes the pleasures of the imagination as holding a middle station between those of mere sense, and the more abstract pursuits of intellect.—*Professor Howard's Lectures.*

STRENGTH OF AXLES.—The requisite qualities in a railway axle are, first, the greatest possible degree of rigidity between the wheels, to prevent the axle from bending or breaking from concussion; and secondly, the greatest quantity of elasticity and freedom in the particles of iron within the axle itself, to prevent the injurious effect of vibration. The hollow axle, it is contended, is better able to resist these strains than a solid one, because the comparative strength of axles is as the cubes of their diameters, and their comparative weights only as their squares; consequently, with less weight in the hollow axle, there must be an increase of strength: and also that the vibration has a free circulation through the whole length of the hollow axle, no part being subject to an equal shock from the vibration, and that the axle would therefore receive less injury from this cause than a solid one.

THE WIDOW.

Thus, while he stood, the bull, who saw his foe,
His easier conquest proudly did forego;
And, making at him, with a furious bound,
From his bent forehead aimed a deadly wound.

DRYDEN.

"Come Ned!" said I to Ned Clancey, as he, Tom Gorman, and I were snugly seated round a warm fire, imbibing the comforts of a bowl of hot whiskey punch, (Father Mathew didn't begin at this time,) on a cold wet evening in December—"come, let's hear how you first became acquainted with your wife. I heard the handsome widow Devereux spoken of before you were married to her; they told me you won her by playing the hero, or something that way."

"Oh! it was through a little matter not worth relating," answered Ned, quietly supping his punch.

"But, what was it?"

"The fact is," said Tom Gorman, "Ned is always a little bashful about the affair; so I'll tell it to you, and don't you interrupt me, Ned. Well, you must first know, that it all happened through a bull."

"A bull! ha! ha! By jove 'twasn't the first affair of the kind that was brought about by a bull, or a blunder."

"Psha! I don't mean that—I mean a real living bull; aye, and 'twas a lucky bull for Ned, and no mistake."

"But hear the story. Ned and I were sauntering about, gently whiffing our cigars, and wreathing the smoke in graceful curls. We were within about ten yards of a confounded ox-stall in — street, when Ned tapped me on the shoulder, 'Look here Tom, said he—look here; there's a creature for you!'"

"What do you mean?" said I—

"The widow, you dog—the handsome widow with the child at her side. By jove, what a figure! Isn't she a beautiful creature?—How well the mourning dress becomes her!"

"Thus he went on raving of the beautiful widow. Just when we had come within about two yards of the ox-stall, the door was burst open, and a huge bull rushed out foaming and tossing his head. He had broken from the butcher, who ran after him with a large maul. The bull rushed out—a loud shriek, and the handsome widow lay on the ground in a swoon. I hurried to her assistance immediately. The child ran for protection to a door at the other side, and the bull, attracted by the fluttering of his little cloak, sprang at him. The furious animal butted—the child drew aside, and his cloak was pinned to the wall with a force that staggered the bull himself. Ned snatched the maul from the trembling butcher, and the animal was preparing a second attack for the child, when he received a tap behind. The enraged beast turned,

'And wildly staring, spurns with sounding foot

The sand,"

and aimed his horns at his new antagonist, but received a tremendous blow of the maul that stretched him in an instant. He sprang up with a desperate effort, but with a well directed stroke he was laid in the dust again. The crowd that had assembled shouted gloriously. When the widow recovered from her swoon, she turned to thank me for her deliverance. 'No, no!' said I, 'there's the gentleman who did that for you, madam.'

"What, from the shouts of the mob, and, above all, the thanks of the pretty woman, Ned must have thought himself an undoubted hero. We accompanied the widow home; the story soon got abroad, and Ned became the theme for the conversation of all the sentimental young ladies of the town. He was a constant visitor at widow Devereux's, proposed in a short time, was accepted, was married, and—but here come the ladies."

D. H.

Cork, February, 1843.

FORMATION OF FAT IN THE ANIMAL BODY

The carnivorous races of animals thrive on azotized food, which supplies material to replace their wasted tissues, and these wasted tissues again afford material to be oxidated or burned in respiration, and support the animal heat. But besides azotized matter, the food of the graminivorous races contains sugar, starch, and gum, which are not employed in the proper nourishment of their bodies, but solely for the generation of animal heat by combustion at the expense of the oxygen of the air. The disappearance in like manner of fat in the animal system, in circumstances where rapid oxidation is known to occur, seems to point out a similarity in the use of the latter, which thus becomes burned in the body into carbonic acid gas and water, in the absence of the vegetable principles above mentioned. It is well known that graminivorous animals, abundantly supplied with food, containing starch or saccharine matter, and whose respiration is, to a certain extent, checked by want of motion and exercise, become in a short time loaded with fat, which the above consideration indicates to have been formed out of the excess of non-azotized food over and above that required for respiration. This is supposed to take place by a metamorphosis analogous to that by which alcohol and carbonic acid are produced from sugar. This opinion of the origin of fat has recently been called in question by M. Dumas, who contends that the whole fat of an animal body has been furnished ready formed, in that state, by the food itself, and cites an experiment in which a goose has been fed for some time upon maize, supposed to be free from fatty matter, the starch of the grain appearing to have generated the fat found in the bird; an inference which he rejects, by showing that maize itself contains a large quantity of oil: it therefore became desirable to obtain additional evidence on the subject.

In an experiment at Giessen, three young pigs were fed, during thirteen weeks, on peas and potatoes, the quantity of fat contained in these vegetables being calculated, from the researches of Braconnot and Fresenius. It was found, at the expiration of that time, the bodies of these animals contained no less than about seventy pounds more fat than could possibly have been given in the food, and which was therefore inferred to rise from an alteration of the starch. An equally satisfactory experiment is described by Boussoingault, in which the butter furnished by a cow was found to exceed greatly the fat of the food. The author then states the result of a chemical examination of hay and straw, with reference to fatty matter, and describes then to contain about 1.5 per cent. of a crystalline waxy matter, mixed with chlorophyll, altogether different from ordinary fat. The excrements of a cow, fed on those substances, yielded a quantity of the same waxy substances corresponding very closely to the whole quantity contained in the food; so that it appears quite evident that the fat of the butter does not arise from this source. The author concludes with observations on the composition of maize, which contains very different quantities of oil, from 1 to 9 per cent., when grown in different localities.—*Dr. Liebig.*

The reason of the flesh of the stag becoming putrid shortly after its death, arises from the quantity of oxygen which it takes into its system during the hard breathing of the chase. A hunted hare, for the same reason, is as tender as one that has been kept for a fortnight after being shot. The reason is the same. In both cases the action of the oxygen on the flesh produces approaching decomposition—in the one, quickly; in the other, slowly; bacon, on the same principle, was at one time rendered more delicate by whipping the pig to death.—*Dr. Playfair.*

THE RUINS OF ST. COMAN'S.

A TRADITION OF THE WEST OF IRELAND.

Many a devout and holy prayer ascended like incense to heaven which was breathed on the altar of the little chapel dedicated to Saint Coman, and many a penitent's vow was registered before that altar, not a vestige of which now remains to be seen. It was desecrated and razed to the ground by Cromwell and his unholy myrmidons, and the only wreck that remains to be seen are two old gothic walls which were situate at either end of the once neat little chapel; and they, too, would have long since crumbled to the dust, were it not for the ivy which every where mantels them and keeps them together; and so closely are they covered, that the traveller passing on the road beside cannot discover a single stone of either walls. The gentle acclivity or slope on which the church of Saint Coman was situate, was ever after its spoliation deemed a hallowed and sacred spot; and all around, and even the part which at one time was the aisle of the church, was converted into a receptacle for the dead. Any person who visits the little church-yard cannot but be struck with wonder and amazement, on beholding the old time-worn head-stones, with the letters altogether effaced, or so nearly so, that on any one of them there are not three lines perfectly legible; the confused manner in which the dead are heaped together; and the neglect and desolation which every where meets the wandering eye. Within the last few years the custom of interring within its precincts has been discontinued; it being so crowded, that in making a new grave, in many cases old coffins, falling asunder, were partially exposed, in order to cover those more recently consigned to the earth. Every step you take you behold the remains of mortality, and graves yawning before you; and in one part of the church-yard might be seen a grave or vault arched over with brick, intended for the receptacle of a family, a part of the end wall of which has fallen in, and exposes to view three or four empty coffins; but what became of their tenants, we must leave our readers to divine.

Many a tale of thrilling interest, and many a wild legend, is there linked with the little history of Saint Coman's; but never shall the one we are about to relate be effaced from our memory; both on account of its singular and fearful *denouement*, and the unhappy fate which attended the hero of our tale.

It was Saint Hallow's-eve that we had occasion to pass the night with Roderic O'Reygan, whose door was ever open to each and every one, who chose to partake of his hospitality; and it was from him, and beneath his hospitable roof, we learned the tale we are about to relate to our readers.

O'Reygan was one of those who come under the denomination of a small farmer, yet living in much more comfort, and possessing much better means, than that class generally do in Ireland. But it was not always so with him: perseverance and untiring industry had made him what he was; and he had good reason to be fully convinced of the truth of the old adage—"All is not gold that glitters;" for when commencing his career, a more unhappy prospect, or more unlike

his present condition, he imagined never appeared to any one but himself. But he continued to persevere and buffet the storms of life; and his perseverance was well rewarded. He had a family of four or five children, all young and blooming like his wife. They were seated around the fire-side, after being tired amusing themselves casting lead into water, playing snap-apple, and the usual sports attendants of Saint Hallow's. By degrees they all slunk away from their innocent sports, and assembled around the fire-side; and sat listening in wonder and astonishment to the following tale, which O'Reygan related to them, who was ever trying with paternal anxiety to make his offspring happy:

The last of the De Vesey's are no more; not one of them remain to uphold that proud rank and title; the last of the name has been long since forgotten, and sleeps with his forefathers in the little church-yard of Saint Coman's. Henry De Vesey was the only son of Lord De Vesey, and heir of Killanamore Castle, the family mansion of the De Vesey's—a proud and stately gothic pile of the sixteenth century. But it, like its occupiers, who so often beguiled away the time in its beautiful pleasure grounds and shady walks, who paced its long corridors, and passed through its splendid halls, has long since fallen beneath the hand of time, and not a wreck of it now remains to be seen. Henry De Vesey was a profligate and reckless youth; and although he had the name of having fought three successive duels, and escaped unhurt, still it was not courage prompted him to retrieve lost honour. No, honour he had none; he was a base coward and villain of the blakest die to the inmost core; and it was cowardice and fear of being openly and eternally branded what he really was, prevented him not giving satisfaction to brave and honourable men, whom he injured and insulted.

To his father the unworthy scion of the noble house of De Vesey was a pure gem, and he looked forward to him as the future Lord of Killanamore Castle, and as one who would honourably uphold the rank and title of his house: but little did he think that with himself his proud name would be extinct.

With feelings of the most poignant despair and regret, did Matilda Dawson call to mind the name of De Vesey. With that name was linked all her misfortunes; to her Henry De Vesey proved a demon and deceiver of the lowest grade; and it was he who blasted all her happiness, and made her taste of the cup of bitterness, which she drained to the dregs. Until the fell moment she found he had made her his dupe, she was happy; and in almost every thing found something new to create pleasure, until she became intimate with the heir of Killanamore Castle. Matilda Dawson, both in person and manner, was every thing that could please the imagination. From a slight acquaintance the profligate scion of the De Vesey's became enraptured with her guileless innocence and virtue; and at length, after innumerable promises and solicitations, he prevailed on her to agree to a clandestine marriage; as he knew, if he openly avowed his intentions, neither his own or Matilda's father would sanction their union. They were married; but, oh, Heavens! what a

mockery ! He remained with her for a few weeks, and then went to France, under the pretence of staying there for a short period, to avoid, as he said, the consequences of his father's displeasure, as their marriage was known to him. A year passed away, but yet she heard no tidings of him. By degrees the once lively and vivacious Matilda Dawson pined slowly away; it was evident the deepest sorrow and anguish racked her inmost soul; misfortunes crowded upon one another; her offspring died (for she was now a mother) for want of proper care and attendance—not that she neglected her duty towards her child, but anxiety, sorrow, and uneasiness prevented her doing it in the manner it should be done. At length she sunk beneath such repeated shocks of fortune; and died of a broken heart; and ere long the reckless De Vesey had the double and damning crime to answer for—the breaking the young and innocent heart of Matilda Dawson, and “sending her father's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave.” Such was the fate of Matilda Dawson and her father. Such was the fate of the victim of the hardened and licentious De Vesey; and it was thus he blighted the happiness of her, whose virtue and innocence would have been a shield to her, and a protection from any one but the hardened demon who deceived her.

About a year after the death of the once beautiful and broken hearted Matilda Dawson, Henry De Vesey was returning from a midnight debauch to Killanmore Castle; it was a dark and fearful night: the distant thunder reverberated through the arched vault of heaven; the forked lightning flashed vividly through the old ruins of Saint Coman's; the rain poured down in torrents; not a single star was there visible, and the moon, except at intervals, was completely hid behind dense masses of hugh black and scowling clouds, moving quickly through the heavens. To reach Killanmore Castle he had to pass the old church-yard of Saint Coman's; and although not one of the villagers was ever known to pass it after midnight, on account of it being generally supposed it was haunted, he had not any dread of passing it, as he was not in the least degree superstitious: and, even if he were, he was in a state which drowned all fear, and prevented him thinking on such a subject. Onward he made his way, until he came within view of the old ruins; the rain continued to pour down incessantly; and to get shelter from the storm, he made his way into the church-yard. The storm continued to increase, and in a few moments a red and lurid glare of lightning shot across the church-yard, and a wild and suppressed shriek was heard rising from the ruins. On the following morning, the body of De Vesey was found in the ruins of Saint Coman's; the features were horribly and hideously distorted; the glaring eye-balls seemed about to start from their sockets; the ghastly features, and distorted countenance showed the unworthy heir of Killanmore Castle died a death of terrifying and horrible despair. The remains of young De Vesey were interred in the little church-yard; he met his well merited fate. But in it there is not a mark or a stone to perpetuate his unhallowed memory.

G. H.

TO INFANCY.

Farewell ! farewell ! thou dawn of life,
Whose morning sky was unobscured
With cloudy cares and dark'ning strife,
When sorrow yet was unendured.
The blissful, happy hours have fled,
The days of infancy are gone;
The early dreams of joy have sped,
And with them all their pleasures flown.
Remembered still is every thought
On which a mind unformed could dwell,
Each childish sport which with it brought
A joy none but a child can feel.
To thee will pensive mem'ry stray,
And linger fondly round thee yet,
'Til grief, now constant, tears away
The wanderer : then, with sad regret,
'Twill turn it from the gladsome scene,
Where pleasure purest, unalloyed,
Alone in life's drear path have been,
And mourn for infant hopes destroyed.

M. J. R.

ABSORPTION OF FOOD IN THE STOMACH.—Experiments have been lately made by MM. Sandras and Bouchardat, with a view to ascertain the mode of absorption of the elements of nutrition contained in the principal articles of food used by man or the lower animals. Taking as a basis that soluble aliments are absorbed by the veins, and insoluble aliments by the chyloferous tubes, it remained to be ascertained in what way nature had provided the means of rendering certain aliments soluble, or of separating them to such a degree as to enable them to pass through the chyloferous tubes. MM. Sandras and Bouchardat divided their experiments into two series. one chemical, the other physiological. The chemical experiments showed the action which water, slightly acidulated by chloridic acid, exercises upon the fibrine, albumina, caseum, gluten, and the gelatinous tissues. All these substances enlarge and become translucent, and some of them dissolve. It is sufficient, in order to produce most of those phenomena, to add to 10,000 grammes of water, 6 grammes of hydrochloric acid; but it was found necessary, in order completely to dissolve the fibrine, to add a few drops of rennet. Hydrochloric acid, therefore, is not the sole dissolving agent in the gastric juice; the animal matter, called pepsino, or chymosine, must also be present. This being admitted, it appears probable from the experiments of MM. Sandras and Bouchardat, that neutral azoted animal substances, when once dissolved in the stomach, pass directly into the veins. This is the case with gluten. Starch and fecula are wholly or partially converted into lactic acid in the stomach, and are absorbed in this form. Neither starch nor sugar is found in the chyle during a course of feculent alimentation. Greasy substances resist the action of the stomach, and pass into the intestinal canal, where they form a sort of thick cream; and at the same time the chyle, under their influence, develops itself in extraordinary abundance in globules capable of rendering them milky and opaque. According to MM. Sandras and Bouchardat, therefore, greasy substances are the main agents in the production of chyle, so necessary for the process of digestion.

ENTOZOARIES IN THE BLOOD OF A DOG.—Animal life has been discovered in the blood of a dog. There has hitherto been no well-authenticated case of such phenomenon in warm-blooded animals, excepting birds. The presence of animal life in the blood of cold-blooded animals, particularly frogs, however, is common.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The Anglo-Saxon tongue, though scarcely to be considered in the light of old English, is yet the stock upon which all changes and improvement have been engrafted, in order to produce the language which we now speak. This branch of the Teutonic family, was perhaps the earliest spoken European language that was employed in the services of literature. Alfred exerted all his energies, and used all his influence to make the study of his native tongue universal throughout his own dominions, and so far as it lay in one man's power, he succeeded; but his successors, mostly under the yoke of a foreign hierarchy, and sunk deep into sloth or superstition, neglected to nourish the tree which he had planted, and which had already, under the care of his fostering hand, produced good fruit.

During the age preceding the Norman settlement, the Saxon had degenerated into a barbarous jargon, unfit for the higher purposes of literature; in fact, we possess but few writings in the language of this period, except some rude chronicles composed in (what was then called) *rime*; a peculiarity of verse, it must be observed, very different from the modern *rhyme*, for it did not employ like sounding syllables at the end of certain lines; indeed, it is somewhat difficult to discover in what these *rimed* were distinguished from prose, as they do not appear to have been measured off into a definite number of syllables: perhaps, after all, the only difference is a greater pomp and dignity of style, producing what in the present day would be called poetical prose. There was, however, one distinguishing characteristic which marked the Saxon poetry, which is almost, if not entirely, unknown to modern metre; and this was *alliteration*, or the repetition of the same letter at the beginning of two or more words in the same line, which letter serves as the initial in the marking word of the next line. This peculiarity, which, indeed, would seem to be fully as defensible as that of rhyming endings, is by no means unpleasant when skilfully executed, and even a modern ear soon becomes accustomed to it. Alliterative verse was common to most of the Celtic and Gothic nations, and was, moreover, peculiar to their literature. Rhyme would appear to have been the invention of the Norman minstrels, and was unknown in England before the Conquest. The earliest instance we have of it is in a few lines of the Saxon chronicle commemorative of the death of William the Conqueror.

Such was the condition of the Anglo-Saxon language and literature in England during the eleventh century; and the subsequent introduction of the Norman French among the higher classes at first, and afterwards among the whole people, is very distinctly marked. The connexion between the two nations was first formed in the time of Ethelred.

We find that ideas of every-day life, which men are in constant use of, are expressed, even to the present day, by genuine Saxon words, whereas words of French extraction are almost entirely used to express what may be called extraordinary ideas, either abstract, and not of frequent occurrence, and of whose form, consequently, men are not so tenacious, or such as may be supposed to

have been peculiar to the Norman or upper classes, as, for instance, terms of war and of the law.—And although, in numberless cases, words, though of French origin, appear in a Saxon shape, it will not be easy to discover any example of the converse. Indeed, this was the fate of nearly all the Norman words introduced into the English during the earliest stages of its existence. The writers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries afford abundant evidence of words originally quite French, taking in a short time a Saxon form and termination: thus the word *batayl* glided into *battle*; *partye* became *part*: *verament* changed to *verily*. Such mutations are rarely made but from a foreign into the native form of speech, and would certainly lead us to believe that they were made by a Saxon tongue. If the early English represent the imperfect attempts of a Norman to speak English, yet, at least, the children of these, being taught the same language, would not preserve the defects of their fathers, but would speak as good Saxon as the rest of the people; in the same manner as the child of a modern Frenchman, born and brought up in England, speaks the language of the country as well as an Englishman.

It appears also from history, that the English language was formed, and more unmixed Saxon entirely disused, before the upper classes ceased to speak French; and they do not appear to have corrupted it in any way, but to have left it off at once. The English writers before Chaucer, (except those whose works were professedly for the illiterate) composed in French, not at all different from that of their continental neighbours, while English (as distinguished from mere Saxon) had been commonly spoken and understood for a century before his time.

The English language arose, progressed, and was formed during the thirteenth century; for if we compare what Layamon of Ernleye wrote towards the end of the reign of Henry the Second (who died 1189) with what Robert of Gloucester produced in the time of Edward the First, (who died 1307,) we shall find, that while the former wrote in unmixed though very barbarous Saxon, the chronicle of the latter is composed in the same language as the Canterbury Tales, and is very nearly as intelligible to a modern reader.

It was, at some period between Layamon of Ernleye and Robert of Gloucester—that is, during the thirteenth century—that the English language was formed; and this circumstance may be satisfactorily accounted for by the great national events of that age.

It must be borne in mind, that previously to the reign of John, the king of England possessed vast territories on the continent; in fact, the dominions of Henry the Second in France more than doubled those at home. In consequence, the greater part of his nobility were Frenchmen, not only by extraction, but also by birth and education, and would of course give the fashion and tone to those of their own class in England, who were of the same race as themselves. But when John lost his foreign provinces, he lost his foreign barons at the same time; and the next age saw the nobility, now excluded from the society and influence of their transmarine cousins, begin to mingle more freely and cordially with their countrymen. In this reign

did the barons, almost for the first time since the death of Harold, think and act like Englishmen. They stood forth to oppose their tyrannical and headstrong sovereign, in the name, not only of their own order, but of Englishmen. And when, by their perseverance, the great Charter was wrested from John at Runnymede, in 1215, every denomination of subject, from the noble to the serf, was included in that declaration of rights.

The parliament of 1265, in the succeeding reign of Henry the Third, was the first wherein any other than the great crown vassals sat. Indeed, it was the first which can properly be called a parliament, in the modern acceptance of that term, by which is understood a representative assembly; for hitherto the great council had been composed only of those who immediately held their tenures from the sovereign, and who were called upon to furnish aid to their *suzerain* when required by him; just as the barons themselves held their courts of their own vassals. Whatever may be thought of these great events, they are at least sufficient to show that a stronger sympathy now existed between the Norman and Saxon people; and to them we must, in a great measure, attribute the union of the two races, and of their languages; for the distinction between Saxon and Norman was fast vanishing, and English taking the place of both.

The people had now dropped their Saxon, and used English; the higher classes also understood this language, but continued for some time to speak French among themselves; and Chaucer furnishes us with evidence that it continued to be spoken even so late as his time, by the refined or affected in London, in his *Canterbury Tales*, where he draws a sarcastic line of distinction between the French of Paris and of Stratford le Bow. Edward the Third, in 1360, gave the last and the effective blow to the French language in England, by abolishing in an express statute (36 Edw. 3) the use of it in the courts of law: the reason assigned is, that the French tongue was "much unknown in the realm;" and the object he had in view was to become popular with the burgher representatives, from whom he was obliged to draw large supplies to further his designs against France; and, at the same time, he wished to eradicate any remnants of French that might still exist among his chief subjects, and thereby to estrange them from any sympathy with his foes.

Afterwards, when English became the language of the whole country, it would be natural to expect that the upper classes would retain more French in their discourse than the people, who rather inclined to the Saxon; and this is accordingly found to be the case.

The productions of the English writers before Chaucer were of a very barbarous nature; the greater part were chronicles translated from the French or Latin, and intended for those uneducated persons who were unacquainted with these languages. The possibility of an elegant or well-finished work appearing in English, was never imagined by any one before Chaucer. This great poet began his literary career by translating; not from the French, as his predecessors had done, but from a much purer source, the Italian—then the only European language which could boast

of great writers. He proposed to himself Boccaccio as his model. One of his earliest works, 'The Book of Troilus and Creseide,' was an imitation of Boccaccio's *Filostrato*. Of his other writings, many were translated from the Italian. Perhaps his only original work is that by which he is best known, the much admired *Canterbury Tales*; and even here, many of the tales are copied from other authors, and the plot itself is of a similar nature to Boccaccio's *Decamerone*. But the humorous tales, which are chiefly original, are unmatched in their kind, and vastly superior to any thing in the *Decamerone*.

Chaucer fixed the English language. Since his time, it has undergone but few changes, and those of an unimportant nature. They who will make allowances for his antiquated orthography, and quaint expressions, will meet with but few words which they do not understand; and when they have taken the pains to master these trifling difficulties, they are surprised that their own language is the same as Chaucer's "English undefiled."—*Athenæum*.

THOU WAST NOT THERE.

I stood within the festive hall,
With aching heart and vacant air;
What was it caused a tear to fall,
When all around seemed bright and fair?
Thou wast not there!
Soft music caught my list'ning ear;
Its sounds of mirth it seem'd to borrow;
And as I struggled not to hear,
Why was my heart so filled with sorrow?
Thou wast not there!
I join'd the gay and happy throng
Upon the ocean's "sparkling tide;"
My sad heart echoed not their song;
It seem'd as if each note had sigh'd—
Thou wast not there!
As o'er the moonlit waves we flew,
My bosom felt a glow of peace;
For thou didst share its bright beams too,
But then I felt my grief increase—
Thou wast not there!
Yes! in each festive hall and bower,
My wandering thoughts are turned to thee;
And when alone each lingering hour,
This simple thought can sadden me—
Thou wast not there?

E. A. K

NEWSPAPER REPORTERS.—What most extraordinary men are these reporters of newspapers in general—I mean English newspapers! Surely if there be any class of individuals who are entitled to the appellation of cosmopolites, it is these. The activity, energy, and courage which they occasionally display in the pursuit of information, are truly remarkable. I saw them during the three days at Paris, mingled with canaille and gamins behind the barriers, whilst the mitraille was flying in all directions, and the desperate cuirassiers were dashing their fierce horses against these seemingly feeble bulwarks. There stood they, dotting down their observations in their pocket-books, as unconcerned as if reporting the proceedings of a reform meeting in Covent Garden or Finsbury Square; whilst in Spain, several of them accompanied the Carlist and Christino guerrillas in some of their most desperate raids and expeditions, exposing themselves to the danger of hostile bullets, the inclemency of winter, and the fierce heat of the summer sun.—*Torrow's Spain*.

"1720.—Major Johnstone, half-pay officer, in Dublin, gave a loaded pistol to each of his two sons, (the one ten, and the other twelve years of age,) and ordered them to FIRE, when they shot each other dead on the spot! Their mother coming into the room on the report of the pistols, he stabbed her to the heart, and then himself."—*Annals of Dublin*, 1842.

THE MANIAC.

Alas! that penury and crime
So oft go hand in hand;
Alas! that penury pervades,
And crime defiles our land.
Alas! that reason's still small voice
Is lost in passion's roar;
And wretched man should perpetrate
The deed I now deplore.
At early morn his maiden sword
On Blaneesim's plain was bright,
But red blood stain'd its brilliancy
Before the fall of night.
And still with Marlboro' on he trod,
The fields of victory,
Till humbled Louis sued for peace
Upon his bended knee.
Hurra! hurra! the bonfires blaze!
The Gallic war is o'er;
The victors quit the conquer'd land,
And seek their native shore.
Farewell the pride and pomp of war;
Farewell its bright array:
He now subsides in humble life,
A major on half-pay.
But scanty was the pittance giv'n
A living to supply;
And when he view'd his children two,
The tear stood in his eye.
He sunk in listless apathy,
And when his wife would speak,
"Oh! mention not their fate," he'd cry,
"Or else my heart will break."
"Poor younglings, darlings of my heart,
Dear as its warmest blood,
How can I bear to see them pine,
And cry for want of food!"
He sunk upon his wretched couch,
With misery oppress;
The body slept—but horrid dreams
Denied the spirit rest.
He dreamt two forms in strange array
Were stationed at that bed;
A reverend friar at the foot;
Satanus at the head!
"Despairing man, lift up thy soul
To him above the sky;
There's grace and mercy still in store,
There's aid and succour nigh!"
So spake the priest. The fiend advanc'd
With noiseless step more near,
And bending o'er the slumberer's head,
Thus whisper'd in his ear—
"Aye, go and pray, and supplicate,
And own thy wretched fears;
The wind that scatters wide thy pray'r,
Will also dry thy tears!"
"Go, train thy sons to glorious war,
To laugh at steel and shot;
They will not fall in battle-field;
Look, and behold their lot!"
He turned, and saw a crowded street;
Ten thousand forms were there;
Grated prison rose in front,
A gallows in the rear.

"Dost thou behold!" he whisper'd still;
They'll have no earthly tomb;
Now nerve thy arm, and steel thy soul,
Thou canst prevent their doom.

"There is no place of future pain,
Nor place of future bliss;
Go ask that bald and craven priest,
If he can gainsay this?"

"The dead repose in silent graves,
From pain and care aloof;
You priest will say it is not so,
But can he shew thee proof?"

"Then nerve thy arm, and steel thy heart,
And be thy courage shewn;
Avert their ignominious fate,
And shield thee from thine own.

"Thy sword is rusting in its sheath,
Thy pistols mould'ring lie;
Up, man, and do what honour bids,
Or live in infamy!"

He started from that fearful dream,
But friar and fiend were flown,
Like mist before the viewless wind,
And he remain'd alone.

The cold sweat hung upon his brow,
Like beads of morning dew.

"Oh! save me, Heav'n!" he kneeling cried,
"My wife and children too."

A wild unearthly voice then rang—
"Why wish the youths to save?
To see them load a gibbet tree,
And fill a felon's grave?"

He rush'd, fiend driven, to the spot
Where the death-weapons lay;
He loaded both with deadly store,
And then was heard to say—

"Come, Frederick and Adolphus, come,
Begin your exercise,
And learn the art of glorious war,
By which you are to rise."

"Oh! father, you look very ill;
Your cheeks are wan and pale:
Let's go and call our mother dear,
She'll know what 'tis you ail."

"No, boys—'twill pass—take each your place,
And do as I desire;
Your weapons hold with steady hand,
And wait for the word fire!"

With arm and foot advanc'd, the boys
The levell'd pistols held,
And look'd on each with smiling eye,
When "FIRE!" the maniac yell'd.

True fell the hammer on the steel,
True blas'd the hidden fire:
He saw before his blood-shot eyes
The lovely boys expire!

Their mother at the sound rush'd in;
One look—one shriek—she gave,
And sank in death with those she lov'd,
But came too late to save.

He drew his sharp and war-stain'd sword,
And plung'd it in his breast;
But who can say that by that deed
He was consign'd to rest?

His cursed grave is on the road
Diverging from Clontarf;
And there, 'tis said, at midnight hour,
The demons sport and laugh.

To those destroyed by Satan's wiles
A tender thought is due;
For never yet was heard a tale
So dreadful, yet so true.

A LEGEND OF CARRIGAFOILE.

THE EAR-RING.

On his return from the siege of Boulogne, where he took a freak to go fighting for his enemy, the king of England, Connor O'Connor, in passing through London, took another freak in his head, and that was, to buy a gold ear-ring. One would have thought that the prince of Kerry could have indulged his wish at the word; but no such thing. When he presented himself at the counter to ask the price of the bauble, which he had been at least a quarter of an hour admiring from the window, the jeweller, an old Jew, with a pair of spectacles upon his nose, eyed him for a minute or two, with a look of contempt, and exclaimed—

"Pshaw!—the like of you to think of such a jewel!"

"I'll tell you what, blind Isaac," says O'Connor, "I may look a little the worse for the wear, after this weary war in Artois, and the vile usage your Sasseenagh king gives to his allies; but that ring I must have, whatever the cost."

"Ten thousand marks is the damage!" said the Jew, changing his tone to a civil whine. "I doubt, Christian! if you find that amount in any corner of your weather-beaten raiment. Howbeit, tell me what security you'll give to pay it in a year and a day, and you shall not be disappointed."

"Iracht-i-Connor!" cried the prince of Kerry, haughtily; "I'll forfeit Iracht and all its lands and tenements, with the sole exception of the castle of Carrigafoile, if the sum be not paid, with interest, before the lapse of that period."

"Done!" said the Jew, who now felt that he was talking to a great man and a good mark; and when he said "Done!" he sent for the notary.

Quickly then was the note of agreement signed and sealed, and the beautiful diamond ear-ring transferred to Connor O'Connor, who with maiden-like ecstasy hung it in his right ear, and departed.

Time flew by, and he took another freak into his head. He forgot to pay, and at the expiration of a year and a day, Iracht-i-Connor was seized by the Jew. The freak which O'Connor then took into his head was, to sit every evening on the top of Carrigafoile tower, surveying from this his only remaining property, the vast inheritance of his ancient race, which he had so foolishly lost for ever. Underneath the tower is a deep hole, which is always full of water, tho' the tide have retired from around Carrig castle, which twice a day it makes a little isle and part of the main land alternately; and O'Connor was looking down upon this deep blue gulf, from which Carrickafoile takes its name, ("the rock of the chasm,") when he heard a very melancholy song, and called to Dermid, his poet, to know what fool was singing such doleful strains?

"Your muse deploras that O'Connor should have sold his inheritance for a pebble," replied the poet.

"Ah! Dermid!" said O'Connor, "is not this a beautiful jewel?"

"Yes," rejoined the bard, "but Iracht-i-Connor is a still more beautiful one!"

O'Connor spoke not a word, but he tore his skean from his belt, and applying it to his ear, cut the bottom part off, from which depended the ear-

ring, and then taking another freak into his head, he flung the separated portion of his ear, jewel and all, souse into the chasm—a height of exactly 84 feet from the castle's top to the water's edge; and he and the poet watched till it sunk out of sight.

"Well done!" exclaimed Dermid in raptures; "now art thou worthy of thy name and race! Iracht shall be thine again!"

To verify his prophecy, the poet hurried his patron down the winding stair of the lofty tower: taking to horse, they cantered off, and, to be brief, reached London in a few days. Their first visit, to be sure, was to the jeweller, who recognised neither of them, for he was purblind, and besides the chieftain was somewhat altered with grief for his folly, and a new dress with which Dermid had provided him.

"What, ho! blind Penehback!" inquired the latter, as they entered the shop of the Israelite; "hast thou aught worth having in this abomination of desolation where thou doest thy deeds of darkness? My friend and I have need of some gold lace at thy hands, if indeed this vile den of thine can furnish anything precious."

"Softly, softly! sir Nazarite!" ejaculated the Jew, with an air of some importance; "mayhap thou knowest not thou standest in the midst of the best treasures and best appointed store in Lonnon. Look ye here, and see if thy want be not met to a marvel?"

"Tut, tut!" hissed out Dermid, "I guessed you had nothing but trash; I'd venture a good turn that an old skinflint of your sort could not come up to any taste in a lustrum—do your best, and put all your miserly old coins to the effort."

"Now by all the prophets, Christian!" exclaimed the Jew, "thy tongue hath more assurance than beseems thee; but to cut the matter short, I will forfeit all Iracht-i-Connor, if in four and twenty hours I shall not provide thee with the lace thou requirest!"

"Say you so, dear Jew," said the poet; "now, then, if thou be in good earnest, put that word in writing, and bind thyself before a notary—for all of thy nation are cunning varlets—that in twenty four hours thou wilt have ready for my purchase a piece of gold lace which will reach from the top to the bottom of this gentleman's right ear—art agreed?"

"Done!" cried the confident Jew, and calling in a notary the contract was signed, sealed, and delivered.

On their return at the same hour the next day, he produced a beautiful specimen, rich with gold, studded with jewels, and the exact size of a human ear.

"Ho, ho!" says the poet, "this looks like foiling us sure enough—notary! read the agreement"—(it was read.) "Jew! look at this right ear;" as he removed the long locks of the prince of Kerry.

"Aye, look at it," says the Jew, and he grew pale with agony when he beheld the healed wound which it exhibited.

"Hear me then," cried the poet; "thy lace, to save thy forfeit, must reach from London to Iracht-i-Connor, for the bottom of this ear is in the chasm, many fathoms deep under the tower of

Carrigafoile castle! And, now have we won back the inheritance of O'Connor?"

Ere quitting the shop, the prince of Kerry purchased another ear-ring from the Jew, for which he paid him four times the price, to put the poor d—l in good humour if possible. And on their way back to their own country, the poet suggested to his patron that it would be well if he would bid adieu to his freaks for the future, which the other promised most faithfully to do.

"And permit me to observe," continued Dermid, "that one thing in thy bargain for that first bauble of thine, has always surprised me—it is, that when you risked Iracht for its purchase, you excepted Carrigafoile from the hazard?"

"This, too, was a freak of mine, Dermid; but the reason why I did it, if there were any, was that I could never guess why O'Connor *Slugach*, my ancestor, built that castle at all, unless it were that while we possessed it, Iracht should never be long out of our tenure."

"*Slugach* was a glutton," replied the poet, "as his name imparts, otherwise he had never built up stone walls for his protection, but trusted to his arms, and the wogds, and the mountains."

"True!" resumed O'Connor; "and now that I look coolly back upon my follies, I can see no reason for them whatever, save that, at some period or another of his life, a man will have his fling."

"Ah! no, my prince!" sighed his monitor; "the thoughtless will to be sure go astray amid the world's temptations—the wise will be ever ruled by religion and reason." E. V. B.

(1) HEROD'S DEATH

AND LAST LEGACY OF THE JEWS.

- (2) Vain are thy waters, Callirhoe,
I feel the damp of death;
It melts around my heart like snow,
And mingles with my breath;
And torture crouches on each limb,
My very brain is sore,
And painful are mine eyes and dim;
I rack at every pore.

II.

Ho! boy—quick—quick with yonder knife!
Oh! horrible!—that throe!
Out! out! thou agonizing life,
I'll quench thee at a blow.
—Who laughs aloud that joyous laugh?
Fell mockery of pain!
By heaven, the cup of death he'll quaff,
Ere he can smile again!—

III.

- (3) My son! then let him die the death!
No mercy!—no—he dies!
Despatch!—and hush each human breath,
That I may hear his cries.
Ha! thou hast been too fleet, my son!
The incense of thy blood
Shall smoke around my golden throne—
—I'll mar thy merry mood.

IV.

- (4) Those Jews, Alexas—butcher them
When I have ceased to live!
My spirit then will fondly dream,
The Jews for Herod grieve!
And there will be rare mourning then,
And all will think of me;
And, oh! like mine, may be their pain
A hell of agony!—

Now swear you, by the Lord above,
And by the earth below,
That pity nor mistaken love
Within your heart shall grow,
But let the royal circus flood
And flush at every side
With goûts of their rebellious blood,
As blushings for their pride.

VI.

- Rank, bearded idiots! can they think
That scathless they may be,
Because I totter on the brink
Of dim eternity!
(5) They dragged my golden eagle down;
Good sooth! 'twas very brave!
Butcher them!—or by my crown
I'll haunt thee from the grave!

VII.

Oh! that this seething blood would cool,
And wither like my heart,
That, as a still and frozen pool,
Has ceased to act its part!
I go!—I burn!—fiends! let me die!
My tongue—my palate—glues!
Alexas!—mind—"The Legacy!"—
King Herod—leaves the Jews!!!

J. T. C.

NOTES.

(1) Archbishop Usher dates his death on 25th November, the 7th month, called "Cisleu."

(2) The hot waters of Callirhoe, the use of which Herod had been recommended as a last resource, are situate on the other side of Jordan, and empty themselves in the lake Asphaltites.

(3) Antipater expressed such lively joy at his father's supposed death, that it hastened his own, as in the text.

(4) He issued out his summons for all the heads of the Jews to repair to Jericho on a set day, under pain of death, and upon their arrival ordered them to be shut up in the circus. He then gave strict charge to Alexas, his sister's husband, to have them all butchered as soon as his breath was gone. "By this means," said he, "I shall not only damp the people's joy, but secure a *real mourning at my death*." However, though bound by fearful oaths, Alexas set the Jews free on his demise.

(5) Having heard a report about mid-day, that Herod was expired, they went immediately to the temple gate, over which he had set up a golden eagle of extraordinary bigness and exquisite workmanship, as a propitiation to the Romans, and began their pious work by pulling it down and breaking it into pieces with axes and hammers, as the greatest eye-sore of all, for which Herod caused the ringleaders to be burned to death.—*History of the Jews, dedicated to William Lord Talbot, Baron of Henod, M.DCC.XLV.*

EXPERIMENTS ON THE BLOOD.—MM. Andral and Gavaret, struck with the fact that a professor had succeeded in precipitating albumine in the form of globules, by adding a sufficient quantity of water to serum neutralised by an acid, repeated M. Liebig's experiment, and found that the globulous bodies, which developed themselves in the serum of the blood, were nothing less than the first rudiments of the vegetable of fermentation. Their experiments were repeated on the white of an egg, and on various serosities produced by disease; and the result is, that whatever may be the albuminous liquid, the albumine property of which is removed by an acid, the same phenomenon presents itself.

THE WRECK.

Loud bellowing reports awoke me from a deep sleep. I raised myself upon my arm in the bed, and drew my watch from beneath my pillow. I perceived that the hour was seven. An indistinct recollection of the past crept upon my memory, and I was puzzled at the cause of my awaking so suddenly; but the mystery was soon explained. Whilst I was still gazing upon the dial of my Geneva, a tremendous burst of noise opened upon my ear; it was the report of a cannon, and there was no mistaking its meaning. I leaped from my bed, and threw up the window: dense masses of human beings were already on the road beneath, running in the direction of the beach, and a cry arose amongst them "that a ship was in the breakers!"

I hastily threw on my clothes, and soon joined the multitude. Hundreds were on the beach when I reached it. The rain came down in torrents. The waves gambolled madly along the shore, and their spray was sent flying through the air. At the distance of about 500 yards from the beach lay a splendid vessel, contending powerfully with the element which bore her. Her deck was crowded both with sailors and men who wore the uniform of British soldiers. At particular moments might be heard one manly voice, which rose above the din that existed on board, giving forth its orders with coolness and precision, as spar after spar came tumbling into the boiling sea.

Boats were launched from the shore, but the men who occupied them found it impossible to approach the ship: two of the frail barques had been stove in the attempt, and four of the men narrowly escaped drowning.

"Can anything be done to save them?" I cried, addressing myself to a man dressed in fustian clothes, below the middle size, but strongly built, who stood beside me.

"There cannot!" he answered, with a decision which none could mistake: "their fate rests with God! Woe to the mariner who touches the Devil's Point on a day like this! I would rather steer the largest vessel in proud George's service through the Caribbean seas on the darkest night that ever came from the Heavens, than to have the management of a craft amongst these breakers on the finest day that ever the sun shone upon; for there is treachery in every ounce of their waters."

"Stranger, you seem to possess much judgment in nautical affairs," I said; "for pity sake, suggest some scheme that may be acted upon for the relief of those unfortunate people. Oh, if you have charity—"

"Charity!" he exclaimed, glancing at me angrily; "but I forgive you the expression," he added, after a moment's pause; "you little know the character of the man who stands before you. There are those on board yonder vessel, who wear the English livery, minions of the British king, who would tell you that I never possessed a spark of the virtue that you have named; but all who would brand me as such are liars—dark, foul-mouthed liars. The man who has been wronged by their nation is defiled as a loathsome thing. Around the watch-fires of the English camp have I been represented as a thing of hideous form; as not being of human flesh and blood; as being supernatural."

As this singular being finished speaking, his head sunk upon his chest, and his thoughts seemed to have strayed back to the recollection of earlier days. There was a something so extraordinary about the man's person and conversation, that I became actually spell-bound for the time; nor did I dare to intrude upon his reflections until they were ended. Suddenly his head became proudly elevated, and there was a fire in his eye as he said:

"But I possess a secret satisfaction still: the roar of my cannon is still reverberating in the ears of their boldest warriors!"

"For God's sake," I said, "let us try and do something to save those fifty wretches!"

"Fifty! There are three hundred souls in that ship, so sure that there is one."

"How know you that?" I asked.

"She is a convict ship."

"Good Heavens! they will all perish."

"All!" said the stranger, in a solemn voice.

"There is still a chance of their escape," I said, as the vessel gained an offing near a large rock, where the sea was less troubled than the waters around.

"Now comes the crisis!" cried the stranger. Do you mark that shingle on the vessel's right bow? That's called the Devil's Point, and well does it deserve the name; for more misfortunes have been caused from its accursed position among the breakers, than all the calamities which the surrounding rocks could boast of. The vessel's only chance of being afloat for the next half hour entirely depends upon her passing that dangerous point. Had this event," he continued, his eyes penetrating the atmosphere—"had it happened but three hours later, for by that time the fury of the storm must be past, a skilful pilot might be able to make something of her course; but at present it would be folly for the best mariner that ever steered a craft to think of it."

"The water seems tranquil where she rides at present," I said.

"Ay; but the more the treachery, I warrant Do you observe the base of that rock?" he said pointing to the object.

"I do."

"I have watched the green element creeping round it silently for hours, and would at one period of my life, from my own judgment and experience in nature, venture to stake my existence upon the tranquillity of its waters for hours; but I was deceived; and it proves how little man's knowledge really is, though much he pretends to. I have seen it since then," he continued, "when the waters were as calm as a sleeping infant; and in the next instant I have seen the surf fly fifty feet above the summit of its peak. Ha! the vessel nears the rock—ten minutes will decide her fate!"

That comparatively tranquil offing which I have before alluded to became suddenly agitated. The waters rose high above the level of the point, and in the next moment the sea fell full forty feet below the standard of its original height, exposing a large bed of rocks. The vessel was tossed and hurled about as though she were but a very chip of her own formation; but she still rode the boiling element, contending powerfully. When within thirty feet of the point, she suddenly stopped, and seemed as if she understood her dan-

gerous position, and remained stationary for a few minutes.

"May God be merciful to them!" I breathed, in a low tone, almost afraid to hear my own voice.

"Amen!" responded my companion devoutly. "I passed that very rock, in company with others, on a dark night, three years since; but it was the benevolence of the Almighty alone that preserved us."

"May we not hope then, in the present instance?" I said.

"This case differs from mine," he replied. "Yonder ship is already on the rocks. The vessel that I commanded on that fearful night was an American privateer: we had 3,000 stand of arms on board, besides ammunition, for the Yankees, and we were bound for Boston. We had been several days at sea, when one morning the man at the wheel descried a strange sail some miles astern of us. I perceived by the glass that she was an English sloop of war. We crowded our little craft with as much sail as she could carry; but our endeavours to outstrip the English ship proved fruitless; about dusk she was close upon us. I was a proscribed man, and I knew that I had but little to expect; desperation gave me energy, and I ran the privateer for these very breakers, trusting everything to Providence. We soon entered among these treacherous rocks, and the king's ship pursued us rapidly. Everything succeeded in our scheme: we escaped the threatened dangers of the night, but it proved a terrible adventure for the British: not a man of them was alive next morning—eighty souls perished that night! Many and loud were the peals which came from their cannon—but not a beacon lighted on the shore in answer to their signals!"

The stranger seemed lost in thought a second time; but suddenly catching my arm, he cried, as he pointed to the ship—"Now is the moment!"

I watched the issue in misery. The waters, which had receded but a few minutes before, came rolling back in mountains, supplying cavities they had borrowed from but now, and sweeping everything before them that opposed their course, except the rocks. The ship was literally raised out of the sea into the air, and then violently dashed upon the rock known by the name of "The Devil's Point," upon which she remained trembling for a moment—then slipped heavily into the trough of the sea! A movement was now visible on board—men were seen running in every direction that the limits of the vessel would allow, shouting—"The hatches! the hatches!" The battering of sledges and heavy engines succeeded this cry, and the hatches were instantly forced open; when about 250 human beings emerged from the body of the ship and appeared upon her deck!

The moment that they became sensible of their danger—oh God! I shall never forget it—a long, loud, and wild cry of despair rent the air, and ascended to the very heavens; but the boisterous sea only mocked them in their agony, and dashed the vessel a second time upon the point! The ship split from her bows to her stern; then ensued a scene of horror which baffles every idea of the human imagination! Men who, perhaps, never thought of their God before, nor never named him but in blasphemy, were heard calling upon

him to spare them; some were seen leaping into the boiling sea, whilst others clung to the bulwarks and rigging of the ship. Upon the bow of the sinking vessel appeared a female of about twenty years old, with an infant firmly clasped within her arms; she gazed upon its face for a minute, kissed it, and jumped into the water—they never rose again. After a little time the ship completely severed and went down head foremost, and 300 human beings became immersed in water.

"My God, can we render them no assistance?" I frantically cried, turning round to address my companion; but he was no where to be found. I turned my eyes again upon the sufferers, and could perceive with horror, that bold and powerful swimmers reached the rocks but to be dashed to pieces; their corpses lay bleaching on the barren crags by scores, while more sunk into the deep without a struggle. My head grew giddy; I became sick—deadly sick, I gasped for breath; I was choking—absolutely choking. My limbs shook violently; my strength forsook me; I reeled, and fell to the earth!

I know not what length of time I remained in this state, but the interval which elapsed before I came to my senses was haunted by confused and miscellaneous visions of shipwrecked mariners, and spectral apparitions. I fancied that I was the last of the crew, that all had perished but me, and that I was standing upon a single plank in the centre of the German Ocean, surrounded by a host of unearthly spirits, who claimed me as their own. In each being I recognised the feature of a drowned shipmate, and though each lineament had been changed by some supernatural agency, still in every face I traced the original; the eyes of the spectres were hollow and sunken, and from the sockets issued a blue quivering flame which smelt of brimstone; their hands were long and bony, and the chill of death was in their touch; and each spectre scraped his jaw bone with the knuckles of his right hand, in imitation of gnashing, because they had no teeth; and they all laughed and grinned betimes, for they liked variety, and one cried out—

"His skull, a good bowl would make."

And the apparitions laughed and grinned again; the same spectre cried out—

"His tongue for the wolf we'll take."

And they laughed again, and well did they enjoy their mirth, for they placed their fleshless hands upon their long hips and roared outright, and the same spectre cried out—

"See, our lights of burning flame
Require blood from the lion's mane."

Then lowering his voice, he muttered—

"Hubbly, bubble,
Toll, and trouble."

A wild screeching in the air followed, and several voices mingled in one common cry of

"We'll cranch him, paunch him, and skin him."

The agony was insufferable—I could endure it no longer; I awoke with the cry still ringing in my ears, but that shout which aroused me from my trance came from the beach. With much difficulty I raised myself from the ground and looked upon the sea. The first object that met my view was an open boat crowded with human beings, fiddle

together in one disordered mass ; one form, alone, stood erect—it was the stranger : I watched his sundry escapes with a feverish anxiety, as he dashed the boat past one danger, but to arrive at another ; after imminent and frightful perils, he at length succeeded in bringing twenty of the sufferers to land ; about 280 perished !

I hastened to the spot and grasped his hand. "Stranger !" I said, "forgive me for my suspicions—you have acted nobly."

"I have done no more than *charity* demanded of me," he replied, with a melancholy smile.

"You surely must be fatigued ; come with me to my house, that you may have rest and refreshment, for you require both, after this day's exertions."

"I thank you," he answered, "but, believe me, I require them not. Attend to these poor wretches who have been saved through my poor instrumentality, and see that they want for nothing. I must be many miles from hence," said he, pointing to the sun which was now visible in the Heavens—"I must be many miles from hence ere that sun sets." He turned upon his heel and departed.

The English government offered a large reward to the man who acted so fearlessly that day, but the sum was never claimed.

That morning's catastrophe formed the groundwork of many a wild and fearful tale. And around the fisherman's fire-side it is still whispered, that the daring stranger of that day was no other than the terrible "Paul Jones," the celebrated American.

II.

MUMMY PITS.—In Egypt, the dead, after being embalmed, were deposited, in great numbers, in caves or places formed under ground. These are now known by the name of mummy pits. It is impossible to conceive a more singular and astonishing sight than a tomb of this description. Imagine a cave of considerable magnitude filled up with heaps of dead bodies in all directions, and in the most whimsical attitudes ; some with extended arms, others holding out a right hand, and apparently in the attitude of addressing you : some prostrate ; others with their heels sticking up in the air. At every step you thrust your feet through a body or crush a head. Most of the bodies are enveloped with linen, coated with gum, &c., for their better preservation. Some of the linen is of a texture remarkably fine, far surpassing what is made in Egypt at this day, and proving that their manufactures must have arrived at a great degree of excellence. Many of the bodies, probably of the lower orders, are simply dried, without any envelopment. Innumerable fragments of small idols are scattered about ; they are mostly human figures of Osiris, about two inches long, with the hook and scourge in either hand : some are of stone, some of baked earthenware, and others of blue pottery. The bodies are stowed in compact masses, tier on tier, always crossing each other. In some instances we found the hair quite perfect.—*Irby and Mangles' Travels.*

ARSENIC A CURE FOR CANCER.—Arsenic mixed with ointment has been used to cure cancer, by which either radical cures have been effected, or the extension of the disease has been so checked as to prevent the destruction of the patient. The secretions, for some days after the administration of the remedy, gave proofs of the presence of the arsenic, thus showing that it had been absorbed, but none of the injurious effects of the poison were manifested in the system.

THE EVEN.

The eventide comes with each passing day,
When the sun withdraws his brilliant ray,
And sets in the west heavens far away—

On the ocean's bosom slumb'ring.

Tho' darkness is spread o'er the earth afar,
The moon rides forth in her silvery car,
And many a brilliant twinkling star
Sheds its light over heaven's canopy.

Then earth with her thousands are hush'd in sleep,
While angels around them soft vigils keep,
And guard o'er their slumbers so soft, so deep,
Tending with ceaseless constancy.

And the year's eve comes, when the flower dies,
When the genial heat of the summer flies,
And rudely the northern winds arise,
To shake down the summer's blossoming.

Then the lily and rose in their gayest bloom,
With their tinted leaves, find an early tomb,
And nature appears in her sable gloom—
Then winter reigns triumphantly.

So the heart of man, like a desert drear,
Stripp'd of its verdure—oppress'd with care,
Withers like leaves which once grew fair,
And flourished in summer's gaiety.

And the even of human life will shed
Its showers of snow on the aged head,
And grey hairs tell them they quickly tread
The precincts of death's dark territory.

Each year we see the flowers renew,
Tinted with yellow, pink, green, and blue,
Nourished with sap, revived by dew—
They flourish again luxuriantly.

Each circling year spring flies away,
And the verdant green of its leaves decay ;
But winter past, they again look gay,
Spread out as nature's garniture.

But man knows no change in "this vale of tears,"
No spring revives, no summer cheers
The gloom which falls o'er his winter years,
Nor again returns youth's blossoming.

Yet we know there's a land so bright, so fair,
That flowers which bloom never wither there,
But tended with heavenly love and care,
They blossom throughout eternity.

ELISA.

HATCHING EGGS.—Many schemes for hatching chickens, ducklings, and the young of other domestic poultry, have at various times been brought before the public. Mr. Todd has invented an apparatus inclosed in a vessel of cylindrical form, made of sheet-iron, whose diameter is 24 inches and height 22 inches. It consists of several parts, among which is a hatching tray, occupying the upper part of the vessel, lined with wool, and has around a central aperture, through which the steam passes from the boiler to the hatching department. The hatching process is simple, and may be thus described :—When the eggs are first placed in the hatching tray, it is necessary to mark 1 and 2, or A and B, or some other mark, by which to distinguish opposite sides ; as also to write the date on each egg, so as to distinguish one batch of eggs from another. The tray will hold 100 eggs. Once in every 24 hours, for 21 successive days, it is necessary (for so Nature dictates) to turn the eggs : at the expiration of that time, when the chickens break forth from their shells, it is found advisable to leave them in the tray for about 24 hours, before they are transferred to the rearing compartment, the temperature of which is about 12 deg. lower than that of the hatching room.

LIQUID MANURE.—In Paris a new contract has recently been signed, by which the contractor agrees to give the city 22,000*l.* per annum for the contents of the cesspools of Paris.

THE FOUNTAIN TREE.

"There are no rivulets or springs in the island of Ferro, except on a part of the beach which is nearly inaccessible. To supply the place of fountains, however, Nature has bestowed upon this island a species of tree, unknown to all other parts of the world. It is of moderate size, and its leaves are straight, long, and evergreen. Around its summit a small cloud perpetually rests, which so drenches the leaves with moisture, that they constantly distil upon the ground a stream of fine clear water. To these trees, as to perennial springs, the inhabitants of Ferro resort, and are thus supplied with a sufficient abundance of water for themselves and for their cattle."—*Cockburn's Voyages.*

Morn, with its splendour, dawns on Ferro's isle,
And stately palm-trees woo its winning smile;
The foaming waters on the shore that roll'd
Rest on the sands, like sheets of molten gold;
The wild flowers, blooming 'neath the sultry sky,
Their odours fling to winds that sleep on high;
And sparkling sunbeams once again return,
To soothe the dew-drops in each blossom'd urn.
From the lone steep the herdsman casts his eye
O'er windless waves that seem to meet the sky,
Sighs for the moment when his soul shall rest
With sublime spirits in the golden west,
And thinks the zephyr, sighing through the grove,
Is but the breath of Him who rules above.
But other cares his simple mind employ,
And heaven-born thoughts are damp'd by life's alloy;

His helpless herds upon the parching plain
Demand his care, and must not plead in vain.
With rapid speed he seeks the well-known tank,
From whence, last eve, himself and cattle drank;
But disappointment dims his sparkling eye—
He gains the tank, alas! to find it dry!

With speedy step again he mounts the steep,
With timid glance again surveys the deep,
Uplifts his voice, and fearless prays aloud,
Asks the Great Spirit for some liquid cloud,
Whose silver streams might genially descend,
His wants to aid, and all his cares to end;
Then yields his homage up to nature's God,
And treads with pride the soil his fathers trod,
Far in the forest waste, the tall arcade
Of leaf-clad alcoves yields its spreading shade,
Where beauteous birds, with painted plumage, fly,
Now soar above, and seem to seek the sky;
Now dazle like the things of elfin birth,
And swoop in eddying circles near the earth.
With magic power, the Fountain Tree distils
Its liquid streams from leaves like tiny rills;
In the rude tank it pours its copious store,
Now gushing to the brim, now flowing o'er,
The pressing wants of human life supplies,
And gives to man what nature else denies.

Its feathery branches tapering to the sky,
Through whose straight leaves the zephyrs gently sigh,
Send forth the streams that fall in tanks below,
As lofty hills transmit the melted snow.
The flowers refresh'd admit the healing power,
And smile and sparkle in the silvery shower;
And travellers' led by science from afar,
Whom neither dangers daunt, nor troubles scare,
Alike admit the spell that dwells in thee,
Thou source of good—thou matchless Fountain Tree!

T. S. M.

MANUFACTURE OF IRON.

A mode of making malleable iron from ore has been invented by Mr. Clay, and is used at the Shiroa works, near Kirkintilloch. By this process a mixture of dry hæmatite or other rich iron ore, is ground up fine, with about four-tenths of its weight of small coal. This mixture is allowed to pass gradually through a hopper into an oven adjoining, and forming part of a species of puddling furnace, into which a given quantity is drawn at stated times, when thoroughly and uniformly heated. The charge is then puddled in the usual manner, but with less labour than when working plate iron; and in about an hour and a half the iron is produced in a malleable state, fit for shingling and rolling into bars. After another process of filing and rolling again, malleable iron bars are produced of a quality superior to the cable bolts or best iron usually made by the long and expensive process of calcining the ore, smelting in the blast furnace, and refining the pig-iron, and the saving of fuel is necessarily very great. The iron is stated, also, to be capable of being converted into steel of superior quality, and when worked by Mr. Heath's plan, of uniting manganese with the process, cast steel was produced, which possessed the property of welding or uniting to iron; and in consequence, all the cutlery which was formerly made of shear steel, is now made of cast steel.

TREATMENT OF FEMALES IN CHINA.—The inhumanity of the Chinese to girls is shown in a horrible form; a large portion of them is doomed to an unavoidable and premature death; scarcely has the poor little babe seen the light than it is drowned in warm water, or, still more horrible to think, thrown into the street, where if it be not devoured by dogs or swine (which is often the case,) it is picked up by scavengers, who go round the houses every morning for this purpose, cast the helpless infants into carts, and convey them to pits prepared for the purpose outside the walls, where they are promiscuously thrown, whether alive or dead, and left to perish. Those who live in boats have as little remorse in casting the poor little innocents into the water; and their bodies when floating past receive no more attention than those of dogs or cats. It is computed that about thirty thousand female infants are murdered every year in this way. Those girls allotted to service, are at the age of seven or eight years secluded from the other sex, and, therefore, are never allowed to be in company with any of them, except their husband after marriage. Girls are married very early, as fathers are anxious to be relieved of the burthen and expense of their maintenance, and also to obtain the price paid for them by the bridegroom; for their helpless and interesting victims are literally sold to the highest bidder, and competition is invited by the father publicly announcing that a husband is required for his daughter.

CONVERSATION.—The first ingredient is truth; the next, good news; the third, good humour; the fourth, wit.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"T. C. I." in our next.

"M." "G." and "S. M." received, and shall have attention.

"A Student."—Inadmissible.

"P. H."—We are grateful for the kind and gratuitous aid we receive from numerous friends.

Our Fourth Monthly Part, 3d Vol. is now issued.

Printed for the Proprietors, at the Office, 32, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications (post-paid) are to be addressed, to the Editor.

Published by T. LE MESURIER, (late T. Tree and Co.) 8, Lez. Abbey-street, Dublin; and all Booksellers.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 20.—Vol. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

THE HOMELESS SON.

—————"Mollissima corda
Humano generi dare se natura fatetur,
Qua lachrymas dedit; hæc nostri pars optima sonæque,
Florare ergo jubet casum lugentis amici."

JUVENAL.

CHAP. I.

Who has not lost a friend, a parent, a beloved one, or a home? Surely, not all on earth's vast expanse can compensate the generous, the feeling heart for such a loss; and no earthly return can half repay it—to a higher region, at a purer source, and from a holier clime—from religion—from God must descend, must come to us consolation. It was in the year 183—, in one of the delightful bathing places of Ireland's summer south, that the incidents of his life were revealed to the writer by a young gentleman, whose human shell now moulders in the tomb! Upon the sea coast, by whose craggy beach it was my custom to saunter, and cradle my thoughts in the wild though soft blasts on its shore, and lull them into forgetfulness of all beside, by the rude though plaintive voice of her surges, many an inviting cell was formed, into whose shelter the screech of gulls and the art-like structures of their portals, oft invited me. Within the entrance, and upon one of the well-washed Neptune lounges in one of those halls of echo, sate I meditating the wonders which Nature, in careless profusion, strewed boundlessly before me, and captivated by the brilliancy of the scene, gorgeous e'en as an Elysium, bursting with unrivalled splendour from above upon the living God's mirror beneath, imaging, in inimitable profusion of hues, at one glance its own excellence, and the unrivalled canopy of man's sojourn. Whilst my soul slept in one of those transporting indulgences, the retreat of my mind was for a moment disturbed by the sudden appearance of a human form, pacing in slow and thoughtful mode the water's edge. In one hand he held a scroll like; the other rested in the folds of his garment, as if wearied by some previous etching; his head bent under intense thought, and there seemed a blending of important carelessness in his demean-

nor. At once inquiry was awakened, and, aided by a degree of curiosity, my eye traced the form to its utmost reach; then position required alteration to keep it in view, and, making some paces forward, I was enabled to observe that the man had rested, and appeared as if pencilling down some result arrived at by his train of thoughts. I was glad in my soul that I had been disturbed, as here was ample recompense—namely, the likelihood of making acquaintance with a kindred spirit, whose only joy seemed seclusion, whose conversation was with Nature, and whose companions rarely numbered more than a thought, a pencil, and a book. How often does it hap that eternal friendships have their origin in a casual interview, from the most passing incident? There is something glorious in a good companion, and dearly do we value our friend when linked with the joys of a summer waterside. I could count one by one, over and over, every simple event of of such summers, and they should at every review become dearer, and I could feast my sincerest affections in retracing, even at the distance of years, such happy scenes—scenes

"To which youth and young affection fondly bind me."

I now determined upon an introduction to the stranger, and, like a true Irishman, to introduce myself; and, quickening my step, was soon beside the pile of rock where, in its shelter from the mid-day sun, the object of my search, with uncommon interest, pencilled the burning effusions of his generous and forsaken soul. I stood unobserved, and felt I was at the moment I was an intruder, and so retired. My anxiety increased at each delay, and, after a considerable amusing promenade, I returned, and there, as before, sate the unknown, in seeming absorption, dwelling with doating eyes upon a drawing of some dear relative, whose apparent age bid not make it a matter of surprise that now he abode in the tomb—alas! it was the likeness of his father! Beneath, with the same skilful pencil, were some lines, the pious strain of a grateful son. The wind, by its rustle with the rocks, without any particular disturb-

ance, fortunately admitted of my unobserved approach to him, and seating myself over his head, I had a full view of the holy sacrifice, and felt as 'twere at humanity's common shrine. I paused; he continued writing; and having convinced myself that he but penned feelings common to every heart, I consented to decipher the lines, evidently the picture of an abandoned heart; they ran thus:—

"To thee, oh! sacred spirit, may my thoughts arise,
In frenzied fondness, at this hour of pain.
If power be given to those beyond the skies
To hold commune with wretched man, again
May'st thou, my sire, with parent kindness see
Thy sorrowed offspring's anguish-torn breast—
This blighted soul enchained—no longer free,
With self-occasioned, bitterest woe oppress.
List, father, list! 'tis thy unhappy child
Invokes thy spirit—ease this troubled heart;
A moment stay its fevered throbbings wild,
An instant's gladness to this mind impart!
Come, father, come, e'er yet the grave receive
This shattered frame, revisit—"

Here ended my interesting occupation, by the sudden fall of a periodical which I placed by me, and intended to look through during my walk. I felt for a moment uncomfortable, seeing my book fell directly into the hands of the poet. Discovery followed, and consequent recognition. I dreaded a frown, but explanation and my evident admiration were sufficient apology. I begged to be admitted into his society; he described it as being anything but interesting. There was something uncommon about him, and mystery seemed identical with his thought; and frequently, as we rested on the rock, would his spirit seem for minutes together to forsake the frail tenement that hid his shattered heart, to which she again returned when the sound of my voice awakened his reverie of cruel and consuming anxiety. Oh! he was a youth of care, heart-broken and disappointed. The haggard and livid structure of his long, intelligent, and care-worn countenance clearly reflected an unfortunate, a ruined soul. Inquisitive in the extreme—susceptible to a degree unusual, he easily admitted the sounds of sympathy and the soft approach of feeling and of sentiment.

"Dear sir," said I, with as much kindness as I could command—"dear sir, what afflicts you?—tell, oh! tell me, stranger as I am, tell me thy sorrows—unfold to me the cause of thy melancholy and thy gloom; and if fidelity, if truth be mine—if I have any claim to honesty, I here vow to heaven that the seal of the holiest secrecy shall confine it for ever to the bosom of your unknown friend."

The lustre which broke upon me, as he turned his full and speaking eyes to make answer, arched as they were with a manly and raven brow, high with the proud and exalted feelings of a great soul, was light that led astray, and shone but to dazzle—it, alas! reflected the final lustres of a decaying spirit. Whilst he thus looked upon me with inquiring gaze, the excellence and surpassing brilliancy of his intellect were sufficiently developed upon his marble forehead—chaste and exquisitely wrought as the chisel of Nature's unequalled Sculptor had ever finished—and the long undressed locks, which, in shining black and careless clustres,

enriched it, combined a contrast of neglect and the once polish of the ball-room: he was the perfect remains of a well-proportioned man, and youth had not yet forsaken him. His sudden and broken strain of affection threw me at once into surprise, as I heard him exclaim—

"My friend, my friend! Edward! dear, dear fellow!—ah! boy, joys!—ha! ha! ha! ha!—you their associate—oh! how many a season has rolled by since then!" And kindly pressing me with a fond embrace, he rested his emaciated cheek upon my shoulder, whereon the noble big and lone tear dropped.

"McDermott! ha! Charles, my friend!" unconsciously got utterance, as I accidentally discovered a well-known mark, by which in boyhood my restored associate was distinguished amongst his playmates, and fervently clasping him to my heart, a moment, the most precious and celestial in my life, strung us in each other's embrace—would 'twere more than a moment; but no, "they are too bright to last"—ah!

"Memory woke with all her busy train,
Swelled at the breast and turned the past to pain!"

How rare are the moments of moral joy to the worldling!—how few those of sincere sympathy! and fewer unflinching friends! Joys, pleasures, and associations, arising from a source all sense—springing from causes wholly impure, and whose infirm and sandy foundation is life's, is every day's etiquette, must be fickle and unstable! Such are the friendships of worldlings—such the injured and polluted names of wordly regard, honour, and esteem, which exist no longer than the passing vapour of unhallowed passion! Oh! vain and inconsistent world! your altar, your god is deceit hypocrisy, and your incense flattery.

CHAP. II.

"Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death hath but little left him to destroy!
Ah! happy years! oncemore who would not be a boy?"
CHILD HAROLD.

The morning dawned in its saddest garb—wet, windy, and dark, its gloom added a deep shade of melancholy to the scene about to take place, and the elements combined to make sadder the unexpected separation of two youths tied in the bonds of innocent esteem: convulsed in every feature, and angered in every blast which carried with it rage, Nature seemed unwilling to give her sanction to the deed, and use violence to preserve her rights. However, we cannot cite the agency divine by whose fixed decree the die is cast, nor venture opposition to the mandate it issues! Sympathy, in her purest mould, had cemented our young hopes, and a union of feeling and reciprocity of sentiment endeared our boyhood to a degree uncommon, in which our interviews breathed unadulterated sincerity: similarity of ideas, and a sameness of studies and circumstances, rendered the union complete; it had arrived at perfection, when the fatal stroke was given by a sudden change in McDermott's home, which destined us to part. Sensitive in every feature, he was now to do violence to them all, and to meet his young friend in death's embrace, to bid, he felt,

an eternal farewell to the scenes of nativity. We parted! What became of him, I never heard; and the story of his blighted and wandering life would have sunk with himself into a youthful grave, had not fate, in her intermeddling efficiency, restored us, e'en in his decaying hours, to each other's embrace, by which the following details have been entrusted to me, as the total of his inheritance, and his only bequest to a deceitful world. As he pictured the sad scenes of his few years, often would Nature's tenderest channels be up-broken, and the unhappy voice of Charles fearfully falter, presenting a person whose grief was that extremest upon earth—man's, when, after a short life of infidelity, he views with mental vision the very womb of eternity, when sighing in vain for a return of the past—oh! fondest heaven! will the memory of that man's unhappiness, in that hour of desolation, be a thing forgotten by me? Forbid it! forbid it! It is more than probable, had McDermott chosen some more wise, more gifted an executor, the brief narration of his melancholy career would have been painted in juster and deeper dyes, and a far more numerous host of sympathisers espoused to it, than the puny recollection and unstudied pen now engaged in the sacred duty of my yet unfulfilled promise can pretend to. I knew him in the days of his innocence. I was his associate when guilt and profanity were unknown, and the stray paths of deceit had not sullied his step. In penning the following relation, I discharge a bounden duty, and shall "nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice." Ere I attempt the task, permit me, reader, to direct your attention for a moment to the scene I have recorded in the foregoing chapters, and accompany us thence to my home, where the most liberal meed of hospitality it afforded was affectionately tendered to, and most gratefully accepted by my long separated friend, and where the error-list of his broken heart and abandoned soul defiled the air which gave minion to that spirit in its flight to another and *perhaps* a more favourable tribunal. During our walk, youthful scenes were little more than named. No, the record fell with unrestrained violence upon his susceptibility. Its effects were painfully perceptible, and he turned from it with unstudied sorrow. He gazed with wildness and indifference on every succeeding object. As we paced with slow advance the homeward path, he was mostly silent; but often, in his wandering gaze, would he fix his eyes upon me, in whom he viewed one solitary sunbeam of happiness, which through the unbroken gloom of the past sunk—was lost. These vacant and passing glances were responded to, as I thought; at each return, they added a moment's truce to his conflicting feelings. They were not in the fashion of staring, but rather calm and friendly. He was a mystery, and it was not easy to select conversation. I rather felt with him than ventured a topic. We had thus nearly completed our journey, to which I made allusion in a strain of gladness, for his sake, as I remarked he seemed exhausted. He seized me with a fond and firm grasp, and casting his eyes from the glorious Heavens above us upon me—

"Edward!" he exclaimed, in a voice of tremulous frenzy; "Edward, do you remember the

hour that last united, that last parted us? aye, I might have added for ever, for I feel we but meet a moment in life. Oh! that—that hour—"

Here he lost the power of utterance, and diving his deranged and shaking head into my bosom, moments the most oppressive, bleak, and dismal passed in that fretted imagination, whose intensity of conception bathed his weakened frame with a dew of deadly waters, and clotted in melancholy disorder his neglected locks. His agony, as though to obtain fresh aid to wield its death-like visitation with greater effect, raised his head, and with uplift eyes and sorrow-formed lips, his tongue again attempted the completion of the sentence.

"That—tha—tha—THAT hour! It was an hour of life's bitterest woe to—"

"Come! come! McDermott, come: remember you are a man. Come, rouse from your reverie. Do you forget that immoderate sorrow for the decrees of Providence is sinning against Him? Can it at least recal the past or alter one single event? No. To be at rest with ourselves, we should always believe that what is best, and what is done cannot be undone, save evil, which we obliterate even in the eleventh hour by calm and peaceful repentance, accompanied with a confidence suiting the promises of the Eternal."

He trembled, and his form writhed in agony. He screened his livid jaws with outspread hands, which he shook, as if commanding me to desist. It was better; the moment of grace had not yet arrived; he was still to linger. We were within a few paces of my residence, where a few moments found us arrived, when a fitting place for repose was hastily prepared for his reception.

CHAP. III.

"The fragrance of summer is borne on the gale,
And the song birds awaken their chaunt in the vale."

"A weary time hath passed since last we parted,
Thy gentle eye was filled with sorrow; and
I did not speak, but pressed thy trembling hand,
Even in the time of rapture, broken hearted.
I have not seen thee since."

GRIFFIN'S POEMS.

That morning was all Heaven's own; it burst into existence amid Divine glories, and shone in the calmness of eternal peace upon life, and an immeasurable splendour was its onward pace to mid-day. Retired and still, the site of my cottage commanded a view of the sea, to whose very beach its pretty shrubbery reached. The scene from the hall-door was transcendent; the calm deep, in her interminable expanse, received upon her bosom the reflection of a world of skies, upon which the streams of glory from the unfading fount of light poured shade and imagery in their best and richest garbs. Millions of silvered hills swept by those skies, and the pathways and homes of angels clustered in tens of thousands in the apparent vales. The pure azure was transparent as a crystal structure, and the upper heaven would seem to rest its vast portals upon its mighty extent. The glow of delightful heat was made inspiring by the gentle breeze which fanned, with untired system of succession, our earthly habitations, and carried in its mild career the refreshing perfumes of the flow'ret, and from the hedges of abundant sweet-brier entwined with the luxuriant rose. The

music of the thousand warblers, laden with notes of joy, raised the heart and thought of the observant man to admit and utter sentiments of admiration and of gratitude. The lark blended his notes with the sweet linnet, to whose song the retiring goldfinch and homely robin added the meed of their lovely powers; whilst at intervals, in various directions, the majestic thrush and commanding blackbird, in gayous strength, seemed as the stars of the shrubbery concert. Invited by the thousand little bowers with which my home was encompassed, my soul almost melted into tears of unaccountable joy at all that Nature had of loveliness; and engaging myself as the servant of Flora, I was raising the drooping and delicate frames of some of her offspring, whilst my soul dilated with sentiment at their beauty and uncommon variety, when, to my grateful surprise, I heard near me the slow step, and met the matchless salute of my friend's eye! Having expressed my surprise at the effort of mind which thus played upon his debility, he told me, with a pleasing utterance, that I had underrated the time since breakfast. He felt inclined to walk, and we strolled along the strand, the usual promenade of D——'s visitors, who, in the season of sunshine, after the exhilarating dip, form themselves into coteries of pleasantness, and enjoy the fairy scenes of its thousand little bargues skipping in gaiety o'er the surges of the deep. To secure a greater seclusion, M'Dermott suggested that we be ferried to the opposite strand, where the moss banks and the breeze melowed the otherwise oppressive heat. Upon that beach, I was, perhaps, the first who spoke.

"And now, M'Dermott," said I, "why admit a doubt of a return of spirits? Why not hope that ere very few days a change for the better will have set in, and invigorate your constitution?"

"Ah! you mock me. Death has already wounded me, and my spirit rests on Nature's threshold: this is, I feel, my *last* excursion."

He sighed, and those eyes, which no tear hath yet dimmed, wrung in pitiful and grievous showers of bitter, of consuming waters; and, grasping, with agonising memories, my handkerchief, he bathed it in weeping. I could not speak: the reflections caused by a day of brightness and glory, contrasted with the unreadable gloom of him I valued, threw me into a dilemma I had not the power of concealing. I looked and felt sorrowful, and could, I knew not why, weep too. He seized me in the moment, and looking with an expression of mystified interest, appealed to me thus—

"Are you my friend? Can I utter my thoughts? Dare I name my deeds? Oh! Edward, let me feel persuaded of your confidence; let me be assured of your pity, your sympathy—not your angered indignation, your rage."

"M'Dermott, what mean you? Do you again require an iteration of my pledge? Have I not solemnly sworn, *if fidelity, if truth be mine—if I have any claim to honesty, that the seal of the holiest secrecy shall confine it for ever to my bosom?*"

"But, Edward, I require not all that. Say you will but pity me—say you will not flee from me, and utter for once you will not despise me."

"Oh! M'Dermott, I say—I solemnly swear it."

"This hour then removes death, a hell off this

heart, and gives comparative freedom to my spirit. Yes, one hour finishes all—all I have on earth to speak—all I have in eternity to dread!"

It was evident M'Dermott felt what he uttered, and that I stood alone in his confidence. I advised that serious conversation be for a time put away, and some diverting occupation substituted. He complied, and happily did the numerous little fleets, in their gladdened tracks, supply a ready alternative. The sounds of many instruments from each company, in turn, changing instantaneously from the soft magic of sentiment to the gay and merry chime, and anon the hearty and unrestrained laugh—all, all fed with delight my bosom, whilst it might be said they merely engaged *his*. I was not free enough to indulge, nor did I determine to do so at the expense of my friend. Our return was soon. Again we crossed the waters, and arrived for dinner. The evening was rather strangely passed, and M'Dermott seemed much down in heart—a thing when in sorrow, which rests with reference to every outward object as in a temporary grave—little 'twill heed them; attraction or rudeness alike appear, for one glass is holden before all—its immediate sorrow! Nor think not that philosophy or wit wear to it a difference of hue. He requested me to stay with him during the night, and that, as he inclined for bed, he would, with my consent, prepare for it. We prayed together, and heart-rending were the deep sighs by which he in vain sought to dissipate the sadness and oppression of his heart; he eagerly looked to the moment he contemplated for unfolding their causes. The eleventh hour struck, and M'Dermott called me to his bedside, and thus began—

"Edward, I do not believe I have long to struggle with life. You will be patient, whilst I endeavour to unveil the hidden demon which consumes me."

"I feel for you, M'Dermott," said I, "with, doubt me not, that of an honest friend; and do, I entreat you—do forget your tortures till morning. The repose you now seek will enable you to rise with more vigour of mind, by which you may more easily accomplish the task you set before you."

"The morning's sun would refuse to shine, Edward, upon my prolonged grief. Oh, heavens! guilt, profanity, and crime weigh heavily upon this brow; and if you would seek for me an hour's truce, you shall not require a postponement of my tale."

"Speak then calmly, dear M'Dermott; and, for heaven's sake," continued I, "permit not an overheated imagination to scatter upon and ruffle the small, the faint beam of hope your visit to me has no doubt given to you."

"Ah! too, too well accustomed am I to the dreadful images in which despair of the blackest kind pictures my past follies, to feel otherwise than relieved in the sympathy of a companion, rather than irritated or affrighted. The sources of my misfortunes," M'Dermott added, "are little known to you—scarcely anticipated. I left you when we were both boys, barely so; and at that time, you must remember, my father was in rather prosperous circumstances; he appeared so for many months even after he could be justified by such an

appearance; long before my sojourn was he a ruined man"—(here he sighed with a broken and heavy sound, known only to those whose griefs emanate from the improvidence of a parent.) "I was his only son; he saw me the hope of his old age, in the guileless innocence of youth, growing in mind and person; he cared but for me. His brother, a man of more policy, had realised a considerable fortune, and still looked upon my father as in prosperity. Long before my removal from my parental hall did he meditate it, and I being then a dozen years of age, he induced this uncle (a man of extraordinary information) to superintend my education, and relieve my father from what business rendered impracticable to himself. I wept at parting, and yet I joyed at the novelty of a long journey and visit. I did not leave any I cared for but *you*—still we were boys. Time soon estranged my affections, and other associations by degrees stole away my mind from you. You had I forgotten in my every day thoughts; but there were times, Edward, when your memory was hallowed by a tear. Accompanied by my father, I arrived at my uncle's, and all matters having been stipulated for, my exile is dated from that day.

E. V. B.

(To be continued.)

ENVY.—We invariably envy those whom we deem more fortunate than ourselves; but if we could only look into the private life, or read the secret souls of those whom we envy, we should soon feel convinced that happiness and misery are tolerably fairly portioned out to us all, and that the distribution of sources of pain and pleasure to the individuals who form the human race, has been conducted with an impartial and equitable hand. The world would be a far more happy one, were all people made aware of this great moral truth.

EFFECT OF GLASSES ON THE SIGHT.—A person with excellent sight using a glass slightly concave, will at first see less distinctly than with the naked eye. He will, however, soon become so accustomed to its use, that it will not incommode, but even become indispensable to him. Gradually increase the concavity, and the organ will change in a similar manner; so that an individual with good sight will, at the end of a few years, become affected with complete myopia, and will ultimately require glasses of the shortest focus.

ARDENT SPIRITS.—There cannot be a greater error than to suppose that spirits lessen the effects of cold upon the body. On the contrary, they always render the body more liable to be affected and injured by cold. The temporary warmth they produce is always succeeded by chilliness. If any thing besides warm clothing and exercise be necessary to warm the body in cold weather, a plentiful meal of wholesome food is at all times sufficient for that purpose. This, by giving a tone to the stomach, invigorates the whole system, while the gentle excitation created by digestion adds considerably to the natural and ordinary heat of the body, and thus renders it less sensible to the cold. It is equally absurd to suppose that spirits lessen the effects of heat upon the body. So far from it, they rather increase them. They add an internal heat to the external heat of the sun; they dispose to fevers of the most dangerous kind; they produce preternatural sweats which weaken, instead of an uniform and gentle perspiration which exhilarates, the body.

ANCIENT POETRY.

THE FAREWELL TO LOVE.

(From Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Lover's Progress.")

Adieu, fond love, farewell you wanton pow'rs,
I'm free again;
Thou dull disease of blood and idle hours,
Bewitching pain.
Fly to fools that sigh away their time,
My nobler love to Heaven doth climb;
And there behold beauty still young
That time can ne'er corrupt nor death destroy:
Immortal sweetness, by fair angels sung,
And honoured by eternity and joy.
There lies my love, thither my hopes aspire—
Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

• • M.

THE NERVES.—Dr. Stark gives the results of his examinations, both microscopical and chemical, of the structure and composition of the nerves, and concludes that they consist, in their whole extent, of a congeries of membranous tubes, cylindrical in their form, placed parallel to one another, and united into fasciculi of various sizes; but neither these fasciculi nor the individual tubes are enveloped by any filamentous tissue; these tubular membranes are composed of extremely minute filaments, placed in a strictly longitudinal direction, in exact parallelism with each other, and consisting of granules of the same kind as those which form the basis of all the solid structures of the body; the matter which fills the tubes is of an oily nature, differing in no essential respect from butter, or soft fat; and remaining of a fluid consistence during the life of the animal, or while it retains its natural temperature, but becoming granular or solid when the animal dies, or its temperature is much reduced. As oily substances are well known to be non-conductors of electricity, and as the nerves have been shown by the experiments of Bischoff to be among the worst possible conductors of this agent, the author contends that the nervous agency can be neither electricity nor galvanism, nor any property related to those powers! and conceives that the phenomena are best explained on the hypothesis of undulations of vibrations propagated along the course of the tubes which compose the nerves, by the medium of the oily globules the contain. He traces the operation of the various causes which produce sensation, in giving rise to these undulations; and extends the same explanation to the phenomena of voluntary motion, as consisting in undulations, commencing in the brain, as determined by the will, and propagated to the muscles. He corroborates his views by ascribing the effects of cold in diminishing or destroying both sensibility and the power of voluntary motion, particularly as exemplified in the hybernation of animals, to its mechanical operation of diminishing the fluidity, or producing solidity, in the oily medium by which these powers are exercised.

MARRIAGE.—This is to women at once the happiest and saddest event of life: it is the promise of future bliss raised on the death of all present enjoyment; she quits her home, her parents, her companions, her own patrons, her amusements—everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for kindness, for pleasure—and flies with joy into the untrodden path before her, buoyed up by the confidence of requited love; she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that's past, and returns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations of the happiness to come.

RESPIRATION.—The younger a person is, the more powerful is respiration; the respiration of a male, at a given age, is double in volume to that of a female; in either sex, thirty years represents the plenitude of respiration.

ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Extract of a letter from an officer on board H.M.S. Terror, dated Port Louis, Berkeley Sound, Falkland Islands, July 31, 1842.

After remaining at Sydney three weeks we went to the bay of Islands, New Zealand. You must have heard a great deal about New Zealand lately, but I think it will be a failure as a colony; and as long as I could procure a crust of bread and cheese in England, I would not go there: it will be a loss to all, except land speculators; an honest man will never survive there, in my opinion. We sailed from that place on the 23rd November. On the 13th December we arrived at the 150° W. longitude, and proceeded south: on 18th we entered the Pack in latitude 62½° and longitude 147° W.; this was considerably to the northward of where we made it last year. We proceeded through it very well till the 23rd, when the ice became thick and heavy, and we were unable to proceed, excepting a few miles now and then, by boring and shoving along with poles. We crossed the Antarctic circle on the 31st, both ships at the same time made fast to some floe. We saw the old year out and new year in on the ice between the ships, and on the evening of the 1st had a ball there, and kept the dancing up till three the next morning; so you see, even blocked up by ice on every side, we had some fun; but that was the first and last of it. We cast off occasionally, but were obliged to make fast again; on the 18th January cast off, and on the 20th had a very heavy gale, with a tremendous swell, which rendered our situation for thirty-six hours truly perilous; it was more like being tossed about by an earthquake than a sea, the immense masses of ice threatening, as it were, to grind us to powder; and indeed no ordinary built ship could have stood it an hour; as it was, soon after the commencement of the gale the Erebus had her rudder rendered useless, by the head of it being wrung, and ours was completely torn from the stern-post, although the fastenings were the same size as those used in line-of-battle ships; there we were—two ships in an unknown sea, drifting about at the mercy of the winds, and (I may say) ice, without being in the slightest degree able to assist ourselves: fortunately the gale moderated, and the swell went down so rapidly, that the next day we were enabled to make fast and repair damages. We had a spare rudder, and after a great deal of difficulty we were enabled to ship it, although only half as secure as it was before. We experienced no other damage of consequence; a great deal of copper was torn off, although some of it was three times the thickness of that generally used; also everything that in the least protruded from the sides was torn away. However, in a couple of days we got all to rights and were enabled to proceed; and, to our great delight, on the 2nd February, got into open water, having been upwards of six weeks in the Pack: this was in latitude 68° and longitude 160° W.; here we found the edge of the Pack trend to the westward. At this time the season was far advanced, and, as in the preceding year, we had to commence a retreat on the 9th of the same month. Captain Ross did not think proper to re-enter the Pack, but proceeded along the edge westward; we went as far as 187° W., then to the southward and eastward: on the 20th we had a gale, but in open water. Still it was very bad, not on account of the wind, but the spray coming over us formed itself into ice before reaching the deck, so that everything was a mass of ice; coils of rope, and everything else were covered several inches in thickness, and most of our running gear about the bowsprit was carried away by the weight of ice formed on them. At midnight on the 21st we came in sight of

a Pack right a-head. After half an hour's beating at the ropes, we managed to get the ship round, but the Erebus missed three times; however, we escaped without much damage, and again stood south. On the 23rd we came in sight of the Grand Barrier, and, as the day was fine, stood within a mile and half of it, finally reaching latitude 78° 10' S. in longitude 162° W., having got six miles farther than we did the year before. Not being able to proceed to the eastward, we were obliged to commence our retreat, which we did, tracing the Pack edge. On the 5th March we re-crossed the Antarctic circle, and saw but a few icebergs. On the night of the 12th, or rather the morning of the 13th, for it was a little after midnight, the night being pitch dark and stormy, with a heavy sea, running in latitude 60, we were running east, wind nearly aft, when suddenly we found ourselves close to a chain of large icebergs, and in hauling up to clear them, (each ship doing so on opposite tacks) we came into unavoidable (and, as it proved to be, fortunate) contact, striking very violently; our starboard bows met. This ship carried away jib-boom, cat-head, anchor, yard-arms, booms, and a boat &c.; but the loss experienced by the Erebus was much greater; her bowsprit close off to the bows, fore-topmast, cats-head, anchor, and a number of small spars. Nothing but the extraordinary strength of the ships prevented our being cut down to the water's edge; as it was, she smashed our strengthening pieces outside, and her bulwarks forwards were cut down to the deck. All the time we were foul we were helplessly drifting towards the icebergs, and we thought we were inevitably lost; but on the ships clearing, we saw one part of the bergs darker than the rest, and, fortunately, it was an opening. Immediately after clearing the ship, we were rushing close past an immense berg, and passed through an opening between two not more than twice the breadth of the ship, the foam caused by the sea against them breaking over us on each side. I have neither time nor inclination to dwell on the events of that dreadful night; it even now makes me shudder to think of it. In this crippled state we made the best of our way, and arrived here in safety, without a man sick, on the 6th of April, after being 135 days at sea—133 without seeing land.

THE DAYS GONE BY!

O, we have met again, old friend,
And still that sparkling eye
Is beaming brightly as it shone
In day's gone by!

The days gone by, my friend,

The days gone by;

Oh! those were happy, happy days,

The days gone by!

The friendly hand which now I press
Was often prest before;
But yet its pulse beats warm still,
As e'er it did of yore!

That peaceful brow serenely calm
Was once like virgin snow,
And that pale cheek was crimson'd
A long time ago!

O, we have wander'd thro' the groves
Where vernal blossoms hung,
And heard the cuckoo's early notes
When we were young!

Then let us hope that life's decline
May know no tear nor sigh,
But be as clear, as calm, and bright,
As days gone by!

The days gone by, &c.

THE COLOUR OF THE OCEAN.

Among the many wonderful phenomena which the ocean presents, the different shades of colour which it assumes are not the least curious or instructive.

When the waters of the ocean are pure and serene, they are tinted with blue; the cause of which appearance is explained by an important law of optical science. Light is composed of a number of colours, some of which are absorbed by certain bodies, while others are reflected to the eye. The blue rays are what water reflects: thus causing its apparent colour. During a storm, however, or when the surface of the ocean is agitated, it becomes mantled with green, like the angry chameleon.

The action of rivers on their banks wears away a large portion of alluvial matter, which is carried down to the sea adjacent to their mouths, often discolouring a large portion of its waters. Organic substances give rise to much more extraordinary appearances. The Red Sea derives its name from a blood-coloured matter found floating in some of its bays, and deposited on the sands of the surrounding coasts. On examination, the red substance proved to be a species of marine plant. In some parts of the world the ocean assumes red orange and yellow colours from the presence of infusional animals.

Between the tropics, the sea is inhabited by a certain class of medusæ, a species of small marine animal which emit a phosphorescent light, illuminating the surrounding waves, when

—“obtenta densatur nocte tenebræ.”

What a scene of splendour the ocean presents to the voyager on a calm night, when the surrounding water is effulgent with these living beacons, reflecting, as it were, the starry canopy overhead! He could then imagine himself standing in the regions of space, beholding stars, planets, suns, and worlds mingled in one universal blaze of glory!

H. H.

PUNISHMENT OF DRUNKARDS.—In Sweden the offence of drunkenness is visited with very severe punishment. For the first offence the fine three dollars is inflicted; for the second the offender is fined six dollars; and for the third and fourth larger sums are exacted. Upon the fifth conviction he not only loses his vote and his right to be a representative, but is also sentenced to six months' hard labour. If the offence is committed in a church, or an exposed place, the penalty is severe. Whoever induces another to be guilty of drunkenness is fined three dollars. Ecclesiastics detected in a state of inebriety are degraded from their offices, and laymen are deprived of their situations. If a person dies while intoxicated he is deprived of Christian burial. All licensed victuallers are forbidden to sell spirits to apprentices, workmen, servants, or soldiers. Half the fines are given to the informer, and half to the poor. If the guilty parties have not the means of paying their fines, they are incarcerated until some friend discharges them. Twice a year these rules and regulations are read from the pulpits, and in the most public thoroughfares, while every publican must have a printed copy of them hung up in the most conspicuous part of his house.

SONG.

“Forsan et hæc olim, meminisse Juvabit.”

ÆNEID, Lib. I, 207.

At times amid the crowd we meet
Some beings which remind us
Of those whose hearts have ceased to beat,
Whose equals earth can't find us.

We still gaze on, and love to trace
Each softened hue enchanting;
But tho' in beauty beams the face,
The warm, kind heart is wanting.

As some rare blossom which we love
For fragrant, has faded;
Still thro' the garden's paths we rove,
Thro' those that still o'erbrail it.

And yet may find a flower there,
In brighter beauties flaunting,
And love it for its being so fair;
But ah! the scent is wanting.

T. C. I.

SCARLATINA.—The infection of scarlatina is an acknowledged axiom, and the infecting distance is undoubtedly considerable, although not determined by observation. It is communicable by fomites of every description; hence the greatest caution is necessary to be employed in regard to articles of clothing which have been used by the infected person, and also of substances of different kinds which have remained for any time in the infected atmosphere of the sick-chamber. Scarlatina is infectious from the first moment of the existence of constitutional symptoms, for these are the workings of the poisonous ferment; and a convalescent is capable of communicating the disorder for at least three weeks after the decline of the eruption. Hence the necessity of secluding patients, and perserving strictly that seclusion for a month after the close of the disorder—that is, if you wish to limit the propagation of the fever. In cities, the body-clothes and bed-clothes of the patient should be immersed in cold water as soon as they are removed from the apartment, and afterwards fumigated in an empty room with chlorine; while, in the country, the clothes, after immersion in water, must be dried and thoroughly aired in the meadows, at a distance from habitations, or in such a situation as will enable the winds to convey the noxious poison away from the immediate seat of human residence. The infection of a scarlet fever has been known to have remained in the apartments of a house for several weeks after the family had recovered from the disease.—*Medical Times.*

FOREIGN MINISTERS AT WASHINGTON.—A Minister in Washington is, with regard to his diplomatic agency, pretty much confined to official acts, such as may at any time be made public: his influence with a particular member of the Cabinet, or with the President himself—his success with a particular coterie—his intrigues against any person that may have rendered himself obnoxious to his Government—are of little or no avail at the Congress, with which, as yet, no foreign diplomatist has attempted a political relation. But, in point of fashion, their power is unlimited; their decision being quoted as oracles, and their manners made the standard of society. In Washington, no party is considered fashionable unless graced by some distinguished Senator and a few members of the *corps diplomatique*. Between the latter and the Senators exists yet this relation, that every Senator has a right to introduce one friend to a Foreign Minister, either personally or by leaving his card, together with that of his friend—a privilege which is denied to the more vulgar members of the House of Representatives.

HOW TO OVERCOME EVIL.

I once had a neighbour, who, through a clever man, came to me one hay day, and said—"Esquire White, I want you to come and get your geese away." "Why," said I, "what are my geese doing?" "They pick my pigs' ears when they are eating, and drive them away, and I will not have it." "What can I do?" said I. "You must yoke them." "That I have not time to do now," said I; "I do not see but they must run." "If you do not take care of them, I shall," said the clever shoemaker in anger. "What do you say, Esquire White?" "I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay you for all damages." "Well," said he, "you will find that a hard thing, I guess."

So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese. The next news from the geese was, that three of them were missing. My children went, and found them terribly mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes.

"Now," said I, "all keep still, and let me punish him." In a few days, the shoemaker's hogs broke into my corn. I saw them, but let them remain a long time. At last I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had torn down, and fed them with it in the road. By this time the shoemaker came in great haste after them.

"Have you seen any thing of my hogs?" said he. "Yes, sir, you will find them yonder eating some corn which they tore down in my field." "In your field?" "Yes sir," said I, "hogs love corn, you know—they were mad to eat." "How much mischief have they done?" "Oh, not much," said I.

Well, off he went to look, and estimated the damage to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn.

"Oh no," said I, "it can't be." "Yes," said the shoemaker, "and I will pay you every cent of damage." "No," replied I, "you shall pay me nothing. My geese have been a great trouble to you."

The shoemaker blushed, and went home. The next winter, when we came to settle, the shoemaker determined to pay me for my corn. "No," said I, "I shall take nothing."

After some talk, we parted; but in a day or two, I met him in the road, and fell into conversation in the most friendly manner. But when I started on, he seemed loath to move, and I paused. For a moment both of us were silent. At last he said, "I have something labouring on my mind." "Well, what is it?" "Those geese. I killed three of your geese, and shall never rest until you know how I feel. I am sorry." And the tears came into his eyes. "Oh, well," said I, "never mind; I suppose my geese were provoking."

I never took anything of him for it; but whenever my cattle broke into his field after this, he seemed glad—because he could show how patient he could be.

"Now," said the narrator, "conquer yourself, and you can conquer with kindness where you can conquer in no other way."—*Boston News*.

Mr. Barry, the architect, has been elected a member of the academy of St. Luke, at Rome.

CANNIBALISM IN THE FEEJEE ISLANDS.—Cannibalism to a frightful degree still prevails amongst this people, and, as it would seem, almost as one of their highest enjoyments. The victims of this ferocious slaughter were regularly prepared, being baked, packed, and distributed in portions to the various towns which furnished warriors, according to their exploits; and they were feasted on with a degree of savage barbarity nearly incredible! They imagine that they increase in bravery, by eating the valorous enemy.—*Captain Belcher's Narrative*.

FAREWELL.

Oh! the sunshine of beauty and youth will depart,
And hopes sweetly cherished will fade in the heart;
Yet 'tis gladsome at parting one blessing to tell,
One tearlet to shed, ere we utter "Farewell."

There's a sigh for the valiant, a sigh for the strong,
When the fierce helmeted chieftain to battle is gone;
There's a sigh when the high note soundeth his knell,
For no friend standeth by to bestow a "Farewell."

There's a sigh and a tear for the days that are pass'd,
Like the sweetness of magic, the speed of the blast;
But tho' nought be discover'd our grief to repel,
Oh! 'tis sweet to remember we bade them "Farewell."

There's a sigh deeper drawn than the others I ween,
When the grief of the heart on the eyelid is seen,
When the moments of pleasure, as ruled by a spell,
Seem all turned to woe—"tis a lover's" "Farewell."

Tulla, March, 1842.

BERLIN PATTERNS.—These, although a production of recent date, have become an article of considerable commerce in Germany, where a large amount of capital is employed in their manufacture. They are either copied from celebrated pictures, or (as is more frequently the case) from the newest and most favourite engravings published either in England, France, or Germany. Many subjects, such as flowers and arabesques, are designed expressly. They are first drawn in colours on quadrille or point paper, and as the excellence of the pattern depends principally on the first design, it may readily be imagined that artists of considerable talent are required for their execution. From this drawing, an engraving or etching is made on a copperplate, which has previously been ruled in squares of the required size, corresponding to the threads of a canvas: various marks and hieroglyphics are engraven on each check or square, which are to serve as guides to those who afterwards colour the impressions on paper; the part for each colour, or separate shade of colour, being marked with a different figure. The pattern, when in this state, bears a very great resemblance to those published in old books on needlework, above two centuries since; the present mode being, in fact, merely an improvement on the designs which have for years been used by weavers for their figured stuffs. The process of colouring these patterns is curious; the various tints are quickly laid on, commencing with each separate colour on several patterns at the same time; each check, or continuous line of checks, according to the engraved figures, being coloured by one stroke of the pencil, the point of which is kept very square, and of a size adapted to that of the check of the engraving. Practice alone renders the touch perfect: and it is surprising to see with what rapidity and exactness the tints one after another are laid on. If we for a moment reflect on these different processes, and the time they must necessarily occupy, the expense of the design and engraving, and that each square is coloured by hand, we cannot fail to be surprised at the small cost at which they are to be procured; and our wonder will not be diminished when we are told, that in some of these patterns there are considerably above half-a-million of small squares, like those of a mosaic, to be separately coloured.—*Miss Lambert's Hand Book*.

EMPLOYMENT OF LUNATICS.—The *ferme Sainte Anne*, at which a colony from Bicetre, for the employment of lunatics in agriculture, was established in 1833, is going on well, both in respect of the health of the patients and of revenue. The value of the produce had increased from 1,957 francs, which was the amount in 1833, to 51,349 francs.

ELECTRICITY.

Professor Faraday has been engaged lately in making several experiments to trace the source of the electricity which accompanies the issue of steam of high pressure from the vessels in which it is contained. By means of a suitable apparatus, which the author describes and delineates, he found that electricity is never excited by the passage of pure steam, and is manifested only when water is at the same time present; and hence he concludes, that it is altogether the effect of the friction of globules of water against the sides of the opening, or against the substances opposed to its passage, as the water is rapidly moved onwards by the current of steam. Accordingly it was found to be increased in quantity by increasing the pressure and impelling force of the steam. The immediate effect of this friction was, in all cases, to render the steam or water positive, and the fluids, of whatever nature they might be, negative. In certain circumstances, however, as when a wire is placed in the current of steam at some distance from the orifice whence it has issued, the solid exhibits the positive electricity already acquired by the steam, and of which it is then merely the recipient and the conductor. In like manner, the results may be greatly modified by the shape, the nature, and the temperature of the passages through which the steam is forced. Heat, by preventing the condensation of the steam into water, likewise prevents the evolution of electricity, which again speedily appears by cooling the passages so as to restore the water which is necessary for the production of that effect. The phenomenon of the evolution of electricity in these circumstances is dependent also on the quality of the fluid in motion, more especially in relation to its conducting power. Water will not excite electricity unless it be pure; the addition to it of any soluble salt or acid, even in minute quantity, is sufficient to destroy this property. The addition of oil of turpentine, on the other hand, occasions the development of electricity of an opposite kind to that which is excited by water; and this the Professor explains by the particles or minute globules of the water having each received a coating of oil, in the form of a thin film, so that the friction takes place only between that external film and the solids, along the surface of which the globules are carried. A similar, but a more permanent effect is produced by the presence of olive oil, which is not, like oil of turpentine, subject to rapid dissipation. Similar results were obtained when a stream of compressed air was substituted for steam in these experiments. When moisture was present, the sold exhibited negative, and the stream of air positive electricity; but when the air was perfectly dry, no electricity of any kind was apparent.

THE AFFGHANS.—The martial habits of the Affghans consist in there being many leaders of superior and inferior ranks; their forces, whenever ordered, are quickly reduced into order. Thus accustomed to war with those who are practised in a roving warfare like their own, they are most skilled in this mode, and give their officers but little trouble. At the commencement of a battle, all the leaders are placed in the front of the army; these make the attack on the enemy. These chiefs, in their language called Nassukgee and Peihlvan, when the battle rages, withdraw from the troops to the rear of the army, place themselves in the rear, and press it onwards if they were inspectors of the engagement, killing those who attempt to retreat. This death is called Hudd.

MARRIAGES IN CHINA.

In China, as the women are never allowed to appear in sight of the men, the marriage of a girl is only concluded but by the witness of her parents, or some old woman whose profession it is to interfere or mediate in those sort of affairs. The families usually bribe these people by presents, &c., to give a very flattering account of the beauty, wit, and highly-gifted talents of their daughters. The men do not usually rely much on their report; but when they do impose on them with too little regard for discretion, they are punished very severely.

On the day fixed for the wedding, the bridegroom steps into a carriage drawn by an ox, and goes in front of his bride, accompanied by musicians, who rend the air with sweet, melodious sounds. A great deal of pomp is displayed by the *cortege* when the bridegroom happens to be a mandarin, or some other person of high rank.

At the same hour the young girl is put into a magnificent ornamented chair, and followed by her dowry. It is usually with the common people a certain quantity of furniture, which he father gives her, with her wedding clothes, which are packed up in a chest; and for the rich, a quantity of superb garments and jewels. A *cortege* of hired men accompany her with torches in their hands, even in open day-light; her chaise is preceded by fifes, hautboys, and tamborines, and followed by her parents and the friends of her family. A confidential servant keeps the key of the chaise, and restores it to no one but the bridegroom, who awaits the arrival of his bride half-way from his home. As soon as they arrive, he receives the key from the servant, and opens the chaise with eagerness, that he may judge of his good or bad fortune. He probably finds himself dissatisfied with their choice, immediately shuts up the chaise, and sends back the girl, with the whole *cortege*, liking better to lose the sum which they had given, than keep the bargain; but precautions are taken to render these accidents of rare occurrence. When the girl descends from the chaise, the husband puts himself by her side; they both pass together into the House of Assembly, where they make four reverences to the Tien. She then addresses four others to the parents of her husband, after which she is resigned into the hands of the ladies invited to the fete, with whom she passes the rest of the day in rejoicings, whilst her husband entertains the men.

Navarette reports several cases of divorce which would not be admitted in our courts of law. 1st. A chattering or prattling woman, who renders herself troublesome by this defect, is subject to a divorce, although she has been married some time and has several children. 2ndly. A woman who fails in submission to her father and mother-in-law. 3rdly. A woman who conceals anything from her husband. 4thly. The leprosy is another ground for divorce; and 5thly. Jealousy.

The evening of the wedding day, the young married woman is conducted into the apartments of her husband, where she finds on a table a pair of scissors, some thread, cotton, and other materials for working, in order to make her understand that she should like work and shun idleness. From this day a father-in-law never again sees the face of his daughter-in-law; though he may live in the same house, he never puts foot in her room. Their faces and persons are concealed when they go out. The friends and nearest relations of the family have not the liberty of speaking to them without a witness. This permission is granted to their cousins when they are very young, but those older never obtain a favour of this nature. The women are allowed to go out sometimes in the course of a year to visit their very nearest relations. It is thus that their amusements and pleasures are kept within bounds.—*Musee des Familles*.

THE MAID OF MOURNE.

[The following tale is extracted from an unpublished M.S., in which it forms an episode. The *raconteur* is a blind and aged harper; and his listener a fair girl, the heroine of the story. The scene is laid in Mourne, and the time nearly half a century since:]

THE BLIND HARPER'S STORY.

My earliest recollections waft me to that beautiful and romantic part of Antrim, near the sea coast, known by the name of "The Glens." My father's house was a plain, dreary-looking, stone edifice, with no beauty about it, save what it derived from the situation. It stood far from any leading road or other place of public resort, and was, in fact, as solitary as you can imagine. This very solitude was to me its chief attraction, and I loved from my earliest days to wander, from day-dawn to sun-set, in the shady retreats of craig and wood which surrounded our house on every side. There, seated on a rock or stone, covered with mosses and wild plants, of varied hues, I used to recline for hours together, listening to the soft cooing of the cushat-dove and carrolings of the "curious chaunters of the woods," or watching the fleecy clouds as they gently floated across the blue arch of heaven. In the study of nature, in all her wild charms, I found constant delight. My mind was delighted by the peace of the warm summer day, and the gladness of all God's creatures was pleasant to my eyes; but the "pelting of the pitiless storm" equally enchained me, and I could stand for hours watching the wild raging of the tempest. Often, at such times, I would repair to the cliffs which guard our coast, and survey, with awe and admiration, the fury of the bursting billows, no where to be seen in greater splendour. There have I stood, till the waves, lashed to madness and chafening at restraint, came wildly bounding up the face of the perpendicular rock, urging in impetuous course their bulky forms up nearly half the height, to retire with a thundering roar of baffled and impotent rage. There is, perhaps, nothing which impresses us with so grand an idea of the magnificence of God's power as the unbridled raging of many waters.

My father was the owner of a small property, the remains of a once ample estate: it had dwindled down under the mortgages and hospitality of his ancestors, until the occupier, having no other means of support, could be termed little better than a farmer; still he kept up the same pride of family as if he were lord and owner of Clan-bwee; and if he seldom saw any equals at his house, he still less frequently saw any inferiors. In fact, he would associate with no one; and, although esteemed an honourable and upright man, he was by no means popular. We can easily pass over pride in the affluent, but cannot bear it in the needy: yet the poor, when well born, have it in greater plenty, and certainly much more need of it. Into how many temptations are such thrown, and what have they for an ægis of protection, save pride?

About two miles from my father's house lived his only surviving relative, a widowed sister, who had in early life married a gentleman of a poor but

honourable race, which had, at the last plantation of Ulster, come from Scotland to settle in the Black North—a change not so advantageous to them as to some others it has been: they never found it worth while to assume the *moveo et propitior* of more talented immigrants. My aunt's husband did not live long to enjoy their union: a few years and he "slept with the rude forefathers of the hamlet," leaving an only daughter to the care of his mourning widow. My aunt lived in great retirement, engaged in the education of her daughter; and the dawning beauties of her beloved child brought her more pleasure, and promised more comfort to her declining years, than most mothers are blessed withal. Many maidens seem in all things good and beautiful to the warmth of mother-love, or parental instinct—which you will; but my gentle cousin, Lucy Campbell, was one, whom to see, was to love—with me, to worship, to adore. Even now, when Time has, in his many warnings—the white hair, the shaking hand, and the feeble step—too plainly told me that my sand is nearly run—even now, I fondly retrace, on memory's glass, her exquisitely graceful form; and her gentle voice, like the soft murmuring of the summer breeze when it sighs at evening, stealing from the west over the sweet hawthorn blown, yet rises on my ear, and can, for the moment, drown the harsh sounds of many years' buffeting with the rude and cold world. She seemed to me as if music, hope, poetry, love, virtue, beauty, and spring, had all joined to form a being such as the world never before saw, and crowning their *chef d'œuvre*, gave it the form of woman. We had from our earliest days considered each other as brother and sister, until ripening years taught me that a sister could not be thought on with that love with which I felt my every word and thought towards her to be pervaded; and, before I arrived at the age of sixteen, I felt that I loved her with a mad worship life alone could end.

It was about this time that my father intimated to me in his usual cold, yet not harsh, manner that he and his sister had agreed that, in case my cousin and I made no objection, we should have their consent to a union, and a blessing added thereto. My father at the same time entered into a detailed account of his means, a thing he had never previously condescended to do. He told me that he would also give me half his landed property, in which, he said, I might, with what the lady would bring me, live at least comfortably until his death, when all he had would be mine. I rather imagine my father's reasons for promoting this marriage, had they been analysed, were more to keep me from an improper or foolish match than to advance my happiness. He had the utmost dread of marrying a Sassenagh, as he invariably termed the English; and, had I done so, he would, I doubt not, have for ever renounced me. He was a very cold-tempered man, at times almost harsh; nevertheless, I am sure he loved me in his heart, though he seldom showed it. Yet there was an excuse for this: his misfortunes, his poverty, and his lowered standing in the land had soured a mind naturally open and noble, and succeeding years brought him nearer that most miserable of all the various states of the human

mind, misanthropy. He lived almost entirely at home, seldom seeing any one except his farm servants. During the day, he and I rarely met, save at meal times. He sat, seldom leaving it, in his study, reading for the most part such books as related to Ireland; or he would pour over for hours his genealogical tree, which went back many a long year before the Christian era—this was a subject of never-dying interest; beside this, he was a very good astronomer and mathematician in general, as well as a poet, and a musician of no common order, whether as a performer or composer. He played the harp in a style I have never heard exceeded, and from him I first learned to awaken the Clairsleach with our melodies. With these accomplishments for companions, it is not so very singular that he lived so retired; but it was not the less a pity that he should, with so many powers of pleasing, have so completely secluded himself from all society. I, on the contrary, was absent the better part of each day from home; if my cousin Lucy was at home, I was at Carrig Dhu—so their place was called; if she was not, I was to be found in some part, the more retired the better, of our beautiful glens, generally with my harp as a companion.

I loathed restraint, and in the glen I was free as the hare or the blue hawk; I was also, probably, nearly as wild and as ignorant of my fellow men and the ways of the world. Early seclusion, and total want of society, made me excessively shy and awkward in company, which I never saw except at Carrig Dhu. I was, in fact, a complete child of nature, and this wild life much increased the natural ardour of my passions and feelings. I was of the most violent temperament that, I believe, ever animated the soul of one of my countrymen. Thus it was with me—my every feeling was a violent passion, my friendship was love, my dislike hatred, my excitement was madness, and my calm was gloominess, almost stupor; but my worst, and perhaps strongest passion was jealousy; it was easily excited, and, once raised, knew no limit or restraint. I could not even bear to see one of my dumb favourites fawn on another, and this rage often brought me into the most disagreeable situations. I need scarcely say, that reflection brought sorrow; but I was the victim of impulse, and repentance is ever the bitter spirit attendant on such.

But love is the true and, generally, only parent of jealousy; and when we cease to feel jealous of the attentions of those we love to others, it is a certain sign we utterly cease to love them. Love, no matter what it is for, admits of no rivalry. "First or nowhere," is a gallant motto, and is especially borne by lovers—it was mine while I had any interest in such matters; but it is very many years since I ceased to wish for, or rather to think I could obtain, a place in the affections of any one. In fact, I was not formed to gain love or friendship, and here I am with my time-silvered locks without a single heart in the whole land to claim more than common acquaintance with. Do not think me ungrateful for kindnesses. I have met numbers ready and willing to act as patrons and generous benefactors; but that ill supports the part of friendship. Still I need not now repine, my sands are few, and fast

running their onward course. But I wander sadly from my poor story, and I must now tell you how my love for my gentle and winning cousin Lucy fared. Ere I proceed, let me attempt, as far as language will, to describe some of her more conspicuous charms; to tell all, were beyond the art of words. Lucy was at this time about sixteen years; I not two years older. Sixteen! that sweet age when, in the gentle sex, the person partakes largely of the beauty of riper years, while the mind has yet to be ruined by the coarser and more rude experiences of life: it is, in sooth, the golden mean. She was rather under the usual size of women, but so exquisitely rounded, so faultlessly formed in face and figure, that no eye could find a single point capable of improvement. Her complexion was fair, yet blooming; her hair was a dark and glossy brown, falling in a thousand careless ringlets over a neck and bust which might have shamed the Parian stone; her hazle eye, soft as starlight on the sleeping waters of the ocean, was equally formed to beam with love, or moisten in compassion for suffering; her nose was slightly aquiline, and her mouth baffled all praise—to say that it was expressive of all excellent qualities that ever adorned woman, and that in shape and proportion it was faultless, is to say much; yet it comes short of the whole truth? all this beauty was but the precious setting of a priceless jewel!

Of my cousin Lucy's feelings towards me it was difficult in the extreme to judge. She was young and inexperienced, and having been always accustomed to see me near her, and paying such attentions as my rustic education pointed out to me, she naturally gave me many marks of favour, which I, being young and in love, magnified into intended encouragement. She had, in fact, been too much secluded to form a correct opinion or just measure of her heart towards me; she had seen but few young men from whom to draw a comparison. Society in our part of the country was very limited, and although my aunt received at her house all the best which were attainable, yet it so happened that there were very few young persons of our own standing, and those few were, for the most part, ladies.

The gentlemen in general were rather rough creatures, younger sons of petty squires and ministers, in whose company I certainly was able to take a good place, if not the first. I was very well educated by my father and our good priest in the general run of learning, such as the classics, modern languages, a little science, and some painting; but music was my *forte*. At the age of fifteen I played on the harp in a style my friends were pleased to call very superior. This was wholly owing to my father's instructions, who was indefatigable in instilling into my head and fingers a complete knowledge of our far-famed native instrument. Thus it was that I shone above the generality of my compeers, and kept, for a time, a high place in my sweet cousin's opinion.

I, indeed, gave her little time to think of others. I was constantly by her side. Walk where she would, I met her; or if she remained at home, there too was I. Seated beside her, the hours flew rapidly on the wings of intense joy. The book or the pencil formed a continual source of employment, and when she would tire of these, I

waked the magic tone of Erin's harp, while she would recline amid the perfume of the summer flowers, her gentle mind following the varied strain, now rising into the lordly swell of pride when the high and chivalrous feats of an O'Donnel, an O'Nial, or an O'Brian waked the soul of music, and gave a brilliant and noble-minded hero for my lay. At such times, her sparkling eye would flash with a fire of heaven's own lightning, and the mantling blood would rush to her transparent cheek, and her gentle heart would throb with excitement and sympathy for the unhappy fate—alas ! when was it otherwise ?—of a brave but ill-starred chieftain of a noble race.

Again, when, in sadder tone, my harp sang forth the wildly-mournful *coinn*, and the plaintive notes ran in melancholy numbers to sorrow for warrior or bard, like the banshee's wailing cry when the spirit of life is departing, the pearly tears would flow in hurried courses over those cheeks which seemed never meant for such profanation. When I had thus brought her excited feelings to the lowest point of grief, I would, ceasing on the instant, pause for a moment; then, running my fingers lightly over the strings, wake up a merry, light-hearted air, and her face, changing at once, would light up with an inexpressibly lovely beam of delight, and while she reproved me for breaking in so rudely on her grief, her musical laugh would ring in my delighted ears with a tone of magic sweetness which still haunts me. Of all the many charms of woman, there is nothing more entrancing and winning than a sunny smile or musical laugh: better had it been for me had I never heard it. From the time her mother communicated to her her wish that she should consider me as her intended future protector, I perceived a very visible change in her deportment towards me; she was no longer the same frank, open-hearted companion of former days; she rather seemed to shun me, and, indeed, for a time kept to her mother's side almost completely; but a short time showed her that she would meet with no persecution from me, and she gradually became more confident in her manner: at last, if she gave me no decided encouragement, she did not withhold from me the light of her countenance. In this way did my suit remain until I attained my nineteenth year, when I was openly received by her and her mother as her affianced husband: yet, that joy one longs to see dancing in the eyes of those we love on our approach, was still absent; however, I trusted to time for the happy change. Time rolled on, and brought a change; but, instead of sunshine, he brought clouds yet darker and more gloomy.

Lucy and I had strolled towards the sea-shore one bright and cloudless afternoon, to gaze on the many vessels which are continually passing our coast: the season was the young spring; the leaves on the rees were just coming to perfection, and a thousand perfumes from the new-born buds scented the air around: the sky was serenely still; here and there a white, fleecy cloud drifted over the deep blue of the heavens; and a warm, gentle breeze stole softly from the west, rippling the sluggish waters of the ocean, as they rolled in from the broad atlantic. We gained a grassy mound in a field close to the shore, and stood in quiet delight

with the view. A beautiful brig, apparently in the king's service, from her taut rig and clean build, was standing in for the shore, sailing clean full, and heading as we stood. Her gallant bearing attracted our attention, and we stayed admiring her tapering spars and graceful movements. While we were watching her, she gained a position nearly opposite to us, about half a mile from shore, and suddenly luffing up in the wind and backing her fore-top-sail and fore-tr'-gallant-sail, lay hove-to nearly motionless. A boat was lowered from her quarters, and being quickly manned with four oars, and three men in the stern-sheets, was pulled in-shore, making for the beach where we stood. We remained where we were, watching the progress of the boat, its sturdy crew, with powerful strokes, urging it over the long swell of the waves, leaving a line of foam in its wake. As it came nearer, we could perceive that two of the men in the stern were officers by their dress. Lucy expressed a wish to return homewards. I would have done so, but that I saw a portmanteau in the boat's flooring, and thought that, as it was a very retired part of the coast, my services might be useful as a guide, should they be strangers. Lucy at once consented. The boat soon reached the shore, and the gang-way was stepped to effect dry landing. The two officers were apparently of some higher rank in the service than middies, as I guessed by their dress, although rather unskilled in naval uniforms. We were within hearing of the adieu which passed between them, and heard the elder say—

"I dare say the gentleman aloft will direct you, and Tom Tiller can bear a hand with your traps; he may remain all night, and I will send a boat ashore for him when the morning tide makes; so good bye again, my dear boy; you shall hear from me soon, whether we are paid off or not, and where you are to join when your arm is all taut again. Take care of yourself among those pretty country-women of yours. Remember, a sore arm is nothing to a sore heart. Don't let Tiller be drunk when I send for him with your *politess* and Irish hospitality. Good bye; God bless you! Shove her off, men; shove her off!"

The oars dropped with a crash into the water, when the boat left the land, and she again sought her mother bark, where she lay gracefully rising and setting on the heave of the swell.

We stayed where we were until the officer joined us; but, before going farther, let me say what his appearance was. He seemed young; he might have seen some two and twenty summers; he was tall and graceful in figure, although formed in the strongest proportions; his features were extremely handsome, a slightly aquiline nose, a small and beautiful mouth, and eyes that were dancing in their hazle vivacity, the very picture of good humour and mirth; his complexion was very dark, probably heightened by the effects of climate. He came up to us with an easy air, and, slightly touching his hat, said—

"Would you have the goodness to direct me by the nearest way to the house of Mr. Stuart, who lives about a mile from this?"

"Certainly," I replied, "with much pleasure; but as we are going within a very short distance of his house, if you will give us the pleasure of

your company so far, we can make it easier for you."

While I was speaking, he eyed me intently; and, when I ceased, said, with a smile—

"I think I should know your face; am I not speaking to Willie O'Neil?"

"You certainly are," I replied; "but I cannot say I have the pleasure of knowing you."

He laughed, and, holding out his hand, or rather seizing mine, said—

"Have you quite forgotten your old companion in many a frolic, Frank M'Donald?"

I recognised at once in him an old friend, the best and, indeed, the sole playmate of my earlier days. I was rejoiced to meet him, as I had never ceased to think of him with sentiments of friendship. It was almost ten years since we had parted, on his going to join a ship to which he was appointed a midshipman, under an old friend of his uncle and guardian, Mr. Stuart, whom he had mentioned.

This, as I learned, was his first visit to Ireland since he went to sea; and he came back loaded with honors, on leave of absence for three months, to recover from a severe wound in the left arm, received in action with a French cruiser, for his conduct in which he had been promoted to be first lieutenant.

This short sketch of my friend M'Donald must suffice for the present, and we will retrace our steps to where Lucy and I were left talking to the handsome young hero.

I introduced him at once to my beautiful cousin, whom he had seen as a child, and to whom he addressed some very pretty compliment—doing it, however, in a manner such as could not offend or alarm the most timid reserve. However, it by no means pleased me; the less that it was evidently very well received by my cousin. I do not mean to say that she was, in the least, a coquette. God forbid! But women seldom go deeper than the outside appearances of things, and would in general rather hear soft and well-spoken nonsense than plain words of less pleasing but more honest truth; also, they would mostly prefer one compliment from a stranger than half-a-dozen from an old friend. My sweet Lucy was, perhaps, not so bad as all this; but, still, women are—women. I know not how else to express the idea. Even had she been such, she had as good, or better, an excuse than many: for a more pleasing and winning person than Frank could not easily be found.

The next day, at an early hour, I was sitting at my aunt's with Lucy, drinking deeply of that most hurtful and foolish of all draughts, love. While thus engaged, we beheld Frank coming over the lawn at an impetuous pace, wildly clearing all obstacles with his usual mad ardour. He bounded into the room, and, before we could get out a word, he had seized me by the hands, pouring forth a flood of delight at seeing me and Lucy, and delight at finding himself at home; and, in fact, delight at everything, and with every one. He quite upset my usual grave conduct and manner, that in general led me to think rather than speak, and turned the house and our heads all astray. He was, indeed, wild with spirits; and, but that I scarcely liked the favour he formed with my

cousin, I should have admired him very much; every one else did.

The day wore rapidly away with such a companion; it was passed in one whirl of amusement; we rode and then we walked. After dinner, we went out again; and, returning, we assembled our little party at close of day. Here music lent her magic influence, and we passed three or four hours in singing and playing. Frank sang extremely well—although in that I need not have feared competition, and still less in playing. He sang with Lucy and by himself, giving an accompaniment to his voice on the guitar to several very pretty little Spanish and Italian airs.

But why should I dwell on the more trifling circumstances of this ill-starred story?—why prolong the final close of a drama whose every act was folly? And, if the first scenes were—as they truly were—bliss, too exquisite for sinful mortals; still the last of those short-lived scenes were nothing short of actual agony, misery, and almost madness.

INNISFALL.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO

As the sunflower bends to the planet of day,
And seeks at his rising the earliest ray;
So tuneth this heart, my beloved, to thee,
And the smiles of thine eye are as sunbeams to me.

Thy presence dispels every vestige of pain,
And no traces of gloom in my bosom remain;
But as quickly again when thou'rt passed from my sight
Doth my soul become shaded in darkness and night.

And heedless I view all the beauties that shine,
For their charms appear but reflections of thine;
Then I silently droop, and in sadness I mourn
For the day-break of joy which awaits thy return.

Philaboro', March, 1843.

M. J. R.

MONETARY SYSTEM OF THE UNITED STATES.—

At the custom-house and post office, one dollar is estimated equal to four shillings and two pence sterling. One cent is the hundredth of a dollar, and equal to one half-penny sterling. These are the legal rates of exchange; but in ordinary business transactions, in most of the states, the comparative value of sovereigns is as changeable as the weather. The currency is bills issued by private individuals, companies, cities, and states, all of which are at a discount varying from 10 to 50 per cent. In some of the states they issue bank notes for as small sums as three pence sterling, and in all of them the bills are as low as one dollar. And these do not pass out of the state, or frequently out of the city, in which they are issued. Some of these bills promise to pay (?) in specie; some are issued, promising to be received in payment of debts due to said company; some promise to be paid on demand in current bank notes, which are as bad as their own; some bear a promise to be received in payment of a ride on a railway; all sorts of notes—some bearing interest. But all are depreciated below the specie standard. There are some American gold and silver, and some English sovereigns; but these are bought and sold like any other commodity, and not generally used in business, except in small sums for change. The specie is mostly in the hands of money-brokers—a numerous class in every town—who make a very profitable business by dealing in exchanges, buying and selling specie, selling cheques on different parts of the country, to men of business and to travellers.

A STRAY LEAF FROM THE CHRONICLES OF SIENNA.

(Continued from No. 15.)

CHAPTER V.

"Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale the present Delty ;
Or only hear his voice
When the winds whisper and the waves rejoice."
BRYANT.

"All nature teacheth worship unto man,
And the first instinct of the heart is faith.
Those carved aisles so noble in their state,
So graceful in each exquisite device,
Are of the past."
L. E. L.

A more desirable occurrence to Castruccio than the one mentioned at the close of the last chapter could not possibly have happened. It, in fact, seemed to produce a wondrous effect on that stern and "high principled" old gentleman, and his self-possession—a quality for which he gave himself most credit—was gone, he knew not whither; and a few seconds even passed before he could be convinced that what he saw was not a delusion; but his ordinary ready wit was soon recovered, and he instantly exclaimed—

"Signor Montanini among the conspirators!" in a tone expressive not of surprise, but exultation—the exultation of a wish unexpectedly gratified.

"Is it I?" replied the young man; "I do not know what you mean."

"Oh! signor," cried Castruccio, ironically, "this defence is inadmissible."

"It is in vain to talk with you; I will take care that you explain your charges;" then directing his discourse to his sister, whom he observed kneeling in the middle of the bloody corpses before the little chapel of St. Catherine, built there by his ancestors in the time of their prosperity—"Come away from this place," said he; and as he led her along she covered her face with her hands, and tried, if possible, not to tread on or see the hideous objects that surrounded her.

"Hallo there!" cried Castruccio—"let thirty of you keep guard here until I send a relief, and the rest of you follow me; and, Maolo, see that two of our fellows secure that young lion there," pointing to Montanini.

"Ah!" cried Montanini, in a rage—"me! what does the Reformatore mean?"

But a dozen archers had already thrown themselves on him and Malko, and, in spite of their struggles, and the cries of the females, their arms were pinioned in a short time beyond the power of resistance.

Nella and Suina were placed on the backs of the animals from which they had been not long before so unceremoniously dismounted, and the troop set out with the women and prisoners in the centre, directing their course towards Certaldo, a small village, about four or five miles further on, on the road to Sienna—which road ran along the great valley of Strove, about three hundred feet above the level of the place where they now stood.

After a painful journey of two hours—painful, as it was for the most part up-hill—they came at last to the village. Castruccio ordered a halt in

order to rest himself, as also his troop, as they were now almost spent with their fatigue, both before and after the battle, the engagement itself, and the effects of a burning sun, as from the exposed state of the road they had endured almost a noonday heat.

They stopped under some trees, the place of evening resort to the villagers; and the guard of the prisoners being limited to two, the rest, scattered up and down, sought by a little sleep to gain as much refreshment as would enable them to renew their journey towards Sienna, which was still nearly twelve miles distant.

Castruccio avoided Montanini, leaving him entirely to the care of the two archers, as also the philosophic Malko, who was busily engaged, at the risk of disjoining his wrists, in trying to lay hold of that "dear deceiver," his rustic pipe, one end of which, provokingly sticking out of the pocket of his doublet, offered to him an irresistible temptation.

Nella and Suina, seated near Montanini, endeavoured to guess at the reason of their own detention and his, and seemed by their looks to ask of him hopes and consolations, which he appeared utterly incapable of giving them. He now too well understood the hatred of Castruccio, and the infamous advantage he seemed determined to take of this his chance meeting him in the middle of the conspirators, and what terrible enemies he had to deal with in the popularity, and the influence of Castruccio among his colleagues, and in the city of Sienna itself. He now perceived but too plainly, placed as he was in the most unfavourable position, without friends, interest, or support, with what little reason he could expect to escape the vengeance of Castruccio.

Just as they were about to start, he said to his sister—

"I trust, Nella, that this silly charge against me will soon be abandoned, and they will do me justice. Meanwhile, as courts of justice are not in general very quick in their movements, and as I would not have you remaining alone in the villa, without even the protection of our brave Malko"—this he said, looking at the worthy nigger, who was sitting cross-legged and in the melancholy of listlessness, rocking himself to and fro, at the same time being careful not to take his eyes off of a master and mistress whom he loved to admiration. "You had better come to live in Sienna, and we shall both set out together for the villa when I shall be set at liberty. But here are the guards getting up, and we must set out immediately."

They resumed their journey to Sienna in the same order as at first, and in about three hours they stood before the walls of the ancient Etruscan city called by Pliny, "Colonia Senensis," or that colony of the Galls which, under Brenus, advanced to Rome, 391 years before Christ, and some years afterwards spread themselves over almost all Italy.

The towers, apparently innumerable, which were placed at short distances along the lofty walls of Sienna, gave it a gloomy appearance. A rampart, forming a broad and deep trench, was drawn by the inhabitants, wheresoever it was practicable, around their city, to serve as an additional fortification. Still, in spite of its warlike appearance, it had not all the gloom and stiff uniformity of great stone buildings. Its position, in a broken,

hilly spot of ground, the waving undulations of which it followed; the houses built here and there, variously grouped, now on small hills, now on bottoms; the streets, rising and descending; and the bold gothic architecture of the various edifices, gave it rather a picturesque appearance.

The archers entered by the Florentine gate, and proceeded along the only level and straight street in Sienna, as it kept all through to the top of the long, low hill where it commenced. A crowd of people accompanied the prisoners to the great square; on one side of which they remarked, as they entered, the Cathedral—on the other, the Palazzo dell Signoria, or Hall of Justice, a large edifice built of cut stone as far as the first story, and the remaining portion being finished with bricks. The archers halted in the square, awaiting their last orders from Castruccio, who had gone for a short time into the Signoria.

While they stood waiting, Montanini and his sister, notwithstanding their previous state of anxiety, and that they had both been frequently through the city before, could not refrain from gazing on the majestic Cathedral il Duomo, which arose before them in all the grandeur of its marble walls and beautiful gothic portico, the work of the celebrated architects, Agostino and Arnolfo.

The return of Castruccio, and the stir of the crowd which was pressing close on them, soon recalled Montanini and his sister to themselves; the former of whom and his servant were ordered by Castruccio to follow him into the Signoria; and though the order was evidently not designed to extend to Nella or her attendant, she did not hesitate to follow Montanini into the great hall that conducted to the different apartments, where the magistrates attended on stated days to administer justice. They had advanced into the hall, and were preparing to follow Montanini in the same way up the main stair-case, when their lordly guide, perceiving their intention, informed them with all the dignity of a magistrate in the hall of justice, "that they were free and might depart."

"We must part here, Nella," said Montanini, hurriedly, "and we shall soon see each other again; for I trust," he continued, looking contemptuously at Castruccio, "that good men will do me justice, and protect me from the villany of those who would detain me here. Farewell, sister. Go," said he, speaking in a lower tone—"go to a widow-woman's of the name of Volba; she lives in the narrow street at the other side of the square, nearly opposite to this: and you will find in her house a very good lodging for yourself and Suina;" and pressing his sister in his arms, the tears came and could not be suppressed.

As for poor Nella, this separation, which had not till now entered her thoughts, and which she felt was unavoidable, was at once destructive of the little firmness she had left; but Castruccio was growing impatient, and her brother would not be indebted to him for even moment's delay with herself; and after his parting hopes whispered, and adieus given once more, he had torn himself from her, and was gone with his faithful negro—she knew only this, with his mortal enemy as his guide. She was left alone in the middle of a large hall, with hundreds of inquisitive eyes gazing upon

her. This she felt with a sensitiveness that is nourished in solitude; and striving to keep down these tell-tales of sorrow, "at the least before the idle curiosity of those around, she hurried out of the Palazzo, and went in search of the house to which her brother had directed her. A short search was only necessary, and finding the landlady at home, to her she made known her wants.

After many a curtsy, and scrape, and question, the talkative and troublesome Volba promised the best chamber she had to "La Signora," and plenty of litter for the poor horses, as they seemed worn. But again would her tongue carelessly run on.

"Doubtless, 'La Signora' had come from a distance; she had, perhaps, accomplished a visit to Our Lady—she had gone on a pious pilgrimage. She herself had also made vows, and was desirous of a pilgrimage; but her business hindered her. She was obliged to earn her poor livelihood, and, then, her health was but poorly—it had been bad as long as she was a widow. She wished 'La Signora' might not suffer as much as she did."

Without paying much attention to the torrent of words poured out by her hostess, Nella, after giving the old lady in a few words her directions concerning herself, set out, followed by Suina, for the cathedral. As she entered, she received the "holy water" from an old man who was leaning against one of the pillars that supported the portico, and who appeared, by his quiescent attitude, and the marble colour of his countenance, to form a part of the sculpture that adorned that portion of the church next the ground.

The walls on the inside, as on the outside, were covered with black and white marble; the pillars were light and graceful, and the windows enriched at the sides with rows of little columns rising above one another, like the seats in an amphitheatre.

The ceiling, and the moulding that ran round it, was azure, and sprinkled with stars of gold. The cupola, like the roof, was supported with marble pillars, and adorned with statues of the same material—among which might be seen the twelve Apostles of Joseph Mazzuole of Sienna. On the pavement, which was composed of black, white, and grey marble, were depicted a variety of incidents from the Old Testament, and the beautiful finish of the pieces representing the sacrifice of Abraham, and the passage of the Red Sea, particularly attracted the eye.

The arms of the different cities in alliance with the Republic had likewise their places there: the elephant of Rome surmounted by a tower, the lion of Florence, as also that of Massa, the dragon of Pistoria, the hare of Pisa, the unicorn of Viterbo, the goose of Owietto, the vulture of Volaterra, the stork of Perouse, the lynx of Peronne, and the kid of Grossetti, "tutti quanti," producing a most singular and, in fact, a magical effect on the eye.

After bestowing the tribute of a religious attention on each object that met their view, as they advanced up this magnificent temple, Nella and Suina proceeded humbly towards the chapel, and kneeling sought that succour which was in vain looked for from the wide world around.

(To be continued.)

COMPOSITION OF MILK.

An improved mode of analysing milk has been discovered by Dr. Playfair. The cow being in good milking condition, and at the time fed upon after-grass, he ascertained the average amount of her milk for five days, and then proceeded to analyse it. In the first day it was observed that the milk of the evening contained 3.7 per cent of butter, and of the following morning 5.6 per cent. The deficiency in the first observation is referred to the consumption of a greater portion of the butter or its constituents, from respiratory oxidation during the day when the animal was in the field, than during the night when it was at rest in the stall. When confined during the day, and fed with after-grass in a shed, the proportion of butter rose to 5.1 per cent.; when fed with hay, the butter was 3.9 and 4.6 per cent.; when fed with portions of potatoes, hay, and bean flour, the butter was 6.7 and 4.9 per cent.; with hay and potatoes, 4.6 and 4.9 per cent. The author then examines Dumas's theory of the origin of fat in animals, in reference to the foregoing experiments, and concludes, in opposition to that theory, that the butter in the milk could not have arisen solely from the fat contained in the food, while it may reasonably be referred to the starch and other unazotised elements of the food, as maintained by Liebig. Experiments of Bousingault are quoted in favour of the same conclusion, and observations of dairymen in different localities. Potatoes are particularly favourable to the flow of milk and increase of butter, from the starch they contain; so is malt refuse. Porter and beer are also well known to be favourable to the production of butter, both in the milk of woman and of the cow, although these fluids do not contain fat. The quantity of caseine (cheese) in the milk, is shown to be dependant on the quantity of albumen in the food supplied on different days to the cow, and to the supposed destruction of the tissues by muscular exercise. Peas and beans are the food which yield most caseine. Pasturing in the open field is more favourable to the formation of butter. It is also shown that the proportion of butter, in the milk of woman, is increased by the rest and the diminution of the respiratory oxidation.

LACE-MAKERS OF NOTTINGHAM—Lace making is a mechanical process, requiring constant and unremitting attendance. It appears that the number of the machines, which was 1,312 in 1836, has since then a good deal diminished, and that the trade is passing into the hands of the larger manufacturers. This arises from the enormous sacrifice which the rapid changes of pattern and the necessary improvements demand. So rapid are these fluctuations, that a machine, which cost 1,000*l.*, has been sold in a short time for 45*l.*; and in 1833 and 1834, five or six hundred of the old slow machines were broken up, and sold for old iron. Their prices vary from 250*l.* to 1,000*l.* The short life of these costly machines renders it necessary to get the utmost possible produce from them while they last; and hence the hours of work are extremely long. The majority of these machines are still worked by hand. The total value of the lace produced in 1835 was found to be 2,212,000*l.* The quantity is probably increased since then, at a less sale price, by the improved machinery. Although the lace of Nottingham is wholly made by machines, they require constant tending; in order to mend the thread, and pass the ends of it through the bobbins into the aperture in the carriage, of which the object is, as it were, to feed the machine. About 1800 bobbins have to be threaded for every machine. It will scarcely be credited that this operation is performed by children as young as three or four years old, who work even at that age from 12 to 14 hours per day.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

Round the hearth, where the fire burnt bright and clear,
I have sat with dear friends from year to year,
Where the merry talk and the tale went round,
And the heart beat time to the music's sound;
But the friends that once sported with blightsome gloom
Now rest in the grave 'neath yon willow tree.

And the heart that once bounded with gay delight,
And the eyes once that sparkled with radiance bright,
And the lips that once told the sweet tale of love
As true as the stars which shone bright above,
Are silent and low 'neath the cold, cold sod;
But their spirits have flown to their rest with God.

How long have I sat by that old arm-chair,
And nursed the dear parent that linger'd there?
How oft have I heard a kind prayer from him,
With his faltering voice, while his eyes grew dim?
Yet he pointed with hope to that world on high,
Where his soul now lives and shall never die.

And still have I guarded with filial care
The fragments now left of that old arm-chair;
And there do I sit at the evening's close,
There dream of my forefathers' sweet repose—
That with them I may rest where no wintry gale
Disturbs their calm home by its murmuring wall.
And the brothers that sported in childhood's hours
'Neath the grateful shade of the summer bowers,
That sped o'er the hills in the hunting race,
Or spur'd on the steed to the distant chase,
Or roll'd off the ball o'er the level green—
Yes! where I stand now oft have they been.

And the sister I watched with a brother's love,
Whose voice like the sounds of some gentle dove,
Whose beauty was rich as the lily's hue,
As fair, but as frail, as the rose she grew;
Yet death nipp'd the blossom in summer's bloom,
And the flower soon dropt to its early tomb.
All, all the dear friends I once loved are gone,
I'm a stranger now left in this world alone;
No charms has the grandeur of men for me,
No peace in their lordly halls I see;
For me all the glory they once possess'd
Are sunk with life's hopes to their final rest.

ELLIS.

LONDON MILLINERS.—There are about 15,000 milliners and dress-makers in London. They commence work usually at from 14 to 16—that is to say, at an age when the future health and constitution is determined by the care it then receives. A very large portion of these girls are boarded and lodged by their employers, and they often come from the country healthy and strong. During the busy seasons—i.e., from April to August, and from October to Christmas—the regular hours of work “at all the principal houses” are, *on the average, eighteen hours daily!*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- “* * *.”—Most certainly in our next.
“E. J. M.”—The lines are in type, and shall appear in our next number.
“T. T. Dundalk.”—If the person you speak of would take the agency of our Journal, the object would be effected.
“W.”—We are anxious to oblige our numerous friends in your locality, and shall act on your hint.
“L. L.”—“P. F.”—“D.”—and “K.” received.
“T. W.” inadmissible.

The length of several communications compels us to divide them; but in such cases the continuations shall be consecutive.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors at the Office, 22 Lower Backville-street, Dublin, where all communications are to be addressed, to the Editor.

The Trade supplied direct from the Office.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 21.—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

IRISH LEGEND.

THE BANQUET OF DUN NA N-GEDH, AND THE BATTLE OF MAGHEATH.

A legendary tale, under this title, translated from the original Irish by our gifted countryman, Mr. John O'Donovan, has just been printed for the Irish Archæological Society. It is a valuable accession to the scanty stock of materials we possess illustrative of the condition of Ireland previous to the Anglo-Norman conquest, affording illustrations of manners, customs, and feelings, which enable us to estimate the degree of civilization to which the people had attained when the poem was produced. The learned translator believes that the legend was written immediately after the Anglo-Norman invasion, assigning as reasons for fixing this date, that the title of "earl" is given to one of the kings of Ulster, and that the style of the work exhibits that turgid redundancy, arising from the extravagant use of epithets, which characterises the last and most corrupt age of native Irish literature. A brief outline of the story will give an illustration of the manners alluded to.

Domhnall, king of Ireland, had a remarkable dream, which so alarmed him that he resolved to consult a celebrated monk, named Maelcobha, to whom he was related by marriage. Here is the poetic version of the conversation between the king and the monk—

"Domhnall—I have seen an evil dream,

*A week and a month this night,
In consequence of it I left my house.
To narrate it, to tell it.
My whelp of estimable character,
Ferglann, better than any hound,
Methought assembled a pack,
By which he destroyed Erin in one hour.
Pass thou a true judgment upon it,
O Maelcobha, O cleric,
It is thou oughtst readily,
Thou art a seer and a true cleric.*

*Maelcobha—The son of a king and a greyhound whelp
Show the same courage and exploits;
They have both the same propensity,
And in dreams are [deote] the same thing.
The son of Ulster's king of high authority,
Or the son of the king of the province of Connaught,
Cobhtach, will oppose thee in every way,
Or his playmate, Clougal Claen,*

Domhnall—That Cobhtach should oppose me

*It is cruel to say, for it is difficult:
And the comely Congal would not rise up
Against me for the world's red gold.*

*Maelcobha—A counsel which shall injure no one
From me to thee, O grandson of Aimir;
To fetter them for a full bright year;
Thy prosperity will not be the worse for it.*

*Domhnall—Alas for the judge who came to the decision,
For which remorse would seize me;
Should I do the deed, 'twould not be joyful,
I would not consult sense or reason."*

So confident was the king in the fidelity of his foster-son, Congal, that he invited him to a feast, given to all his vassal chieftains. Collectors were sent out to make provision for this banquet, and they were directed to collect as many goose-eggs as possible, the royal purveyors being particularly deficient in that rare delicacy. In the course of their search the collectors came to a hermitage in Meath, tenanted by an old woman. The sight of a flock of geese in front of the cell induced them to enter it: they found a large vessel of goose-eggs within, and seized it without ceremony. The old woman informed them that these eggs belonged to—"a wonder-working saint of God's people," Bishop Erc of Slaine, whose custom it was to remain from morning until night immersed up to his arm-pits in the river Boyne, reading his psalter, which lay open before him on the strand; after such penance his favourite dinner was a "goose-egg and a half, and three sprigs of water-cresses from the Boyne." The royal collectors, who were "plebeians in the shape of heroes," thought even this fare too dainty for the aquatic bishop, and marched off with their prize.

"The holy patron, Bishop Erc, of Slain, came to his house in the evening, and the woman told him how he was plundered. The righteous man then became wroth, and said—"It will not be good luck to the person to whom this kind of food was brought; and may the peace or welfare of Erin not result from the banquet to which it was brought; but may quarrels, contentions, and commotions be the consequence to her." And he cursed the banquet as bitterly as he was able to curse it."

The consequence of this curse to Ireland, says the bard, was, that the country "was not one night thenceforward in the enjoyment of peace or tranquillity"! Bishop Erc's malediction took effect in the midst of the banquet; a goose-egg on a

silver dish was placed before every one of the chiefs, but when Congal was served, "the silver dish was changed into a wooden one, and the goose-egg into the egg of a red-feathered hen." Congal was enraged; "his heroic fury rose, and his bird of valour fluttered over him, and he distinguished not friend from foe." A regular battle ensued, until at length he rushed from the palace, followed by all his vassals, after having defied the king, and menaced him with immediate war. Domhnall, being a man of peace, sent "twenty-four saints" to remonstrate with Congal, "each saint having the intercessory influence of a hundred;" but Congal refused to listen to them, menacing them with instant death if they ventured to enforce their remonstrances by excommunication. A division of poets was then sent, but their mission was equally inefficacious. Congal returned to Ulster, and by the advice of his uncle went to seek auxiliaries from the kings of Wales and Britain. Another stranger arrived at the same time as Congal at the British court; this unknown prince had met with the royal poet on his road, and being a lover of minstrelsy, he made acquaintance with him, and won his favour by a singular act of friendship:—

"A heavy shower fell, consisting of intermingled rain and snow, and he put his shield between the poet and the shower, and left his own arms and battle dress exposed to the snow. 'What is this for?' said the poet. 'I say unto thee,' replied he, 'that if I could show thee a greater token of veneration than this, thou shouldst receive it for thy learning, but as I cannot, I can only say, that I am more fit to bear rain than one who has learning.' The poet was thankful for this, and said to him, 'If thou wouldst think proper to come with me this night to my house, I shall procure food and a night's entertainment for thee. 'I think well of it,' replied the other. They repaired to the poet's house, and got a sufficiency of meat and drink there."

The unknown youth accompanied the poet to a feast given by the British king in honour of Congal's arrival, and there a scene occurred, which is thus told:—

"Before entering the place the poet had told him [the unknown youth] if a bone should be brought on a dish in his presence, not to attempt breaking it, for there was a youth in the king's household to whom every marrow-bone was due, and that if one should be broken against his will, its weight in red gold should be given him, or battle in single combat, and that he was the fighter of a hundred. 'That is good,' said the other; 'when this will be given I shall do my duty.' He stopped not till a bone was brought on a dish to him, and he put a hand on each end of it, and broke it between his two fingers, and afterwards ate its marrow and flesh. All beheld this and wondered at it. The hero to whom the marrow was due was told of this occurrence, and he rose up in great anger, and his heroic fury was stirred up to be revenged of the person who had violated his privilege, and ate what to him was due. When the other had perceived this he flung the bone at him, and it passed through his forehead and pierced his brain, even to the centre of his head. The king's people and his household rose up to slay him in revenge for it; but he attacked them, as attacks the hawk a flock of small birds, and made a great slaughter of them, so that their dead were more numerous than their living, and the living among them fled. He came again, and sat at the same poet's shoulder, and the king and queen were seized with awe of him, when

they had seen his warlike feats, and his heroic rage and champion fury roused. But he told them that they had no cause to fear him unless the household should again return into the house. The king said that they should not return. He then took his golden helmet off his head, and fair were his visage and countenance, after his blood had been excited by the fury of the battle."

The queen recognised this youth as her son, (whom she had sent out some years before as a knight-errant,) by a ring which he wore on his finger: and so excited was she that she "cast her royal *callad* (a cap or wig) into the fire, and screamed aloud." In this recognition the king refused to join, because three different adventurers, each claiming to be his absent son, and each having a hundred brave attendants, had presented themselves before him successively, and he had sent each to travel round Britain for a year. Soon afterwards the three candidates appeared; two of them were slain by the prince, and the third confessed his fraud, after which the king recognised the stranger as the rightful Conan and his legitimate heir. The command of the auxiliaries granted to Congal, was entrusted to Conan, and the two princes felt themselves able to face a world in arms. Domhnall did everything in his power to divert Congal from the war, but when his efforts failed, he set before his nobles, in a sensible speech, the trifling nature of the offence, and the large offers of compensation which he had made. One of his bards put this manifesto into verse—the only means of insuring its circulation in a land where reading and writing were little practised—

"Behold ye the conduct of Congal of Conislaue !

What is the difference at all between

The egg of the red-feathered hen,

And the egg of the white-winged goose ?

There is little difference of meat

Between the hen egg and the goose egg ;

Alas for him who destroyed all Erin

For a dispute about one egg !

The full of seven strong vats was offered

Of goose-eggs together,

And an egg of gold along with them

On the top of each vat."

The prevalence of pagan superstitions in the armies on both sides is fully shown in the following passage:—

"In the mean time the soothsayers, the revealers of knowledge, and those who had delivered predictions, were contradictory and doubtful, in consequence of the length of time and stubbornness with which the heroes on both sides maintained the field without yielding or giving way on either side. Wherefore the predictions of their philosophers and wise men became uncertain and doubtful to some of them on either side, they having renounced and disbelieved their own demoniacal sciences of magic, in consequence of the incessant successive rallyings and dispersions of the forces on either side in the contest; so that their diviners and wise men could do no more than remain in a state of suspense and indecision, until they should learn on which party the success and prosperity of the battle would descend and tarry, and which of them the battle-terrific Beneit [Bellona] would more inspire with her vigors."

A long description is given of the battle. In the end Conan and Congal are slain, with all their followers, save one, named Sweeny, who went mad, and another of unknown name, who remained a prisoner.

THE HOMELESS SON.

(Continued from No. 30.)

CHAP. IV.

"Oh! thou art changed;
 There sits a coldness on thy lip and brow,
 The look—the tone—the smile, are alter'd now,
 And all about, within thee quite estranged.
 I have not seen thee since."

GRIFFIN.

"Four years, Edward, had just elapsed as a domestic in my uncle's, enjoying the instruction of an old ecclesiastic by day, and his own society and anecdote at night—the principles of religion being the chief ingredient. I was now 16, and up to that time, I understand, the sum of my human character was docility, and, with few exceptions, that of a perfect disciple of my religious preceptor, by whose opinion the cloister was the fittest place to be blessed or cursed, I know not which, with my future deeds. I need hardly say that the unaccountable and absolute severance from all that made my home up to this period, constituted my uncle sole disposer of every step I was destined to take; nor need I add the effect my ruined and lost home worked upon his mind in this intended disposal of me. He quickly acquiesced to the old superior; I was to be manufactured into a religious, and one, too, of my tutor's fraternity. Oh! my heart had drunk deeply of the internal bitters of estrangement, and well had I been made to feel the losses of a mother's care, and the indulgent smiles of a good father; in a word, the too true fact that I was homeless! It was now too long since I left what once I had reason to call home, to seek a direct medium for returning; and the total absence of the subject from my uncle's fire-side made it probable that that home was now no more! and many a sad dream flitted o'er this mind whether or not the past had been absolutely a reality. I returned from the puzzle, and dared not answer a why, a wherefore. I was left uncared for. Unobserved so long—sisters, mother, and alas! a father's forgetfulness, shadowed my vision, and left me in strange and boyish solitude. Yet, surely my uncle knows all, (thought I,) has consulted with all: sure, sure, he is my uncle. I resolved again to view him as a father, and to make no hesitation in taking any step under his direction. I left him, and was soon placed by the guidance of my master in the monastery of —, where I entered as a *postulant* upon such exercises of retirement and meditation as left but one sentiment living in my bosom—'He that leaves father or mother, sister or home, for my sake, shall receive a hundred fold in this life, and eternity's diadem hereafter.' The force with which this sweeping tenet set in upon my mind, inculcating, as it did, an abandonment and disregard of every worldly affection, wrung from me resolutions most positively repugnant to my 'head and heart'; and that principle which constitutes the joy and sweet paradise of a chosen few, but tended to blight and corrupt the choice and mellow gifts of a bounteous nature in me. And why? Because the vocation was not of inspiration for me. Alas! avarice, interest, and ease too often direct the future destiny, and too often throw to ruin the child of obedience."

"Three years of strict monastic rule," observed

M'Dermott, as we resumed our positions held on the preceding night, having been refreshed by a sleep till mid-day—"three years had been devotedly observed by me, made easy in — Monastery, by habit and a quick succession of variety, changing with every season, and made bearable by the wisely-selected days of relaxation and pleasure. Ah! certainly, Edward, though I die a worldling, those were golden days after all; a good conscience was the mirror reflecting their brightness.

"My nineteenth year, however, now found me in those soliloquies, the certain attendants on the young religious when in loneliness. Well do I remember the first—wherefore I was living and yet dead; born of parents who heed me not; a mind educated and put it to slumber; powers of body well proportioned, and render it even in youth unwieldy and gross; and again was it doubtful, or did the Deity afford me a moral certainty of these facts being His will, and my every day duties these of an absolute vocation? Here were the beginnings of doubt—uneasiness attended, and discontent ever remained. Age was swiftly ripening—so was the right to question; the boy had already, with a giant effort, sprang into precocious manhood, and, with the sudden light of a new existence, did the magnifier of his own importance swell it many degrees. I knew not myself, and I wept at the awful void which appeared between me and home. In one of those perplexing frenzies of thought I sauntered along the extensive and airy corridor of the convent, where stood, commanding a good view of the city, a large Gothic window. Ah! sighed I, as I beheld the homes, and heard the din of thousands of my fellow men—ah! I wonder if all I knew at home continue as when I left them! The sweeping and rapid succession which thought took in this one interrogatory was the most overwhelming stroke upon my nerves—they shook with very orphanism, and I felt fatherless. Oh! that thought was dismal. I hastened to my bed-chamber, and soon despatched a letter of inquiry after family matters. Dreams the most vivid and afflicting haunted my nightly vision. Suspense and anxiety troubled my day thoughts for the results of that letter. Home was now my feast and my thinking. Three day had thus elapsed; the fourth found me perusing this letter" (handing me a MS., of which the following is a copy:—)

'My dear Brother—Can it be true that you still live, and in —, and plead ignorance of our situation! An angel's efforts to console me would have been valueless in comparison of those strains of affection you have penned. Oh! Charles, put me not to the torture of detailing our miseries, if it be not impossible to visit us soon. I am four years younger than you—hence I must be known to you only by name. To me you are a perfect stranger. Death and marriage have played their parts. My father with me dwells in obscurity, unfriended and unknown. The poor old gentleman! sorrow has already made raging advances upon his spirits: your unexpected appearance at his fallen bed side would sink his grey hairs into the tomb. Act your part, therefore, keenly. Till I am more fully in possession of your situation, and can correspond with undoubted security, let me sigh an affectionate adieu from

Your faithful sister,

ELIZA —.

"That letter fixed my resolve; it was, to visit home! Edward! how my very soul thrilled with gladness! I hastily communicated my purpose to my sister; and, as a security against a wrong step relative to my parent, enclosed to her the note you will find in the folds of that pocket book" (handing me one in which were many scraps, with that alluded to, in his own handwriting—they were gifted upon me.) It is at this moment before me, and I copy it *verbatim*—

'My dear and unfortunate Eliza—Our father then lives and in —, the city of my nativity! I thank my God! You receive this on to-morrow; the following morning I arrive by the mail in—. See me at —'s hotel as soon after as you can. Be comforted, afflicted and lone girl! and accept the affections of a faithful brother, CHARLES.'

I merely looked through the document in silence. M'Dermott, with devotion and tenderness, exclaimed—

"Do you close that note and not read for me the only—do you close that testament of my affections, and to a sister, and not read it? Oh! Eliza; fondest, dearest girl!" wildly exclaimed M'Dermott. "Ah!" he added, "you knew her not; she was truest of the human family. Alas! Edward, she is no more!"

The silent tribute of a brother, a tear, glistened in that eye, and fell sadly off that lid. What worlds would we not give at such moments to share in the heart's *requiem* for departed beauty and youth, swept by Time's undiscerning arm amongst outcast and useless mortality, like the budding rose plucked from its stem by the heedless and indifferent, and flung amongst the cancered windfalls, leaf and crusted twig, to be hurled by the rustic hand into a common receptacle!

"Well, and M'Dermott," said I, "you were saying you appointed a time for returning," (seeing the memory of his sister was not of ordinary mould.)

"Yes, yes; and well did I keep my plight. The evening of that day I left — Monastery, sharing the good will of all to whom a hasty farewell told my indisposition to dally. There was one amongst that small assembly, and one only, who held my confidence, and made a proportionate return. He felt his soul flung into utter bereavement as the door of future intercourse was being closed *ad eternum*.

'Oh! 'tis ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away!'"

These simple lines M'Dermott uttered with a pathos of feeling genuine and sacred.

"My last hour in the convent," continued M'Dermott, "found me with a lively faith and unyielding hope. With the wings of speed I fled down the stairs, and a few moments placed me, for aye, without the convent walls. Oh! what a solitude of heart was my lot then: facing a world I did not know, and the only two now remaining of a flourishing and youthful family when last I saw them—the halfpennyless son, after a seven years' absence, returning in his nineteenth year to a pennyless father! Heavens! what a reflection! Yet no—I remembered my pocket-book; it contained a cheque for one hundred

pounds, the *fortune* left me by my uncle in the event of my ever withdrawing from the fraternity. The news of his death and of his *magnificence* was alike matter of wonder to me, forming as they did the topics of my last interview with the old prior; it was two years, he said, since my uncle's death."

CHAP. V.

"Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow!
Since time hath reft whate'er my soul adored,
And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloyed."

"Arrived at the post town of —, the mail soon enmantled my person, and within were three females, on whose sex I was bid to look as the Eves of man's hope, and the scorching furnaces of his pristine innocence, and heeded their very touch as pestiferous and blighting. One was beautiful and intelligent, who seemed to understand that the young religious was not accustomed to the various little forms of society like that I then for the first time mixed in; and, whilst I merited the dissatisfied countenance of each (old maids) in turn, from her I obtained smiles, blending good nature with a tone of high concern—they were, indeed, too marked not to awake whatever of acknowledgement it was possible for me to tender. I did so, and with seeming effect, as I could at once perceive a gradual and angel advance, all peace, brightening the rapid succession of remark which stole from her as occasion and the common courtesy of travel suppose. The night passed on my part sipping the delicacy of her varied and inspiring converse, whilst the other portion of the company dozed and slept. The occasion was magical to my spirit, and wove round my heart a spell all rapture, in which by morning I found even my affections to a degree entangled, I knew not how. It was strange enough that an occasion so passing as that I now mention could so engross my soul—feeling as I did at intervals all that the heart of a son and brother could feel under the embarrassing circumstances of my journey.—Heavens! what a morning that was which restored me to my native city! In all the dazzling splendour and voluptuous raiment of a fabled god did that sun rise as the majesty of the skies, and sadness and joy played their parts. The concern created by not seeing my sister immediately discomfited me a little, whilst the smile and sympathy of my fair acquaintance, like cheering light, served to brighten hope, and make moments, otherwise sad, pass gaily along. It was strange enough that a likeness in our visit existed, and she, too, sought a guide. The — Hotel happily afforded every necessary entertainment, and ultimately, after much anxious expectation on my part, we breakfasted. Imperceptibly did I find feelings of a higher order than mere friendship possess me, and ere long I could almost have forgotten e'en the dear objects of my visit. The hour arrived to part! it was not without a sigh, again, however, to meet. An introduction to my sister shortly after took place, and very few moments placed me at the bed-side of a dying parent. Well did he remember his son, and to this hour is his fevered embrace felt—the scene is too tender and exciting to explain, and plays upon me as vividly as though at each retrace it was being passed."

M'Dermott's eyes stood fixedly to heaven, as

his lip quivered in aspiring a filial orison to God for departed excellence; and in vain did I entreat a postponement of his narration. Happy is the joyous memory of a good past to the dying spirit, but bitter and desponding the visions which darken retrospect to the profligate. Despair was in that look upon which no human influence had controul. It was plain other sorrows than those bred by kindred miseries festered that death-stricken bosom. Awaked from his distressing absorption, M'Dermott resumed—

"A brief recital of family events followed, and with the close of that day did the night of my sorrows begin—the die was cast—the past was gone for ever! As I still held my father's hand, every nerve was shaken by a faintful scream beside me! I looked, and lo! the livid form of my delicate and faithful sister lay motionless upon the floor! In an instant she was folded in these arms, where with difficulty life returned. Till then I regarded her with a passing gaze. Lovely girl! possessing every excellence of personal charm with rich and matchless graces of education and of unauullied innocence—her 15th year had past, and in the school of suffering was that sensibility ripened in a few months beyond enduring, and swept her so swiftly to the tomb."

"Eliza!" inquired I, when advertance was perfectly restored—"Eliza! what in the name of wonder gave rise to that weakness?"

"Ah! indeed, sir," replied the timid girl, "it was quite unaccountable; I have never felt so before; but I have slept so little these few days."

"She spoke this so vacantly that there was no doubt another and a more effectual cause existed, for which I purposed a more suiting occasion to hear of. After a considerable time, my father slept. When all was still, I took my sister's hand with the warmth and affection which inspired her with confidence in her brother. 'Eliza,' I said, tenderly, 'you must do doubt feel diffident and strange to me, but be not so; separation has made little change in me, except to make you,' pressing her hand kindly in mine, 'and your interests a thousand times dearer to my soul.' The transcendent sweetness which played round her delicately-fair countenance delighted me, and it did not require studied professions to win her confidence."

"I know, sir, (this term was uttered in a suppressed tone,) you are my brother, for papa has told me so, and then I cannot, nor should not, refuse to communicate freely with you, though I feel, I know not why, so strange."

"I briefly recurred to childhood, mother, sisters, and home—the causes of my long absence, &c.; and, though not joined in conversation by her, there was still much of interest for her in it, and alternate joy and sadness visited her youthful expression, and effected ultimately her bashful silence, and awoke those tender sentiments, ever the inmates of a good and guileless bosom."

"There is no question you please to ask that I can feel a difficulty in answering!" she ejaculated.

"Eliza," I returned, stirring, "how long is mama now dead?"

"Three years, Charles."

"Indeed! so long; then it's so odd I never heard of it!"

"My mama died when I was twelve years old; papa was from home; she was buried before he returned. My two eldest sisters married in twelve months afterwards, and my youngest sister, H——, is travelling with the family of —— as governess. She is more than two years older than I, and is only a few months away. Several months before then my papa was bed-ridden, and by H——'s visits to families of distinction she supported us, and found a ready introduction to the present family—on engaging with whom she obtained an advance of money, more than she had asked; she gave it to us. The kindness of a few friends besides enabled us to live."

"And where is H—— now, Eliza?"

"We do not know, Charles; she has not written yet!"

"But, Eliza, did papa never tell you why he was so reduced?"

"Ah! he did; but why advert to incident so sad? Permit me, Charles, to suffer his wrongs undisturbed; do not ask to share them with me!"

"Eliza, it is important that I know them; and, if suffering be to be endured, none ought more naturally seek it than I; besides you, Eliza, must forget these sad tales, when you reveal them to me; they tend to afflict you without the advantage of a single use. Let me then impress upon you the necessity of unbosoming that oppressive store of fact, which otherwise, if not already, will nest in and rot the choice qualities of your youthful heart."

"They may be told, Charles, but never, never, be forgot." She continued—"Papa was a good and upright man, whose forgiving and generous heart too often, alas! obliged him to pay the debts of others; and when his own bills became payable, he at times failed to meet them; his stock was on that account forfeited more than once, and upon the last pressing occasion of demand, he (though reluctantly) applied to my uncle, who heard of his distress without a single responding feeling, and thus permitted him to descend to ruin! This disappointment was fatal to papa; he has sunk in spirits gradually since."

"And why such treatment from a wealthy brother?"

"'Twas strange, Charles, and yet so true! I have often been thinking upon this and other ungenerous slights and neglects of relations, and do believe that 'our own' are least useful to us when in need, and the most interested and bustling where our real wants are supplied, and 'prosperity's sun' blazes in futurity's distance! It appears, however, that the old ecclesiastic, by whose counsel you joined his order—did you not?"—"Right, Eliza."—"Well, he possessed my uncle's most unbounded confidence, to which his profession gave so sacred a quality, that he took no step without his direction. It appears also that this zealous gentleman looked forward to my uncle's expected demise with the gaze of riched hopes, and attended his bed-side with more than miser solicitude; in death he was his only attendant; and precaution was taken to keep hidden from his sister's and his brother's children, his immediate relatives, the imminence of his danger; and the stranger taught him to regard them as tools of discontent in playing its part of jangle and discord, reckless and indifferent alike of their dying relative's present peace or future destiny. But could a stranger possess, to bestow, other affections in such an hour, than the calculating and unsanguine of either interest or assumed religion? No. The man, be his character what it may, who stands on eternity's brink, to exhort, either directly or otherwise, the launching spirit to a suppression of native beneficence, where right, honesty, and claim are clients, and gilds his sentiments in charity's mock garb—that man, how sainted soever his character, stands unqualifiedly between that spirit and its God, and soils to death in the injured circle the sacred stole of his ministry! Yes, oh! yes, Charles, these were the words of Mrs. ——, who for twenty-five years was my uncle's housekeeper."

(To be continued.)

GANGABAS, OR THE PORTERS OF DAMASCUS.

After one of his victories, Alexander the Great sent to Damascus an officer, named Parmenion. This officer was commissioned to seize the Persian treasury, which was lying in that legendary town. Parmenion knew that the design had been anticipated in some measure by a Persian satrap, who was then in possession of the city. He accordingly felt an anxiety lest the scanty band which was to accompany the expedition should be slighted with contumely, or rudely mauled—a feeling which prompted the general to increase the number of his band. Parmenion at length saw the city's towers, and spires proudly aspiring towards the sky, seeking the cerulean which their summits appeared to prop, as if they belonged to that heaven whose columns they seemed to be. This lordly Damascus rose in the midst of a plain, which girded its stern and frowning battlements with a laughing cincture—waving gardens of the brightest green, in which seven rivers, like veins, of the purest silver glistened and meandered. At times the trees concealed the waters with their embowering sprays, as they balanced in the wind, or playfully revealed them rolling in light, and bright with the effulgence which the waters carried on their breast. The high-raised bulwarks, the lofty mounds, the thick walls, and moated gates, whose austere and veteran aspect rose high in scorn and defiance, appeared repulsive and forbidding to the charms of that seductive nature which embraced the stern and naked stronghold, and smiled at its frowns, like some fascinating woman beguiling a warrior. If you contemplated the bulwarks as you approached from the west, their massive masonry extended for half a league before you; or when, arriving from the east, you looked upon them as you approached from thence, they stood equally a breadth of half a league, rising superbly in the foreground. Were you indeed a wayfarer from India, coming from the spicy groves of holy Lanka, still you found the city's breadth to be identically as it was displayed to you, when you viewed it at the former points of the compass.

A crowd of people were seen pouring out of the vomitories of the town, and winding forth from the bulwarks, and approaching towards the forces under Parmenion. These towns-people were heartily pitted by the Macedonians, as they came nearer and were seen trooping in the rear of the Viceroy to whom Darius entrusted them as prisoners. He thus offered his invaders the attainment of a prize which gratified them more than the gems and gold of Asia, and the traitor's hope of a rich reward from Parmenion was quite as great as the value of his offering. This gift consisted of a crowd of Persian nobles, and prætors of Darius, whose wives and children followed behind them, together with the captive deputies of the cities of Greece, whom the fallen Potentate had confided to the Viceroy with every reliance in his trustworthiness. The name by which the porters of the cities of Persia, in those days, were known was Gangabas. Many of them were now issuing forth into the plain, with great burdens on their shoulders. 'Twas the precious and gorgeous property of the fugitive monarch, and his treasures of gold and silver, which were stooping by their ponderous weight these strong labourers of Damascus. Suddenly the wintry blast whistled fiercely in the frowning sky, the heavens gloomed above the city, and savage winter returned in haste and wrath from his Scythian wilds, to see the novel invader of Damascus. Suddenly the people were amazed and assaulted by the sweeping fury of an irresistible tempest, which drove a shower of snow upon their backs, and covered the freezing plain with a gelid livery. All the bearers deposited

their loads on the ground, and stood erect amid the roaring and impetuous hurricane. They next held out between their extended hands the superb vestments of the Persian, which fluttered in the storm, despite the ornaments of massive gold which emblazoned their purple tissues. As the porters were shivering in the fierce and cutting wind, whose fridity was intolerable, their brawny arms hurled the embroidered folds of the royal wardrobe around their stalwart figures, and they enveloped themselves in the vast capacity of the agitated garments with a dogged and stubborn determination, which none in the humbled and altered circumstances of the kingly owner presumed to oppose. The townsmen at that moment, as they yielded to the blast, in the fleeces of drift which shrouded every figure, presented the picture of a numerous flock of sheep, under the scrutinizing glance of Parmenion. The latter, turned his charger, and, in a low but intense and vehement tone, exhorted his horsemen as impressively and emphatically as though at that juncture he were about to act with humanity and justice; he told them to strike their spurs into their horses' flanks, and to charge amid the multitude with a plunging violence and onward fury, ploughing hasty furrows of blood and massacre with swords instead of coulters. The richly robed Gangabas, whom the heavy burdens which they had resumed bent down again, became immediately erect from fear, suddenly looking up aghast at hearing the shrieks and tumult. The minds of these people were so intensely absorbed for the moment, that they unconsciously allowed the valuable property to slip from their backs and strew the snow-clad ground. Next, with white and creamy faces, the alarmed and retiring porters were seen to stagger backwards a retreating step or two, as they eyed, in transient stupefaction, the progress made by the sweeping swords and wide cuts of the exterminating cavalry; then wheeling with the speed of thought, the swift wings of Mercury seemed to be transferred to their brisk and fugitive feet. As the Gangabas thus made their escape, the embroidered tails of the purple garments might be seen fluttering and glancing in their agitation; however, their own fine appearance, and their glorious garb, of which a sovereign might be vain, yielded them no delight whatever on this occasion.

The files of Damascene soldiery who followed the porters from the city as guards were then seen to scour away, sword in hand, in a great hurry, fast discarding from their gripe shining blades and brazen shields, that their wild strides might be stretched longer. The traitor looked like one astonished on the tumult, and a feigned alarm paled his cheek, when, amid the whirlwind which overwhelmed the shrieking people, the impulse of flight that seized their distracted minds became an uncontrollable delirium. In every field artificial heaps were quickly scattered, consisting of gold and precious jewels, the oriental treasures of Persia, the invaluable spoils of Darius, rejected by the scared and scampering fugitives, and burnished stores of shining coin, which had been hoarded to pay the military myriads of the fallen sovereign.

Rich pavilions, whose wide capacity had often been extended as an awning to canopy hundreds, and whose expanse had sheltered princes and courtiers, now carpeted the plain with the variegated colours of the rain-bow looms of Indian weavers, or streamed along in stripes upon the soil, or were huddled up in bundles without a wooden supporter to uphold them. The truculent soldier, heated by exertion, stopped short over and anon as some brilliant object of inestimable value arrested his course by its splendour. He wiped his moist forehead, and, while rapture glowed in his breast, congratulated himself on his

fortune as he removed the discolouring mire which sometimes adhered to the gem. Suddenly, caught by the lustrous sheen of a new discovery, on which his fierce glance became intensely rivetted, he was so anxious for the moment to appropriate the desired object, that he would willingly have bearded a host of roaring claimants, all eager to wrench from him the grappled prize.

Among the crowd were many women of the highest rank leading children by one hand and wildly flying towards the town. Some scion or other of every aristocratic house in Persia was lopped off on that occasion, and all these noble trees were barbarously pruned in the massacre. Two thousand & sixty talents in gold formed but a portion of the plunder. The soldiers captured seven thousand pack-horses, burdened with weighty fardels on their backs. Heaven's vengeance, armed with the scourge of condign chastisement, followed fast upon the heels of the traitorous satrap; for one of his cronies, who cherished a lingering loyalty to Darius, carried to that fallen prince the head of the murdered satrap.—*Schiller*.

COME WHERE FLOWERS ARE SPRINGING, JOE !

Come where flowers are springing, Joe,
And moss-clad vales are ringing, Joe,
 'Tis sweet to hear,
 So calm and clear,
The feathery songsters singing, Joe !
O, come while the lark is high, my boy,
And the breezes wander by, my boy,
 At the darkness of eve
 Let none of us grieve,
For no star has the light of your eye, my boy !

I've loved thee long and well, my Joe,
As this fond heart can tell, my Joe,
 So let us stray
 Where new-mown hay
Perfumes you fairly dell, my Joe !
O, nought can give delight, my boy,
Like eyes divinely bright, my boy,
 Whose spotless hue
 Of heaven's own blue
Is more clear than the stars of night, my boy !

We've seen the flowers decline, my Joe,
Where golden sunbeams shine, my Joe,
 Yet what care we
 How they may be,
If I can call but call thee mine, my Joe !
Then press again to this heart, my boy,
For dear to its core thou art, my boy,
 And O, let us give
 Delight while we live,
And a blessing before we depart, my boy !

F.

GOLD.—Every mass of alloyed gold is supposed to be divided into 24 equal parts, and if 22 of these be pure gold, the mass is said to be 22 carats fine. This is the quality of our gold coin; but what is called the *new standard*, used for watch-cases and the like, is only 18 carats fine. The sovereign weighs 5dwt. and 3½gr., and contains therefore very nearly 4dwt. and 1½gr. of pure gold.

ROYAL COMPLIMENTS TO CELEBRATED MUSICIANS AND SINGERS.—The Prince Royal of Russia has presented to M. Meyerbeer a baton, in massive gold, beautifully embossed; to M. Liszt, a silver vase, ornamented with a medallion in gold; to M. Rubini, a gold snuff-box, set with diamonds; and to Mdlle. Tuozek, a rich *parure*. His Majesty also presented Rubini with the large gold medal—an honour which is only conferred on individuals of the highest merit, and also a superb antique gold ring, richly set in brilliants.

HAREM OF MEHEMET ALI.

At ten, A.M., Mme. Macrioniti, the wife of an Armenian merchant, came to be our interpretest at the harem of Mehemet Ali, and we made our way up the Bosphorus, to a little beyond the place of the sultana mother, on the Asiatic side, and were received at the door (which opens with one or two steps into the sea, like the Venetian houses) by several servants, and by Achmet Bey, a large heavy-looking man, a younger brother of Mehemet. He took us upstairs to a large handsome room, very cool, though the day was hot, with large windows to the sea, which was the apartment for the men, where the ladies never come; and soon afterwards he led us by some passages to another room, on the same floor and exactly similar to it, furnished in the same way. Placed on the cushions by the window appeared a large bundle dressed in white calico, with a blue cotton handkerchief on its head, which proved to be Mehemet Ali's mother. On nearer inspection, she had, though in bad health, evidently the remains of beauty, with fine eyes, and a gentle, amiable countenance, very like the pacha. Near her stood a small ugly effigy of twelve years old, her daughter; and beyond her another lady, the pacha's principal wife—of whom he has three. The wife and sister were in shape very like the ladies on Chinese paper; they were dressed nearly alike—one description may, therefore, do for both. An enormous pair of trousers, so wide as to be like two petticoats, completely hid the feet; the wife's were of stiff black silk, the sister's of yellow satin, both tamboured in gold; a spencer, or vest, with long sleeves of green velvet, thickly embroidered with gold, made tight to the body, over which was a long, very narrow, and tight open gown, made of the thin Broussa silk, black, and embroidered in gold, and divided into three very long and narrow flaps, which trail all around on the floor. The wife had, moreover, round her throat a black silk handkerchief, fastened with diamonds; and both she and the young one had red fez caps on their heads, larger and broader than those of the men, with the long blue silk tassel falling like a shower all about. The hair of the younger lady was mingled with curls and ringlets of spun silk; the other had her hair cut short before, like a man's; what became of it behind I know not; her eyebrows were painted, and she had a small sprig of black sticking-plaster in the middle of her forehead. The caps of both were strewed over with diamond stars, crescents, and sprigs, all in disorder, and without any kind of taste. This wife is promoted to the dignity of the superior one, by being the mother of the pacha's only child, a very handsome boy of six years old, who was brought in, dressed in a little military frock-coat stiff with gold, hooked-and-eyed very tight at his throat; his fez cap covered with diamond ornaments and strings of small pearls, with which his hair was also plaited down his back—in compliment to his first going to school, which took place, as his grandmother mentioned, three days ago: the boy was immovably grave all the time he remained. Madame Mehemet then gave us the usual refreshment of a spoonful of sweetmeats, a glass of water, and coffee—the latter in beautiful little stands, enamelled, and set with diamonds, all of which, as is the custom, she presented to us with her own hands, which, as is the custom also, were stained with henna at the tips of the fingers—a very ugly fashion, as the said fingers always look dirty. Smoking their pipes, eating, bathing, dressing, and an occasional drive in the arabas, to the Sweet Waters, or a little way into the country, forms the whole history of the existence of Turkish women.—*Lady Grosvenor's Narrative*.

STAR GAZING !

"No feeling mind can gaze upon the starry heavens without mingled sentiments of delight and admiration, and the eye is enchanted with the glorious sight; but pleasure is not the only sentiment that so magnificent a scene awakes in the philosophic mind. Enlightened by science, it penetrates through the immensity of space, and discovers in the host of heaven not mere glittering sparks, but spheres of which the magnitude is far beyond its conception—scenes bestowing light, heat, and fertility to innumerable planets and worlds!"—THE DUBLIN JOURNAL, No. 19.

I.

Brightly in your distant spheres ye sparkle,
Lamps of the dark night, high stars of heaven;
Unchanged in lustre, tho' awhile your beams
May by earth's passing mists be clouded.
What are ye? Doth on your far surface dwell
Beings like those whose hurried lives are spent
In useless toils and ceaseless troubles here?
Or, if aloft, on seraph's pinion borne,
Man might travel to your glory, would then
The beautiful tints that now encircle ye
Faded from his wondering eye, and leave behind
Nought but dull heaps of elemental clay,
Framed like that orb he lately trod upon?
Or are ye of "those many mansions,"
The resting places of the good and just,
When they have finish'd their ordeal here,
And soar'd aloft to realms of promised bliss?
Oh! in all ages, and from that first hour
When the free mind asunder burst the links
Of ignorance and walked abroad erect,
Since then ye have employed its buoyant thoughts,
Luring and baffling its inquirings vain;
And many an eye has upward turn'd
Of priest and prophet, mariner and sage,
To hail and hallow your translucent ray.

II.

Flowers of the sky! for else below nought
Doth bear similitude, that need no sun
To warm them into life with cherishing;
But planted deep by an Almighty hand
In the wild fields of space; undying bloom
For ever and for ever!—
Far watchers of the midnight! from whose lamps
Sages and wise men drew fond prophecies,
And to their light with eager hands held up
The unwritten page of dim futurity,
And tried to read, while Time stood by and laughed,
Proclaiming loud their translation false.
Oh! answer me!—What are ye? and from whence
Your light primeval? Say, when chaos reign'd
O'er the dark mass of earth's first elements,
Ere light sprang up and all was waste and void,
Were ye in being then? and on your walls
Did wondering angels throng, and gaze
Upon the new creation? as it rose
Glorious and fair from out the dark abyss!
In vain I ask; tho' eloquent your speech,
'Tis tongueless all to mortal ears, and death
Alone can teach its alphabet. And yet
I love to look upon you: better than
The orb which poets laud and coy maids love,
Give me the night, when clustering high and bright
Ye crowd the heavens like to angel's eyes,
Varied in hues, and yet all beautiful,
Even as now!—

III.

Thou! the Egyptian and Chaldean old
With sleepless care and holy zeal revered,
In the calm quiet of the far spent night,
When round their mystic shrines no sound was heard,
Save the lone sighing of the wind and lull
Of falling fountains—
Shine on! ye heed not man! designed and made
For other ends to all save one unknown.
Ye heed not man! but as your soft light falls

Upon the sea, tho' wild its billows chase,
Oh! thus unmoved, unmarr'd, ye calmly view
Whole generations sink; and as ye are,
Shall be, when earth itself has past away—
Glorious! eternal! and out-living all
The petty creatures of this lower world!

. . .

MEASURES OF WEIGHT.

From the time of William the Conqueror to that of Henry VII., the old English pound, derived from the weight of grains of wheat, was the standard, which was thus derived: 32 grains (of wheat) gathered from the middle of the ear, and well dried, made a pennyweight; 20 pennyweights made an ounce, and 12 ounces a pound, equivalent therefore to 7680 grains. Henry VII. altered this weight, and introduced the troy pound instead; this was 1-16th or $\frac{1}{16}$ ths of an ounce heavier than the Saxon pound, and was divided in the same way, except that the pennyweight contained only 24 grains, and consequently a grain troy became much heavier than a grain of wheat; in fact the Saxon pound of 7680 grains was only equivalent to 5400 troy grains, and the troy pound contained 5760 of its own grains. Henry VIII. introduced another weight known as the *avoirdupois*, and though its first object was that of weighing butchers' meat in the market, it came gradually into very general use for all sorts of coarse goods. These two legal measures of weight being thus established, and in common use over the country, the values of their standard units were at length definitely fixed by the act establishing uniformity of weights and measures in 1824. This act declares the brass weights of 1 pound troy, made in the year 1758, and then in the custody of the Clerk of the House of Commons, to be the standard measure of weight; that that weight be reckoned equal to 5760 grains, and that 7000 such grains be a pound *avoirdupois*. From this it follows that the pound troy is to the *avoirdupois* pound as 5760 is to 7000—that is, as 144 is to 175.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINES.—A discussion took place at a late meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, upon the American locomotive engines, and it appeared that their efficiency in surmounting such an acclivity as 1 in 37, with heavy loads, was incontestable, but that the quantity of fuel consumed by them was greater than was usual with English made engines. In a comparative trial of various engines on the inclined plane, an American "Bogie" engine, with a cylinder $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter, driving wheels 4 feet diameter, weighing 14 tons, conveyed a gross load of 54 tons up the incline at the rate of 12 miles per hour; while the best of the English engines, with a 13 inch cylinder, 5 feet driving wheels, weighing 12 tons, drew 38 tons up the plane at a speed of 6 miles per hour.

GRAND STRUCTURE.—The King of Bavaria is building in the park of his summer place at Aschaffenburg, near Wurtsburg, a house, which will be an exact copy of the famous house of Castor and Pollux, at Pompeii, brought to light in 1839, under the direction of the distinguished German archaeologist, Herr Zahn. The magnificent mosaics and fresco-paintings, and altar, furniture, utensils, all, in short that is curious in the ancient building, will be reproduced with the utmost exactness in the Aschaffenburg structure, so as to furnish a correct notion to the moderns of the domestic life of the old Romans.

NEGROES—AMERICAN LAW.—Judge Morrow, of Missouri, lately decided, "that a negro slave could not commit forgery, as, by the constitution and laws of the country, negroes are not recognised as persons, any more than other animals!"

THE CAPTURED SCOUT.

"The doomed Indian got leave to pay a last visit to his wife and children, after he had promised to return again to the fort at sunrise, to yield up his forfeited existence."—*From the Life of Ma-ka-tai-me-she-kiah-kiak, or the "Black Hawk."*

From the forest's secret tracks,
And the haunts of the wary beaver,
The warlike Indian Sacs
Had come to the great "Rock River;"
The rifle rang no more,
For the hunting days were over;
The squaw the wild game bore,
The maid leaned on her lover;
The feasting fires were fed
From the dark pine o'er the water,
And the wounded deer were led
By the youngling tribe to slaughter;
The otter* was uncashed
From the bamboo rod that bound him,
And his glossy skin refreshed
In the pure, cold wave around him;
And the sky wore not the cloud,
It's summer garb of even;
And the vast stream gazed up proud
On the veiless face of heaven,
Whilst stained with the wood cherry,
The mocking bird returning
With the sweet red cedar berry,†
For the mate that he left mourning,
Now sought the orange grove,
And his homeward song of meeting
Was full of joy and love
For her he knew was waiting;
And the wild cat screamed afar
And roamed the forest over,
And the snake's eye, like a star,
Peered from its leafy cover;
Whilst the crashing of some tree,
Long, withered up, and worn,
Groaned forth its imbecility,
As downward it was torn;
The echoes yelled their curse thereat,
And rush, and roar, and thunder;
And dull, dead sounds like beams fall'n flat
On a ground all caverned under.

Such was the eve that the "Black Hawk" chief
Came from the hunt of the beaver,
And his brow was clouded o'er with grief
As he stood by the great "Rock River:"
For his favourite scout was in the toll,
In red war time and danger,
Where Indian blood was the dearest spoil
To the ruthless white-face stranger;
And that scout stood by the fierce chief's side,
And told him the tale of sorrow;
But yet he'll die, ere the morning's tide,
At the sunrise of the morrow;
For he had left the pale-face foe
On the pledge of his tribe's own glory,
To return again at the morn's glow
The doomed of his own sad story.
He had painted the pole o'er his father's grave,‡

Tho' toll-worn, wounded, and weary;
'Twas well!—tho' that heart was as darkly brave,
As the gaunt wolf in the prairie.

"Black Hawk," said the scout, "my time is come
And my squaw and my sons are wailing;
You know I can meet a warrior's doom
Like one of my tribe—unquailing.
Your eye is keen and your heart is good,
And long have we hunted together;
Your rifle is sure—will you bring them food
At the wintry hunting weather?
And you can fish in the sunny lake
And spear on the shallow stream;
Then, 'Black Hawk,' for a brother's sake,
Fish and spear for them!
And you can dry up a woman's tear
When her faithful heart is breaking,
And point where my hundred war-scalps are
When the chiefs of the Sacs are speaking;
And when on the glorious war-trail out,
And the bow and the rifle are ready,
Let the 'Black Hawk' think of the murder'd scout,
'Twill make his aim more steady.
Now—now I'm done!—I go to my fate
As a bird with the snake's eye upon her;
The full moon is up, and I must not be late,
For my tribe's—for a warrior's honour."

Such was the eve that the "Black Hawk" chief
Came from the hunt of the beaver,
And sternly stood in his silent grief
By the rushing, broad "Rock River."
A swift canoe was loosed,
Where the creek was deep and narrow,
Urged by a hand long used
To rifle, oar, and arrow.
Yes! the scout was on his way,
And the "Black Hawk" thought in sorrow—
His brave friend lived to-day,
He'd have no brave friend to-morrow;
And he watched the rapid boat
As it tore its way along,
And he heard the shrill, clear note
Of the scout's defiance song.
On the distant wooded shore
He saw the vessel stranded,
And the stately form once more
At the prairie margin landed.
A cloud swept o'er the moon,
And a gloom crept o'er the river,
They passed away full soon,
But the scout was gone for ever.

The banner of England on Fort-du-Chien
Unfolded its staff like a garment of gold,
At the smile of the sun the first morn bell rang,
And the bright bay'net glanced on that strong
British hold;
And there stood the scout!! with a spirit unbroken,
And nobly he pointed aloft to the sky—
"The sun has arisen! the pale-face's token!
A chief of the Sacs has come hither to die!!!"

A moment of wonder! of cold admiration;
A few muttered sentences hurriedly said;
The lesson was lost on the proud British nation,
The muskets were levelled—
—The Indian was dead!

J. T. C.

POVERTY.—Oh poverty! hag of malice, why shouldst thou so relentlessly pursue talent and beauty? Alas! neither age, nor talent, nor goodness, can always shield from the evil eye of poverty! She comes upon the many unawares, "like a thief in the night," and happy are they who, when she comes, have friends too firm to fly her presence; for too often, like the "witch of the threshold," she scares friends and happiness together.

* The late Bishop Heber noticed on one occasion a number of otters tethered by long strings to bamboo stakes on the water's edge, and was informed that it was customary to keep them tame.

† The favourite food of the mocking bird is the red cedar berry, as well as that of the several species of smilax and myrtle.—*Wilson's American Ornithology.*

‡ This is a religious rite observed every year, after the hunting season.—*Account by M. Leclair, the Indian interpreter for the Americans.*

THE MAID OF MOURNE.

THE BLIND HARPER'S STORY.

(Concluded from our last.)

It is well!—it must be well. We would not be so fearfully tried but for some good and wise purpose; and most truly it is said, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Before the blow came, I had not thought that life could have endured so great an agony: yet, though the poor weak mind bent, and, for the while, gave way before the violence of the storm, and lay long crushed, trodden down, and trampled into utter worthlessness, still youth and manhood bore up and kept the bark of life afloat, but a wreck upon the turbid waters of despair. Oh! often have I prayed, in my days of darkened and bitter misery—may a divine God forgive the fearful crime!—that life would follow into that gloomful grave where lay my every hope.

But I need not anticipate. I said to you, sweet lady, that I would relate the simple story, and you shall have it as it befel. I will now, lest I tire you, hasten to the last—a little more, and I have done. When I commenced, I thought not of making it so long; but I feel like the doomed philosopher, and wish to see one more sunset ere I come to the hemlock of the last part of my story.

About this time my father required some law business to be transacted in our metropolis. This he entrusted to me, and with a heavy heart, at leaving my lovely and much-loved cousin, even for so short a time, I departed. The affairs on which I went required nearly a month; this seemed to me like years. While there, my mind was in a continual state of torture concerning Lucy and Frank, as I had too plainly perceived that he was an ardent admirer of my gentle cousin—who could see her and not be so?—and also that she was but too partial to his winning manners and frank, open bearing. A thousand times I was on the point of explaining to him our situation with regard to each other; but a mingled feeling of pride and reserve prevented me, and also the fear of being thought jealous.

During my absence I received several letters from Lucy. The first was written in her usual style—kind and confiding, with no fault, save that the affection in it savoured rather more of sisterly love than I could have wished; but even that style soon, too soon, changed, and her letters were full of my rival's—for so I now termed him—good qualities; tales of their pleasant rides and walks in each other's company. It was all told in her native simplicity and artless innocence, evidently without a thought of wounding me; this made it but the more intolerable, and her words burned into my brain like things of fire. At last the settlement of affairs brought my release; and never did prisoned chorister of the woods take wing for the wild haunts of former days more joyfully, than did I seek the loved retreats of my own dear native glens. My journey consumed four more impatient days; but all things must end, and at last I came in sight of home. It was summer, full glorious summer, and every thing was sweet and balmy in the air—all was joy and bliss on the earth. I reached Craig Dhu towards the close of day. I found a merry party seated in the lawn before the house. As I approached, Lucy and

Frank were singing one of her favourite duets. Many other young people were there: some came forward to welcome me; but oh! my own Lucy was the last to seek me. Frank came, and used some cold and meaningless words; an evident constraint was upon him, as if he felt conscious of having wronged me. It seemed as if their festive mirth was broken by my appearance; and though some faint efforts were made to renew it, it went on but in a constrained manner. I remained aloof, sullen and stern, for I felt I was injured. I spoke to none, for my heart felt crushed, and a choking emotion swelled my throat. Yet I observed all things, and saw what the heart of youth, of deep and deathless love, never yet saw and retained reason. I saw my rival win the smile I would have purchased with my best blood. I saw him usurp my place at her side, and, "towering in his pride of place," he dared, as I thought, to glance scorn down on my withered heart. I heard a hundred words of softness and sweet love fall on him—words, for but one of which I would have toiled year after year, and counted all as nought to gain. I heard and saw, until, with a bruised and bleeding heart, and brain of fire, I dashed madly from the spot.

I know not how far or where my wild rage carried me. I have but a very confused remembrance of my actions; but still I sped onwards, striving to escape from myself and recollection. At last strength failed me, and I fell heavily over a tree or rock: from that I remember no more for many days. I was insensible to all but pain, and fear, and rage. . . . When I awoke from my delirium, I found myself suffering from the most dreaded of all diseases, small-pox. The dark room and cautious movements of attendants bewildered me. I knew not my state, and I lay thus half alive for more than one day, before I found that it had seemed right to my Heavenly Maker to deprive me for ever of the blessing of sight! For a long time I was forced to keep my room, with the fierce torments of hell burning my soul. I was eaten up with one master-passion—one desire, intense and bitter beyond all that any, save those who are cursed with a violence such as mine then was, can form any idea of—a longing, deep and burning, for revenge. My heart yearned for the last and dearest drop of my rival's blood! yet I would willingly have spared it for a time, till my eyes could have beheld him, feeling in every sense, in every nerve, the most exquisite torture of mental pain, of wringing agony to the soul, that the ingenuity of the demon, jealousy, could devise. This feeling was fostered and increased by my principal attendant in my sick room—an old woman, who had been my mother's nurse, and had remained in our house since my father's marriage. She saw and resented my rival's intrusion, and would ever and anon bring out some fresh tale of the success of Frank's love; how they laughed, how they sang; while the former companion of their days lay in agony of body and soul, with the hand of his Maker laid heavily on him. Ere I go farther, I should, in justice to my cousin and quondam friend, say that my good nurse's love for me, and not a desire for mischief-making, led her into too hasty and false conclusions—another was preferred before me, but I was

neither scorned nor forgotten. Lucy, my still fondly loved cousin, had a heart infinitely too good and too gentle to act as she was represented. At the commencement of my illness she was constantly at our house, and did all that maidenly reserve permitted towards shewing her natural affection for a kinsman, loved as such, if no more, Frank also was constant in his attention, and even, forgetful of the danger, visited me in my sick room, but was driven thence by the wild imprecations I hurled on his name in the rage of delirium. My father heard the state of affairs from my old attendant, and resenting my wrongs, as an insult to the name, sternly forbade either of them to approach the house. These things I heard not till long after.

Slowly did I raise my enfeebled form from the heavy couch of pain. My wild rage had given way before bodily suffering and weakness, and indeed my mind had almost forgotten her cunning. When able to go about the grounds, I did so in gloomy anger, not deigning to hold converse with any one—my only companion being my dog, by whose aid I was kept out of danger. The names of my cousin and Frank were studiously avoided; yet the engagement was held good by all, save only myself. Those who knew of my rival's attentions to Lucy thought of them but as natural, and imagined they would break off as soon as I was able to take my former place. Even Lucy herself had, at this period, entertained no accurate idea of what was so soon to transpire: her heart had never been much in my favour; she saw in me but an ardent admirer, and one whom she ought to love as her near kinsman and future protector. While no other person more to her taste was presented to her view, she was content with me; but as soon as one suited in every way to her mind—one able and worthy to win almost any woman's heart—appeared, she felt for the first time those feelings I had so long and so vainly tried to awaken. In Frank she saw manners and good qualities, fit to be ornaments in every society, and almost unconsciously she loved him. All this I did not learn till long afterwards; had I known it sooner, it might have been better for me; but my rage blinded me to all but the extent of my loss.

It was my father's rage to them which discovered the mutual state of their hearts to one another; in the fervour of first passionate love, the secret was told: by words on Frank's part, by a silent blush and an eloquent sight from Lucy. Yet her words were true to me if her heart was false; she quietly and modestly showed him his error, and blamed herself for having given him any apparent encouragement.

But the tale was told; the secret of the hearts was known; she had heard of, and believed, his devoted love, and he had seen that the refusal sprang from the lips only, and found no echo in the heart. They parted at her urgent request, as if for ever.

Up to this time I had not been seen by either since the evening of my unexpected arrival at Craig Dhu. I had not heard from my cousin Lucy. The cold words, and few, which then passed between us were the last I ever heard fall from her beautiful lips; and those words, cold and few as they were, were engraven on my heart.

How fondly does the memory cling, when hope has died in the heart, to the words of those we have loved, do love, even though they be such as, in other and happier hours, we had held as cold and common place—even as drowning men will, it is said, in despair grasp eagerly at straws. Again I wander, sweet lady, from the "round, unvarnished tale." We met but once, and to that meeting I will now proceed; it took place nearly two months after I had been able to go about the country.

It was on a glorious day in the latter end of autumn that I sauntered out to enjoy, if possible, the blessing of heaven. I knew the rises and falls of the ground so accurately, that I could, with the aid of my dog, proceed in any direction I pleased, and I sought the way leading to Carrig Dhu. About half way between that place and my father's there is a ravine or deep gully, worn by the winter torrents of many forgotten ages. It is about twenty feet across, and more than twice that number in depth at the spot where it is crossed by a rustic bridge, formed of one single plank only—this was quite unfastened, and, at best, was but a precarious viaduct. The banks on each side are thickly wooded with pine, hazel, and holly, and the sweet briar, and a thousand other favourites of nature, added to the gentle murmur of the waters as they chafed and fretted themselves against the perpendicular walls of rock which formed their self-worn prison, had rendered this spot a loved retreat ever since I first discovered it. Here, then, I laid me down, and thought on the utter worthlessness of life and the pain of living. A thousand thoughts, wild and wicked, rushed through my brain; but all ending in that one exhaustless theme—my disgrace and my rival's success. Dark prayers for speedy revenge rose to my lips.

Then I thought on Lucy—her cold ingratitude, her false words, her simulated love, her hypocritical heart. I almost doubted her purity, and, at the thought, wild imprecations escaped me with all the violence of a maniac, and I thought on the words of the great Sassenagh poet—

"Frailty, thy name is woman!"

I had lain, it might be, an hour or more thus, when I suddenly started to hear footsteps approaching the bridge from the opposite side. Few words passed before the persons had crossed the bridge, and gone further down the stream on the side on which I lay; but in those few words I had recognised Lucy and my hated, detested rival!

What a crowd of fearful imaginings rushed to heart. I burned and I trembled with violent and impotent rage. The evil one gained perfect command of my mind, and wrought it to his purpose. Revenge arose again in my heart, and now a full and perfect, an exquisite revenge was in my power, and I hastened to accomplish it.

I knew they must cross the plank; not less than a circuit of three miles would bring them home again without crossing it.

Cautiously, but with fevered haste, I crept towards it; on my hands and knees I crossed to the Craig Dhu side—it was no place for a blind man to walk without a friendly arm.

When there, I easily loosened its weak hold in

the ground, and removed the end of the plank to the extreme verge, and left it supported but by a single inch. This would answer my diabolical intent in the fullest; it would permit a person crossing to attain some feet of its treacherous aid, and whenever they should have reached the centre the spring of the timber would, I was well aware, be certain to hurl it, and all on it, to an inevitable death—sudden and cruel. Such was my plan.

It was more than probable that both would be on it at the same time; but if not, my hell-born jealousy suggested to me the horrible delight of taunting the miserable survivor with their treachery to me and its punishment. I returned to the dense cover of underwood, and crouched close—my ears on the stretch to obtain notice of their arrival.

Never—never, should I live a thousand ages, could I endure again the torture of those few minutes. My pulse beat almost to bursting; I trembled in every limb; the perspiration of intense agony of terror at first crime dropped from my brow. The father of sin seemed to sit beside me. I heard, close to my ears, his horrible, withering laugh; and I thought an army of fiends sang shrilly, rejoicing at my foulest act.

I sat thus for a lengthened period, till the intense torture of mind could no longer be endured; and it pleased God to visit me in my danger, and rescue me from hell. A revulsion, sudden and perfect, of feeling possessed me; it seemed as if I had been dreaming; the reality was too horrible; and in an agony of fear, lest I should be too late, I once more gained the plank, and renewed its security. This done, I again sought the thicket, and fell on my knees to praise and thank a merciful Providence, who had deigned to remove from me a sin too horrible to be contemplated. Having sat down to recover my tranquillity, I again heard footsteps on the other side; it was but one person, and he crossed over. I had thought myself screened from sight of those passing, but I was not; and imagine the horror, the agony of fear I felt when I heard myself addressed by—my father! Supposing, as I did not answer him, that I slept, he passed on, merely saying in a kind tone—"God bless you, my poor child, you are sorely stricken, but His will be done!" He sighed deeply, and pursued his way. How exceeding fearful had been my danger!—how narrow my escape! I arose, and, with feelings much altered, sought my way home.

Ere I had proceeded far, I again recognised the voices of Lucy and Frank—he loud and earnest—she low and firm. She was, as well as I could judge, seated on the grass, and he standing near. I knew the place so well, that I was able to take, unperceived, a situation close to them, behind a rock, from whence I could overhear them. Frank was speaking—

"It was worse than useless. I tried, in vain, to obey your commands. My heart may break, but it cannot give up all hopes of you. Oh! Lucy, if you could feel but the hundredth part of what I feel, you would relent. He never could love as I love; your heart he never had; you did not love him; and what signifies the cold promises of parents, who feel nought but a sense of false worldly cunning: the warm ties of young hearts enter not into their imaginations; their feelings are dead to those of others."

She interrupted him—"Frank, this is madness; it is worse—it is sin! It must cease. Do not drive me to distraction by urging what is wrong; you will break my heart."

She was silent; but I could hear the bitter sobs of anguish burst from her gentle bosom.

"Reflect," she continued, "on what your advice, your wish, if granted, would make us both—guilty, not alone of a sin of deepest dye, but of a sin rank and foul—of treachery. You would be for ever stained in your soul with the dark mark of ingratitude. You came here, and in the confidence of friendship gained an intimacy with us, through his kindness. You, his friend, to do him wrong! Think for one moment, and you will fly for both our sakes. As for me, I will drive from my mind that I ever for a minute lost sight of his kindness, his devoted love for me, wholly unworthy of his noble heart. I will endeavour to love him as I ought. Even now he suspects me of coldness; and when in the delirium of his fever he upbraided the falseness of my heart, I repelled the accusation in my mind, for the very thoughts of my own heart were strangers to me. I knew not what I did. But it is over. I will return to my duty, and entreat God to pardon my great crime of falsehood, and to vouchsafe forgetfulness of these bitter moments!"

She ceased, and there was silence. After a time he spoke, and his thickened accents and faltering words gave evidence of the deep feelings which rent his soul—

"You have conquered!" he said. "I will plead no more. In the extreme agony of my heart I was blind; but that one hateful word, ingratitude, has subdued me; I see and lament my error. I knew not of his engagement to you till, a month since, you yourself told me of it. I was then too far gone; I could not recede. Oh! had he given me his confidence at first, this utter misery had been spared me; but the call of honour must be obeyed. May you be as happy as my love for you was deep and pure. Tell him all that has passed. We shall never meet again in life—God bless you!"

Her sobs rose on my ear like the spirits of happiness weeping over the sin of the dark world. It seemed as if all of joy escaped from her pure and gentle bosom in those convulsive throes of the mind's anguish. She rose from the ground; a low and heart-broken "Farewell" was responded to by "May God for ever bless you!" from Frank. The next moment she was gone, leaving darkness and despair, like the tempest-tossed mariners, whom the setting sun leaves to a hopeless night and cold grave!

My feelings during this scene can scarcely be imagined; but my heart was much altered in the two last hours. Lucy's gentle manner, and exquisite feeling of the right, had subdued me on the other side; Frank's explanation of his part of the affair had softened my heart. Their evidently intense love for each other worked on me more, perhaps, than all.

And could I pretend to love Lucy when asking her to be mine? I, a loathsome and disfigured object—I, who had never possessed her heart? No! I was violent, and fiercely jealous, even to madness; but was not so ungenerous, so selfish, so cruel. My resolution was at once taken. I

rose softly, and, turning in the direction of his station, said, gently—"Frank!" I heard him start violently, and he sprang to me, saying, or rather screaming—"You here, Willie! is it possible? Whence came you?—how long are you here? You have heard all?" I laid my hand on his shoulder, and said—"I have; I have heard all; and now listen calmly and in silence to me." I took his hand in mine, and, with a voice almost steady, commenced—

"Frank it is useless now to regret, yet I must regret deeply that I did not give you my confidence at first. What pain would have been saved both to you and me, what misery! I never stood too well in my cousin's regards, but now I can never hope to be other than indifferent to her. I much fear she does even dislike—"

"Willie," interrupted he, "you have no cause for uneasiness. That Lucy loves, I mean highly esteems you, I am certain. I will not enter into any long defence. That I was ignorant of your engagement, you are aware; and, being so, your own love for her is my best apology for having been mad enough to love, to worship her. Of one thing rest assured—she is truth and purity in their holiest form. Oh! that you had told me of your love; the slightest hint, and she had been to me as a dear sister. Willie, I am going far from this: be kind to her, cherish her. Sometimes, when we are separated by distance or by death, think of me as a true and sincere friend—I never meant to injure you."

"Enough, Frank," I exclaimed—"I can hear no more. Listen!—Lucy loves you and scorns me. Take her and make her happy, as she deserves to be. The deepest anguish is past. Forget that you ever knew such a one as Willie O'Neil. Be happy—God bless you both!"

The aged harper paused; he was visibly agitated. After a few moments he resumed—"Though almost half a century has elapsed since I acted my poor part in this play, yet I find my feelings are not quite so dead as I had imagined. I have little more to tell. It were useless to mention all that Frank said and did on the occasion. I parted with him that evening to meet him and Lucy the next morning, to bid farewell: it was but a ruse—long ere that morning came I was far from the home of my fathers. With my dog and my harp as my only companions, I sought the most distant and retired parts of the land. I tried a foreign clime, but soon found that, miserable every where, I could not live out of "my own dear native isle." I returned, and wandered about the south for many years, unloved and unloving, under an assumed name. Of Frank and Lucy I often heard: they made many attempts to find me, but were unsuccessful. They lived happy and respected, and named their first-born after their unfortunate friend. Some years have elapsed since they slept the last long sleep of peace."

The harper and Eveleen de Lacie arose, and retraced their steps towards home. The sun was fast approaching Slieve Guillian, and was throwing a parting blessing of effulgent light on the glowing mountains of the valley of the Mourne, or, as it is named in the native tongue, "The Great Boundary."

INNISPAIL.

March, 1843.

ON THE SPRING OF THE PRESENT YEAR.

The winter clouds are past and gone,
When smiling Spring releases the view;
The mourning heart that wept alone,
Once more doth animate anew.

The sun, that late his rays had cast
Obliquely o'er the Winter's day,
Now rises to the zenith fast,
To tell us of advancing May.

The Winter's chill has parted now,
And vernal heat its place supplies;
The scatter'd storms of rain and snow
That late had mantled heaven's skies,

Have vanished now and are no more;
Hence abstract Nature clothes again,
A happy verdure spreading o'er
Doth lift the heart to joy from pain.

Dublin, March 15, 1843.

T—R.

EMPLOYMENT.—Often, the easiest work, requiring the least physical effort, seems attended by a prolonged absence of rest and sleep far more oppressive than the heaviest labour, and the extreme exertion of strength. In fact, muscular toil checks its own duration; and it is its duration, and the consequent absence of rest, rather than the presence of exertion, which injures the body. Even heavy physical labour is often good, rather than bad for health. It tires before it has time to hurt; and this impossibility of continuing such toil for many hours secures rest. Hence we find iron forgers, masons, carpenters and blacksmiths, living long lives in sturdy strength and health. But no one, it seems, has ever known a milliner long-lived and either healthy or hearty, doing, nevertheless, the lightest possible work, needing neither exertion nor muscle. She sinks beneath sameness of posture, duration of employment, and want of rest. We must not measure severity of labour by the strength it requires, but by the reverse, except where a high order of skill is necessary to maintain a monopoly of supply. But where poverty has to fight its own way, the heaviness of the work is always, as far as it goes, a protection to health, and often to the wages of the workman, for, without a sufficiency of food, he would be unable to maintain the requisite power of muscle.

INDIAN HEMP.—Although not in medicinal use here, this plant is possessed of extraordinary powers, as a sedative, narcotic, and anti-spasmodic remedy. The resin collected from it is in general use, as an intoxicating agent, all over the East, from the furthest confines of India to Algiers. The intoxication, which is of the most cheerful kind, lasts about three hours, when sleep supervenes; it is not followed by nausea of sickness, nor by any symptom, save slight giddiness, worth recording. The subsequent effects are depression of spirits, and relaxation of the muscles in a remarkable degree; and yet the lightheadedness attending the relaxation, that free perspiration on the skin, and the increase of appetite, have made some old rheumatic persons speak of it as of the elasticity of youth. The hemp resin is most useful in spasmodic and convulsive diseases, and in tetanus it has been the means of cure in the majority of cases, and it has relieved much of the severity of hydrophobia, although it did not avert the fatal termination. It may be safely employed wherever opium is indicated. From a series of experiments on dogs, instituted in the native hospital of Calcutta, by Dr. O'Shaughnessy, we may conclude that it will prove a direct antidote—the first of its class—to strychnia, one of the most violent poisons nature affords.

SHAKSPEARE'S "TWELFTH NIGHT."

Of all the productions of the Bard of Avon, the "Twelfth Night" is my favourite drama; nor am I singular in my opinion. There have been more passages quoted from it, than from any other of his plays. Who has not heard, until the repetition has become trite and almost tiresome, the intrinsically beautiful lines with which the first scene opens? and are not the passages in which Viola so tenderly, yet sadly insinuates her passion for the Duke, in the second act, as familiar "as household words"? And then the diversity of character developed in the plot. Pass we the Duke's palace, and leave we its high-minded and fantastical master—

"Unstaid and skittish in his motions
As all true lovers are!"

alternately reclining on the cushions of his luxurious saloon, or wandering through the gardens of his princely residence. Leave we behind "the hostel in the suburbs called the Elephant," with Antonio at its casement, watching Sebastian's figure in the twilight, wending towards the city; but pass we not yon noble mansion, upon whose walls the heraldic hatchment bespeaks the visitation of death. It is the Lady Olivia's residence; and let us view its ballustrades and canopied balconies with attention; for independent that within its walls is lodged the fairest ornament of Orsino's court, it is the local habitation for three of the most memorable of Shakspeare's worthies, and beneath its roof are the intricacies of the plot of the "Twelfth Night" developed.

Let us therefore unlatch the door of this small apartment, from whence such sounds of boisterous merriment proceed, and while the smoke curls over the heads of its revellers, and festoons the dark-grained and curiously carved wainscot, let us look at the party thus uproarious in their wassailrie. Yonder figure at the head of the table, with his originally handsome face and person bloated with intemperance, his ruff all awry, his sword-belt unloosed, a swaggering air, a loud laugh, and dirty boots, "good enough to get drunk in," and an eye which unites in its rolling glance wit, humour, and sensuality, is "Mine uncle, Sir Toby Belch;" and the other diminutive personage seated by his side, with long lank hair, "like flax on a distaff," silly eye, and a vacant look, is the fair Countess's suitor, "as tall a man as any in Illyria," Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Knight; while the quaint dress and cunning expression of countenance proclaims the third individual of the party to be one of those all licensed fools who were so necessary an appendage to a nobleman's establishment in olden time, and a species of character peculiarly delighted in by our Bard. But we tarry too long below, nor must we be tempted to a longer sojourn by the arch and pretty face of Maria peeping in for a moment at the revellers; but, following her light and tripping steps, let us ascend the noble staircase which leads to the ante-chamber. Lo! here a grave and middle-aged personage, of some forty, or, "by our lady," forty-five years, with gold chain and white wand, suit of black velvet, dark and sallow visage, upraised brows, long nose, and longer chin, advances with starched air and solemn step to meet us, and with ceremonious greeting enquireth our business, and pronounceth himself as the Signor Malvolio, the Lady Orsino's chamberlain, steward, and master of the household.

To me Malvolio and Jacques appear two of Shakspeare's most original conceptions. There is, however, more life and every-day reality in Malvolio than in the indolent philosopher of the forest of Ardennes.

Again, the luckless dupe of Maria is a full-length portrait, while Jacques is but a hasty sketch, though etched with a master's hand. Malvolio is undoubtedly the hero of the piece in which he appears; while the fanciful cynic becomes by his position but connected with the sylvan scenery of the retirement of the banished Duke, and in fact could be omitted altogether from the plot, without marring its machinery. Doctor Johnson has remarked, that Shakspeare's characters "are the genuine progeny of common humanity; that in the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakspeare it is commonly a species." The truth of this opinion must strike every reader of the immortal Bard; yet I can almost fancy, in the instance before us, that the design of the character of Malvolio was drawn from individual life. It is not improbable that some such person had offended the poet by his insolence of office, and that, as in the case of Sir Thomas Lucy, he thus revenged himself, by holding the mirror up to nature. Every other personage in the play hath some resemblance, however faint, to certain characters in Shakspeare's other dramatic works. Falstaff and Sir Toby Belch, Slender and Aguecheek, thus have, as it were, a family likeness; but where is Malvolio's equal or comate? and yet, the poor steward is harshly treated, and, to use his mistress's words, "is most notoriously abused." And wherefore? The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap—simply for obeying his lady's injunctions, in curbing the boisterous levity of Sir Toby, who (we speak it with shame) required the check. At a time when the fair Countess had little relish for rude mirth, being "much out of quiet," as Maria remarks, since the visit of the young messenger from the Duke—was this a time "to make the welkin ring, and rouse the night owl in a catch, that would draw three souls out of one weaver"?—a question not to be asked. No marvel, therefore, that our worthy Malvolio, charged with his lady's strict commands, and shocked at the flagrant indecorum of Sir Toby's wassailrie, should exclaim—"My masters! are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, or modesty? Is there no respect of place, persons, or time in you?" And yet, for this, the poor steward is most "notoriously abused," and made the dupe, "the very geck and gull" of the entire household!

Viola is a most exquisite creation; she is the essence of everything that is loveable in the female character—gentle, soft, retiring, suffering sorrow meekly and uncomplainingly: in every scene and situation she nestles in our hearts and wins our esteem. How beautifully does she hint at her passion for Orsino; yet, with a feminine modesty, does she, when speaking in her assumed character, struggle to veil it!—

"My father's daughter loved a man
As it might be, (*perhaps*) were I a woman,
I might your lordship."

And then (oh! rare Shakspeare)—"What was her history?"

"A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Prey on her damask cheek; she pined in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument
Smiling at grief. Was not this love? Indeed
We men say more, swear more; but in deed
Our shows are more than will—for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love!

Duke.—But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Viola.—I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too—and yet I know not—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke.—Ay, that's the theme," &c.

How artfully does she bring back the Duke, puzzled by her answer, "I am all the daughters of my father's house," to the subject of Olivia, knowing that the mention of her name would banish all other ideas from his breast. Every line in the fourth scene ought to be written in characters of gold; there is more poetry contained in its passages than in any other scene of the play. How beautifully brief are Viola's answers to the Duke in this scene—

"My life upon it, young tho' thou art, thine eye
Hath stayed upon some favor that it loves.
Hath it not, boy?

Viola.—A little, by your favor.

Duke.—What kind of woman is it?

Viola.—Of your complexion.

Duke.—She is not worthy of thee. What years?

Viola.—About your years, my lord."

How well hath the poet delineated the ardent yet reserved nature of a youthful and enamoured girl in those replies. Tobin in his "Honeymoon" has certainly copied Zamora from Shakspeare's Viola—in fact, she is Viola's youngest sister, and both are beautiful; and in the scene where Zamora in a similar manner expresses her passion for Rodrigo, the Irish minstrel has fairly thrown down the gauntlet to his immortal predecessor, and retires neither dishonoured nor unapplauded from the contest. Poor Tobin! I have often mused in the ruined churchyard which holds your remains, without a stone to mark their resting place; and as I sat on the fragments of the broken walls that lay strewn around it, and looked on its green graves and tangled weeds, I thought how ill suited was a mind that could embody such imagining as Zamora to struggle with the cold and harsh ever-day realities of life that you had to contend with.

There are but three of Shakspeare's heroines who have not donned the masculine attire; and, in my opinion, to none is it so graceful and becoming as Sebastian's sister. There is a wild exuberance of gaiety about Rosalind which likes me not; and the careless way in which she speaks of having met her exiled parent, after so long an absence, lacks somewhat of the touch of nature.

"But what talk we of fathers
When there are such men as Orlando."

Again, there is Julia in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona"—fond, weak, and complaining Julia; she so assumes the page's gaberdine, but it suits not the fair haired mistress of the fickle Proteus. The st is Imogene, a beautiful and finished creation, and, but second, to my heroine; nor is there a slight shade in the brightness of her character—her recklessness of Lucius' danger when doomed death by Cymbeline. But to return to Viola: when commissioned by the Duke to woo the Countess, how feelingly does she answer—

"I'll do my best
To woo your lady; yet, baneful strife,
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife."

When in the scene with Olivia, after her assumed identity of manner, how her womanly curiosity peeps

"Good madam! let me see your face;"

When the touch of natural jealousy expressed in

"'Tis excellently done, if God done all!"

When, when that passing emotion has departed, her generous disposition bursts forth in praise of her rival—

"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose
Red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning
Hand laid on!"

bespeaking the high minded and disinterested nature of a girl worthy to be an empress.

The character of the fair Countess is placed in direct opposition to Viola's in this scene, and yet the difference, apparently so palpable, between them lies more in their respective positions than in their natures. The sudden passion that Orsino's mistress feels for his youthful ambassador, at first appears strange and indelicate; but we are half prepared for it by a speech of the Duke's in the first act—

"How will she love when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affection?"

Ardent, impetuous, absolute mistress of her own actions, the very obstinacy with which she refuses the Duke's overtures, "why she cannot tell," proclaims her character. We can imagine her at an early age, the indulged and petted favourite of her brother, without a wish ungratified, and then left mistress of a splendid inheritance, and accustomed to give way to every fancy, and have every wish obeyed; the very generosity of her nature aids her passion for one who is

"Above his fortunes, tho' his state is well."

On the contrary, Viola, equally ardent and impetuous by nature, has been schooled by adversity to curb and conquer her feelings; yet we find her cherishing as sudden a passion for the Duke, (she has been with him but two days;) but those emotions, which in Olivia grow into such wild exuberance, in Sebastian's sister are pruned and trained by the lessons which early sorrow and sad experience has taught her into fit and feminine beauty. However, even in her most passionate moments, there is a genuine and inborn delicacy so apparent in Olivia's advances, that although she has reversed the order of

"Not being won unsought,"

still she woos with such a blending of bashful boldness and graceful forwardness, that he who can condemn her must be cold indeed.

How beautifully minute are some of Shakspeare's touches! Look at Olivia's conduct in the fifth scene, at her interview with the Duke. The Duke and Viola both address her at the same moment, and disregarding the pride and pomp of Orsino's court, her answer is *first* to his humble and unnoticed follower—

"What says Cesario?—Good, my lord!"

I have remarked before that more poetical passages are contained in this than in any other of Shakspeare's dramas; permit me to select one out of many proofs of the assertion. In the second scene of the fourth act we read—

"For woman as are roses, that fair flower
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour."
"Quam longa una dies setas tam longa roscrum,
Quas pubescentes juncta Senecta premit
Quam modo nascentem, rutilus conspexit eous
Hanc rediens sero vespere vidit anum."

One of our more modern poets (Bloomfield) has paraphrased almost Shakspeare's words—

"Ah! fallen rose, sad emblem of their doom,
Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom;"

and Malherbe, the French poet, in his elegy on the death of a young lady, has a line which may be thus translated—

"And lived a rose as roses live,
A fleeting morning's space."

It were easy to adduce many more instances, and to heap quotation after quotation with very little

more use than wearying out your reader's patience, and displaying my own learning—of the latter, my stock was ever slender, and of the former, I am afraid I have exhausted the ample store which their good nature has furnished me with by this long article; I shall, therefore, dismount from my hobby, and conclude with wishing

"Each and all good night,
Happy dreams and slumbers light!"

THE DIAMOND.

Charcoal is the basis of the vegetable kingdom, and exists largely in animal structures. The diamond is the only pure specimen of carbon which has yet been discovered in a mineral state; by carbon, we mean nothing more than the pure matter of charcoal. It may, indeed, seem astonishing, that the hardest, most brilliant, and the most valued of all the gems which mineral nature affords, should differ in no chemical condition from a piece of stone-coal—a little impurity in the latter excepted; but it is equally surprising, that this same hard and ponderous coal should be identical in its chemical characters with the soot which may be collected over the flame of a pine torch. This flame, indeed, yields a soot which is almost pure carbon, and which, in this divided state, is well known under the name of lamp-black. This may be collected in almost absolute purity over the flame of a candle, and it is then identical in chemistry with the diamond. This is not a hypothetical assertion, but a fact which has been submitted to the severest experimental scrutiny. The diamond is charcoal crystallized.

Diamonds have not hitherto been found of large size; but a few have become celebrated on account of their exceeding the averaged dimensions. Thus the celebrated Regent Diamond of France, which the Emperor Napoleon caused to be set in the handle of his sword of state, weighs 136 carats, and is now valued at £160,000. It was found in Golconda, and was purchased by Thomas Pitt, grandfather of the great Earl of Chatham, while governor of Madras, for £20,000, and was sold by him to the Regent of France for £100,000.

The Emperor of Russia has a still more famous gem, and which, moreover, has a history. It weighs 193 carats, and is said to have at one time formed one of the eyes of the famous Indian statue of Sheringan, in the temple of Brama, and that a French grenadier, who had deserted into the Malabar service, took such a fancy to it that he became priest to the pagoda. In this capacity he found means to extract the diamond eye, and to replace it by one of glass. His next business was to escape to Madras, where he disposed of the gem for £2,000. The purchaser, a ship captain, resold it to a Jew for £12,000. From him it passed, with a decent profit, to a Greek merchant, who finally disposed of it to the Empress Catherine of Russia, for £90,000, and an annuity of £4,000. A still larger diamond was possessed in the time of the traveller Tavernier, by the Emperor of Mogul—a kingdom that has since ceased to be; it weighed 279 carats, (out,) and was reckoned worth upwards of £400,000. But the largest known gem of this order seems to be that belonging to the Rajah of Mattan, in the East Indies. It is of the "purest water," and weighs 367 carats, and therefore, according to the scale, is worth upwards of £1,000,000. It was found about a century ago, and, although its possession has cost several wars, it has remained with the Mattan family for nearly all that time.

The largest diamond, which has been furnished by Brazil, is in the possession of the crown of Portugal. It weighs 120 carats. Brazil, however, is the only

country in the world where diamonds are mined at the present day, and it sends to Europe, annually, from 10 to 16 lbs. of them. Of this quantity about one-third is contraband.

The diamond is the only substance which is capable of cutting glass. Some other hard substances, it is true, scratch it, but none fairly cut it like the diamond. Dr. Wollaston ascribes this peculiar property of the glazier's diamond to the peculiarity of its crystallization in rounded faces and curvilinear edges adjoining the curved faces, entering as a wedge into the furrow opened up by itself, thus tending to separate the parts of the glass. For glass-cutting, those rough diamonds are always selected which are sharply crystallized—called technically diamond sparks: but cut diamonds are never used. In order that the crack, which causes the separation of the vitreous particles, may take place, the diamond must be held almost perpendicularly to the surface of the glass.

The depth to which the fissure caused by the glazier's diamond penetrates, does not seem to exceed the two-hundredth part of an inch.

Diamond cutting is effected by abrasion. The diamond to be cut is fixed upon the end of a handle in a small ball of cement. Another diamond is also fixed in a similar way, and the two stones being made to rub against each other with considerable force, mutually abrade each other, and produce those small flat surfaces called facets. Other facets are formed in like manner, by shifting the stones into new positions in their beds, and, when a sufficient number are produced, the stones are fit for polishing. This is done upon a circular plate of cast-iron, charged with powder produced during the process of cutting. The operations are all upon the principle of "diamond cut diamond."—*Engineer's Magazine.*

LETTERS TO BEPPO, MY FAVOURITE DOG.

Oh! death, thou mighty power, why take from me
My little dog?—no triumph sure to thee.

His happy welcome, kind and faithful heart,
Friendship and affection! how hard to part!

Snatch'd in a moment from my anxious care,
No relic remains save thy form most rare.

An idol he! perhaps too fondly dear,
Forgive the fault—it springs from love sincere.

Forget thee?—No! thou pretty'st of thy race!
Whose playful gambols I lov'd so oft to trace;

Am pained for thee, though quiet in thy shade;
Dear Beppo! thou a deep impression's made.

Give me, kind heaven, one friend but half so true,
And in return my heart I yield to you.

His master's breast felt sorrow at his knell,
In silence sigh'd—dear Beppo, fare thee well!

Gloucester-Place, March, 1843.

ELIZA J. M.—R.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"W. T."—Your paper is in type, and shall have a place in our next number.

"E." "E." "H. R." and "D." received.

"B. H."—Continuation of "Stray Leaf" in our next.

Several approved communications await insertion in regular course.

Many articles are declined in consequence of their extraordinary length. We wish to impress the necessity of brevity upon our contributors.

"Walter."—The tale is well arranged, but objectional matter is mixed throughout. Prune, and we shall insert it.

"L. O." and "H." inadmissible.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors at the Office, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications are to be addressed, to the Editor.

The Trade supplied direct from the Office.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 22.—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

A FEW LEAVES FROM BENJAMIN BLOCK'S LOG.

THE LIEUTENANT TURNED SHIP'S DOCTOR.

Breakfast over, I, Benjamin Block, midshipman of the watch, not having anything else to do, was walking quietly to and fro on the lee-side of the quarter-deck, when I was joined by young Stanley, who had just ascended from the sick boy and began to narrate a circumstance that occurred whilst he was there, and that with such *naïveté* and irresistible humour, that I burst into an involuntary fit of loud and uproarious laughter.

"Hollo! hollo! gentlemen," bellowed forth the officer of the watch—"Old Leviathan"—so logged by the "middies," from his being a huge creature that had been born

"On the wide unbounded sea!"

"Hollo! there—what, in the devil's name, do ye mean?" he cried, as he approached with a grim and most vindictive visage—"has all respect for his majesty's quarter-deck vanished from your minds? or do you think me no longer your superior officer? Such a mutiny against discipline I never witnessed. Away with you, sir," addressing me, and pointing with his speaking-trumpet aloft, "to the mast-head; and you," to Stanley, "to the fore-top-mast. I'll teach ye better manners, and be d—d to the pair of ye. But first, sir, you, Mr. Block, tell out the cause of this outrage, and out with it quickly, I say!"

There was nothing for it, but to relate what Stanley had told me, which was as follows:

He had gone to "the boy" to see poor Wilson, our messmate, who was lying ill in his hammock, (in a part partitioned off for officers,) and had not been long there, when the doctor arrived, followed by a host of maimed, lamed, and afflicted sailors and mariners. After seeing Wilson and such as were confined to their hammocks, Doctor Jackson began with what he called his "extern patients," and after dismissing the greater number of whom, a man, named Williams, the gun-room cook, presented himself. This unfortunate devil, with his melancholy and dismal countenance, appeared the very personification of disease: twitching at every

limb and writhing at every muscle, he looked like one whom some deadly internal ailment was slowly gnawing away from life.

"Well, Williams, my man," asked the doctor, "do you feel anything better this morning?"

"Better!" repeated the patient, with a woe-begone smile—"No, doctor; I believe I'm doomed never to be better in this life."

"How did you sleep last night?"

"Sleep! I don't know what sleep is; sir, I never sleep; night or day it's all the same—always awake, always in pain, always miserable!"

"What! Williams, do you mean to say you never even slumber?—never discover that an hour has passed over your head unnoticed?"

"I do, sir; not a moment passes without its agony; and no wonder, when I tell you that I always feel as if each part of my body were twisting in opposite directions—some parts coiling with the sun, and others, like a Dutchman's hawser, full against it."

"I confess I don't know what to do for you, Williams; your case presents the most singular instance of contrarieties—aye, if even half you describe be true, you're without doubt the first living phenomenon of the day. Blisters, leeches, bleeding, cupping, opiates, liniments—all have been tried in vain; and I must add, submitted to with resignation: however, I'll order a powder for you to-night."

"Thank you, doctor: how am I to take it?"

"In a little water."

"Perhaps, doctor, you would have no objection to my taking it in a little grog, my stomach is so weak."

The doctor made no reply, but turned to another patient; and the moment he did, the dying cook seemed suddenly to become possessed of a new and enchanted existence; his drooping eyes lit up, his limbs steadied and fixed to the plank; and those same muscles which before appeared flaccid and nerveless, now readily lent their assistance to show off in the most approved style one of Spring's beautifullest pugilistic attitudes: nor did he remain motionless and calm, like a model for a statuary,

or any such poetic piece of perfection. Oh! no—he appeared to have an aerial adversary before him, and behind the doctor's back, at which he aimed the mightiest blows—parrying, retreating, punishing—advancing now with all the appearance of reckless desperation depicted in his features, and again a cool audacity, mingled with a degree of sneering derision. At length, when his visionary foe had seemingly dared him to a death struggle, and his exertions in consequence became furious in the extreme, Doctor Jackson's duties had ceased, and with them as instantly the cook's specimen of pugilism was at an end. The reversion of character was as extraordinary as the invasion, for poor cooky was again, to all appearances, as before, the same miserable, helpless, hapless, suffering object.

"Am I to have the grog, doctor?" he asked, in a whining tone.

"Why, yes, we'll let you have it this time, at any rate," and he left "the boy."

No sooner was the door closed after him, than Williams gave a kick up of his heels, and at the same time the wink of a rum'un towards his friend and messmate, Jack Harper, captain of the head, as much as to say—Didn't I do that well, Jack? This was the cause of our great breach of quarter-deck etiquette; and I do firmly believe, from the many—I was going to say "laughs," but Lieutenant Meanwell could not possibly think of laughing, after the severe reprimand he had just given us—yet, from his many *half* laughs and purser's grins during the recital, I have no doubt but that he was just as well disposed to indulge as we were, being prevented, however, by that habitual respect which he, in common with most naval officers, are in the habit of paying, and seeing paid, to that most aristocratic part of the ship.

Whilst the foregoing tale was telling, it was quite evident both to Stanley and myself, that "Old Leviathan" paid not as much attention to the sequel as the commencement—not that he was altogether inattentive to what was said, but something appeared to be passing busily before his mind. His small grey eye twinkled in his head, and, what was still more agreeable to us, he seemed to forget everything about the mast-heading. Already had he commenced his usual quarter-deck walk, when suddenly stopping, and confronting Stanley, he said—

"Tell me, youngster, did Williams see you looking at him in 'the boy'?"

"No, sir."

"Are you perfectly assured of that?"

"I am, sir."

"Well, then, I particularly command ye both not to breathe a word of this matter to any body in the ship, nor talk of it even to each other in the cockpit; and, above all, don't let the doctor get the least hint of it: if you do—mind—damme if I forget the mast-heading a second time!"

So saying, "Old Leviathan," turning on his heel, adjusted his spy-glass, and with a meaning smile lurking in the corners of his mouth, went to the weather gang-way, and sternly stared at the horizon; but his thoughts were evidently some where else. Soon after Dr. Jackson came on deck.

"Good morning, doctor."

"Good morning, Meanwell."

"Is your list getting smaller, doctor?"

"Why, yes, I think it is."

"How is poor Coxhead?"

"Very ill, indeed, poor fellow; I fear he'll soon be in the sail-maker's hands."

"Is Jones's leg anything better?"

"Yes, I think, since we stopped his grog, he's rather improved; but I'll tell you what, Meanwell, it's very hard to cure a scorbutic man's leg who feeds on junk."

"Take care, doctor, that he hasn't it under $\frac{1}{2}$ -pay."

"Under $\frac{1}{2}$ -pay! What the deuce do you mean?"

"Bandaging a *half*-penny over the sore, to keep it open."

"By Jove, likely enough, Meanwell. It's an old trick, but in this instance 'tis played by an old hand, and I rather think not very easy of detection."

"Aye, aye, doctor; but from the day I was born under a gun and reared over it, I never suffered one of the rascals to humbug me. Do you know how we managed the sore legs when I sailed in the "Thunderer"? I'll tell you, sir—we boxed them."

"And may I ask, what am I to understand by boxing them?"

"Doctor, 'twas well that you came aboard a man-of-war, else you certainly would never have known more than half your profession. I'll answer for it, that Sir Astley Cooper and Mr. Abernethy had been a long time afloat. The mode of proceeding is this—Let the carpenter make an oblong box of stuff $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{3}{8}$ thick, sufficiently long and wide to hold the leg, measuring from the cap of the knee, and deep enough to hold the foot resting on its heel; when nailed together, let the carpenter cut right down, fore and aft, through its centre, so as to divide it into two equal parts: hinge one end, so that it may open and shut lengthwise, like a midshipman's watch-book; and in the other cut a round hole, large enough to take in the patient's thigh above the knee, much in the manner that pillory stocks embrace the ankle; when the leg is in, close the lid, and fasten it with such a lock as will bid open defiance to the tricks of the armourer or any of his mates; this done, stop the grog, and the man must get well."

"I think, Meanwell, they spoiled a first-rate medical practitioner when they made you a sailor."

"You are pretty smart yourself, doctor, thanks to the ship for it. Indeed, the only fault I have to find with you is, being afraid of sending the men too soon to their duty."

"If I am wrong, Meanwell, I err on the side of mercy; besides, I must say, that any man undergoing for a long time the usual course of medical *regime* under false colours, is in the end sufficiently punished for his dissimulation, and will seldom or never again be inclined for a repetition."

"Doctor, doctor! you're not yet aware what some of our old sea-dogs can bear—aye, if it were merely for the satisfaction of outwitting their superiors; and, speaking of the 'side of mercy,' how long do you intend to be merciful to our cook, Williams, who is already three months off duty?"

"Oh! as to that fellow, I don't know what the devil to do with him. I wish he was sent ashore to hospital."

"What does he complain of?"

"An admixture of every known disease

medical world ; but what puzzles me most, and where there can be no bawling, is the state of his stomach, whose membranes are so excessively irritable, that even the most sedative medicines will not rest in it ; yet, notwithstanding, he doesn't appear by the strictest investigation to have lost an ounce of flesh."

Nature had done a good deal externally in helping Williams to dissimulate, of which art he was, without doubt, a perfect master. He had naturally a dirty, pale, haggard, and most cadaverous-looking countenance, small sunken eyes, no whiskers, long lank hair, and an acquired shambling gait ; " but a mighty and mischievous genius lay hid under this uncouth body." He followed a rule adopted by consummate rogues and able statesmen—that of elegantly mingling, with chemical precision, a compatible quantum of truth and falsehood ; acting upon which principle, he swallowed every morning, a few minutes before the doctor's expected visit, a sufficient quantity of tobacco to act as an emetic, which had the two-fold effect, for the long time already stated, of sickening himself and deceiving one of the faculty ; and God only knows how much longer still the deceit might have been carried on, had not young Stanley seen him enjoying a so remarkably healthy interval. To continue our narrative—

" I suppose you give him up, then, doctor, as a bad job ?" said the lieutenant.

" I certainly do, Meanwell."

" Nevertheless, doctor, if you have no objection, I feel satisfied I could, in a very short time, cure him of all his complaints."

" How ?"

" Oh ! that's best known to myself. Do you give him into my hands—I'm serious—I pledge you my honour he shall have no foul play ; you can see him as often as you please ; and if you cry stop, that moment I belay."

" And you think you'll cure him, Meanwell ?"

" I'm sure I can and will, and that in a creditable and expeditious manner."

" Try it then, with all my heart ; if the captain has no objection, I have none."

The conversation about Williams here terminated, and Meanwell again swept the horizon with his glass, ordered another pull of the fore-sheet, again joined the doctor, with whom he was fast adjusting the affairs of the nation, when the captain made his appearance on deck.

" Well, Mr. Meanwell, I am happy to see that the day has turned out much finer than I expected ; appearances this morning were very much against it. How's her head, quarter-master ?"

" Nor-west-by-nor, sir."

" This nor-east wind is very cold ; I wish we were ordered to the Mediterranean, or some other warm climate—what say you, doctor ?"

Doctor Jackson having given an assenting reply, handed in his report of the sick, observing that Coxhead was on the brink of dissolution.

" How are the rest getting on ?"

" Moller is discharged, sir, and gone to his duty, and the rest, with one or two exceptions, are improving."

" Is there anything in sight, Mr. Meanwell ?"

" No, sir, nothing but the brig to leeward."

" You must know, Captain Cumberland," said

the lieutenant abruptly, " that the doctor has given one of his patients into my hands, and I only wait your leave to set him all to rights again."

" What ! taken a patient out of the doctor's hands. Who is he ?"

" Our cook, Williams, sir."

" Oh ! that d—d good-for-nothing rascal ; if you can enliven him a bit, you'll have my best thanks ; but take care that you do him no bodily injury. You know, Meanwell," he continued smiling, " there's such a thing as being obliged to reeve the yard-rope with a toggle in it."

" Very well, sir—I'll even run the risk."

" But seriously, Mr. Meanwell, do you think he is worth your trouble ? He has never done a month's duty since he was pressed, and then only as cook's mate, or cook's mate-minister."

" Still, sir, I think he's a good man, for you may remember, about a fortnight ago, in the first watch, when we were taken aback in that heavy squall from nor-west, and the ship nearly thrown on her beam-ends, it was Williams who then let go the fore-top-sail halyards so quick ; the breeze freshening, he went on the fore-castle, and there attentively watched the weather, evidently thinking that there might be more in the coming squall than was contemplated on the quarter-deck : bye-and-bye he very quietly took a turn of the fore-top-sail halyards off the cleet, and then stood by till the squall caught the ship. No sooner were the orders given to lower away the top-sails, than the remaining turn was off, and down came the fore-top-sail by the run."

" You seem to know your man's worth, Meanwell. I hope you know his disease as well."

By this time, the master, who had been taking the observation of the sun, reported twelve o'clock ; the boatswain piped to dinner ; the deck was relieved ; and nothing occurred till the following morning watch.

As the bell struck one, (half-past four in the morning,) I, being for duty, and having taken a sallad (small nap) since the quarter-master had called me at eight bells, (four in the morning,) sprang to deck and gave the word—

" Pipe the watch, and idlers aft, to muster."

" Aye, aye, sir," was the response.

The people having come aft, I commenced calling out their names from my watch-book by the light of the binnacle, passing over those whom I knew to be on the sick-list, when I was interrupted by the officer of the watch.

" Mr. Block, did Williams answer ?"

" No, sir ; he's in the sick list."

" Send for him."

" Pass the word there for Williams to come aft."

" Aye, aye, sir," was responded by two or more of the ship's company.

About five minutes having elapsed, and Williams not yet appearing, Lieutenant Meanwell, in an impatient tone, said—

" Mr. Block, I ordered you to send Williams aft ; where is he, sir ?"

Making no reply, but going forred, I called out—

" Main deck there, pass the word for the ship's corporal to send Williams aft here at once."

In the mean time a couple of men ran down the fore-hatchway, close to which was Williams' ham-

mock, where he lay fast asleep, and rousing him roughly, cried out—

"Bill, Bill, turn out, turn out!"

"Who says 'turn out'?" demanded the slumbering cook.

"The officer of the watch."

"The officer of the watch be d—d! I'll not turn out: I'm on the sick list, and his pea-soup ought to have told him that already. I say, what o'clock is it, Harry?"

"Past one bell; the watch is mustered, and are now busy coiling up the ropes, and getting the sand and stones aft to wash decks. By Jove, the midshipman of the watch is again calling out for you."

At this moment the glare of a lantern broke in upon them, giving due notice of the approach of the ship's corporal. The two men, guessing pretty well the purport of the visit, started for the deck, whilst Williams commenced a vocal series of the most mournful groans, for the benefit of this awesome functionary.

The corporal having arrived at his destination, and stopped to catch breath, which was necessary from the stooping position he was obliged to adopt in passing under the men's hammocks nearly from one end of the lower deck to the other, began thus:

"I say, cook, don't you hear your name called on deck?"

"Is that you, corporal?" whined forth the cook, with a most dolorous cadence—"oh! Mr. Cruckshanks, I've had such a desperate night of it!"

"Come, bundle out, bundle out, man!" roared the corporal.

"Oh! Mr. Cruckshanks, I've had such a horrible night of it!" remonstrated cookey.

"Will you bundle or not?" demanded the corporal.

"Indeed I'm not able, Mr. Cruckshanks; I've had such a frightful night of it!"

"D—n your 'ohs!' 'nights!' and 'cruckshankses!' I'll soon let you know whether your clews are made of nailor's rods or not. Stand clear there! stand from under!"

Williams saw, by the light of the lantern, the flash of the corporal's knife-blade, and was at once convinced of his determination of cutting him down "by the head"—a very summary mode of hammock ejection sometimes practised in the navy, and, from the ejected oftentimes getting a sprained thumb, wrist, or broken head, besides being heartily laughed at into the bargain, is not over and above much relished by seamen: so he instantly essayed to spring out, but the knife had already done its duty on the head-clew-lanyard, and down tumbled the hapless cook, scarcely half-wreathed in bed-clothes! And now the loud voice of Lieutenant Meanwell was heard roaring out—

"Main deck there! Boatswain's mate! where the devil, sir, have you been stowed away to? why don't you send Williams aft here? Start him at once, and give him a d—d good starting while you're about it."

Though Williams, from smartness and attention to his duty previous to getting sick, neither deserved or got the taste of a rope's end, he was nevertheless well aware of its effects, and in the few moments or rather seconds allowed him to pick himself up, fast resolved in his mind the best

means of eluding the corporal, who always carried a cane, for the same purposes as the boatswain and his mates do the rope's-end—which cane having perceived extended horizontally, and at arm's-length, with the intent, no doubt, of giving him a side cut, (the hammocks preventing any other,) and having nothing but his shirt on, (pursers' too being none of the longest,) he snapped up his trowsers and jacket, and started for the fore hatchway, not, however, before he got a few cuts on the hind-part of his lower limbs, being at that time the fairest and nearest part of his person to the industrious corporal. He had scarcely raised his head above the combings of the hatchway, when he was unexpectedly assailed by a shower of overwhelming stripes from the boatswain's mate, who lost no time in putting into execution the orders of the lieutenant. The cook had nothing now for it but a hasty retreat—so, throwing everything aback, he began to descend, stern foremost, to the lower deck; in doing which, he had again to encounter his adversary of the lantern, who, hearing the engagement on the main-deck, stood perfectly cool and prepared to meet the enemy on the lower; and, accordingly, the moment Williams began to descend, forth sprang the cane in full execution, and that in such a raking direction, that nothing saved the unfortunate sufferer but the natural strength of his stern-frame (Sepping built.)

During these events not a word was spoken by any of the parties—the cook being too intent upon escape to ask for quarter, which, of course, he well knew would be denied; while the corporal and boatswain's mate were equally anxious to follow up the chase—the latter of whom, seeing Williams back astern down the hatchway, lost no time in jumping after him and joining his colleague in pursuit. Williams, having the start, rushed under the hammock at the larboard side of the lower deck, towards the eyes of the ship, passed over to the starboard side, and, having dropped his pursuers five or six yards, was making all sail towards the hatchway ladder, when he unfortunately stumbled over a clothes-bag that happened to have rolled out into the gangway: picking himself up as quickly as possible, away he dashed for the main hatchway, not, however, before he received a bow-chaser from the boatswain's mate—a pretty good hint that the enemy was not far astern. If the coast was clear, and there was a fair run for it Williams could have easily cut-stripped his enemies; but in the present case he had to contend with darkness and the thousand and one things continually rolling about by the motion of the ship; besides, being constantly entangled in loose hammock lashings, and sailors' clothes-bags and mess-kids: finding, by these unseen impediments, that little or no head-way could be made, and that the assaults astern were becoming more "fast and furious," he had recourse to stratagem, which his fertile brain soon supplied.

J. T. C.

(To be concluded in our next.)

GOVERNMENT GRANTS OF MONEY TO IRISH INSTITUTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1843.—Royal Dublin Society £5,600; Royal Hibernian Academy £300; Royal Irish Academy £300; Belfast Academical Society £1,950.

THE HOMELESS SON.

(Continued from No. 31.)

"I cannot forget the words of the housekeeper," continued Eliza, "and I do think they are just, and that the charity of these clergymen was of an ungenerous kind—to seek at the destitution of the rightfully-entitled the comforts of aliens, of strangers, whilst our home is made desolate, and necessity has scattered the sisters of its hearth! The will originally made was now altered, and scarcely more than named were the former legatees—all the legator's wealth, arisen to him from his inherited fortune and an enriching profession, was now handed over to the stranger, with one of his fraternity, as *bona fide* disposers thereof!"

"And was there not to be found one amongst our cousins—one amongst my father's friends, with sufficient boldness to question these proceedings when known?—none of the friends of my uncle's sisters?"

"Ah, yes! there was one, a daring and polished young man, our cousin-german, who, maddened at the transfer—the dark transfer, which had been made of right to wrong—presented himself before the affrighted recluses with an array of lawyers and documents, to demand, in the name of justice, the honest disposition of the wealth. It was in vain!—The remorseless executors, in the security of successful oppression, and the ascendancy of their character, recounted the blessings purposed by the present will, in upholding religion, and how minor all other ends to that; and argued that the trifles to be appropriated to relatives bore decent proportions to the more important one of the will. It allotted fifty pounds to papa! and a sum not exceeding one hundred, in dividends, amongst three other members of my uncle's family, beside the hundred he bequeathed you, leaving a sum of thirteen thousand pounds at the disposal of his ecclesiastical executors in ready money, with fourteen hundred pounds a-year arising from houses and lands! Law proceedings were immediately instituted by our cousin, and rather than undergo the *exposé* of public courts, the executors compromised with him by an allowance of five thousand pounds—he received the sum and was quieted; since then, he has not been heard of. None other sought redress, and they live the undisputed inheritors of the property!"

"Eliza's stare became wild as her large black eyes rolled round the bed-chamber, visiting in their range the visage of a death-stricken and afflicted parent. She felt alone; no mother was there, nor were the confidence-giving moments of a sister any longer to be found! no resting place was hers but the tomb! Oh! heavens! well, well did I understand that absent gaze, and read upon its vacancy the frettings within."

"And there," said the infant-woman, baffling as it were the agony and sorrow in which her heart was bursting, "there is the likeness of mamma! it is very like her; Mr. Southwell, my sister's husband, did it; it is mine; he gave it to me."

"She pressed it fervently to her lip and replaced it. As affectionate and sorrowing tears swelled her eyes, which actually melted in agony as she hastily turned away to indulge the feeling, I grasped her youthful hand, and placing it in mine, with a

protecting air, 'Eliza,' said I, 'you must no longer dwell on the topics just mentioned, nor admit one single reflection tending most remotely to melancholy. The past we cannot recall, nor can we expect to mitigate present affliction by recurrences to things so dreary. There is but one source of redress—it is, God! Dreamy and useless are all other resources. Divine Providence, in his unsearchable judgments, allots bitter cups to the weaker children of sin, who drain them to the very dregs in the secretness of an obscure home or the lonesomeness of forgetfulness! but the glories that await a proper submission to His still merciful ordinances, are more resplendent than all mundane lustres! and better be afflicted with a blessing, than wallow in luxury and affluence and be accursed.'"

"In a tone similar to that in which this counsel was given did she return a ready submission; she calmly uttered 'True, true, Charles,' and left the room."

CHAP. VI.

"What is the worst of ills that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To see each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now!
Before the Conserver humbly let me bow!
O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroyed."

"Ho! well, what now?" I exclaimed, as Eliza turned on the following day into the apartment allotted me, her eyes bathed in tears and covered in hands and handkerchief. "Anything serious, Eliza?" as she hesitated to speak.

"Ah! yes, Charles; the doctor declares papa has not long to live! Oh! indeed, indeed, I am a sad girl, and am destined to waste youth in sorrow!"

"Do not, oh! do not, I pray you, Eliza, do not indulge in murmur against the Lord's decrees. If He will, shall we oppose? He has made us for Himself, Eliza."

"Aye, Charles, but—"

"But," returned I, softly, "we are unwilling to be His children and heirs of His kingdom."

"But if papa die, I shall then be alone, and there will not be one to care for me, except—"

"I, dear Eliza," in a firm tone, was rejoined by me. "The sob, the look, and confiding pressure of my arm upon which she leaned, spoke the heart's ease; and with the attachment peculiar to a sister's bosom did she recline her taper form in reposing her head upon my shoulder. How much is it not in the power of man to alleviate the griefs and compose the momentary agitations of woman? A kind word, a feeling sentiment well timed, a look in sympathy, often secures their gratitude, and brightens the gloom to which their over-ruling susceptibility too often consign them. She, the waxen taper of the domestic circle, eternally consumes her own chaste existence to its happiness, and lights the dark untrodden purposes of her lord, or recalls by the mild beam of her eye the darling of her affections from the haunts of dissipation to the haven of her virtuous and faithful bosom! How base the fiend who dares approach this sacred vessel of light with defiling hands, or puffs upon it the foul air of deceit, to divert a passing humor and decoy it from its hallowed uses for ever!"

Oh! woman, 'tis man thy credulous spirit has to blame if thou'rt false, or thy innocence blighted, lost. Dare such a man—dare I," cried M'Dermott, indignantly, "raise my head to the throne of grace? No! no! My inmost thought withers as it flies by my scorching—"

"But let us not diverge, M'Dermott," interrupted I.

He resumed.—"A few moments unstrung her from me, and soon after did I witness the dismal scene of death's relentless inflictions upon my venerable parent's life—it was the last his harassed existence was fated to endure. The long, unnatural sleeps which preceding for some days this final visitation, prepared us to a degree for the shock, and the calm, unmeaning gaze, and child-like disposition, forbode some sudden transition. Seldom during this period was I found absent from the stranger's couch, whereon was yet lodged the ruin of my sire. I was broken-hearted that he, too, was homeless, and I turned in anguish from his pillow. The agonising writhings of his attenuated body, and the dreadful contortions of his features, resulting from the drag upon his nerves, as life hung weightily from their extremities, made me horror-stricken, and I turned again from the immolation to pine at the infallible end of human frailty. Oh! if angel tears have being, and that romance and fiction, however false in circumstances of detail, but too often paint their characters in genuine reality, have they not here a subject worthy the one and truly suiting the other? The ante-chamber of eternity! suffering humanity's last stage on life's lock-up, where it awaits in dreadful suspense! The terrific knock at the great gates has already pealed its blow, and the hollow resound affrights the spirit from its delapsd tenement! I heard a deep unearthly heave. My father was no more! We were orphans! Some twenty minutes e'er he fled to his fathers, a heavenly peace shed its calmful smile upon his sainted lineaments, and soft as the rosy slumber of infancy was his in the Lord! When we might say his spirit felt the approach of Divinity and was about to wing its mystic way, he exclaimed, with pathos and love.—'My God and my all.'"

Evidently M'Dermott's energies were wasting, by suffering the burning tortures of his mind to combat against him, and was visibly sinking into a state of langour; the struggle heightened as the subjects of detail awaked the fiercer and less gentle emotions of passion. It would have been unavailing, perhaps wrong, to seek a cessation. And, supported in an upright position in his bed, the early part of the following day he resumed:

"Very few months found Eliza and myself the occupants of 'Green Villa,' within a short distance of my native city. Lovely and romantic, its situation commanded from its height a partial view of the bay, whose water bore upon its ruffled surge the steady merchantman and pleasure skiff, amongst which betimes the turbulent steamer weathered the gale and rode triumphantly o'er the bruised and yielding billow; whilst our simple home afforded within its retreat commune with these noiseless beauties which nature paints in her hours of seclusion! The violet and lily, the laurastina and tulip, with the white and blushing rose, were here shaded by the sweet-scented boughs of

lilac; and the gooseberry and myrtle graced, in soft and verdant variety, the neater beds; whilst the odorous brier and white-thorn blossom mingled their sweets 'mong the glowing beams which broke their stored and blended fragrance upon the outer and adjacent arable, as the gentle sweep of the sea breeze softly melted them into outpourings of hyacinthine and spiknard effervescences! The slight declivity from our cottage was like some well-cared hot-bed of nature, whereon Phœbus rarely looked, save with a "pause of the fondest delay," gifting its varied spots with a freshness and bloom, in which its more prominent shrubs of laurel and ivy were ever clad; and if the poplar and beech, the pine and ash, whose spiral tips were overlooked by an occasional old oak, be here unnoticed, the little grove, nevertheless, beautified and furnished the rare. There was no less order in their plantations, nor less gratefulness felt along its shady and gravelled walks at mid-day, than could be sought for at the couches of the administering semblances of chaste, unsullied innocence, and those harems of delicacy and odour bespangled in crystalers, as their god bade his 'adieu to the lily,' his 'farewell to the rose,' and onward with viewless speed betravverses the regions of his other possessions, visiting with light and beauty the mysteries of the skies, gladdening their people with the smile of morning!

"Engaged as I now found myself in the literature of the day, and identifying myself with its politics, little could I enjoy the beauty and attraction of our new dwelling. Eliza, during my long days of absence, was the sole possessor of our borrowed territory; her constitution demanded, though her delicacy but seldom permitted her to attend to the flow'ret, and add or transplant its mates as taste suggested; and well did the passer-by perceive that no unskilful hand exercised its influence over those matchless parterres. She had one companion, seldom two—if sisterhood could be cemented without blood, it was here. Emma Hill, our friend, possessed more claims upon our gratitude than could be told, and sacred was the sentiment held by Eliza towards her. Truth and innocence were the silken and slender cords by which she was held and strung to the soul of Emma, round whose person she bound her warmest affections, by Emma's many kindnesses and untiring attentions. Miss Hill, too, was homeless, and the blighting influence of providence doomed her to travel for honourable sustenance. Relatives she had, but hollow; and into the wide and undefinable plains of hope had she stepped, and left to choose a path—the proud and exalted one of governess she steered, through which she had already known 'many homes'—need I add, as many masters, and perhaps thrice that number of deputy ones?—'to please' whom she had but too strayed, in defiance of the principle she followed in her situation. Human character was no mystery to her; necessity ministered to those fated laws by which her position, however ennobling, is too often, alas! adulterated, making content that exceptionable thing which we have very often reason to attribute to the unworthy actions and demeanor of household 'ladies' and mis-shapen 'honourables'! Young, beautiful, and accomplished, Emma was the first of woman-

kind with whom I held any freedom of conversation, and the mere passing civilities of coach travelling gave rise to after events, which have added a ponderous item to the list of injuries I have sustained through life, and press me even to death by their cruel and ungenerous continuance. Introduced to Eliza, I often spoke of her in language above respectful; she won our confidence, and no secret was long hidden from her. The occasions permitted by her city engagement to make visits, &c., sufficiently proved to us her sincerity, and we really felt happy in her presence.—I did at least. The witness of every scene previous to my father's death, she left nothing doubtful or questionable in her demeanor to rank her foremost amongst our friends.

“If purer essences than frail flesh be moulded at times into human forms, to serve as prototypes to universal humanity, influencing them to the noble offices of comforters to each other—to place the soothing hand upon the fevered temples, and smoothe the care away from the drooping brow—to fau into stillness, by the sweet and gentle breath of consolation, the beating and enduring heart!—and oh! if looks from woman could teem with divinity, and melt affection's darling sensations into torrents of bliss, swelling the heart to which they are directed—they sprung from thine, loveliest form and wildest of women, Emma! About the ordinary height, she wore a figure and countenance that could win the flattery of the most fastidious—a gracile waist, swelling thence into magnificent proportions, passively elegant mid the graces and airs of a thousand societies. Wit, beauty, and excellence beamed in her rich and luxuriant eye, 'neath the gossamer profusion of silken ringlets, alighting upon, without exaggeration, a neck and bosom of pearl! Never did I behold a more delicate and inviting lip round a mouth of perfection, set in ivory; the features, bust, and lovely hands were a tissue of velvet flesh; from every lineament beamed innocence and exquisite sensibility. For Emma I lived!—in her bosom I built my home. In the pride of my very heart, and in the secret transports of my own thoughts, did I view and dwell upon a future, blessed with the full possession of her mental and personal charms! Did she love me!—She had borne her first-born, and was forsaken by her monster seducer!

‘Go, go—’tis vain to curse,
 ’Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
 Hate cannot wish thee worse
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.’”

(To be continued.)

CREAM AND BUTTER.—Cream consists of the globules of the milk, which rise to the surface from their lightness, and which contain the butter in the form of pulp, enveloped in a white, thin, and elastic pellicle. The action of the churn is nothing more than the rupture of the pellicle, and it is the fragments of this pellicle which whiten the liquid called butter-milk; the acidity which manifests itself in this liquid at the instant when the butter is formed, is due to the immediate contact of the butter with the acid principles of the milk.—*Romanet's Microscopic Observations.*

DIVISION OF TIME.

A year consists of 365·24224 mean solar days—that is very near 365½ times the average interval which elapses between noon and noon. The odd quarter-day is allowed for by adding one day to every fourth of a year, giving what we call leap-year. This is virtually the same as adding a fourth of a day to every year, which is rather too much, since the excess of the year above 365 is not ·25, but only ·24224 of a day: our average year is therefore made too long by ·25—24224=·00776 of a day. This quantity amounts to a day in about 128 years, or to a little more than 3 days in 4 centuries. This error is corrected by making only one out of four of the years which close the centuries to be a leap-year. Thus, A.D. 1800 was a leap year; 1300 will also be a leap-year, but 2000 will not. With these exceptions we can readily find whether any year is a leap-year, as it occurs every fourth year. To each leap-year a day must be added, namely a 29th day must be given to February.

It is found that a pendulum of a certain length—varying, however with geographical position—makes 31556929½ vibrations during the time that the earth makes one revolution round the sun, and consequently makes 86400 vibrations in the average interval which elapses between noon and noon—that is, in one mean day. The time which this pendulum takes to make one vibration, we call a *second*; the time of 60 vibrations we call a *minute*; and the time of 3600 vibrations we call an *hour*.

INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.—The North American Indians suppose that when the soul is separated from the body, it preserves the same inclinations which it had when both were united. Hence they bury the implements of war and the chase with their bodies, and bring provisions to the grave. Some of the Indian nations believe in the transmigration of souls, especially of the souls of those who die young, and who, therefore, have the privilege of commencing a second life, because they enjoyed so little of the first. Hence, children are buried along the highways, that the women, as they pass, may receive their souls. From this idea of their remaining with the body arises the duty of placing food upon their graves, and mothers have been seen to draw from their bosoms that nourishment which those little creatures loved when alive, and shed it upon the earth which covered their remains.

A PARISIAN BELLE.—A French woman is all June. Even in the dog-days an English beauty dresses as though afraid the wind may change, or as if the weather looked threatening. If not on her shoulders, there are always half a dozen shawls and boas in the corner of the carriage. But the Parisienne, like the cuckoo, has no sorrow in her song—no winter in her year. Her draperies are light as her heart. She comes forth for her parties of pleasure gay as a butterfly—fresh gloves, fresh shoes, her chip bonnet trimmed with flowers, from which one might almost brush the dew; and a dress, concerning which one longs to inquire how she managed to get into it—so untumbled and neat is every fold. And then she is predetermined to be amused, and consequently sure to be amusing. Her day of pleasure hath neither yesterday nor to-morrow—no unpleasant reminiscences, no jarring apprehensions to disturb her cheerful mind; prepared to enjoy the bright sky which Heaven has placed over her head, the green herbage under her feet, the admiring friends who share these pleasures in her company—self seems to have disappeared from her calculations when she took leave of it on quitting her toilet; that is, self is so exquisitely a matter of worship with her, that she has to hit upon the exact mode of rendering it a matter of worship to other people.—*Ainsworth.*

AWFUL CALAMITY—EARTHQUAKE IN THE WEST INDIES.

(Extract from a letter dated *St. Pierre, Martinique, February 14th, 1843:*)

"We had another and most awful earthquake, by which our island was fearfully shaken for about one minute and a quarter, on Wednesday, the 18th of this month, at half-past 10 A.M. I had just breakfasted, and was reading at the table when it began. Fortunately no accident has happened either here or at Fort Royal, further than some walls being cracked and some chimnies of sugar works having fallen in the country; but the handsome and populous town of Point-a-Pitre, in the island of Guadaloupe, is literally a heap of ruins. The earthquake lasted there upwards of two minutes, and brought down every stone building; after which a fire, caused by the falling of the houses on the forges and distilleries which were then in activity, consumed all that the earthquake had spared. No exact account can yet be had of the number of victims, but they must amount to 6,000 or 7,000, about one-third of the population. This is really horrible, and has thrown us all into consternation. It did not however prevent us from attending immediately to the situation of our distressed fellow creatures. The instant the disaster was known, five or six vessels were loaded as if by enchantment, and provisions of all kinds, clothes, doctors, &c., were despatched to their assistance, accompanied by a deputation of three of our merchants, of whom B—— was one, offering every assistance in our power. Upwards of 26,000 francs in cash were subscribed in a few hours, even the negroes offering their sous and quarter francs. The municipality of St. Pierre voted 20,000 francs, and more than 15,000 francs were given in provisions and necessaries, making upwards of 60,000 francs collected in St. Pierre in the course of twenty-four hours. It was really curious and affecting to see the Place Boertin for a few days. Women of all classes seated in all directions making lint and bandages. Trays of clothes and provisions coming in on all sides, packing and shipping. In fact, our whole population actively employed every way that was supposed might be useful to the unfortunate survivors of the Pointe. Our deputation has returned, and the accounts they give are most heartrending. B—— says that the town is a perfect quarry, and, what is most dreadful, many natives, whose cries might be heard in the ruins, could not be assisted on account of the violence of the flames, which burnt them to death. In short I cannot give you even a faint idea of the horrible catastrophe. Basseterre has had its houses shattered, but none fell. All the works on the estates are in ruins. Guadaloupe will not recover from this visitation for years to come, and men that were rich before the earthquake are now beggars. Antigua has also suffered greatly; the stone buildings of St. John's were thrown down, and cisterns destroyed, but very few lives were lost. Dominica has had its share, but the houses being of wood did not fall, and no lives were lost. In fact, all the islands have been more or less shaken, but the further you go from Guadaloupe, the less the earthquake was felt, which proves to me that the inflamed gases found their issue at the Pointe. There the earth opened in several places, emitting mud and sand; and flames were seen to issue from the sea in the interior of the harbour. There was a second, but slight shock on the same day at 10 P.M. It did no harm, but

caused great alarm. This is the third violent earthquake which has occurred in the West Indies since 1839. Fort Royal—the Cafe—and Pointe-a-Pitre—are all built upon swampy and made ground, which is worthy of remark. It is really frightful to think of. When B—— left the Pointe on Saturday morning, the stench from the ruins was intolerable, and I fear that it will excite pestilence amongst those who survive."

EARTHQUAKE AT LIVERPOOL.—On the 10th of March, 1843, about one o'clock in the morning, the shock of an earthquake was felt in Liverpool and its neighbourhood. Persons were awakened out of their sleep by the shaking of their houses and beds. No damage was done: the only thing remarkable about it was, that it was the third experienced, apparently having the same range, within a few years past. The first took place on the 20th of August, 1835, and the second on the 11th of June, 1839.

The shock of this earthquake was also felt in Belfast and neighbourhood.

A THOUGHT ON THE PAST.

Ah! can I feel as once I did
When youthful bliss beam'd round my path,
And sorrows from mine eyes were hid,
Those sorrows which experience hath?

No! no, the flow'ret quickly fades,
No more to bloom beneath the ray
Of life's young sun, that in the shades
Of anguish fast declines away.

Fernicious clouds! to veil the light
For ever from these weary eyes,
Of hope and all of hope's delight,
That once hath shone in milder skies.

The fair horizon of the past,
O'erspread with silver tints at first,
Was darken'd, with a storm of o'ercast,
When long and threaten'd thunders burst.

'Tis that dark storm of years and age
That, borne on Time's far-spreading wing,
Within this breast doth wildly rage,
And bid me on the past to fling

Mine eyes where infancy first smil'd,
And cradled innocence hath slept,
And ev'ry childish play beguill'd
The hours for which I since have wept.

Near Finglass, Dublin,
March 20, 1843.

A. D.

ADMONITION.—If we would but read the lesson which kind Providence has printed on the face of Nature, for our benefit and improvement—if we would but study the alphabet of fate, and remember that each leaf which falls, each flower that dies, is but the emblem of man's kindred doom—how much of the selfishness, the discontentment, the coldness, the viciousness of life would be swept away, and earth would be but a proof-sheet of Heaven's fairer volume, with errors and imperfections it is true, but still susceptible and easy of correction and amendment, ere its pages were unfolded before the high chancery of Heaven!

LONG FLIGHT OF A CARRIER-PIGEON.—A carrier-pigeon was liberated from on board the Mary transport on the 13th July, 1842, in lat. 27 14, lon. 54 46, by Lieutenant Horrocks, 78th Highlanders, (which regiment was then on board, on passage to Bombay,) having a button of the regiment attached to its leg by a piece of brass wire. On the 23d of the same month this pigeon flew on board the ship Strabane, of Glasgow, on her voyage from Calcutta to Britain, in lat. 34 41, south lon. 22 33—having thus flown a distance of nearly two thousand miles in ten days.

SULPHURIC ACID FROM IRON PYRITES.

In another part of this Journal* will be found an accurate description of the method adopted in manufacturing the commercial oil of vitriol in these countries. It will be perceived that it is formed by the combustion of sulphur with nitrate of potash or saltpetre (as it is commonly called) in certain proportions—the changes that ensue during the process by which sulphurous acid is converted into sulphuric acid being entirely dependant on the supply of oxygen derived from the atmosphere, the vitrous acid acting the complimentary part of a carrier between both gaseous substances.

In the north of Europe different materials are used for the manufacturing of this important article of chemical industry. Pyritic iron ore is here plentifully diffused, and being of much less value than the more costly Sicilian sulphur, and equally well calculated to fulfil the purposes to which the latter is applied, is consequently more advantageously employed by those who manufacture this acid on the large scale. Pyritic iron ore is a compound of two portions of sulphur with one of iron, combined with other impurities—it is a bisulphuret of iron, and the principle of the operation used consists in submitting this ore to the action of heat, or burning it, as it is commonly termed, by which process a portion of its sulphur is converted into sulphurous acid gas, which, being conducted into leaden chambers similarly circumstanced with ours, becomes converted by the absorption of an additional dose of oxygen into sulphuric acid; whilst the iron, becoming oxydized during the process, enters into combination with another portion of the sulphuric acid that is generated, giving rise to the formation of a sulphate of iron, which remains as a residuary product.

The acid thus obtained, being but in a very weak state from its dilution with water, is further concentrated by evaporation before being sent into the market as a vendible article. It differs from the acid manufactured from the Sicilian sulphur by being less pure, being impregnated most commonly with arsenic contracted from the ore during its process of manufacture.

The residual sulphate of iron, or green vitriol, as it is termed in commercial language, in some parts is afterwards subjected to a process of destructive distillation for the purpose of abstracting all the acid capable of being yielded from the ingredients without the least possible loss. The acid thus obtained being in its most concentrated state, containing only an atom of water, which seems necessary to its chemical constitution, is termed the "glacial" or "fuming acid," from the circumstance of its evolving dense white fumes on atmospheric exposure.

In some manufactories, particularly where other chemical substances are made—for example, sulphate of soda or "glauber salt"—the sulphate of iron is differently disposed of; it is mixed up with a certain quantity of the chloride of sodium or common salt, which, being subjected to heat in a suitable apparatus, gives rise to the production of hydrochloric or muriatic acid gas, that issues from the decomposition, which passing over becomes reduced to a condensed or liquid condition; whilst the liberated sulphuric acid

enters into combination with the soda, forming sulphate of soda, which is afterwards purified by repeated solution and crystallization. The remaining peroxide of iron, with other impurities, are not rejected as useless; on the contrary, for the purpose of rendering every portion of the substances used in the process as available as possible, as well as profitably so to the manufacturer, he disposes of it in the most advantageous manner. By the operation of washing it is separated into two portions. The finer portions obtained are removed and dried, and being mixed up with grease is much used as an anti-attrition for machinery, which is found to answer admirably well, whilst the coarser and more unfit parts for this purpose are collected, made into balls, and when dried treated as iron ore.

The colcothar remaining after the manufacturing of the fuming acid is similarly treated, and applied to the same purposes as the refuse in the latter operation; so that it will appear that there is not the least possible waste in any instance where iron pyrites are used for the manufacturing of oil of vitriol.

W. T.

* "Sulphur and its Combinations"—Page 260.

IRISH ART UNION.—The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Sir Edward Sugden, having lately visited the Royal Irish Institution, Mr. S. Blacker, the honorary secretary of the Irish Art-Union, inquired of him as to the assumed illegality of Art-Unions. Sir Edward stated his opinion that the laws did not in any way apply to such societies. Mr. Blacker having expressed his gratification at hearing this, Sir Edward said—"If you like, I will give you that opinion in writing," and taking a pen, wrote an order on the Royal Bank to pay the Art-Union three guineas annually until further notice—thus giving his opinion in the most satisfactory manner, by joining the society.

DUBLIN POLICE.—£31,400 is the charge for the maintenance of this force and the convict depot for the year 1843.

TOBACCO.—The introduction of the use of tobacco forms a singular chapter in the history of mankind; and it may well excite astonishment that the discovery in America of an acrid weed should have so great an influence upon the social condition of all nations; that it should have become an article of extensive commerce; and that its culture should have spread more rapidly than that of the most really useful plants. At the time of the discovery of America, tobacco was in frequent use amongst the Indians; and the practice of smoking was common to almost all the tribes. They even pretended to cure a great variety of diseases by this plant. Its introduction into Europe was everywhere marked with ridicule and persecution. King James the First's "Counterblast" is well known; a hundred other works of the same character were published in various languages; Pope Urban the Eighth excommunicated all those who took snuff into churches; the Empress Elizabeth of Austria also prohibited the use of tobacco in religious edifices; and, in Transylvania, an ordinance was published, in 1689, threatening those who should plant tobacco with the confiscation of their estates. The Grand Duke of Moscow and the King of Prussia forbade its use under the penalty of the loss of the nose, or even death. At present the aspect of affairs is so much changed, that all the sovereigns of Europe, and most of those of other parts of the world, derive a considerable part of their revenue from tobacco.

A STRAY LEAF FROM THE CHRONICLES OF SIENNA.

(Continued from No. 30.)

CHAPTER VI.

"With cautious tread
He reached the cell and gently drew
The bolts—
Within that dungeon's furthest nook
He lay."

DONAL COMM.

Separated from his faithful negro, Montanini was shut up in the darkest and most remote dungeon of the prisons of the signoria; beneath the foundations of which lay concealed many a victim of despotism and intrigue, and whom it concerned the guilty policy of their enemies that they should for ever be forgotten,

Kept concealed, apparently not without design, the young nobleman was not even allowed the consolation of seeing his sister, who had spent a good part of the two days that had passed since his confinement in making useless attempts at the gates of the Pallazzo to gain admittance—every thing being under the controul of Castruccio, who seemed determined to gratify his implacable hatred either by the death or life-confinement of his prisoner.

The third day after his arrest, and while he was striving to obtain a little sleep on his straw bed, he thought he heard a stifled sigh which appeared to come from the lower end of the dungeon. he rose up in astonishment, listened again, and hearing it this turn more distinctly he advanced, groping his way to the place from whence it seemed to come, under the impression that some one was confined in his neighbourhood, between whose cell and his own there was some direct means of communication, which he found to be exactly the case.

But as the voice had ceased, and fearing the loss of what, circumstanced as he was, he considered of the greatest moment, forgetting also his own situation, he cried out to the unknown, asking, "if he could be of any assistance to him?"

A hoarse voice replied, after a short silence—

"Of what assistance can you be to me?—are you not a prisoner yourself?"

Recalled to himself by this answer, the young man exclaimed, in a despairing sense of his condition—

"You are right; I did not consider; I have made you a foolish offer, and can only pity you."

"It is a long time," continued the voice, which seemed to belong to an old man, "since I have heard accents of kindness. For ten long years I have heard no sound but the voice of my jailor or the grating of bolts and the creaking of doors, through which I cannot pass. You may see in me an instance of the vicissitudes of fortune, for only ten years ago, and I was rich, noble, and powerful: to-day I am no better than one of the stones of this gloomy dwelling. But can I be informed of the name of my unfortunate companion?"

"Certainly," replied the latter, aloud, deeply affected by the long sufferings of the poor old prisoner—"I am a Montanini."

"A Montanini!" screamed the old man: "a Montanini! Young man, young man, do not impose on me. A Montanini!" he hurriedly re-

peated; "I have wherewithal to obtain a light and I shall look at you."

He had scarcely finished speaking, when Montanini heard, with the utmost astonishment, the noise as of a door that would conduct from his own cell into the next opening, and a sudden light, which illuminated his dungeon, showed him in the new comer a figure rendered so hideous by the frightful length to which his hair and beard had grown, and his being covered with accumulated filth of ten years spent as a close prisoner, that he started back in horror and disgust. However, his new acquaintance, either not observing or disregarding this exhibition of delicacy, when near enough, he raised the burning torch he carried in his hand close to the countenance of Montanini, and continued to observe his features for some time, while there appeared to be an actual fascination in the gaze which Montanini fixed on the old man.

"It is he! yes, these are his features! this is his living image!" muttered the old man when he had finished his examination. "Look, young man, look at the state to which they have reduced one of your family. Regard me well, and tell me if you can recognise in me the Count de Padrello?"

"You—you—here—in this condition; you, the noble count, my mother's brother!" said Montanini, advancing towards him; "you whom I believed to have been killed in the great conspiracy ten years ago!"

"It was not so; they spread a report of my death, and then shut me up here, in order to satiate their hatred by my living death. Oh! the only comfort I would wish for," continued the old man, pressing together hands more like the fleshless claws of a skeleton than the hands of a living man, "before the extinction of the dying spark of life within me, would be to have in my power, here alone, the author of all my misfortunes, the infamous Castruccio."

"Castruccio!" cried Montanini, like one startled.

"Oh!" continued Padrello, "if you knew him, there would be no need for me to tell you that it is he that has put you here. These dungeons, twelve feet square at most, are reserved for his numerous victims. The sob, and the cry within, go no farther than these walls; these arches swallow up the sound of our grief, and we are as far as if oceans and deserts lay between us from the sympathy of the world immediately over our heads. But we are not alone," he continued, stretching out his arm and moving the torch slowly round him. "I have often been waked by the starved prison rats running over me, and smelling to my face and the exposed parts of my person, no doubt ready for a repast on me when in the unresisting position of sleep or death; and I have been as often disturbed by feeling the cold, slimy creep of the toad under these rags for warmth. Yes," he continued, seeing the horror depicted on the young man's countenance, "there have been times when I thought I would become mad. I felt a stifling sensation at each breath I took of the heavy air: yet was it cold as these damp walls. More air, more room, I must have, or I would turn on myself. I knew of this door from the first; indeed, it was that suggested the idea of enlarging my allotted space, and by dint of

perseverance I succeeded in forcing it open. I had been a long time in possession of this trifling enjoyment, until you came, as I thought, to limit the extent of my walks. But tell me, of what does this villain accuse you, or rather what have you done to him that he has sent you here? Ah! I perceive, the old story—the civil wars, the contests between the nobles and the republic. You have been taken while defending your rights with arms; this, I suppose, nephew, is the crime they impute to you?”

“No, uncle; the disputes continue, it is true, but I have not taken part with the nobles.”

“What!” exclaimed the old man, “is it a Montanini that tells me he has sided with the republic?”

“Nor that either, uncle,” replied young Montanini, coolly.

“Well then explain yourself; you are of neither party!” said the count, his little sunken eyes shining like sparks of fire; “you are of neither party!” he repeated, in a tone of incredulity. “How can that be?—why or for what reason have you rendered the name of Montanini a blank in the proud records of nobility?”

“Because the nobility have neglected every duty they owed in honour to their country—because they have only consulted their own interests, selfishness, or vanity—because they wished to triumph by calling in the foreign eagle, and were ready to march to victory over the carcasses of their brethren and the ruins of their country. As to the republic, or, at least, that which is commonly so called,” continued he, contemptuously, “I trust I shall never so far forget myself as to mingle knowingly in the disgraceful intrigues that are the source of political power—intrigues that, from their sheer superabundance of cunning and corruption, carry the seeds of ruin in themselves. I have withdrawn myself from everything of the kind; and if I would express anything thereby, it would be that all such proceedings are in direct opposition to the honour and interests of my country.”

“But what would you have your countrymen do?” inquired the old man, his eyes still fixed on Montanini, who, on his part, did not lose sight of him.

“I would have them, in the first place, repel foreign invasion; then to establish a government, be it kingly or republican, or what you will, provided it please both God and man—a government that might extend a protecting hand over all, and may be able to calm, without its being itself overwhelmed by, those waves that threaten the wreck of our political vessel in its present deserted condition.”

“Oh! child, child, this power, this government, is a mere dream.”

“Why cannot holiness be associated with the throne?” replied Montanini; “and may not this storm, the fury of which has lasted for so many years, be the precursor of a brighter day to us, when the sun will raise what the storm has laid? The earth is broke before it becomes fruitful; the acorn has to bear the brunt of many a storm before it becomes an oak; the bird must suffer pain before it renews its feathers; and the insect that creeps to-day will have wings to-morrow. Oh! be

assured that the moment I can confide in those who rule over us, I shall not lie useless, and my country will not need calling on me a second time. After the love of thee, oh! my God,” continued the young man with enthusiasm, “there is no love so pure, so holy, or so noble, as that of country—it gives a mental elevation, and throws as it were a halo of sanctity over the family, its possessor, that no other merely earthly feeling is capable of.”

Montanini was here interrupted in his rhapsody by a noise, apparently on the same corridor as that leading to their cells; and the old man suddenly extinguishing his torch, hurried into his own cell, carefully fastening the door of communication. Just as he had gone, a key was put into the lock, turned, and the door opened, when in walked, to his astonished master, with many a blink and turn of his head, and placing his hand over his eyes, trying to see through the darkness, our old black friend, Malko.

We must now endeavour to make up for our apparent neglect of our worthy friend, which the attention naturally due by right of precedency to his master can alone excuse.

After being secured in a cell away from, but on the same corridor with his master, he sat down on the handful of straw that was to serve as his bed, opposite a small distant opening that admitted the least quantity of light from one of the dull and sulky prison squares. He continued in this position for some hours, with his eyes fixed on that pale light, as if he wished to compare its chill and dullness with the glare and heat of his own burning home. Still motionless, he had not even turned his head when the jailor had come to bring him his evening meal, and night came upon him still in the same attitude, thinking, as he had ever done since the first day of his exile, of the golden sun of Africa. However nature has wants which she is rather positive in asserting, and in this turn, too, she was not unsuccessful, as by an increased excitement of that disagreeable feeling caused by an empty stomach, she succeeded in rousing the negro from his dreams of distant lands to the realities of a cold, dark prison, and the necessity of eating bread as cold and black. When he did set about eating, he at all events proved the necessity he lay under of doing so, for he appeared not to take breath between the first mouthful of what was left him by the jailor and the last—the whole, indeed, disappeared in what to ordinary people would appear a very short time; and he finished by carefully picking up every, even the smallest, crumb he could, and depositing them in the same capacious store-house to which he had consigned their predecessors. After performing this to his satisfaction, he then took the straw which he had collected into one heap and spreading it out to the utmost extent possible—to do which, without letting the ground appear through it, was rather difficult—he laid himself down to sleep.

The space of time that is marked by ninety consecutive seconds had not passed when the most harmonious notes were coming from the nose of our musical friend the negro, to him sweet as the notes of his own pipe at eventide. To the weary man what is happiness but rest? He slept till late the next day, and awoke more resigned; and, with the exception of an obstinate attention to the

little hole whence came the light he loved, he exhibited no other signs of discontent.

The third day of his captivity, and a short time before the Count Padrello's visit to his nephew, Montanini, the jailor, who seemed at that time sadly to want a few lessons from some Father Mathew of his own day, entered the negro's cell, bringing as usual his food; but instead of going away immediately, as he was obliged by the prison rules, he squatted down on the floor directly opposite Malko, who was already deeply engaged in discussing with himself the merits of the viands before him.

"Dost know, blacky," he began, "if they set to work as quickly about you as about your master, I shan't be obliged to go many such walks as my present one."

"Eh! what's that about my master?" cried Malko, pricking up his ears, and stopping short in the middle of the disposal of a large mouthful.

"What about your master is it? you're a queer fellow; his job is done; he'll be hanged, that's all."

The last words had scarcely passed his lips when Malko had his hand on the jailor's throat, and before a thought could enter the latter's head of what it was all about, he was stretched on the floor with the negro's knee on his chest.

The jailor strove to rise, but he might as well have tried to move a mountain—the enormous strength of the ponderous black rendering him quite powerless.

"Your keys!—where are your keys?"

"My keys!—what do you mean, nigger? you joke; come, let me go, and I'll swear to you by all—you like, to take care of you, and not to leave you want anything; come, let me go now."

"Your keys!" repeated Malko, with awful coolness, when the jailor had done. "Tell me where they are or I'll strangle you," he continued, looking down at him for a short time, and literally carrying conviction to his heart by a gentle *inuendo* in the way of oppression from his knee, and an experiment on the small scale on his neck of the compressive power of his thumb. The argument was admitted as incontrovertible, and the place where all the keys were was pointed out.

"But you'll let me go now, won't you?" inquired the jailor.

Malko's answer was to continue in the same position while he loosed the belt that went round his own waist, and while he was binding those limbs of the jailor that might interfere with his own preconceived arrangements; and, perhaps, the best instance we can give of the coolness with which the most part of the transactions were managed was the seeming satisfaction with which, meanwhile, Malko hummed over one of his favourite airs. So far was well; but he had still to secure that most "unruly" of his jailor's members, his tongue. This also he did, and with equal success, having first obtained from the subject of his experiments the necessary information to enable him to find out his master's present lodgings, by a recurrence to that means of persuasion he had already found so effectual. Having thus admirably made every previous arrangement, he took up the jailor's lantern, and without even a farewell to him who had "so kindly undertaken to fill his place," he walked out, shutting the door

carefully after him, and then locked it—the key he found in the lock, and attached to it by a ring were all the other keys of the prison. He now set out to look for his master, and with the assistance of a few blunders and an occasional reference to the directions of the jailor, he at last succeeded in finding him.

CHAP. VII.

"Your fathers were mine enemies."

THE TWO FOSCARI.

"Master," said Malko, as soon as he had entered, "come, come away; make haste."

"Eh!—what!—is that you?" cried Montanini, with astonishment; "how did you come here?"

"They are going to kill you!"

"Nonsense, Malko, you're mistaken; but tell me how on earth you come alone."

"Come away! make haste!" was the negro's impatient reply, at the same time pointing earnestly towards the door.

That there must be something unusually pressing Montanini felt, when he compared the ordinary placidity of the negro with the anxiety at present expressed by his words, looks, and gestures; and, under this impression, he was about to follow the advice of his servant when he stopped short at the thought of his uncle, Padrello. The conclusion he had come to after an instant's consideration appeared by his knocking rapidly and calling on his uncle to come forth. To this rather summary request, the uncle gave as prompt a reply by presenting himself in person, and to the utter destruction of the philosophy of the phlegmatic Malko.

"What is the matter, nephew?" replied the old man, as he gazed on the tall and astonished negro with surprise that, at least, equalled the negro's.

Montanini had just half time enough to explain to him the meaning of what had happened when, at once understanding its drift, he sprang towards the door, crying—

"Come, follow me, I'll show you the way; I ought to know these passages well; had I but listened to the foot-steps of the jailor, I could do it. Come, this is the one we must follow," said he, singling out one from two or three puzzling passages interlaced in one another, and along which, on each side, was visible a large number of small doors, apparently the entrances of as many cells; "this will conduct us into the court of the Pallazzo, but there we will have to pass the jailor's house."

"Oh! he's secure below there," replied the negro, with a chuckle; "I have taken good care that he shall give us no trouble."

"Very good; well come, follow me," said Padrello.

Saying this, he moved on, followed by Montanini and Malko, and all three proceeded along the narrow passage, at the end of which they hoped to obtain their wished-for liberty.

After advancing for some minutes in silence in this way, and without meeting with any obstacle, they were beginning to felicitate themselves on their success—having now attained the end of the corridor near where the jailor lived—when a sudden turn in the passage brought them directly in front of a company of archers, who were at that instant bestowing too much attention on their own amuse-

ments to be immediately sensible of the presence of the new comers, thereby giving Malko time enough to extinguish his lamp, and the terrified fugitives space to consider on their next proceedings.

That very day Nella, accompanied by Suina, had as usual returned to the Pallazzo, in the futile hope of moving the guard, who had hitherto invariably opposed her entrance.

She was now departing from it in the deepest dejection at her ill success, when a young gentleman, elegantly attired, happening in his way also to the Pallazzo to pass her, and her figure, though concealed by a long flowing dress, attracting his eye, he turned to look at her after she had passed him; then, returning, he asked the guard who the two women were to whom they had refused admittance.

"Signor," said the guard, at the same time bowing respectfully, "these two women have been here several times for the last three days, in order to see a prisoner; but Signor Castruccio will not allow any one to be admitted."

Without waiting to hear any more, the young man, apparently giving up his intention of entering the Pallazzo, hurried after the objects of his inquiries, and continued to follow them until he saw they entered a lodging-house of a rather sorry appearance. His pursuit did not end here. The instant he discovered their lodging, he slackened his pace a little, that he might give them time to enter, and then soon after followed their example.

"You have a lady lodging with you?" said he to Volba, who was watching a frying-pan placed on the fire, and containing several delicious strings of macaroni.

"Yes, signor," said Volba, with extreme liveliness, delighted at having some one to talk to—"yes, sir, and a very nice lady she is; I am very fortunate in having such a lodger; not that I would say my house is unfitted for them, but ever since the good man, my husband, died—"

"Be so kind as to ask the lady to allow me a few moments' conversation with her."

"Certainly, signor; you may be sure there's nothing would give greater pleasure than to—"

"Pray do, for I am in a hurry," said the young gentleman, with the slightest shade of irritation in his bland tones.

And Volba, finding the attempt idle to make a patient auditor out of the young man, climbed, not without a sigh for the clacking days of her youth, (compared with these silent times,) a queer old oaken stair-case, that led to her first and only floor. She returned just as he had completed the survey of the apartment in which she had left him, where a strange medley of objects everywhere met his eye; but there were two articles which particularly attracted his attention—these were, a large, hideous, cast-iron figure, probably that of a reverend saint, but now so battered, and bruised, and bulged, that face, form, or feature could not be distinguished; and a dirty, smoky oil painting, doubtless another memento of goodness, to judge from the glory at the upper end—the only part of the picture at present visible. The hostess was followed by Suina, who was to tell the stranger how much her mistress regretted not being able to comply with his request, since she was not at that moment in a condition to receive any one;

and, though she had been so, that still she had not the honour of being acquainted with her visitor."

"Tell your mistress, my good woman, I am come to speak to her about the prisoner, and to put her in the way of seeing him."

"In that case, signor," cried the old woman, eagerly, "come up, come up; if you want to speak of her brother, my dear mistress will be but too happy in receiving you. Come up, signor, I'll show you the way," and she did not wait to gain the top of the stair-case to cry out—

"Signora! signora! you will be able to see your brother now; here is a gentleman who will get you an *entree* into the Pallazzo."

Nella rushed forward, and in her haste ran against the stranger, who was coming in the door.

(To be continued.)

AMAZONS.—Runjeet Sing, the ruler of the Punjab, in India, had a regiment of amazons, the establishment of which was one of his capricious whims, and the result of those drinking bouts which it was his delight so frequently to indulge in. There were about one hundred and fifty of those fair warriors, who were selected from the prettiest girls in Cachemire, Persia, and the Punjab. They were magnificently dressed, armed with bow and arrows, and used frequently to appear on horseback, mounted *en cavalier*, for the amusement of the Maharajah. They were allowed a small sum daily for subsistence, and there were few of them who have not succeeded in obtaining grants of small villages from Runjeet Sing, the rents of which they received, and many contrived to realise a considerable sum of money. The Lotus was the owner of seven good villages, received at different times from Runjeet as marks of his favour.

MEXICAN WOMEN.—On arriving from the United States, where an ugly woman is a phoenix, one cannot fail to be struck at the first glance with the general absence of beauty in Mexico. It is only by degrees that handsome faces begin to dawn upon us; however, beauty without colour is apt to be less striking, and to make less impression on us at first. The brilliant complexion and fine figure of an English woman strike every eye—the beauty of expression and finely-chiselled features of a Spaniard steal upon us like a soft moonlight—while a Frenchwoman, however plain, has so graceful a manner of saying agreeable things, so charming a tournure, such a piquant way of managing her eyes and even her mouth, that we think her a beauty after half an hour's acquaintance, and even lose our admiration for the quiet and high-bred, but less graceful *Anglaise*. The beauty of Mexican women consists in superb black eyes, very fine dark hair, a beautiful arm and hand, and small, well-made feet. Their defects are, that they are frequently too short and too fat, that their teeth are often bad, and their complexion a bilious-looking yellow. The general carelessness of their dress is a great drawback to beauty: a woman without stays, with uncombed hair and *reboso*, had need to be very lovely if she retain any attraction at all.—*Madame Barca's Life in Mexico*.

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.—Dry the rind of a ripe cucumber, with the soft parts attached; place the inner side, previously soaked in warm water, over the parts affected. Any kind of spirit which will reproduce the suspended circulation, will stop their progress on their first appearance. Two or three rubbings of spirits of turpentine will be effectual.

CURE FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—Mix honey in warm water, with which wash the parts affected.

PROPORTION, THE LAW OF NATURE.

THE HUMAN FIGURE.

All theories admit *proportion* to be an essential constituent of beauty. Proportion, indeed, seems to be a primary and universal law; not confined to forms, but the occult regulator of all the quantities and subdivisions of nature, hitherto perhaps better understood in the divisions and harmony of the musical scale, than in any other element. Unless on the supposition that it contains in itself some inherent but unexplained charm, I know not how to account for the satisfaction afforded us by the proportions of some architectural mouldings and compartments, in preference to others, where no associations of the mind can be readily shown to exist. It is connected with the mystery of numbers, and is, perhaps, the principal of *harmony* itself. Pamphilus, when he recommended the study of *arithmetic* to his scholars, may have meant to inculcate the science of *proportion*.

At any rate, the Greeks must have been thoroughly aware of its importance, as their works abundantly show. The relative proportions of the human figure, as adopted by the ancients, have been partly preserved by Vitruvius, and many of the moderns have proposed other and more elaborate systems; derived from their observations of nature and art. These proportions seem to be founded on geometrical principles. Thus the height of the figure from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot is equal to the extreme width of the arms extended horizontally, that is, from the tips of the fingers of one hand to those of the other (involving the principle of the *square*.) If the arms are raised above the head obliquely, and the legs widely separated, the limbs become radii of a *circle*, of which the navel is the centre; the breadth of the figure is about a fourth of its height, on which I need not here enlarge. With these and other proportions which have been laid down by the best masters, and as they are to be found in the Greek statues, it is expedient for the student to be acquainted; they will assist him materially in understanding the human figure, its symmetry and form; but afterwards, in the *practice* of his art, he will do well to follow the precept of Michael Angelo, and rely more upon his eye and feeling than on the compass.

To do this safely, he must become thoroughly sensible of the characteristic appearance of both sexes: the ample shoulders, narrower loins, muscular limbs, and greater height of the male; and the rounded, delicate, and undulating contour of the female; the dignity and beauty of both in action, or at rest, together with that *grace* which "the hand that formed them on their shape hath poured;" and still more especially "the human face divine" must be the object of his unremitting study, wherein Nature seems to have collected all her resources to gratify the mind and heart. In the female face are assembled the most exquisite proportions, with every possible diversity of curvature, line, and surface—the extremes of contrast, with the most perfect harmony.

The eyebrows, eye, and mouth, range at right angles with the nose, a fixed and central feature blending into the forehead above, and projecting, below, narrow at the point, and gently spreading at the nostrils; the concave recesses in which the eyes are sheltered, are opposed to the convex brow, and cheek bones; the breadth of forehead and cheeks to the smaller features—the circular eyeballs, enshrined in oval orbits (sometimes flashing with unrivalled brilliancy, sometimes more for less veiled by their

moveable lids, edged with a silken fringe)—the flexible and finely moulded lips, alternately closed or separated, or decked with wreathed smiles, occasionally revealing the double row of polished teeth—the hollow beneath the mouth suddenly contrasted by the round and tapering chin—the whole circumscribed and united by an oval contour, displaying, in a small compass, a variety, fluency, and entireness of form to be found in no other object.—*Professor Howard's Lectures on Painting.*

PUBLIC WORKS IN IRELAND.—£25,376 has been voted by Parliament for carrying on public buildings in Ireland for the year 1843.

THE PALAIS ROYAL, PARIS.—This edifice was constructed by Cardinal Richelieu in 1629, and terminated in ten years, on the site of the Hotels Mercœur and Rambouillet. Le Mercier was the architect. It was first called the Hotel Richelieu, then the Palais Cardinal, and finally the present name, the Palais Royal. Richelieu bequeathed it to Louis XIII.; and his widow, Ann of Austria, with her son, Louis XIV., lived in the building. Louis XIV., in 1692, bestowed it as a marriage gift on his nephew, Philip of Orleans, on the union between the latter and Maria Frances of Bourbon. Philippe Egalite, to recruit his exhausted finances, transformed this princely residence into a bazaar. The state apartments were last inhabited by Queen Christina, on her arrival from Spain after the forced abdication at Valencia. The garden is 700 feet long and 300 broad, and was once a most fashionable promenade, where ladies walked with powdered hair and trains, and men with bag-wig and sword. The parterres are now surrounded by children and nursery-maids. There are now two theatres in the Palais Royal. Thanks to Louis Philippe, the gaming tables are closed for ever. Although not in its palmy days, there is enough still to dazzle in the splendid shops of the Palais Royal: everything in the world may be obtained there, whether for the epicure, the gourmand, or the virtuoso.

COFFEE.—This is an article of but recent introduction; its commercial importance is, however, great. To the Greeks and Romans it was totally unknown. Its use originated in Ethiopia; and it was first consumed at Constantinople in 1554. Pasqua, a Greek, was the first who sold coffee in England, in the year 1652. He opened a shop in George-yard, Lombard-street, London, for that purpose. Solomon Aga, a Turkish Ambassador, introduced coffee into Paris in 1669. The coffee shrub was not planted in Jamaica until 1732. The best coffee is imported from Mocha, in the Red Sea. Arabia annually supplies fourteen million pounds of this article. The Turks drink coffee at all times of the day, and present it to visitors. Beaujour, in his excellent work upon Greece, speaks of a Teryakiophage, or "opium-eater," who drank more than sixty cups of coffee in a day, and smoked as many pipes. The best coffee in the western part of the world is made in France, where the beverage is in universal request. In the east the coffee-houses, or rather booths, form a very essential part of the social system; and all men of leisure assemble there. In these places are also found the famous story-tellers, who repeat long tales to attentive hearers, whose interest is expressed by exclamations of "God save him!" "Allah deprive him of his eyes!" &c., or by warning cries to alarm the hearer when danger awaits him. In Egypt the drinking of coffee seems to have been at first regarded almost as a religious ceremony.

POISONOUS MUSHROOMS.—A weak decoction of gall-nuts has been found the best antidote in cases of poisoning by mushrooms. The tannin contained in the nuts forms an insoluble combination with the vegetable poison.

COLONEL BLOOD'S ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE CROWN FROM THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Thomas Blood was native of Ireland, and is supposed to have been born in 1628. In his twentieth year he married the daughter of a gentleman of Lancashire; then returned to his native country, and, having served there as lieutenant in the parliamentary forces, received a grant of land instead of pay, and was by Henry Cromwell placed in the commission of the peace. On the Restoration, the act of settlement in Ireland, which affected Blood's fortune, made him at once discontented and desperate. He first signalled himself by his conduct during an insurrection set on foot to surprise Dublin Castle, and seize the Duke of Ormond, the Lord Lieutenant. This insurrection he joined and ultimately became the leader of; but it was discovered on the very eve of execution, and prevented. Blood escaped the fate of his chief associates, the gallows, by concealing himself for a time among the native Irish in the mountains, and ultimately by escaping to Holland, where he is said to have been favourably received by Admiral Ruyter. We next find him engaged with the Covenanters in the rebellion in Scotland, in 1666, when, being once more on the side of the losing party, he saved his life only by similar means. Thenceforward Colonel Blood appears in the light of a mere adventurer, bold and capable enough to do anything his passions might instigate, and prepared to seize Fortune wherever he might find her, without the slightest scruple as to the means. The death of his friends in the insurrection we have mentioned seems to have left on Blood's mind a great thirst for personal vengeance on the Duke of Ormond; whom, accordingly, he actually seized on the night of the 6th December, 1676, tied him on horseback to one of his associates, and, but for the timely aid of the Duke's servant, would have, no doubt, fulfilled his intention of hanging him at Tyburn. The plan failed, but so admirably had it been contrived, that Blood remained totally unsuspected as its author, although a reward of one thousand pounds was offered for the discovery of the assassins. He now opened to those same associates an equally daring but much more profitable scheme, had it been successful; which was thus carried out:—Blood one day came to see the regalia, dressed as a parson, and accompanied by a woman whom he called his wife; the latter professing to be suddenly taken ill, was invited by the keeper's wife into the adjoining domestic apartments. Thus an intimacy was formed, which was subsequently so well improved by Blood, that he arranged a match between a nephew of his and the keeper's daughter, and a day was appointed for the young couple to meet. At the appointed hour came the pretended parson, the pretended nephew, and two others, armed with rapier-blades in their canes, daggers and pocket-pistols. One of the number made some pretence for staying at the door as a watch, whilst the others passed into the Jewel House, the parson having expressed a desire that the regalia should be shown to his friends, whilst they were waiting the approach of Mrs. Edwards and her daughter. No sooner was the door closed, than a cloak was thrown over the old man, and a gag forced into his mouth; and, thus secured, they told him their object, signifying he was safe if he submitted. The poor old man, however, faithful to the trust reposed in him, exerted himself to the utmost, in spite of the blows they dealt him, till he was stabbed and became senseless. Blood now slipped the crown under his cloak, another of his associates secreted the orb, and a third was busy filing the sceptre into two parts; when one of those extraordinary coincidences, which a novelist would scarcely dare to use, much less to invent, gave a new turn to the proceedings. The

keeper's son, who had been in Flanders, returned at this critical moment. At the door he was met by the accomplice stationed there as sentinel, who asked him with whom he would speak. Young Edwards replied he belonged to the house, and hurried up stairs, the sentinel, we suppose, not knowing how to prevent the catastrophe he must have feared otherwise than by a warning to his friends. A general flight ensued, amidst which the robbers heard the voice of the keeper once more shouting "Treason! Murder!" which being heard by the young lady, who was waiting anxiously to see her lover, she ran out into the open air, reiterating the cries. The alarm became general, and outstripped the conspirators. A warder first attempted to stop them, but at the discharge of a pistol he fell, without waiting to know if he was hurt, and so they passed his post. At the next, one Sill, a sentinel, not to be outdone in prudence, offered no opposition, and they passed the drawbridge. At St. Catherine's Gate their horses were waiting for them; and as they ran along the Tower wharf they joined in the cry of "Stop the rogues!" and so passed on unsuspected, till Captain Beckman, a brother-in-law of young Edwards, overtook the party. Blood fired but missed him, and was immediately made prisoner. The crown was found under his cloak, which, prisoner as he was, he would not yield without a struggle. "It was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful," were the witty and ambitious rascal's first words; "it was for a crown!" Not the least extraordinary part of this altogether extraordinary affair was the subsequent treatment of Colonel Blood. Whether it was that he frightened Charles by his threats of being revenged by his associates, or captivated him by his conjoined audacity and flattery, (he had been engaged to kill the king, he said, from among the reeds by the Thames side above Battersea, as he was bathing, but was deterred by an "awe of majesty.") it is difficult to say; the result however, was, that, instead of being sent to the gallows, he was taken into such especial favour, that application to the throne through his medium became one of the favourite modes with suitors. Blood died in 1680.—*Knight's London.*

LINES

Written whilst sitting at the "North Shore," Liverpool.

The calm tint of ev'ning
Soft nature's enlivening,
The sun sinks to rest in the western sphere,
And the zephyr is sweeping
O'er violets weeping,
While I sigh for thee, Erin, oh! Erin, my dear!
The waves of the ocean,
With violent 'motion,
Now lave these brown shores in their restless career;
But where yon sunny pillows
Tinge the western billows,
There is Erin, my country, oh! Erin, my dear!
Oh! blest be thee, Erin!
Bright joys ever wearing,
May the soft hand of happiness smoothe thy career,
And freedom's bright blossom
Smile on thy green bosom,
While I roam from thee, Erin, oh! Erin, my dear!
Dear land of my fathers,
Though cold fortune gathers
Her gloomiest clouds o'er my bleak journey here,
Yet my heart feels a measure
Of innocent pleasure,
When I think on thee, Erin, oh! Erin, my dear
When eternity's billow
Shall dash round my pillow.
And one moment shall finish my pilgrimage here,
Then my last pang I'll lessen,
Whilst pouring a blessing
On Erin, my country, oh! Erin, my dear!

Waterford, March 17, 1813. *ed by Google* T. W. C.

IRISH MINSTRELSY.

We rejoice to find this species of entertainment becoming popular, and the more so when men of known standing and unquestionable reputation are champions in the cause of a great nation's rights—we allude to the minstrelsy of Ireland, a country more rife with melody than any other quarter of the globe.

The public are already made acquainted with the abilities of one of our popular Irish lecturers, Mr. Crouch, whose writings, prolific though they be, on the beauties, legends, and characteristics of the Sister Isle, we always peruse with unqualified satisfaction; for whatever emanates from his pen is certain of possessing character, much feeling, and a true portraiture of the sufferings of the Irish people. Mr. White, though but recently known to a London audience, has earned for himself considerable reputation in some of the literary institutions of London. When such men coalesce and bring their energies into one focus, a brilliant display is certain to follow; and no two men could be found so competent to treat this spirit-stirring theme, as the union formed between these lecturers. Every son of the Emerald Isle should rally round these champions of song, and every daughter of Erin welcome forth those hearts who have awakened their numbers in praise of her beauty, her modesty, her worth, and her renown. Who will look tamely on when the chronicles of a nation's glory, the historians of the ancient bards, the reciters of times that are past, when these come amongst us, clad in all the vernal green and emerald tints in which the shores of Ireland abound? who, that has a heart to feel, and in that heart the soul of poetry, melody, and romance, will not respond to the call of native worth, unassuming urbanity, and acknowledged talent? Such are the traits of character of the two lecturers whose labours weekly call the lovers of song together.

We have seen what integrity and perseverance can perform in the case of Scotia's gifted son, Wilson. Can it be supposed that Ireland cannot be roused from her present apathy to a full sense of all her former grandeur? She, that was once the gem embedded in ocean; the bright star of the west; the sanctuary of learning, and all that was classical and good; shall it be said that, like "The Last Rose of Summer," whose leaves have fallen, whose scented odours are scattered to the winds of heaven, that *she* has passed away, and that nothing now remains but the desolation of her former self? No, no! there are scions of her once noble sons still remaining; bards whose energies are still vivid with recollections of their chivalrous ancestors, and whose latent melodies fire the imagination to a glowing sense of the "Sunny Days of Old."

Moore has written "All That's Bright Must Fade!" True; but because *time* changes everything, externally, in its wild march, let us not picture the obliteration of every feeling and sense. "Phoenix-like, again shall she rise 'en from the ruin of her own ashes!" and while we have *those* to call us back to the days that are gone, and the spirits that are past, Ireland will never fade, nor the god-like heroism of her once noble race pass away.

Refinement and its thousand follies may have uprooted the sacred title "Irish Bard," and the lineal descendants of the soil ceased to deem their presence necessary, as in former times; but the title *shall* return! the chronicler, the herald, the poet, and the bard, shall again be seen in our banquet halls; their spirits shall rouse us from apathy to a full sense of our sacred rights, thoughts, and privileges; that feeling is abroad, and hail we the hour that restores the long lost and ever to be lamented bard!—*Illustrated London Life*.

TO THE POPPY.

Parent of slumber! visions bright and grand
Spring into life, and own the potent power
That lures the soul, as with a magic wand,
From this dull earth unto a happier land;
While fancy wanders from her fairy bower,
Expanding wings as beautiful and bright
As fabled Peri own'd in days of yore,
O'erwhelming care by boundless streams of light.
Balm of joy! thy soul-expanding draught
Confers more comfort than the wealth of kings;
Blest is the wretch who of thy cup hath quaff'd,
He treads on air, and feels as if the springs
Of mortal thought were chang'd to ambient wings,
And soars on pinions radiant and unfurl'd,
While pleasure points the way, and leads him on,
To seek a better and a brighter world;
Thy spell dissolves—he finds the vision gone!

T. S. M.

MATHEW TESTIMONIAL.—The persons in Alderman Purcell's employment (upwards of 500, whose salaries vary from 1s. to 6s. and 7s. per day,) have subscribed £130 towards the national testimonial.

AGED HEROES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—There are in the United States just one hundred soldiers of the Revolution on the pension list, *over one hundred years of age!* The oldest man on the list is Michael Hale, of Union County, Pennsylvania, who is in his 115th year.—*New York Paper*.

COLOURS OF FLOWERS.—Many attempts have been made to transfer the colouring matter of flowers to cloth, but without success. In general, they are so fugitive, as to change the moment they are brought into contact with the atmosphere, and those of them which can be extracted have no affinity for the cloth. If a third substance be used to give this affinity, it destroys the original colour of the vegetable. This is the case with nearly all vegetable colouring matter; for, if we except indigo, there is scarcely another substance which is capable of imparting its own colour to cloth. Again, the colouring matters of flowers is very limited in its changing hues by artificial means. Acids change to red, and alkalis to green, but these substances, though they thus act upon the colouring matter of vegetables, cannot serve as bonds of union between the colour and the cloth with which they do not themselves possess the property of combining.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- "* * *"—We must draw upon your patience till next week, when we shall place in a prominent position the paper concerning "The Fourth Estate." It would gratify us to be enabled to correspond with you.
- "* * M."—Your contributions are highly valued. The Legend arrived too late for insertion in this number.
- "H. H."—Received, and shall be attended to.
- "F."—Nothing but the length of the poetic tale occasions the delay of its insertion.
- "J. E."—"N."—"D. L." and several other communications under consideration.
- "G." Cork.—The numbers of our Journal you require can be had of our agent in your city. We thank you for good wishes and zeal.
- "W. S."—Inadmissible. The MS. lies at our office for you. How often must we state, that political, religious, or personal matters cannot appear in the DUBLIN JOURNAL?

Printed and Published for the Proprietors at the Office, 32, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications are to be addressed, to the Editor.

The Trade supplied direct from the Office.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 23.—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

NEWS AND NEWSPAPERS.

"NEWSPAPER—A daily history of the world."—*Dr. Johnson.*

Many years ago, it used to be a favourite amusement of mine, in Dublin, to examine the different book-stands which were then to be found in the metropolis, either in the vicinity of the Four Courts, along Eden-quay, or ranged against the boundary walls of the College. I am not aware whether, beneath the iron sway of the new police, the proprietors of those receptacles of literature have become extinct, or are yet in existence; but in my time they were a peculiar race. Especially do I remember an old fellow, who used to sit on sunny days, in a high-backed chair, on the flagged pathway of Great Britain-street, opposite the Lyng-in Hospital, poring, with spectacles on nose, o'er some well-thumbed volume, from which he never raised his eyes, unless to glance over his glasses at some loiterer at his stall. Crabbed and cute withal, his collection of books was as singular as himself, and on his wooden shelves, partially protected with green baize, was ranged as motley a library as ever fell to any man's lot. Odds and ends of every sort were therein to be met with. Plethoric tomes, huge polyglots, and fractional segments of volumes of every size, from quarto to duodecimo, on almost every subject that has engaged the human mind, were stored within his literary cupboard. Side by side stood "Newton on the Prophecies" and "Voltaire's Candid." Here O'Leary's celebrated "Plea for Liberty of Conscience" and "Sir Richard Musgrave's Irish Rebellion" leant against each other in amicable companionship, and there a fragment of "Burke on the Sublime" was separated from "The Life and Adventures of Tom Thumb" by a lean edition of "Reading made Easy," interspersed with woodcuts, illustrative of the interesting tale of "Tommy and Harry," whose history must be fresh in the memories of many of my readers; in fact, the very catalogue of his stock would afford a theme for moralising. With this strange character I became a favourite, most probably from the avidity with which I purchased and perused most of the publications he recommended to my notice. To this day I retain some of the stray waifs of literature I bargained for and bought at his stall, and among them a volume containing a series of the numbers of a newspaper published in London in the year 1761: and, on turning over its pages, I cannot

help being struck with the difference between their contents and those of similar publications in the present day.

It is not more than eighty-two years since *The London Chronicle or Universal Evening Post* was published and sold, "price two-pence half-penny, by J. Wilkins, Saint Paul's Church-yard, where advertisements and letters to the authors are taken in;" and yet what a difference exists between its quaint columns and those of the great London papers now in circulation! *The Post* of 1761 appears to have been but little indebted for its popularity to any decided line in politics it may have chalked out for its guidance, for in the thick volume before me I cannot discover a single article of the class called in newspaper parlance "A Leader." Any political comments that are to be found in its pages occur only in letters from correspondents to the printer; still it is consoling to observe that the signatures attached to those communications are of a most praiseworthy description. We have sundry epistles from "A Lover of Truth," evidently concocted with a most laudable feeling to undeceive the public mind on some particular topic. "Enemies to Tyranny" and "Friends to Liberty" are as numerous as they are ardent, and abound in the most energetic wishes "to shed the last drop of their blood in the defence of their country;" but by far the greater majority delight in classical cognomens, such as "Cato," "Brutus," "Britannicus," &c., with a slight sprinkling of some downright English appellations, like "Anti-Humbag," "Love of Fair Play," "Jonathan Speak Out," and "Solomon Seewell."

In the local information, I miss much of the editorial "wæ." Apparently in 1761 "special reporters" were unknown, and "esteemed correspondents" of rare occurrence; nor do I find a single reference made to the tenacious memory of that respectable individual, "The Oldest Inhabitant." *The London Universal Post* simply ushers in its paragraphs containing provincial news by stating, "They write from Portsmouth," or "They advise us from York," leaving it entirely to the sagacity of its readers to determine to whom they are indebted for the information. Another more palpable deficiency is the absence of the reports of the proceedings and speeches of Members in Parliament. Here, indeed, is a hiatus; and, perhaps, in this lies the great disparity between the

publications our grandfathers conned and those their degenerate descendants peruse. Woodfall, the celebrated bookseller, was the first who introduced in his paper an outline from memory of the speeches of the different Members of the House of Commons on any particular debate. Compared with this scant and meagre detail, the modern newsmonger can proudly refer to the copious and elaborate reports of the speakers of St. Stephen's the columns of his paper supplies him with—reports taken on the spot by men of undoubted talent, and of education equal to the orators they are listening to, and therefore fully competent both to understand and to give expression to their sentiments—men who have, by the unaided powers of their mind, subsequently risen to the highest stations in the state, and, in after times, have addressed the house as senators, standing beneath the very gallery in which they have so often sat as reporters, and thus furnish both matter and example to the ranks they were formerly marshalled in. Talk as men will and must, from disappointed pride or piqued vanity, it is a matter worthy of consideration whether the speeches reported as having been delivered by Honourable Members are not quite as fluent, and contain far better English, than the harangues which literally dropped from their lips. When we recollect that in fifty speakers there are to be found, at most, some five or six really eloquent men, it becomes a matter of much difficulty to decide whether the loss the world sustains by the imperfect rendering of the speech of the true orator in a modern newspaper, whose maxim is *multum in parvo*, is not more than compensated by the condensing process which has reduced in an equal ratio the dull and prosy babblings of less gifted men. How much bad phraseology, and worse grammar, has been spared "the eye of a discerning public" by Honourable Members having spoken (fortunately) in so low a tone as to be inaudible in the gallery!

There is another feature in the chronicles of olden time peculiar to themselves—namely, the constant recurrence of the records of highwaymen's exploits. There is scarcely a number of the *Post* before me that does not contain such paragraphs as the following:—"Saturday evening, a gentleman and his servant were robbed of their watches and money, on Hounslow Heath, by two highwaymen, well mounted, and who were both marked;" or, "Early yesterday morning as a country higer was coming to town with his cart, he was stopped and robbed, on Finchley Common, by two footpads, of £3 10s." It is amusing to observe how facetious those gentlemen of the road could be on certain occasions, it appearing from the *Gazette* that in several instances they returned their victims money to pay the turnpikes! and one even more generous than the rest added a guinea towards travelling charges. There is a dashing air evidently attached to those desperadoes; nor does it appear that they were a blood-thirsty race, as they seldom wounded or maltreated those whom they robbed. Though the celerity of modern travelling has rendered highwaymen and their exploits a tale of bye-gone days, yet in reality but a short space has elapsed since they were not the mere bugbears of a nursery, but an actual and pestilent evil to society; still, even in the sober era of our grandsires, there was plainly a melodramatic air surrounding those dubious personages. Macheath was no sketch from fancy, but a portrait from life. In fact, while the proceedings of the troops in Germany are recorded in a few words, we find in the columns of the *Post* every circumstance connected with the life, trial, and condemnation of a guilty robber dilated on in a manner that proves how interesting the detail must have been to the public; but such is human nature! The soldier who sheds his blood against the foes of his

country in a foreign land, who endures privations and hardships, supported by the aspiration of fame and hope of renown, dies, wounded and miserable, on the field of battle, wrung with anguish and bodily suffering, separated far from those who would soothe his parting moments of agony, moisten his parched lip, and close his quivering eyelids, and is flung into an unknown and unlamented grave; while the robber, who finishes a life of crime and debauchery by openly violating the laws of society, gains the sympathy of admiring crowds, and dies with the air of a martyr. That this strange perversity is not confined to the days of our grandsires, it would be easy to prove by reference to newspaper records of very recent date; but it is sufficient for my purpose to notice the continued existence of this unhealthy tone of public feeling, without adducing proofs of a fact so palpable. Let us, therefore, again turn to 1761. "Mr. Darken (a noted highwayman, who was executed at the early age of twenty-one years, says our esteemed paper) had naturally much levity, which appeared in his dress and behaviour in prison. Before his capture, he drove his phaeton, visited places of public amusements, and constantly appeared on the turf. In his attire he was very neat, particularly in his linen; had his hair dressed every day in the most fashionable manner. His polished fetters were supported round his waist by a sword belt, and tied at his knees with ribbon, &c." This dashing personage appears to have created quite a sensation; and after his execution, which is minutely described, two separate editions of his life and adventures are advertised in the *Gazette*: one of them sapiently giving directions "How to Know a Highwayman at First Sight!" and the other strongly cautioning the public to ask for "The True Life of Mr. Darken!"

Members of Parliament in 1761 had a short and pithy way of addressing their constituents, very different from the elaborate detail of their principles, which Honourable Gentlemen indulge their friends with in the present time. Read this—

"To the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Electors and Freeholders of the County Durham,

"Gentlemen—The great success which I have met with in my application to you since the last Election, determines me to request the favour of your Votes and Interest at the General Election.

"I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"THOMAS CLAVERING."

Nothing can be more concise; yet I marvel much in what manner a like address would be received by the aforesaid free and independent electors in the present day—*sed tempora mutantur et nos, &c.*

There is a peculiar phraseology adopted by the Newspaper Editors of the present time, which does not appear to have been known to the sober and matter-of-fact writers of the publications our ancestors delighted in. In those days a ship was merely "launched"—with us it "glides majestically into its native element." Felons were formerly hung by the neck—now-a-days "they suffer the extreme penalty of the law." Formerly a house was only burnt—now it is "consumed by the devouring element." In the year 1761, John Vernon, Esq., of Worcester, was married to Miss Betty Harris, a young lady with a fortune of £5,000—alas, had the fair lady lived but half a century later, she would have been "led to the Hymeneal altar," besides having the satisfaction of perusing a preliminary puff, announcing that "In the west end it is rumoured that a marriage is on the tapis between a certain gentleman living not a hundred miles from Worcester, and the amiable and highly accomplished Miss B. H—rr—s. Report states the lady's fortune at £15,000." There is a pomp of words, an inflation of style, indulged in now-a-days,

that was unknown to the concoctors of the *London Gazette*. Did a number of persons congregate for the purpose of witnessing a bonfire, or gazing on some remarkable spectacle, formerly it would be so stated in very few and brief words—but now it would become “an immense concourse of people,” or “a densely and closely packed multitude”—“a sea of heads”! Were the said mob vociferous, our paper would remark—“They shouted.” Dull periodical! It should stand thus—“They rent the air with acclamations, and made the welkin ring with reiterated cheers”! In fact, each department of the modern newspaper has a certain set of technical and pet phrases, which are universally made use of on all possible occasions. Shakspeare’s plays have furnished a hacknied dictionary of quotations, which are crammed into its columns with merciless perseverance, until some of the most sublime passages of the immortal Bard become almost vague and vapid, from their dull and constant recurrence in the details of every day life.

A modern newspaper has been called “The Daily History of the World,” and well it deserves its title. There is scarcely a portion of the inhabited globe that does not contribute its quota of information to its columns. From an attack in Afghanistan to a row in Connaught—from a meeting in Cork to a chop in China, all is faithfully detailed. The arrest of a Chartist, the palaver of an Indian Chief on the banks of the Chesapeake, are equally attended to; and in the space of a few lines we read of the murder of a native prince in the kingdom of Timbuctoo, and the announcement of the birth of three fine children by the wife of a labouring man in Sussex! There is really a kind of necromantic facility in the way in which we are acquainted with minute circumstances of foreign and domestic life; and I have often learned for the first time of events which have occurred in my immediate neighbourhood, by reading them detailed in a newspaper printed hundreds of miles from the scene of their locality.

But to pass from the Newspapers to the “Editor,” the mighty “Wx”! personified. We find him one of the wonders of modern times. In him we are presented with the sight of an individual who has unfettered entrance into the secret cabinets of ministers and kings—one who regulates their opinions, and applauds or condemns their counsels, with the most conscientious exactness. There is no state mystery can escape his searching eye—no political delinquency avoid the lash of his merciless whip. It is a curious spectacle—the Newspaper and the Editor; the Machine and the Master-hand; the petard and the torch—cause and effect—all singular and wonder-working! The Editor, when we meet him in private life, is generally a good fellow, and invariably an entertaining one—not suspected of much wealth—nay, sometimes inclining to the “Jeremy Diddler” school—one that can crack a joke and a bottle of Sneyd’s with equal grace—a man of education, though not of erudition; in short, a personage whose society is coveted, as conducive to pleasure and the passing of dull hours with satisfaction—one who makes a good dinner appear better by his presence and his wit, who knows the world and the stage, and is equally at home in the drawing as in the green-room, and thoroughly understands the actors in each.

Such is “The Editor” out of his office, but once he passes its dusty and ink-stained threshold, he becomes another man; his pen becomes a wand; without it, he is Prospero without his books—“a man like ourselves;” with it in his grasp, he is endowed with a power and a principle above sceptered majesty. The whole world of letters and of life are subject to his sway. He abuses or applauds the ministry,

advises his monarch, or admonishes his nobles; passes judgment on every kind of literature, law, physic, poetry, travels, or science; grants or withholds immortality to the production of the philosopher and the sage; criticises an actor and a member of parliament with equal coolness; approves of a recent treaty or a new tailor with impartial freedom; and warns, applauds, condemns, threatens, or castigates the highest and the wealthiest in the land, and they writhe beneath his lash. Is there a public dinner?—the Editor was present, for he hath pronounced the viand good and the wines excellent. Has a marriage taken place between the noble and the fair?—the Editor must have stood beside the altar, for he describes the bride’s dress, from the orange blossoms in her hair to the trimmings of her robe—nay, even mentions the milliner who made its graceful folds. Has a man of public fame breathed his last?—the Editor must have sat by his bed-side, for he proclaims the last words the expiring orator uttered, and names the friends who stood around the couch and closed the eyes of the dying statesman. Yet, strange to say, he must have been, with a wonderful ubiquity, that very moment employed listening to the trial, at police-office, of a fashionable swindler, or an extensive forger, whose dress, from the coat to the watch-chain, he minutely describes, although, in a few minutes after, he was in the Privy Council, attending to its debates with patriotic promptness! All this is wonderful and marvellous, and, but that we have ocular demonstration to the fact, we should doubt of his being a mere mortal like ourselves: it is accomplished by the simple monosyllable—“Wx”! This is the talisman that gifts a plain man with mysterious influence—this is the “open sesame!” that rends asunder the secret hiding-places of this world: simple as it seems, its very sound hath a sense of magic in its utterance. It is to the alphabet what steam has been to mechanism—a source of power, and a principle whose full strength and might is not yet developed. In what consists all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of an Editor but in this word, “Wx”?—and what is an Editor without it?—nothing!

...

ANCIENT POETRY.

A SONG TO MUSIC.

(From “The Paradise of Dainty Devices, 1596.”)

When griping griefs the heart would wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
There music with her silver sound
With speed is wont to send redress;
Of troubled minds, in every sore,
Sweet music hath a salve in store.

In joy, it makes our mirth abound;
In wo, it cheers our heavy sprites;
Be-straightened heads relief hath found
By music’s pleasant, sweet delights;
Our senses all, what shall I say more?
Are subject unto music’s lore.

The gods by music have their praise,
The lyre the soul therein doth joy;
For, as the Roman poet says,
In seas, whom pirates would destroy,
A dolphin saved from death most sharp
By Arion playing on his harp.

O, heavenly gift! that rules the mind
E’en as the stern doth rule the ship;
O, music! whom the gods assign’d
To comfort man whom cares would nip.
Since thou both man and beast doth move,
What best is he will thee disprove.

• • M.

A FEW LEAVES FROM BENJAMIN BLOCK'S LOG.

THE LIEUTENANT TURNED SHIP'S DOCTOR.

(Concluded from No. 22.)

Williams groped about till he seized the grummet of one of the sea-chests, which, with a quick and powerful jerk, in an instant landed athwartships between himself and the officers of torture, who at the same time urging on in their headlong course, tumbled head, neck, and heels over the new obstacle, breaking the lantern, losing the rope, and receiving from the stern, hard oak of old England, anything but a gentle returning embrace; and, to add to the fallen heroes' agony of mind as well as body, a short, sharp laugh from cooky followed their disaster, which ran like molten lead down the corporal's ear.

"May the d—l speed you on your way! you ought-to-be-hanged-looking scoundrel!" groaned out the boatsman's mate, in anything but an even, gentle tone; "I'm blown if I have as much hide left on my timber-ends as would cover a scupper-hole. The villain has served me right for being a party to his imposture."

"Hello! Mr. Cruckshanks, where are you stowed away to? Mr. Cruckshanks!"

But Mr. Cruckshanks replied not. Poor fellow, he was indulging a silent sorrow, and brooding over, and supporting, a thousand afflictions by a species of muscular exertion.

"A strong man's grief is mute."

After groping about, however, for some time, he found the worthy corporal on his knees abaft the chest, with both hands tight up to his mouth, and swaying his body to and fro like an old woman mourning at a wake.

"I'm here, Bell," muttered the sufferer, "or I should rather say, what remains of me is here. I'm afraid the after-hole, or bread-room, will never more be of any use to me; and I feel as if all my head-rails were carried away."

"You don't say so, corporal?"

"Aye, but I do though; and more than that, it's very well if some of the spars of my arm ben't broke, as I fell with my elbow on the head of one of them d—d ring bolts."

"Oh! that cursed cook; confound him, the ship doesn't appear to be the same at all since he came into it."

"Give me a grasp of your hand, Bell; I'm hardly able to crawl. There——"

"Where's your lantern, Mr. Cruckshanks?"

"As flat as a flounder, Bell, somewhere or another, for I pitched with my right shoulder slap into it. D—n it, man, easy; don't drag my arm that way; I'm as sore and tender as a young minnow. Oh! my heavy curse and hatred light on that die-away, rascally Williams. My name aint Cruckshanks, damme, if I don't pay off his lank, lean, body for all this."

"I'll say nothing," observed the boatswain's mate, truculently, "but blow me tight, if he don't catch it, that's all."

Our friend soon arrived on the main deck, and having quietly slipped on his toggery, after a few moments made his appearance before Lieutenant Meanwell, apparently full of all his old diseases,

and (according to his own account of himself) merely "dodging death."

"Williams," said the lieutenant, "you've been a long time coming aft. Why not come the moment you were summoned?"

"Ah! Mr. Meanwell, (sighing deeply and looking most imploringly,) I have been most barbarously used—most barbarously indeed, sir."

"By whom, Williams?"

"The boatswain's mate and the ship's corporal, sir."

"Did they do more than obey orders, Williams?"

"Oh! Mr. Meanwell, I didn't think you'd use me so cruelly."

"You should have come aft, man, when you heard the word passed."

"If I was only well, sir, I'd be the very first at muster."

"Only well or only sick, Williams, when you're ordered by the quarter-deck to come aft, come aft you must: aye, if you were dead and—sewed up in your hammock, hammock and all should move aft when the quarter-deck ordered it! But what's the matter with you?"

"Everything, sir, everything! I'm now upwards of four months in the doctor's list, and he's not able to cure me."

"What! Doctor Jackson not able to cure you?"

"No, sir; he has given me up; and says, the only chance I have is to get a shore to hospital."

"But tell me, what is it you complain of?"

Here the cook began his catalogue of afflictions, to which the tortures of the inquisition, when compared, were blessings and luxuries, and to which the lieutenant listened with the gravest and sternest composure.

"I see," said he, when Williams had finished his recital, "the doctor has mistaken your case altogether, and only increased your sufferings, instead of amending or alleviating them."

"Indeed it is too true, sir. So I think, for my life's sake, the sooner I could go ashore the better; though, God knows, sir, I'd rather much live and die aboard than be drifting about in hospital."

"Williams," said the lieutenant, musingly, "when I was aboard the Rodney, I saw a man exactly affected as you are, and had the good fortune to restore him to health, when, 'poor fellow,' like you too, he was obliged to leave the ship for the shore and the hospital; and, as I think that your apparent zeal for the service entitles you to a greater degree of care at my hands, I'll try every other measure before any recourse is had to that so evidently repugnant to your feeling as a seaman; so, in the name of

'All the gods at once,'

I'll try the same remedies with you as I did with him."

"I thank you, sir, heartily; but I know 'tis all of no use; a few days in quiet is all I ask to settle my earthly affairs, which are not many, and then (with a sickly smile)

'Poor Bill will go aloft.'

"No! no! d—n me, if you do, cook; old grey, lean, death shan't board you without a struggle."

At this time all hands were as busy as the devil in a gale of wind, gun coiling and recoiling

ropes, some carrying buckets of water aft, some deluging the decks therewith, others forwarding the sand, and moving the large "holy stone," *alias* "the Bible," and the small "holy stones" for cleaning under the guns; more were handling scrub-brushes, while others pointed their brooms to the work. Altogether 'twas as busy a scene as a bare-footed crew could well enact together.

Some of the most curious stopped for an instant to catch what Lieutenant Meanwell could be saying to the gun-room cook, but the greater number seemed utterly either unconscious or totally unconcerned about anything but their own immediate business, when the voice of "Old Leviathan" was heard trolling forth—

"Mr. Block, send the messenger here."

The messenger being on the spot, answered—

"Here I am, sir."

"Go down and tell the purser's steward to give you a quart measure."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Away went the messenger, and in about two minutes returned with a standard quart in his hand.

"Fill that with salt water, boy, and bring it here."

The messenger having popped it into the nearest bucket, handed it over.

"Come, Williams," said the lieutenant, "drink that off at once."

"O, God! Lieutenant Meanwell, that dose would finish me."

"You born devil! nothing will finish you but the halter," chimed in the ship's corporal, who had only now reached the scene of action after his late mishap.

"Aye, the rope's end will be his end," added the boatswain's mate, in a sotto growl.

Seeing himself thus thoroughly shut out from all hopes of mercy, cooky, after several desperate gaspings, finished the quart to about a wine glass full, which he threw upon the deck with the air of a fete's completion, and a look of desperate defiance at the "two ship's persecutors."

"What the d—l is that you have done?" roared out the lieutenant—"thrown half your physic away! an outrageous affront not only to your physician but to Daddy Neptune himself. Here, boy, put half-a-pint more salt water into that quart."

Cooky drank it off with dogged stoicism.

"Off shoes and stockings now, Williams, and assist washing decks," said the lieutenant.

"I'm not able, sir," replied the now really sick imposter.

Which Meanwell perceiving, after a moment, added—

"Well, then, never mind this time, Williams; perhaps you'll be better next morning."

When the hands were piped to breakfast, a volley of puns and witticisms were directed at the poor cook, not only by his immediate messmates but the adjoining mess-tables; which, however, he bore with great good humour, merely contenting himself by assuring them, that if he were to drink forty buckets of salt water, he'd yet sail around the old Luftteacle and get ashore at last.

Next morning, at the usual time of "one bell," the watch and idlers were again mustered, and Williams not answering to his name—

"Send the captain of the fore-top aft," said the lieutenant.

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Forred there! send Fletcher, the captain of the fore-top aft!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

Along went the signal till this petty officer arrived.

"Fletcher," said Meanwell, "go down quietly and 'blow the grampus' with Williams; and see, mind none of your half-and-half puffs, but a real downright deluge."

Away went the fore-top captain, taking with him the largest bucket of water, with which he dived below to the retreat of the delinquent.

In the mean time Williams was lying pretty well awake, with his head half out of hammock, the better to hear and have the earliest notice of the approach of the mate or corporal; neither of whom having up to this time made their appearance, he began to think he was done with quarter-deck summonses, when he heard on the main-deck the step of a man advancing to the fore-hatchway; the next moment the individual was on the ladder descending to the lower deck, and the cook began to coil himself up, like a wary serpent, to be ready for a spring. The next sound that fell upon his watchful ear was the humming of the well-known old sea ballad—

"I knew she was a sperm whale
By her spouting so low."

Drawing in his head, he whispered in an under tone—"Is that you, Fletcher?"—"It is, Bill."

"Has old Meanwell sent for me again?" "He has."

"Has he ordered the boatswain's mate?"—"No."

"Or the ship's corporal?"—"No." "Who then?"

During this short confab, Fletcher very adroitly contrived to insinuate his head and shoulders up between the cook and the adjoining hammock, as if for the purpose of more easy converse—

"He sent me, Bill, with this bowl of gruel, as he knew you were ailing!"—

And down rolled the bucket, water and all, into the hammock, swamping the hapless inmate, acting on his warm, comfortable body like a horrible electric shock, and wringing from him a sharp yell of horror, by its unexpected suddenness, as he sprang out from the unwelcome intruder.

In the midst of a tempest of most heart-felt imprecations, the voice of the lieutenant was heard roaring out to the boatswain's mate to send him aft: so, slipping on his jacket and trowsers, wet as they were, Williams had merely time to get the start of the mate, and appear on the quarter-deck without any rope's-ending.

"Well, cook," asked the lieutenant, with a delightful mildness of manner, quite indeed unusual to him—"didn't you hear the watch sent aft to muster?"

"Oh! sir, I didn't think you'd require my attendance any more, after witnessing my miserable condition last morning."

"Why?—sure you don't mean to say you're not a great deal better to-day!—do you?"

"I'm at death's door, Lieutenant Meanwell—that's what I am, sir."

"What?—not able to holy-stone the deck?"

"I'm dying on my feet before you, sir!"

"Messenger!—ho! send the messenger here at once."

"Oh! Mr. Meanwell! Mr. Meanwell! don't—"

"Silence, sir, silence!" cried the lieutenant: "desperate cases require desperate and prompt remedies. I say, messenger, get the quart again; and see—tell the cook to fill it three parts up with hot salt water!"

"For God's sake! Mr. Meanwell!" remonstrated the patient; "for—"

"Silence, sir! Am I to be annoyed in this manner by a cut of lubber, who'd wish to get well only on spice-nuts.—Is that water scorching hot, messenger?"

"It is, sir."

"Come over here—let me feel it: aye, that will do. Now fill it up from one of the buckets there."

This being done, and the lieutenant having assumed the same bewildering smile, benignly said—

"Now, Williams, my poor fellow, off with it!"

"Oh! I'll drop dead at your feet, if I do, sir."

"I'll be d—d if you do!" retorted the lieutenant, resolutely.

"I'm afraid you will, sir," meekly observed the cook.

"Boatswain's mate!" cried out Meanwell, not at all relishing the joke.

"I'll drink it, sir—I'll drink it!" said the patient; and down went nearly half the noxious potion at a desperate gulp; but the hot salt water was too much for any Christian stomach to endure, and accordingly up it came again immediately.

"Over to the lee gangway, you dirty scoundrel," roared out the lieutenant—"how dared you soil her majesty's quarter-deck! Ho! after-guard, get a swab here, and ask that fellow does he feel very weak now."

"I think I'm going to faint, sir," replied the cook, approaching to answer for himself, and wearing a most dismally imploring visage.

"Oh! then, Williams, you may sit down on the caronade slide, and finish the rest at your leisure; but finish it you must—so set about it at once."

The latter part of this sentence was uttered in so determined a manner, that the cook knew all hopes of reprieve were at an end; so down he sat in melancholy sadness to his work; but, before he saw the bottom of the pewter, he was constrained to pay two or three more visits to the gangway.

"Now, Williams, you may go forward," said the lieutenant! "but mind you're in time to muster on my next morning's watch, when I expect you'll be well able to give us a hand with the decks."

And the poor cook limped away rather crest-fallen, and at last really sick.

Next morning, at the usual hour, the watch and idlers were again mustered; and when Williams' name was called, that persecuted individual himself answered in a faint low voice—"Here, sir!"

"I am very glad, Williams," said Mr. Meanwell, "to find you up and stirring; it gives me decided proof of your amendment in every respect."

"Don't think any such thing, Mr. Meanwell; for though I am here to avoid further torture and persecution, my time is nearly come; I'm dying by inches, and, like a foundering and way-worn

bark, I only wait one bell of ease, to settle and sink for ever! May God forgive all those who have hurried me to my fate!"

"Come, come, Williams, don't despond!" said Mr. Meanwell; "leave that trick to our enemies: never snivel man, but, like a true British sailor, meet your fate in hammock and in the teeth of old grim death, with the same resolution that we all should display before the throat of a roaring cannon: however, I must tell you that your time is not come, and cure you I will now that I have taken you in hands—aye, if you were sure to be hanged from the yard-arm in an hour after recovery."

"'Twould be better for me, sir, to be hanged, than to live on in the way I am," said the cook.

"Then I'm to understand that you're not better—am I, Williams?"

"I am not better, sir."

"Would you be able to go ashore to hospital?"

"I think I'd try, sir."

"I dare say; but damme if you *shall* try; neither will you ever invalid out of this ship or any other in the service; so make your mind easy on that point: indeed, I suspected you were aiming at as much this some time past."

"Oh! sir, you don't know—you can't feel—you—"

"Damn your palaver and humbug; I can't stand it any longer. Just say, are you better, or are you worse—well or ill, man?—say it out!"

"Sir, I'm—perishing!"

"Here, messenger!" roared the lieutenant.

The boy, having heard the past dialogue, was in immediate attendance.

"Go down, boy, to the purser's steward—get the quart—and tell him to put into it two ounces of sugar and one ounce of pork-salt; then go to the boatswain's yeoman, and tell him to drop into it a glass of his best and thickest tar, (some out of a black varnish bucket would be preferable;) then take it to the cook, and get a pint of screeching hot salt water; fetch a spoon at the same time, and a powder-horn from the gunner's mate."

In a couple of minutes the boy arrived with the mess as directed, into which a teaspoonful and half of gunpowder was accurately measured and stirred up with the spoon.

"Here, marine," said the lieutenant, "bring that bucket here; ship your hand into a bowl; dip it in, and fill up this quart—there, that will do. Now, Williams, let me hear what you have to say to my prescription."

"Oh! Mr. Meanwell, for God's sake spare me; I'm miserable enough already."

"Off with it!" cried Meanwell—"I'll have none of your lame objections—off with it!—boatswain's mate!"

This last cry had the desired effect—Williams opened his mouth, but palate and throat seemed to have entered into a "holy alliance" against the infernal draught to prevent it passing into their dominions. A violent fit of reaching followed, and the lieutenant had already called to the boatswain's mate to come aft with his *persuader*, when the man on the fore-yard called out—"A stragg sail on the lee bow!"

"Whereabout?"

"About two points, sir."

"What does she look like?"

"I think she's square-rigged, standing towards us, sir."

"Give me the glass, quarter-master."

The lieutenant having gone forward, Williams, taking advantage of his absence, turned to the boatswain's mate and said—

"I say, Bill, my stomach is turned inside out; I'm blowed if I can hold out any longer. I think I'd strike at once, only for fear the whole crew would be laughing at me."

"By Jove, Williams," replied the cook, "they're tired laughing at you already; and the longer you hold out, the longer they'll laugh at you. Didn't I tell you, Williams, you'd never be able to get to the windward of 'Old Leviathan'?"

"Oh! damn him and his doctoring—I'm cleanly beat—I give up; and, as he'll have no mercy on me, I must begin to have some on myself; so, the moment he comes aft, I'll strike my flag!"

Hardly had he declared his determination, and taken hold of a holy-stone rope, when the lieutenant arrived.

"Mr. Meanwell," said the cook, taking off his hat, letting go the rope, and placing the quart carefully on the deck—"I beseech you not to ask me to take any more of that infernal stuff, and I'll go to my duty!"—and, acting on the impulse of the moment, he declared all and sued for mercy.

"Ho! ho!" chuckled the lieutenant—"just as I expected—bore up!—struck your flag!—surrendered at discretion! And so you acknowledge your villany, you damned rascal!—ha! have I squared yards with you at last? I'm only sorry you didn't hold out a few mornings more, and damme if all the ship's offal shouldn't be down your lying throat; but this morning's draught you must take, and that on principle: the order was passed; and, as every order must be obeyed, I shan't allow you to set a worse example to the crew than you have already done—so down with every drop of it at once!—and boatswain's mate, here! lay into him 'til he has finished it!"

Down came the stripes of the rope's-end heavily on the wretch's head and shoulders, and down went the tarred-water with celerity and despatch, 'til the quart was empty, and a thick, greasy, black moustache of tar along the cook's broad lips made him appear miserably desperate—which desperation amounted apparently to heroism; for at one bound he reached the place where the men were at work, and the next instant was the busiest amongst them at scrubbing decks.

After breakfast, when the captain came on deck, Lieutenant Meanwell reported on the case of Williams, stating his acknowledged and perfect cure, and pointing him out amongst the men, right hale and in good spirits.

In about a month after, Williams was found to be so good a seaman, that he was made captain of the forecabin; and subsequently, for his brave daring in a gallant action, promoted to the rank of warrant-officer; and may be at this moment (for all the author knows) boatswain of one of the largest ships in our navy. J. T. C.

THE UNFORTUNATE.—The least offence a man in distress commits is a sufficient pretence for the rich to refuse him all assistance; they would have the unfortunate entirely perfect.

STATE OF HARDWARE ARTIZANS IN ENGLAND.

(Abstracted from Commissioner Horne's Report, 1843.)

The system of work at Willenhall, three miles from Wolverhampton, is to do nothing for two or three days but drink and carouse, and then work for sixteen or twenty hours a day the remainder of the week. Their time seems to be pretty equally divided between drinking and filing. Children of both sexes, perched on blocks, work with the men as soon as they can hold the file: they are apprenticed to their masters, and occasionally sold by them from one to another, and often brutally used.

The evidence is all given in the exact words of the young Vulcans themselves, and is borne out in substance by other witnesses. One is beat with a whip with four lashes to it, tied in knots: the master of another boy "has cut his head open five times—once with a key and twice with a lock; knocked the corner of a lock into his head twice—once with an iron bolt, and once with an iron saw—a thing that runs into the staple." These children are required to work from 6 till 10 or 11 at night.

There are abundant instances of a desire to make the least of a bad beating. The boys are hardened by brutality, and anything but given to complain. "One boy told me that his master did not beat him much; only with a stick—or some thick ropes—or the handle of a hammer. Another boy, under the same circumstances, told me 'he was pretty well treated' and the master of a third, 'only laid it on for five minutes at a time.'" Kicking with nailed shoes, violently beating with ash sticks, knotted ropes, and hammer handles, and wrenching the ears till they bleed, seem ordinary punishments. There are no magistrates in this lawless place, and no redress for the children. The poverty of numbers of these people is extreme. The moral condition of the population is thus summed up—"Moral feelings and sentiments do not exist; they have no morals."

DYEING BLACK.—Cotton goods are allowed to steep in a decoction of sumac for twelve hours; they are then wrought through lime-water, which gives them a beautiful blueish-green colour, becoming very dark with short time's exposure to the air. If allowed to stand for half-an-hour, the green colour passes off, and the goods assume a greenish-dun shade. When they are at the darkest shade of green, they are put through a solution of copperas; after working some time in this, and allowing them to stand exposed to the air, they become a black. But if dried from this, it is only a slate or dark grey. They are again put through lime-water, which renders them brown, and then wrought through a decoction of logwood till the colour of the wood has nearly disappeared. A little copperas is added, which throws off the reddish hues of the wood, giving them a blue shade. This is termed *raising* the colour. The goods are washed from this in cold water, and dried in the shade. When a deep blue-black is wanted, they goods are dyed in blue previous to steeping in the sumac.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—Men are apt to feel it to be a shame that the meritorious qualities should be so little prized compared with the successful qualities, and that there should be so little proportion between their respective rewards. Besides, satirists, caricaturists, and critics feel that the successful are their fair game—their legitimate subjects. Men who have success have small cause to complain if they get envy and ridicule. They have the best of it. With money in their purse, and honour crowning their brows, the successful are niggard if they grudge the laugh to those who get little else.

THE WATER POWER OF IRELAND.

The hand of the Creator has lavished on this country a great amount of natural resources. Ireland is inferior to no country in soil, climate, and agricultural produce, and to few in her resources of mechanical power.

The forces which man employs in manufactures, arts, and commerce are the power of animals, wind, water, and steam. The value and importance of these powers is determined in a great measure by their capability of being applied to the use of man, or by the available quantity of them at his disposal. In countries where fuel is abundant, steam-power is the most important; in places possessing many rivers or running streams, water-power ranks highest in importance as a mechanical agent.

Ireland may be ranked among the countries having a large supply of water-power; the causes of which are, her geographical position and geological formation. The proximity of Ireland to an immense ocean, from which great quantities of water are continually evaporated, and the prevalence of westerly winds, which waft the vapours of the Atlantic to our shores, must evidently produce an abundant and never-failing supply of water. If the copious rains by which the surface of Ireland is watered fell on a low, flat country, the land would become an extensive and unproductive bog. The irregular surface of Ireland happily prevents such an occurrence, and the superabundant moisture, instead of being injurious, becomes a source of power and utility.

The water supplied by the vapours of the ocean falls on the hills and mountains, forming springs by percolation through rocks, or collects in innumerable rills on their surface. The united waters of a large number of springs or rills form a rapid and powerful mountain stream. The power of a stream depends on two circumstances—first, the quantity of water which it discharges; secondly, its slope. We have already shown why the streams of Ireland must discharge a large quantity of water, from the geographical position of our country rendering it very accessible to moisture. That the streams of Ireland have a great slope is evident when the nature of the country through which they pass is considered, with its sloping hills and steep mountains. Thus we can perceive that every requisite for powerful streams is embodied in those of Ireland. A glance over the maps of the Irish counties, projected from the ordnance survey, will satisfy us that our country is intersected by thousands of the streams to which we have alluded. When it is considered that every stream may work many hydraulic machines, our readers can form some idea of the number that could be worked by many thousand streams.

The chemical properties of water, as well as its mechanical agency, are very important. In many of the processes of the arts and manufactures, water is indispensable as a chemical agent. In dyeing, bleaching, tanning, and fulling, besides a multitude of less important or less complicated manufactures, an abundant supply of pure water is equally useful and indispensable. To make the steam engine useful and effective, water is as necessary as fuel. It may now, therefore, be safely concluded that a country like Ireland, abundantly

supplied with this most important of all liquids, is eminently adapted for manufacturing purposes.

We should not omit mentioning that from the presence of numerous cascades in the mountainous part of Ireland, overshot water-wheels could be easily and extensively used. The effect of an overshot water-wheel is double that of an undershot—the mechanical power of the water applied to both being the same.

The rapid advances of temperance, science, and literature lately made among the inhabitants of this country, shall soon probably be the means of turning the great mechanical resource of Ireland to some useful purpose.

Cork.

H. H.

PERIODS OF HUMAN LIFE.

Childhood—From 1 to 7 years of age. The age of accidents, griefs, wants, sensibilities.

Adolescence—From 8 to 14. The age of hopes, improvidence, curiosity, impatience.

Pube ty—From 15 to 21. The age of triumphs and desires, self-love, independence, vanity.

Youth—From 22 to 28. The age of pleasure, love, sensuality, inconstancy, enthusiasm.

Manhood—From 29 to 35. The age of enjoyments, ambition, and the play of all the passions.

Middle Age—From 36 to 42. The age of consistency, desire of fortune, of glory, and honours.

Mature Age—From 43 to 49. The age of possession, the reign of wisdom, reason, love of property.

Decline of Life—From 50 to 56. The age of reflection, love of tranquillity, foresight, and prudence.

Commencement of Old Age—From 57 to 63. The age of regrets, cares, inquietudes, ill temper, desire of ruling.

Old Age—From 64 to 70. The age of infirmities, exigency, love of authority, and submission.

Decrepitude—From 71 to 77. The age of avarice, jealousy, and envy.

Caducity—From 78 to 84. The age of distrust, vain-boasting, unfeelingness, suspicion.

Age of Favour—From 85 to 91. The age of insensibility, love of flattery, of attention, and indulgence.

Age of Wonder—From 92 to 98. The age of indifference, and love of praise.

Phenomenon—From 99 to 106. The age of insensibility, hopes, and—the last sigh!

CHRONOMETRICAL OBSERVATIONS.—The Beagle, Captain Fitzroy, during her recent circumnavigation of the globe, had on board 22 chronometers, and care was taken to rate them frequently where change of climate seemed to render that precaution necessary. The series of distances thus measured in time round the globe, amounted altogether to twenty-four hours and thirty-three seconds, instead of twenty-four hours exactly. This error, Captain Fitzroy suggests, is attributable to magnetism, or electricity, or some other latent cause operating in chronometers, carried in one direction round the earth; but to us it appears explicable without the aid of any mysterious agency. The distances, which are added together, are severally averages or mean amounts, and therefore only approximations. The error of thirty-three seconds in the result is very small indeed, compared to the several errors involved in the details; and it is, in reality, a great triumph of science to be able to state, that in a voyage of five years, the circuit of the globe measured in time by chronometers, differed from the truth only a two thousand six hundredth part of the whole.

CURE FOR CORNS.—We find the following mixture recommended as a certain cure for corns:—One teaspoonful of tar, one do. of brown coarse sugar, and one do. of saltpetre. The whole to be warmed together, and spread on kid leather the size of the corn. In two days, it is said, the corn will be drawn out.

THE UNAMIABLE.

Mankind are ignorant enough, Heaven knows, both in the mass, about general interests, and individually, about the things which belong to their peace: but of all mortals, none perhaps are so awfully self deluded as the unamiable. They do not, any more than others, sin for the sake of sinning; but the amount of woe caused by their selfish unconsciousness, is such as may well make their weakness an equivalent for other men's gravest crimes. There is a great diversity of hiding-places for their consciences—many mansions in the dim prison of discontent; but it may be doubted whether, in the hour when all shall be uncovered to the eternal day, there will be revealed a lower depth than the hell which they have made. They, perhaps, are the only order of evil ones who suffer hell without seeing and knowing that it is hell. But they are under a heavier curse even than this; they inflict torments second only to their own, with an unconsciousness almost worthy of spirits of light. While they complacently conclude themselves the victims of others, or pronounce, inwardly or aloud, that they are too singular, or too refined, for common appreciation, they are putting in motion an engine of torture whose aspect will one day blast their minds' sight. The dumb groans of their victims will sooner or later return upon their ears from the depths of the heaven to which the sorrows of men daily ascend. The spirit sinks under the prospect of the retribution of the unamiable, if all that happens be indeed for eternity—if there be indeed a record—an impress on some one or other human spirit—of every chilling frown, of every querulous tone, of every bitter jest, of every insulting word—of all abuses of that tremendous power which mind has over mind. The throbbing pulses, the quivering nerves, the wrung hearts that surround the unamiable—what a cloud of witnesses is here! and what plea shall avail against them? The terror of innocents who should know no fear—the vindictive emotions of dependants who dare not complain—the faintness of heart of lifelong companions—the anguish of those who love—the unholy exultation of those who hate—what an array of judges is here! and where can an appeal be lodged against their sentence? Is pride of singularity a rational plea? Is super-refinement, or circumstance from God, or uncongeniality in man, a sufficient ground of appeal, when the refinement of one is a grace granted for the luxury of all—when circumstance is given to be conquered, and uncongeniality is appointed for discipline? The sensualist has brutified the seraphic nature with which he was endowed. The depredator has intercepted the rewards of toil, and marred the image of justice, and dimmed the lustre of faith in men's minds. The imperial tyrant has invoked a whirlwind, to lay waste, for an hour of God's eternal year, some region of society. But the unamiable—the domestic torturer—has heaped wrong upon wrong, and woe upon woe, through the whole portion of time which was given into his power, till it would be rash to say that any others are more guilty than he. If there be hope or solace for such, it is that there may have been tempers about him the opposite of his own. It is matter of humiliation and

gratitude that there were some which he could not ruin; and that he was the medium of discipline by which they were exercised in forbearance, in Divine forgiveness, and love. If there be solace in such an occasional result, let it be made the most of by those who need it: for it is the only possible alleviation to their remorse. Let them accept it as the free gift of a mercy which they have insulted, and a long suffering which they have defied

M.

IMITATION OF SPENCER'S FAERIE QUEENE.

"Fayre Cinthia reproveth Night
For hir unseemlie mirth,
Apollo chases Cinthia
And Night from off the earth."

Night clad in duskie weed appears afar
Mount'ng in solemn state the eastern skye,
Full swiftlie rolls along his hebon car,
Fleet cloudes hir steedes, urged by the zephyrs flye,
And shee, recumbent at hir ease, doth lye,
Laughing agen with more than mortal glee,
Glad to beholde the great Apollo die:
Loosing hir reins shee swifter still did flee,
Leaving the god to struggle in the western sea.

For shee had woo'd the sterne Apollo oft,
Alas! too heedless of hir tale of love,
Avoiding hir, he ever moves aloft,
Remote in regions of the ayre above,
And shee despairing after him doth rove;
But when she saw his breaste soe obdurate,
Nor that shee could his cruel heart amove,
(For he repaid hir love with bitter hate,)
To him hir fiers resentment then was no less greate.

Cinthia grievful at hir cruel mirth,
Chiding her follie, thus to hir did say:
"Ah! wood ympe, childe of an unhappie birth,
Dost thou ev'n thinke alone to carrie away,
Or scornest thou the glorious port of day?
Do you in glitt'ring splendor ever shine?
Or ever prankt in light appearest gay?
Not so, your borrow'd beauties all are mine,
Nor is there any beaute that is called thine."

Night reining in hir steedes lyte on the earth,
And frowning at the moon in sterne distaine—
"Why angry mockest thou my noble birth?
Ah! fickle beaute, thou art over vaine."
Shee wept, and from hir cyne a pearlie raine
Of sparkling dew-drops fell upon the ground,
Mounting with haste hir azure carre agen,
Sped away with a light murmuring sound,
While with the chiding echoes all the hills resound.

Apollo hearde their sharpe dispute and rose
From off his purple couch, and buckling on
His golden habergue, speedilie he goes
To part the disputants—they elles had gone,
For they espyde him as he came along,
Approaching them in stately majeste;
Swift Night had fled the moon, but shee alone,
With suffused eyne, in dremment did sigh, [file.
Would that with Night's much-envied speede I too could

Shee then a silver veil threw o'er hir face,
To hide hir from Apollo's piercing eye,
Not willing to endure his steady gaze,
And yet unable speedilie to fle;
But he the pearls which so scattered lye,
Ordered the light-winged Zephyrus to take
And place aloft dependant in the skie,
And of them refulgent starres to make,
Lighting the world at eve for happie mortals' sake.

TA AL RABNUD,

Weed, dress; hebon, ebony-black; grievful, full of grief; wood, mad; ympe, creature; prankt, gorgeously clad; habergue, armour; elles, already; espyde, beheld; dremment, sorrowfulness; amove, move.

A LEGEND OF KILLAHOOKAWN STONE.

"Oh ! I could weep,
Vex'd with the turmoil of this jarring world,
To think upon thy deep tranquillity,
Mine own loved home ! the struggles and the strifes
Of worthless ones, that sink into the heart
And turns its blood to poison !"

ANSTRA.

It was a calm and beautiful day in the month of August, when all nature smiled beneath the scorching influence of a meridian sun, that two travellers were observed pursuing their toilsome journey along that mountainous district, the south-western part of the county Wicklow, immediately adjoining that of Carlow. The foremost, who seemed somewhat lower in stature than the ordinary size, was closely enveloped in a large frieze coat, which, notwithstanding the intense heat that preyed on him, seemed no inconvenience whatever : this, coupled with the complete ease with which he strode along the rugged path before him, proclaimed him a person acquainted with the locality, and gave him a decided superiority in his movements over that of his fellow traveller, who, by great exertion, and many a false step, endeavoured to keep pace with him. This last-mentioned personage was also of a rather diminutive appearance, but, from his mien and dress, possessed a far greater claim to respectability than his more humble friend : from his ruddy countenance his piercing eyes shone most prominent, by the incessant glances he cast round him at the bold, sublime scenery with which he was encompassed on every side ; and the continual interrogatories which he kept to his more agile companion, concerning anything remarkable he happened to take particular cognisance of, at once proved him a total stranger in those parts. Having emerged from the silent bosom of a deep glen, and wound their weary way along an old bridle road, which proceeded in a zig-zag direction up the precipitous mountain side, but which subsequently changed into a narrow path, on either side of which the waving corn rose in golden splendour, they reached the summit quite exhausted, and sat themselves down by the side of an enormous round stone adjacent to the path they had just traversed, designated by the peasantry by the name of "Killahookawn Stone," in order to rest their limbs, and recruit their strength and vigour once more. As they carelessly reclined on the parched earth, the person last introduced to the reader had a meet opportunity of minutely examining every spot possessing any interest within reach ; and whilst he intently surveyed them, he invariably burst out into the most violent exclamations of wonder and astonishment, or inquired of his friend, who served as guide and interpreter, something concerning their past history, and frequently received in return accounts not at all in accordance with the truth, or in any way satisfactory to him. At length, being nearly tired gazing on such a diversity of landscape, which appeared to greater advantage from such a favourable eminence, he was preparing to resume his journey till interrupted by his companion, who urged him to take his seat again by the stone, as he had a wonderful story to relate concerning the very place they occupied, and which would lose the greater part of its interest unless told from the

exact spot those startling events he was about to narrate occurred in—a request which it is hardly necessary to say was without reluctance complied with.

"Honoured sir," he began, wiping from his forehead the perspiration, which had partially cooled during the intervention of his resting moments, "yer after travellin' a long way since first I struck up to ye, an' how much before that I don't know, an' durin' that time I'm sartin you heerd a great many strange, wonderful stories ; but the one I am now goin' to tell ye, I'm shure, bates thim all to pieces, an' I'll lave that to yer own judgment whin it's finished. Yer after now from this very hight, examinin' everything ye thought worthy, of notice, an' inquired som'thin' consarnin' nearly all too, whin I indeavoured to the best of my power to satisfy ye wid what little larnin' was bestowed on me in my early days ; bud in all yer wonderin' ye never wanst took notice of this round stone behind us that we call 'Killahookawn Big Stone,' an' to say that it's the most extraordinary curiosity in this country for miles round ; an' I should be guilty of a very great mis-dim-mean-hour iv I allowed ye to folly on yer tower 'thout both hearin' of an' seein' it. This is a lonesome place ye may see ; ye might sit here whole days together 'thout behouldin' the sight of a livin' morkal, barrin' an odd stroller from the glin down below us, or a Fowler that might chance to pass, except in the latter part of summer, whin the fraughans are ripe, an' thin ye might see crouds upon crouds, both here an' on all parts of the hills around to the Black Rock, that ye'd swear the whole place was alive, wid the laughin', an' singin', an' coortin' they keep up ; an' I know very well, between you an' me now, that there's many a one comes here not for the purpose of pickin' fraughans, bud to look out for a sweetheart an' have a good coortin' match ; divel a lie in it—ha, ha, ha ! It's about the stone my story is : how it came to be here in the shape it's in, an' why it's called 'Killahookawn Stone' to the present day ; bud before I begin let us get upon it, an' from the top we can the aiser understand what I'm goin' to say. From this very spot the unfortunate Garret Byrne, of Ballymanus, durin' the memorable year of the rebellion, delivered many a speech to his men, after reviewin' thim on the green sod there below, it bein' a favourite place before his arrival in these parts for numbers of the boys to assamble to larn their exercise by the light of the moon ; an' while they'd be here you'd see nothin' in one part but choppin' of pike staffs, sharp'nin' of the pikes, snappin' of fire-arms, an' the like ; while in another the more experienced young min, under ther respective officers, id be goin' through their evolutions wid the same regularity as disciplined sogers. Sich numbers at length gother, that the authorities war informed of their transactions ; bud it wasn't until after three unsuccessful attempts that they war dispersed. But I'm ramblin' from my tale. Well, it was a long time ago, so long that it's out of the power of any one to fix on the exact time ; bud, anyhow, 'twas before an Englishman ever put his foot on our soil for hostile purposes, that a most powerful chieftain, of the name of Flann O'Murchoo, reigned in Feilimy's country, (for so this place an' all around Tullow was

named,) but whose place of residence me nor any one else can't now find out, who was famed for having fought six battles in one day, an' whose name was a terror to all Leinster. His cool calculatin' judgment, his unshaken courage, an' the exact discipline which he kep' up among his min, contributed to make him a formidable an' almost invincible enemy. The neighbourin' chiefs, aware of his superiority over them, dreaded his wrath, an' ever carried on the strictest friendship with him, an' whin any great deed of importance was resolved on, they were sure to consult him before they ventkered on the business—so great was the respect an' esteem, partly through fear, that they entertained for him. Durin' his reign, his small kingdom, iv I be allowed to call it so, enjoyed the greatest tranquillity by the wisdom of its ruler, wid the exception of the estern borders all around us now, that was perpeckally annoyed by a monstrous joint (giant) of huge diminsions, who, in spite of all the neighbourin' rulers, kep' possession of these knot of mountains about us, an' from it made the a'joinin' inhabitants quake by the cruelty of his actions. Not contint wid his own district, he resolved to subdue part of O'Murchoo's territories, an' although single-handed was more than a match for the min of Feilimy, who, not able to cope wid such a mighty personage, fled at his approach, by which he carried all before him without opposition. Findin' resistance useless, Flann proposed a treaty, agreein' to pay him a sartin sum of money yearly not to interfere wid his subjects agin, which the munster after awhile agreed to, an' havin' resaiwed his first instalmint turned estwardly to lay waste all before him, no one havin' the hardihood to oppose his progress. Meetin' little or no plunder worth takin' in that mountainous place, he continted himself wid the homage of the people of such a thinly-inhabited district, an' returned back agin to his fastness, where for a time he remained perfeckly quite; but at last he got tired of a peaceful life, an', in spite of the treaty intered into between himself an' O'Murchoo, he made an incursion into the heart of Feilimy, marched 'ithin sight of Flann himself, darin' him to fight him, well knowin' that a sight of him was enough for either he or his min. The faries, ye must know, in those days war very plinty, an' exercised unbounded liberty over the country, an' as young Flann, the chief, retired to rest that night, quite disconsolate, he heerd a light rus'lin' by his bed side, an', on lookin' out, espies a little red man, about the size of his brogue, perched on a little three-legged stool before him, wid a crown on his head an' a sceptre in his hand of solid goold.

"Great Flann O'Murchoo," ses the little man, 'what trubbels ye, or why does sorrow press so heavily on yer sperits?'

"In spite of his heavy afflictions, Flann could not bud laugh at the earnestness in which such a dwarf as him questioned him.

"Ah! thin, Flann," ses he, wid a smile, 'ye needn't laugh at me for bein' so anxious about yer welfare. I know well enough what ails ye, an' what would ye say iv it's in my power to help ye?'

"Flann laughed agin.

"Ye don't b'lieve me," he wint on; 'd'ye know this then, that I'm abler to rout yer formidable enemy than all yer combined forces put

together? I have taken compassion on yer distress an' am come to assist ye. Know that I'm Kissel-Awn, the king of the faries, an' I'm come to ye seein' ye always sich a good man; an' iv ye do as I bid ye, before this time to-morrow night the big chap that plays sich pranks on ye 'ill be no more.'

"Flann was overjoyed to hear this glad news, an' readily assinted to do as he wished.

"Well take this thin," ses he, puttin' a round thing in the form of a reapin'-hook into his fist, of yolla goold, 'an' to-morrow, as he returns home satisfied wid his spoil, ye must folly him at a distance, an' comin' evenin', as he raiches the brow of his own hill, he'll be so fatigued wid his marchin', that he'll throw himself down to take a dose; an' whin ye find him fast asleep, stale up softly an' clap my hook on his neck, an' I'll be there to do the rest. So good bye to ye, and remimber be punctual in doin' what I have tould ye, for iv ye don't hould him, I'll hould you.'

"So sayin', he vanished, but the hook remained in his hand, an' a small weepin' it seemed to be able to hould sich a brute. Mornin' dawned: Flann was up early, an' goin' up on a hight to look round him, he observed the huge enemy preparin' to return back wid all the booty he had taken. His progress was but slow on account of the burthen he carried wid him, an' the sun had set behind Mount Leinster, an' evenin' come on before he approached his native mountain, and after ascendin' it up to this place, he sat down to rest like ourselves now, an' bein' exceedin'ly tired, he soon fell fast asleep. Flann, who followed at a respectful distance, findin' him snorin' fast, true to the injunctions laid on him, advanced with a cautious step, an' placed his goolden hook across the sleepin' warrior's neck, which now grew so big, that its two inds stuck in the ground at aich side, an' thick enough to keep him, strong as he was, down; an' quickly the little man appeared agin, who havin' put his heel on the hook, sunk it down through the joint's neck, and complatey seperated the head from the body, advanced towards the terrified O'Murchoo, an' thus addressed him:

"Know, noble O'Murchoo, that your inviterit enemy is now no more! I long commiserated ye in yer afflictions, an' at length resolved to free ye from the villian who opprest ye, who through my power is now slain. He was a dear friend of mine, and 'twas by my manes that he became so formidable in these parts, but he incurred my displeasure by wagin' war wid the definceless, an' him that it was his duty to protect; an' as I could exalt, so I could also destroy, an' now behould my victim lifeless before me! As a punishment for breaking the treaty solemnly sworn in both of yer presences, I will cause his body to be burnt on the spot it lies, but the head I will cause to be changed into a stone, which shall there remain in its present shape as a warnin' to posterity, for any man who daars to be guilty of perjury or the violation of a treaty! As through life he thirsted for human blood, in his new situation I will subject him to a perpeckal thirst, an' every night, at twelve o'clock, this head shall rowl to the brook in yon hollow, an' after drinkin' return agin to its ould position. Thus it shall be doomed to do, night after night, for ages upon ages, till some darin' mortal durin'

his absence finds this hook of mine I now hide beneath it, and strucks him three strokes on the forehead wid it, as he returns; thin, and not till thin, will he resume his former shape, only for the purpose of devastatin' the country wid ten times more fury thin ever. Till that time, to future generations his head shall sarve as a boundary or lan' mark to divide territories, an' whosoever attempts to in any way injure it, or remove it from where it stan's, shall for so doin' be doomed to occupy its place. Go, now, proclaim these my decrees to the world, an' enjoy yourself in pace.'

"Flann would have returned thanks, bud he vanished from his sight; an' as he stood in mute astonishment, a smoke issued from the body which almost instantaneously consumed it, that not the laist vestage was left; bud the head still remained changed from flesh an' bone into hard stone, its size, form, and features exactly the same as before it was transformed, and to this day continues in the same position that Kissel-Awn, the fairy king, left it so long ago. Ye laugh, bud isn't it from that circumstance that it retains its name, Killahook-awn—that is, killed by the hook of Awn, or more properly, killed by Kissel-Awn's hook; an' only look at its shape—see here ar' the eyes, nose, an' mouth, facin' toast the est, the very way the fairy left thim, although greatly disfigured by time. An' still, as at first, he rowls down to Goold brook every night at cock-crow to take a drink, an' the noise he makes goin' an' comin' his journey is enough to frighten the stoutest heart; an' still it remains a boundary to the present day, bein' partly on the counties of Carlow and Wicklow; the baronies of Rathvilly and Shillelagh; the parishes of Clonmore, Creccrin, an' Mullinacuff; and the townlands of Killalongford, Ballyshane, and Goold,* and will remain so till the hook is found, which I sinsarely hope may be never. Ye laugh agin, and don't b'lieve me; isn't everything connected wid it pointin' out the truth of my story. Besides all the convincin' proofs I have counted up, I'll give ye a couple more. The three towns around it also got their names from the same evint, an' that I'm able to show ye. Killalongford signifies that he was killed by the long ford, which in those days ran down along the hill by where we sit to the brook below us; Ballyshane, Shane's-town, from Flann's son that came to live below in the hollow shortly after the joint's death, whose name was Shane; an' Goold from the golden hook hid somewhere about here, an' from the joint's goold, that he hid on the hill, a crock-full of which was found about a hundred years ago by ould Billy Kennedy, that would have made his family rich for ever, iv he wasn't so unfortunate as he was. Wont you believe it after all that?

"Such is the wonderful story of this wonderful stone; ye may think it all a fabrication, bud think as ye plaze, I'm sartin the facts enumerated are sufficient to convince ye of its authenticity; examine now, an' you'll find all I have said is strictly true; there ye stan' on the tyrant's scull, who formerly laid waste all the lovely country ye're after admirin' round ye; an' long, long

may it continue so, free from the villian's spilation, is the ardent wish of yer humble sarvint. I've done."

Such, we repeat, is the strange narrative concerning Killahookawn stone which the peasant related to his fellow traveller from beneath its shade, and which we now bequeath the reader. In the conclusion he adduced too many powerful proofs to admit of a contradiction: so, having again wiped his forehead, they arose, and after pointing out the peculiarities of the stone, resumed their journey down the craggy precipices on the other side. And here we may be also allowed to conclude, merely remarking on the absurdity of the reasoning above, in order to establish it on truth, and that, notwithstanding its improbability, like most of the legends of our country, every word of the foregoing is believed to be true by the majority of the peasantry in those parts; and as they have drawn such ingenious inferences to make it appear so, it would be useless to attempt to remove their errors. " M.

TO MARIA.

Come, Maria, let us stray,
E'ning sunbeams light our way;
Bubbling brooks like silver run,
Glistening in the genial sun;
Mountain peaks are tinged with gold,
Lambs are straggling from the fold;
Birds are warbling thro' the grove,
Thence, Maria, let us rove.

Where the lark on lofty wing
Makes the vale and welkin ring,
Where the modest daisy's stem
Bears its native mountain gem,
Where the lily rests his head
On the dew-be-spangled bed,
And the primrose decks the lea,
Wander, then, my love, with me.

Now the moon ascends the sky,
Gentle zephyrs wander by,
Breezes thro' the foliage play,
Owlets from their turrets stray,
Bats are whirring from the pines,
Where the creeping ivy twines,
And the rushing torrents flow,
Then, Maria, let us go.

Where the onward sweeping flood
Skirts the distant waving wood,
Where the thick luxuriant copse
Down the slanted hillock slopes,
Where the broad boughs shade the glen
Far above the rushy fen,
And the blossoms scent the spray,
There, my dearest, let us stray. F.

FLOWERS INDICATORS OF THE STATE OF THE ATMOSPHERE.—The opening or shutting of some flowers depends not so much on the action of the stimulus of light as on the existing state of the atmosphere; and hence their opening or shutting betokens change. It is stated in "Keith's Botany" that if the Siberian sowthistle shuts at night, ensuing day will be fine; and if it opens, it will be cloudy and rainy. If the African marigold continued shut after seven o'clock in the morning, rain is near hand. The pimpernel, or *anagallis arvensis*, is styled the poor man's weather glass. This little plant blooms in June, in our stubble fields and gardens, and continues in flower all the summer. When this plant is seen in the morning with its little red flowers widely extended, we may generally expect a fine day; on the contrary, it is a sign of rain when its petals are closed.

* It may be proper to note, that the stone bears a strong resemblance to a man's head, and also that it is really situate on the boundaries of every place mentioned above.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY.

The most remarkable cavern that has been discovered in any part of the world, is that called the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, North America. What the true proportions of this cave are, as far as regards the length to which it penetrates into the earth, is not yet ascertained; for, though it has been explored to the distance of between nine or ten miles, no boundary has been reached in any one of its numerous windings. The mere extent of this excavation is sufficient to render it an object of interest, but the Mammoth Cave is not deficient in attractions in other points, though it is inferior to many other subterraneous cavities in the variety of its productions, or in the beauty of its natural curiosities.

There is a passage in the main avenue, about sixty rods from the entrance, like that of a trap-door; by sliding aside a large flat stone, you can descend sixteen or eighteen feet in a very narrow defile, where the passage comes upon a level, and winds about in such a manner that it passes under the main passage without having any communication with it, and at last opens into the main cave by two large passages. It is called glauher salt room, from salts of that kind being found there; there is also the sick room, the bat room, and the flint room, all of which are large, and some of them very long. The last that I shall mention is a very winding avenue, which runs west and south-west for more than two miles; this is called the haunted chamber, from the echo of the sound made in it. The arch of this avenue is very beautiful, encrusted with limestone, spar, and in many places the columns of spar are truly elegant, extending from the ceiling to the floor. I discovered in this avenue a very high dome, in or near the centre of the arch, apparently fifty feet high, hung with rich drapery, festooned in the most fanciful manner, for six or eight feet from the hangings, and in colours the most rich and brilliant.

The columns of spar and the stalactites in this chamber are extremely romantic in their appearance, with the reflection of one or two lights. There is a chair formed of this spar, called Wilkins' arm-chair, which is very large, and stands in the centre of the avenue, and is encircled with many smaller ones. Columns of spar fluted, and studded with knobs of spar and stalactites, drapery of various colours superbly festooned, and hung in the most graceful manner, are shown with the greatest brilliancy from the reflection of lamps. A part of the haunted chamber is directly over the bat room, which passes under the haunted chamber without having any connection with it. My guide led me into a very narrow defile on the left side of this chamber, and about 100 yards from Wilkins' arm-chair, over the side of a smooth limestone-rock, ten or twelve feet, which we passed with much precaution; for, had we slipped from our hold, we would have gone to that "bourne whence no traveller returns," if I may judge from a cataract of water, whose dismal sound we heard at a considerable distance in this pit, and nearly under us. However, we crossed in safety, clinging fast to the wall, and winding down under the haunted chamber, and through a very narrow passage for thirty or forty yards, when our course was west, and the passage twenty or thirty feet in width, and from ten to eighteen high, for more than a mile. The air was pure and delightful in this as well as in other parts of the cave. At the farther parts of this avenue, we came upon a reservoir of water, very clean and delightful to the taste, apparently having neither inlet nor outlet.

Within a few yards of this reservoir of water, on the right hand of the cave, there is an avenue, which leads to the north-west. We had entered it but forty feet, when we came to several columns of the most

brilliant spar, sixty or seventy feet in height, and almost perpendicular, which stand in basins of water, that comes trickling down their sides, then passes off silently from the basins, and enters the cavities of stone without being seen again. These columns of spar and the basins in which they rest, in splendour and beauty surpass every similar work of art I ever saw. We passed by these columns, and entered a small but beautiful chamber, whose walls were about twenty feet apart, and the arch not more than seven high, white as white-wash could make it; the floor was level as far as I explored it, which was not a great distance, as I found many pit-holes in my path, that appeared to have been lately sunk, which induced me to return.

We returned by the beautiful pool of water which is called the Pool of Clitorius, after the "Fons Clitorius" of the classics, which was so pure and delightful to the taste, that, after drinking of it, a person had no longer a taste for wine. On our way back to the narrow defile, I had some difficulty in keeping my lights, for the bats were so numerous and flew so continually in our faces, that it was next to impossible to get along in safety. I brought this trouble on myself by my want of foresight; for, as we were moving on, I noticed a large number of these bats hanging by their hind legs to the arch, which was not above twelve inches higher than my head. I took my cane, and gave a sweep the whole length of it, when down they fell; but soon, like so many imps, they tormented us till we reached the narrow defile, when they left us. We returned by Mr. Wilkins' arm chair, and back. I found a remarkable mummy at this place, whither it had been brought by Mr. Wilkins, from another part of the cave, for preservation. It is a female, about six feet in height, and so perfectly dried that it weighed only twenty pounds when I found it. The hair on the back part of the head is rather short, and of a sandy hue; the top of the head is bald, and the eyes sunk into the head; the nose, or that part which is cartilaginous, is dried down to the bones of the face; the lips are dried away, and have discovered a fine set of teeth, white as ivory. The hands and feet are perfect even to the nails, and delicate like those of a young person; but the teeth are worn as much as those of a person of fifty. The preservation of this body is without doubt occasioned by the large proportion of saltpetre in the earth of the cave.

She must have been a personage of high distinction, if we may judge from the manner in which she was buried. Mr. Wilkins informed me that she was first found by some labourers, while digging for saltpetre earth, in a part of the cave about three miles from the entrance, buried eight feet deep between four limestone slabs, seated with the knees brought close to body, which is erect, the hands clasped, and laid upon the stomach; the head upright. She was muffled up and covered with a number of garments made of a species of wild hemp and the bark of a willow which formerly grew in Kentucky. The cloth is of a curious texture and fabric, made up in the form of blankets or winding-sheets, with very handsome borders. Bags of different sizes were found by her side, made of the same cloth, in which were deposited her jewels, beads, trinkets, and implements of industry: all of which are very great curiosities, being different from anything of the Indian kind ever found in this country.

Among the articles was a musical instrument, made of two pieces of cane, put together in a manner resembling the double flageolet, and curiously interwoven with elegant feathers; she had likewise by her side a bowl of very fine workmanship, and a vandyke made of feathers, very beautiful.

These trinkets and garments, examined along with

the mummy, though curious, do not throw much light on the subject of the former inhabitants of the great cave which has been described. If not of an Indian fashion, as Mr. Ward avers, neither do they indicate that the woman belonged to a highly civilised community. Probably the skull of the mummy, which is still in Mr. Ward's possession, might put out, by its shape, the woman's race.

Much light, however, yet remains to be thrown on North American antiquities and there is no spot, we think, more likely to assist in this, on further examination, than the Mammoth Cave.—*Ward's Travels.*

THE POST-OFFICE.

Prior to the establishment of Post-offices in the various states of Europe, communication between the humbler classes, residing at a distance from each other, hardly ever took place; and the conveyance of letters from one person of distinction to another was accomplished by the expensive process of private couriers. The first establishment of a Post-office in England took place in the reign of James I.; but it was very limited and imperfect in its operations. In 1635 a Postmaster was appointed to each of the great towns in England and Scotland; the letter-bags being conveyed from one town to another by a single horse. There was at that time only one post delivery in each week; a circumstance which encouraged private carriers, upon whose operations the government looked with considerable jealousy. The ordinary rate of letters by the regular post was 6d.—by private carriers 3d.—to which price the regular post was subsequently reduced. In 1658 an act was passed establishing a General Post-office for England, Scotland, and Ireland, which became the basis of all future acts; of which above 150 were passed between that date and the last great act of 1839. In 1720 a Mr. Allen obtained the privilege for life of carrying on the cross-posts, by which he realised above £10,000 a year for more than 46 years. In 1710 there were but two rates of charge for letters—3d. below 130 miles; and 4d. above that distance. In 1765 the rates were altered to 1d. under 15 miles; 2d. under 30 miles; 3d. under 80 miles; 4d. above 80 miles. In 1784, 1797, 1801, 1805, and 1812, other acts were passed; all gradually advancing the rates of charge, till at the last named date they became fixed at a scale ascending from 4d. for any distance between 15 and 20 miles, to 1s. for any distance between 230 and 300 miles, with an extra charge of 1d. for every additional hundred miles. These were termed *General Post rates*—letters passing a less distance than 15 miles belonged to a separate office and were charged at a less rate. This scale was acted upon from 1812 till the act of 1839 which established a uniform rate of 1d., without regard to distance, for all letters under half-an-ounce—the charge for letters of greater weight advancing upon a scale of 2d. for every additional ounce up to 16 ounces; the postage to be paid in advance, or double these rates to be charged on delivery.

Prior to the passing of the new act the gross revenue of the Post-office was about £2,350,000, and cost of management about £700,000. After the passing of the new act the net returns of the Post-office fell from £1,600,000 to less than £500,000, being a loss to the revenue of nearly £1,200,000. The deficiency, however, is gradually diminishing; the number of letters passing through the post being about 50 per cent. more at present than they were when the act came into operation.

INTERESTING ADVENTURE.*

While the *Beagle* was employed in surveying the southern coast of Tierra del Fuego, the master was sent, in a fine whale-boat, from London Island, where the vessel lay, to examine the channels to the east. His absence, unexpectedly prolonged, gave rise to much uneasiness on his account, when tidings arrived from him in a singular manner. The natives, it appears, had secretly watched his motions, and carried off the whale-boat in the dead of night, while the men were sleeping close by it on the shore. The party had lost, with their boat, two-thirds of their provisions, and were in hourly dread of being attacked by the natives. No time was to be lost in making known their situation to their friends. For this purpose, two of the men made a canoe of twigs, in shape and structure like a basket; inside lined with clay, and covered with bark outside. In this frail vessel they embarked, and, after padding tediously for five-and-twenty hours, they succeeded in reaching the *Beagle*. Measures were promptly taken to rescue the crew of the stolen boat, and to pursue the thieves. The chase, though continued for several days, was rendered fruitless by the broken nature of the coast, and the superior local knowledge of the fugitives. At last some of the natives were seized, and given to understand that they should be kept prisoners until the boat was restored. Those on shore, however, showed no disposition to ransom their friends at so high a price; and the prisoners nearly all contrived to escape by jumping overboard and swimming ashore. Thus the only hostages remaining with Captain Fitzroy were a little girl eight years of age, named from the adventure of the canoe above described, "*Fuegia Basket*," and a lad of nineteen called "*Boat Memory*." To these were subsequently added a young man of five-and-twenty, taken on board near the promontory of York Minster, from which he was named; and a boy called from the price paid for him, "*Jemmy Button*."

These four Fuegians (for thus we find designated the natives of Tierra del Fuego) arrived safely in England, when the *Adventure* and *Beagle* returned from their survey in the autumn of 1830. They were placed, on their first arrival, in the Royal Hospital at Plymouth, there to await the first onset of European diseases; but, notwithstanding the friendly care which watched over them all, "*Boat Memory*" died of the small-pox. The others passed safely through the ordeal; and were then placed by Captain Fitzroy at Walthamstow, near London, in order that they might receive some education. The object which he had in view was, to qualify them to act as interpreters by acquiring the English language; to impress their minds with the superior advantages of civilisation, and to gain them by benefits; so that, when restored to their own country, they might become instrumental in the improvement of their countrymen, and in the establishment of a friendly intercourse between the latter and Europeans. These poor strangers were the objects of much kind attention; they conversed with King William IV., received presents from the hands of Queen Adelaide, and insensibly grew rich by the liberality of their friends. Nevertheless, though daily gratified with the sight of new wonders, they still sighed for home; and their generous patron, Captain Fitzroy, had actually engaged a vessel to take them back to their native land, when, most opportunely, the *Beagle* was re-commissioned, and he was appointed as commander, to resume the survey of Tierra del Fuego and the Patagonian shore.

* Abstracted from "Narrative of the Voyages of H.M.S. *Adventure* and *Beagle*, Captains King and Fitzroy, to the Southern Shores of South America."

Near the close of December, 1831, the *Beagle* again put to sea. . . . The joy of the Fuegians knew no bounds as they approached their native soil; they were loud in its praise, and indulged in anticipations of the delight with which their return would be hailed by their friends. Nevertheless, when a party of robust natives made their appearance in Good Success Bay, hideously painted and smeared with clay, "York" and "Jemmy" refused to acknowledge them as countrymen; and would not even acknowledge any acquaintance with their language. The painful recognition of visible barbarism, after having been so long disused to it, probably mingled in this instance with their old hostility to the eastern tribes. "Jemmy Button's" home, at a place called Woollya on Navarin Island, being furthest east, was first reached; it was found to be an agreeable and apparently fertile spot, with green slopes and rivulets in the foreground; hills and forests at a little distance. Here, then, was to be planted the seed of civilisation for the first time in Tierra del Fuego. "York Minster" having taken to wife "Fuegia Basket"—the Fuegian ladies, we presume, all marry at an early age—had made up his mind, for reasons which the sequel will explain, to settle in the same place with "Jemmy Button." But there was another settler who must have landed at Woollya, with feelings very different from those of York and Jemmy; for what can be more different than the feelings of the barbarian about to display to his fellows the benefits with which civilisation has clothed him; and those of the civilised man voluntarily descending to herd with savages? A young man named Matthew had been selected by the Church Missionary Society to accompany the Fuegians, in order that, aided by their influence, he might, if circumstances appeared favourable for the experiment, attempt to introduce into their country the blessings of Christianity. Wigwams were erected, and the property of the Fuegians, consisting of clothes, porcelain, tools, and utensils of various kinds, was conveyed on shore: for greater safety, a portion of it was hurried under the newly erected habitations. The natives, from all sides, gathered round, to gratify their curiosity and pilfer what they could. But Jemmy's relations had not yet made their appearance. At length a deep voice was heard hailing from a canoe a mile distant; Jemmy starting up, exclaimed—"My brother!" The canoe touched the shore, and Jemmy ran to meet his relatives; but his mother scarcely deigned to look at him, so busy was she with her canoe, her skins, and fire-stones; his sister ran away; and his brother, after staring at him for some time with little show of friendly emotion, uttered some sentences which poor Jemmy was unable to comprehend. Thus the slight tincture of civilisation imbibed by the young Fuegian, appears to have expanded his affections beyond the compass to which his fellows could respond; and to have unfitted his mind for the narrowness of the Fuegian vocabulary; for he seems to have lost irrecoverably the purity—*if we may so speak*—of his native language.

Captain Fitzroy proceeded on his survey of Beagle Channel. More than a year elapsed after the three young Fuegians were put ashore at Woollya, before that spot was revisited by the *Beagle*. The habitations were found deserted, and apprehensions were felt for the safety of their owners; but these were soon dispelled by the appearance of a canoe, in which was Jemmy himself—*sed quantum mutatus ab illo*—no longer sleek and well clothed, but naked like his savage companions, with only a small skin round his loins, his hair long and matted, and his whole appearance squalid and miserable. It was gratifying, however, to observe that he had lost only the outward ornament of his person, and still preserved the more

estimable of the gifts bestowed on him. His knowledge of the English language, his decent manners, and his grateful sense of past benefits, had suffered no deterioration. He had prepared a fine otter skin for Captain Fitzroy, and other presents for his friends in England. He was in good health and contented with his lot. "York Minster" had long meditated returning to his own country further west; and for that purpose he had laboured incessantly at the construction of a large canoe, like one which he had seen at Rio de Janeiro. This being completed, he persuaded Jemmy to accompany him, with all his clothes and other property. They proceeded westward along the Beagle channel till they met "York Minster's" tribe; when Jemmy falling asleep in his canoe, the others stripped him of all that he possessed and disappeared. "Fuegia" continued to the last to be well clothed and cleanly—a proof that she was not disposed, and that the naked wretches about her had too much respect for her to compel her, to relapse to barbarous habits. "Jemmy Button's" family were become considerably more humanised than any savages in Tierra del Fuego. Perhaps (observes Captain Fitzroy) a shipwrecked seaman may hereafter receive help and kind treatment from Jemmy Button's children.

A HORSE'S CONFIDENCE IN HIS RIDER.—The confidence of a horse in a firm rider and his own courage is great, as was conspicuously evinced in the case of an Arab possessed by the late General Sir Robert R. Gillespie, who being present on the race-course of Calcutta, during one of the great Hindu festivals, when several hundred thousand people may be assembled to witness all kinds of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks of the crowd, and informed that a tiger had escaped from his keepers; the colonel immediately called for his horse, and grasping a boar-spear, which was in the hands of one among the crowd, rode to attack this formidable enemy; the tiger probably was amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shrieking beings, flying from him in all directions, but the moment he perceived Sir Robert, he crouched with the attitude of preparing to spring at him, and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back, and struck the spear through his spine. The horse was a small grey, afterwards sent home by him a present to the Prince Regent. When Sir Robert fell at the storming of Kalunga, his favourite black charger, bred at the Cape of Good Hope, and carried by him to India, was at the sale of his effects competed for by several officers of his division, and finally knocked down to the privates of the 8th dragoons, who contributed their prize-money to the amount of 500*l.* sterling, to retain this commemoration of their late commander. Thus the charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march, and at the station of Cawnpore was usually indulged with taking his ancient post at the colour-stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drill and on reviews. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought for the same sum by a relative of ours, who provided funds and a paddock for him, where he might end his days in comfort; but when the corps had marched, and the sound of trumpet had departed, he refused to eat, and on the first opportunity, being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom, and galloping to his ancient station on the parade, after neighing aloud, dropped down and died.—*Lieutenant Colonel Smyth's History.*

LEGACY DUTY.—The amount of duty paid in Ireland during the year 1842 for legacies, probates, and administrations was £114,523 15*s.* 6*d.*

COMMUNICATION BETWEEN IRELAND AND ENGLAND.

Government, it appears, now lose by the mail communications between England and Ireland above £80,000 per annum, and they refuse, in consequence, to give any aid in accelerating the intercourse by completing the line of railway from Chester to Holyhead, and by placing between that harbour and Kings-town larger steam-packets. A company of capitalists propose, it appears, to make a line of railway at their own expense, provided the government consent to make Holyhead and Dublin the sole mail communication between England and Ireland, and pay the company for the conveyance of all mails what it now costs the government, including this £80,000 a-year which is lost by the transaction, being the difference between the expenditure and the Post-office receipts. By this plan government, without any further expense, will get the London mail expedited to Dublin in fourteen hours instead of twenty-four, and, of course, the rest of the country will receive a correspondent benefit.

DEATH OF SOUTHEY, THE POET.

Robert Southey, Esq., Poet-Laureate, died at his residence in Keswick, March 21, 1843. For several years his intellect was clouded by insanity.

Of the bright spirits whose literary labours shed lustre on the early part of the nineteenth century, Wordsworth alone remains.

APPEARANCE OF A COMET.

Great interest is now excited by announcements that a comet of enormous magnitude is in course of progress through our system. The phenomenon was observed at Nice on the 12th March, 1843, by Edward S. Cooper, Esq., late M.P. for Sligo; and subsequently by several astronomers. The tail is all that is yet distinguishable; the head is expected shortly to appear.

INSANITY.—It appears that within the last twenty years the cases of this malady have more than tripled. In Ireland the number of lunatics and idiots exceeds 8,000—in England 14,000—in Wales 1,000—in Scotland 4,000.

RAILWAYS.—The official report just published shows a progressive diminution in the number of accidents. With respect to the comparative safety of railway travelling, a comparison of the number of accidents attended with death or injury to passengers, with the number of passengers conveyed by railway during the same period, which appears to have been upwards of 18,000,000, it would seem to indicate that the science of locomotion, as far as the public safety is concerned, has arrived at a very high degree of perfection, seeing that out of 18,000,000 passengers conveyed by railway in the course of the year 1842, only one had been killed while riding in the train, and observing the common degree of caution.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS IN COLOUR.—By a new invention portraits are rendered striking as life, each exhibiting the peculiar complexion of age and health, and which alone was necessary to render this wonderful process equal to the original idea of its still more wonderful discoverer, Mons. Daguerré, that of permanently fixing upon the face of a mirror the colour and character of its reflected object.

THE REST OF THE BRAVE.

'Twas silent night,
The stars shone bright,
As they calmly smiled on me,
And the moonlight's gleam
Threw a silvery sheen
Over the tranquil sea.
Then rose on the air
Sweet tones so fair,
As ne'er reached a mortal ear:
Their forms all bright,
And clothed in light,
Came gently floating near,
And they sweetly sung,
As garlands they flung
Over the silver wave,
And their sweet song,
As they floated along,
Was a requiem sung to the Brave:—

"Rest thee, oh! rest thee, brave sons of earth,
Calm may thy slumbers be,
Who bravely defending the land of thy birth,
Thus died and left her free!
May angels fair ever watch thy rest,
And guard thy lasting sleep,
May thy spirits rejoice in the land of the blest,
Whilst thy bodies still rest in the deep."

INOC.

POETRY.—This, when combined with Painting, must be of such a kind as will unite freely with its elements, and, if necessary, bow somewhat to its paramount pretensions. As music "when married to immortal verse," though less intellectual than her partner, asserts a similar precedence, and sense is often compelled to give way, in some degree, to sound. In both these instances, poetry is not in her own dominions, but is acting only as an ally, and sense and intellect must compromise their reciprocal claims as well as they can.—*Howard on Painting.*

Potatoes in a raw state, scraped fine to facilitate digestion, have been found effectual in the prevention and cure of scorbutic disease amongst seamen.

REMARKABLE PIKE.—In the year 1497, in a fountain which belongs to the town of Hailbrone, a pike was caught which was in length nineteen feet, and which weighed 340lbs.; behind its ear there was a copper ring, upon which was the following inscription in Greek:—"I was the first fish that ever was thrown into this pond, by the hands of Frederick III, monarch of the world, on the 5th of October, 1300." Hence it appears that this pike was 267 years old when it was taken out.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- "F. M. R."—We shall endeavour to meet your wishes next week.
 "W. F. G."—We shall avail ourselves of your favor, and hope for a continuance.
 "The Pirate."—We await the conclusion.
 "A. D."—"E."—"P."—and several poetical contributions received.
 "E. V. B."—We hope to be enabled to resume the tale in our next.
 "B. H."—In two or three more numbers we shall terminate the "stray leaf." May we hope to preserve you among our list of contributors.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors at the Office, 22, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications are to be addressed, to the Editor.

The Trade supplied direct from the Office.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 24.—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

THE WAKE.

"He spoke no more—the life-blood quivering ran
Back to his heart, which burst, and on the floor
He sank a lifeless corpse !

His manly features were convulsed, they bore
The trace of recent anguish ; his dark eye
Was sternly fixed and rayless ; never more
Could he feel earthly pain or agony !"

OSCAR.

"God bless yer work !"

"Musha thin yer welkim avick. How d'ye come on this weather ?"

"Why thin purty middlin', considerin' the way the times ar' goin' now. How's yerself ?"

"Musha thin can't complain, like yerself ; bud tell us, ha've ye nothin' fresh at all after the week ?"

"Sorra a ha'porth worth relatin' ; these ar' dead times, an' if a body can live 'ithout inquirin' after newses it's a great thing."

"Have ye nothin' strange at all ?"

"How could I, that wasn't a mile out of the corner since Sunday evenin' ? Bud aisy, I forgot to tell ye, shure ould Matthew of the Castle is dead ; died last night in his bed after aitin' as hearty a supper as ever he did in his life. It's little he thought, I s'pose, it was to be his last supper ! Bud maybe ye heerd of it afore ?"

"Dickens a word of it till this blessed minnet, the Lord presarve us from hurt an' harm both soul an' body ! Can it be possible that he's dead after all ? 'Twas people's opinion, an' I b'lieve his own too, that he'd never die at all. An' so he's dead ?"

"Shure enough, as dead as a door nail ; an' take my word there's more thin wan that's not sorry for that same."

"Arrah why ?—what harm could the poor crather do thim ?"

"No harm at all, at all, man. Ah ! I see ye haven't me. Tare-an'-ounkey, isn't it on account of the yolla fellows that he has tied up in his ould fob next to his heart that they're glad to see him down ? Poor man—the heavens be his bed this blessed evenin' !—it's he that laboured night an' day, late an' airly, mornin' an' evenin', to scrape the blunt together. Throth he'd sooner cut off his head thin to spind a single sixpence ; an' he never was the wan, in fair or market, 'id say to anybody will ye have share of a naggin' ? or, I have an ould taster here that 'ill stan' us a *gauleogue* ; oh ! no, it 'id be a drop

of his heart's blood to lay out two or three ha'pence for *reanshough*,* or a rowl of brown George, to keep himself from starvin'. Ah ! little he thought an' he getherin' the money together by the sweat of his brow, that it 'id be squandered away the way it will by the set that 'ill get it ; he'd lie down in some sunny ditch or other an' die wid the fair dint of grief, an' wouldn't do a hand's turn agin, if he had the slightest idea that all his hard earnin' 'id be sported away like chaff afore the win'. An' he thought himself very cute to live an ould bachelor, an' prided himself on bein', as he sed himself, a woman hater ; bud if he had the laist *throwt*† in him, he wouldn't be livin' on *skillawns* an' *skilleagh*‡ all his days, while the guineas war olinkin' in his purse, doin' neither himself or nobody else the laist sarvice. He shouldn't have led the single life he had done, bud got a big, rattlin', strappin' wife, that 'id spind it for him an' make him comfortable, an' thin they'd be some one to cry over him whin he'd be dead, an' that 'id say a few prayers for his sowl, an' that 'id inherit his property after him, an' save all the shulers an' skamers of the naibourhood the thrubble of fightin' for it. If he had the look as to have married, ye couldn't see the fuss about him that 'ill be there these two nights. Depind upon it there 'ill be hot work scramblin' for his things an' the best man 'ill have all, as the sayin' is. Sich hubbub never was known as 'ill be over him since the time Adam was a gorsoon. Wont ye come see it ?"

"Bedad I will shure enough, if I was to walk on my head there. What would ye say, bud I'm in the lowness of sperits this long time on account of no fun bein' riz at either wakes or berrins, dances, weddin's, christ'nin's, or hallin' homes this time past. This I'm thinkin' 'ill be the greatest wake that happened in the country this great while."

"Shure enough, ye might give yer oath of the same on a hape of books the hoight of Patrick's steeple. Don't forget tellin' all over your side about it, an' never fear I wont neglect lettin' my acquaintances know of it. Gether all yer friends, an' let our two parties meet at the big stone in the turn of the lane at duskish, an' thin we'll be the strongest faction that 'ill be there to-night. Don't forget."

* *Reanshough*—Brown bread.

† *Throwt*—Cunning, cuteness.

‡ *Skillawns* an' *skilleagh*—Small potatoes and bad milk.

"Never dread, deinde yer life on me. As the newspapers see—I'll dispatch a courier to assamble all my forces to repair to the scene of action. Whoop! hurra for the upper town!"

"An' the lower one too. *Banaght lath.*"
"Banaght dhia ghuid."

The foregoing may be taken as a fair specimen of a dialogue between two young men who accidentally met in an open field where the latter was labouring, just as he was preparing to leave his work, of such an evening as when

"— In the west the setting sun now glows
 Thro' many a dark, o'erhanging, stormy cloud,
 And o'er the world its dying lustre throws,
 Tho' darkness strives its beauty to enshroud."

As the reader is already acquainted with their intentions at parting, he may readily imagine what followed. The eventful tidings of a wake in the neighbourhood was industriously circulated round the two divisions of the town by each party, with the greatest celerity; and, as things of an unusual occurrence were expected to come off at this one in particular, very few who could possibly go absented themselves from the general muster of the boys, at the appointed hour and place. Having collected the body, this immense assemblage of the mirth and gaiety of the entire town proceeded by a short cut across the fields to the place of their destination, and, on reaching the house, after the usual ceremonial of uncovering their heads on their first entry into the wake, such as could provide ones, arranged themselves around the apartment in respective rows on the seats provided for the occasion; but the more numerous portion, having no alternative, were obliged to content themselves on the floor, where they comfortably reclined, like so many swine, upon large heaps of hay and straw, scattered all over the house.

As yet all were silent, save the occasional groan of some old women by the side of the corpse, who rocked themselves to and fro. At length, after about an hour's pause, weary of the prevailing silence which reigned throughout, about half a dozen of the more forward of the boys arose on their knees, and commenced making what they term "*spanshels*," being small pieces of rope, from the straw beneath them, which, by hard twisting and large knots, they made nearly as hard, and capable of giving as severe a blow, as the best oak-stick in Shillelagh wood. After having finished about a score of these ropes, which in the course of their formation they often brought in contact with their neighbours' backs and heads, in order, as they said, to test their powers, the ringleader having decorated his person with a few of them, fantastically tied round his hat, arms, body, and legs, grasped the weightiest one of the lot, and arising at the same time, brought it to bear against one of his companions' ribs with a force that made the sound reverberate through the whole house, and commenced with his oration.

"Come, up wid ye this instant, ye ould codger," he began to the person he was after striking; "come, my little dog, an' be on your sharps at these thieves around ye. An' you, my sweet fellow," he said to another, giving him also a tremendous blow by way of introduction, "be alive now, an' let me see how well yez 'ill do yer works for me. Gather all yer flock all together in an instant: hulloo up there in the corner, on the hob, an' bring thim *saunthought* ones at the fire down here first to join us. Bravo, my little fellows; stick in 'im, an' show 'im no quarter; good dogs there! hiss, hiss!"

"Bow-ow-ow!" was their only response, in imitation of the barking of dogs, as they made their way up to the place pointed out, to dislodge its occupants.

This was the signal for the commencement of a

play. The two youngsters, styled "tarriers" by their master, unable to flinch in the least from his powerful blows, performed their work nobly, by bringing in every person pointed out, however remote in the house; and such as were unwilling to join the ranks, were obliged to come by force, it being the duty of the young recruits, after joining the body, to assist the little dogs in asserting their authority by a trial of strength.

"That's my sweet fellows!" the leader again shouted out: "yez have done yer duty bravely, an' as a recompense for it, here's yer reward; here's leather-fol-dang for ye in style," at the same time laying on them with the knotted rope in a most furious manner, till they with much difficulty escaped into the crowd.

"Now for hurro the brogue!" he roared out again. "Sit down here, every mother's sowl of yez, on yer hunkers, till we amuse the company and chase the thrubble away, which by this time so heavily oppresses thim. Who'll be the hayro to inter the ring? You, Jim Price, is the very man—that's my Willy Gordon ye war; year' always the first to stan' up whin yer wantin' to assist yer generous masther."

This is a play so well known, that a description of it would be useless in a brief sketch like ours; suffice to say, that about two score young men arrange themselves in a ring on the floor, with their feet pointing to the centre, while a rope, knotted up into the form of a ball, is sent round under their legs, whilst one in the midst of the circle attempts to find it. And as whoever is so unfortunate as to let it be found on his person is doomed to stand up and occupy the finder's place in the ring, great exertions are made shifting it from one to another to prevent its being got, and occasion more sport.

"That 'ill do—that 'ill do!" once more shouted the leader, after about an hour's performance, arising from the group, and waving his wand of office over his head—a sight of which served to bring the most stubborn to subjection. "Somethin' else now more amusin'; too much of anything is good for nuttin', as the sayin' is; what say yez, boys, if ye go play *goyl braidth*?—that's the divarsun 'il keep the place in a year'y-arey, an' frighten away the sleep from those drowsy crathurs in the corner, the colleens—the heavens purteeet their purty visages—amin! Come here, my body sarvints, an' 'couter me up in my finery, till I look very grand before the quality around me. I ware nuttin', gintleman, but rale Irish maniffacter; encourage yer native thrade," says he, casting a knowin' wink around at the boys, who were actually convulsed with laughter at him, and immediately commenced dressing himself with ropes and straw, from head to foot, which, when completed, no part of his person could be discerned with the vast coat he so loosely wore, but his face, peering from beneath a large sheaf that protruded over his forehead, and which served to give him a rather ludicrous appearance.

"Up wid ye here in a seckind, Marks Murphy, ye lazy, idle skamer," he said, accompanied with a celebrated bang, that made his victim start out by his side; "be on yer metal, I say, to forward the cause that brought yez together to-night. An' Jim Price and Matt Merna, where ar' yez? or why don't yez come forward like thrue Irishmin, whin yez see people in difficulties? If yez aint here in a jiffy, by the power of war I'll leather the sowkins out of yez."

"We're here at your hip, master honey!" they roared out, dreading the weight of his lash, and with a bound through the thickest of the throng, they were by his side, and ready for the arduous undertaking they were about to perform.

Before we proceed further it is necessary to explain this nearly unknown and forgotten play. The hero,

who is generally a smart, athletic person, equipped in the manner above described, places an old felt hat, capable of being put into a thousand shapes, on his head, which he designates his "*braidth*," and two small flat boards are stuck in his belt round his body, which he distinguishes from each other by their size; the largest he styles his "*cloy*," and the smaller his "*plaitth a buhie*," and having three of the nimblest and the most undaunted of the boys, like the three selected above, to keep them on his person, each knowing his own, he commences with the caubeen. "*Goyl braidth mock a dhinna*," he'll exclaim, at same time flinging the hat into the thickest group he can see, and then laying on its caretaker most unmercifully, who, to escape, leaps into the throng after it, and never desists till he replaces it again, heedless of blows on his master's cranium. During the time the first is searching for the hat, he flings away the cloy, with the like usage for its man, shouting out—" *Goyl cloy mock a dhinna*," and before he has time to return the plaitth is flung into another corner, vociferating—" *Goyl plaitth a bluis* " at the same moment; and before the third could get out of the way after it, he would meet the like salutation of a few blows from the knotted rope; after which he would deal some heavy strokes indiscriminately until either returned with their charge. Whenever the three were gone together, as they mostly were, his cry would be—" *Neensa noonsa mock a dhinna, reensa ransa mock a dhinna*," at every stroke, till one of them was restored to its proper place in the belt again. During the performance of this play, the house displayed the greatest tumult, on account of the leaping of the three boys over the company's heads, seeking for their respective cares, or hiding from the hero's blows—a scene, considering the hardships entailed on the spectators, which is very good-humouredly enjoyed by them.

"After risin' welts on their ribs the size of my fist," to use their own words in the present instance, the room door at length being partly open, the braidth, unluckily thrown near it, went down into the centre of the floor, and as the person who followed it, as quickly as he could escape from the blows, could not find it in the dark, the hero, vexed at his long delay, was resolved to dislodge him from it. Uttering a loud "*Goyl braidth*," he made a bound down the room after him in a hurry, and with such force, that his head came in contact with the large stone over the door, from the effect of which he was knocked back on the floor, at the same time inflicting a large wound in his skull, from which the blood copiously flowed. Such an accident at once had the effect of putting an end to this play, to the no small gratification of the majority of the assemblage.

But, although one man was "brought away from the scene of action weltering in his gore," he soon found a successor, as adequate to fulfil his situation as himself. But we fear we might exhaust our readers' patience were we to give a particular description of half the plays acted on this occasion—so we shall merely content ourselves with the names of the principal, which, like the two before-mentioned, served to keep the house in uproarious confusion till the return of day:—"The groundrill-bawn, or the stan'nin' robber;" "Box the tailor;" "Oats in the market;"

"Ould Downs an' his six sons, an' himself seven,
And four more 'id make eleven,
Ho rare boys;"

"The Frinch docther;" "Drawin' the weathers;" "Watch the candle;" "Puttin' the boar in the sty;" "Mohair;" "One bean an' a bag;" "The rules of contrariness;" "The blind piper;" "Reapin' the harvest;" "The judge an' jury;" "Shave the friar;" "The considerin' cap;" "Pepper, ginger, an' gray-

cock;" "Fickem-puff;" "Boxin' the Connaughtman." These were foremost amongst the night's amusements, and were more fully enjoyed by the delighted auditory than the minor ones unworthy of notice.

During the whole time of the performance of those "scenes in the circle," that part of the company which took no part in these proceedings were not idle. The more obscure corners were occupied by some half dozen pairs of enamoured lovers, who, in the heat of the plays, had retired from the gaze of their more noisy companions to that favourable retreat, in order that they might more at ease converse on that untiring, unceasing, all-absorbing topic—love. And not unfrequently might be observed a couple nearly in that position so beautifully delineated by the poet*—

"Around her waist the youth's fond arms were clasp'd,
Into whose eyes she threw her twilight look
Of tenderness; while with a gentle hand
She raised the golden ringlets from his brow,
That shaded half the beauty of his face."

"Every one had his lass" upon his knee, as the song says; and often, when a blue-eyed maid of blushing cheek and rosy lips showed greater partiality to one youth more than another, whom she erst looked on with a more favourable eye, immense rivalry and jealousy arose between them, which, but for the place in which they were, would have repeatedly ended in blows. At length "his Reverence" arose—a strong-built rustic of smiling countenance—who, 'midst great mirth and many a sarcastic observation on his postulants, united the whole in the holy bonds of matrimony, taking delight, like the play, in going by the rules of contrariness, and wedding the persons most unequal and adverse to each other, to their utter disappointment and the great mortification of their lovers. The ceremony consisted in tying one of each of their hands together, and when united, they were obliged to sing a song for their newly-made brides, in turn, before they were permitted to be released.

"Come, lads," cried a tall young man, arising with a large wattle when the divorcements were all gone through—"come none of your titherin' over there, bud silence for the song. Bad manners to yez, wont yez hould yer whislt for one little, weeny minnet at the laist, while the Jarman pedlar here sings a song of his own for us. Come, my ould throut, out wid ye here into the midst of us, till we have a view of yer ugly mouth while yer singin'; an' mind, ye needn't be a bit more ashamed here than if ye war at home in Constantinople, or wherever ye live. Silence I say; the first that dares to utter a sintinee out of their head 'ill get a smack of this across the bake that wont be pleasant. Si-le-en-ce-e!"

The German pedlar, who was a native of this country for a number of years, knowing it to be useless to refuse such a numerous assembly, adjusting himself on the seat in the centre prepared for his reception, commenced, in a loud brawling tone, to hum something like the following:—

"Ich ewiglich liege uberden,
Werken de alten weisen
Keine ist so geschinct in lerre
Wie michselbach——"

"Stop yer ould balderdash, ye confounded Jarman," roared a thousand voices at once, interrupting him before the verse was concluded.

"In the name of humbug," shouted another more loud, "what ar' ye singin', or what does it mane at all? All that I know is, that he had *mesel' back* at the end, an' I think he's right, that it 'id be better to get 'himself back' or somewhere our this before it's long. That song wont answer at an Irish wake,

* The Misanthrope, by G. J. B.

I'd give my oath, for it's nuttin' bud high Dutch or Jarman to us out an' out. Nuttin', after all, like our own sweet Irish; that's the language is music to my heart; it's none of yer ould furrin Jarman gibberish, bud the rale ould stock, an' it's songs our forefathers afore us loved. Come, Shemus Doran, give us up something sweet; we know ye can touch it out of the hull in style, so up wid it at wanst, an' have no excuse about it. Darlint ye war, an' no mistake. Silence, boys, for an Irish song."

Shemus, after a few ejaculatory hems and coughs, in a sweet melodious strain, began the following song to a lively air, and which we have endeavoured to present our readers in the native simplicity and form in which it was sung. And let it be understood that we do not set it down as pure Irish, but merely as the way it was pronounced by the singer on that night of merriment:—

SONG.

I.

La bragh gha regh me ar Maghan,
 Is branna me er coorth volant le,
 Ke deckan a theaght aught me Nelle,
 Agus bhro yas a lassa der lum.
 Ve vbro ecka bagilla na nolla
 Snaun snoughta gha geabo le ghui,
 Agus gha kebeen yassa yalla
 Nar vaille le smearaght na ho.

II.

Ve mish a yeho thoughta thora,
 Neroe ana na ollus urrimaun,
 Suc rear stole le me heveaun,
 Agus colleen dhas oge erra yhaun.
 Noord a yheel me blasha gau pogheen,
 Neer hoagsha ro vbro urrim ghaun,
 Agus go nhone meag ve thought a thora,
 Curmdisha aghluinn ma cam.

III.

Aghlaria me er Maghan ge ketheen,
 Neer ghorsic me hafdeen forrear!
 No gruig me er arme begears
 Agus ghuir me veal a cuilghreen.
 Horgh me theem shas mougha dhadgh,
 Agus thllig me agreaga le ghui,
 Noor aghoola me ghuir posa arthoreen
 Tha wan me avar vin aultheen.

IV.

Nelle non intrhu lath me fe lathrum,
 Na ma gonra agheemo ogasair,
 Na chroghar gha thoga gun tholla,
 Agus boughalie dhassa thol fwea.
 Ga manasha me laive erme labba,
 Shaugh shaughtani foltha no blean,
 Augh pogheen agus aultho me Nelle
 Go thokeshe in kogo machree.

During the delivery of this song he was repeatedly applauded, and at the conclusion was clapped on the shoulder as a token of triumph, and shouts of "Bravo, Shemus," resounded through the house for several minutes after.

When silence was again restored, the spokesman arose, and casting his eye on an old-fashioned chap in a far corner, who during the night kept aloof from the rest, and did not join in the amusement as he should have done, addressed him thus:—

"Arrah bud thin, Dinny Murphy, I am glad I found ye out at all! I was missin' ye, Misther Murphy, all the night, an' thought ye warn't here, ye kep' so close there. Come down here, my dashin' fellow, an' give us somethin' to charm us this late hour, an' we all so drowsy. Boys, this is Misther Dinnes Murphy, the greatest pote of the day, or that ever was in this country—barrin' Tommy Moore an' Osshun—since the time of Olfier Crummel, who was both a pote an' a hayro. Dinny, give us up, if ye plaze,

somethin' of yer own manfacter; anything that comes from your lips must be good. Up wid ye, my hearty! that's the crathur ye war! Silence I say, boys! Song!"

Denis having arisen, looked round him with great authority, conscious of his great superiority over his fellow-creatures assembled there, and, after wiping his face with a silk handkerchief, (a rarity in those remote districts, and which served to turn all eyes more closely on him,) commenced something like the following oration:—

"Leedies an' gentilemin, I asshure yez I am tokally incompitint to attmpt to gratify sich an imminse assimblige as is arrayed before my inrapkered view. I'm all over in a florification at the honours haped on so undeservin' a morkal by your highly-talented chairman who resides over yez. I beg lave to interduce to the company one of my own productions in the cause of the literakir of our country, an' I sinsarely claim the indulgence of yer hospitality to listen to the recitation of the same, consush that yez 'ill look over the many accuracies with which it abounds. Gentilemin, 'ithout more prefakory conglomerations, let me essay to charm the audiekery wid the voice of my harmony. I'm hoarse, yes know; bud yez 'ill apologise, I know, this terrible could; confound it, it has me barkin' an' wheezin' all the week. Bud the song, gentilemin, it's adopted to the ould melody of 'Ballyporeen,' an' I have no doubt bud whin yez hear it yez 'ill say it surpasses the great original. Ahem! hal ho!

"O, in Friarstown garden not very long ago
 There was a dinner of prattles an' herrin's also,
 The boys they sot down to ate a hearty male,
 Bud before they war done share the herrin's did fall.

One made a snap at the head, sir,
 Another he whipped up the plate, sir,
 An' the boys that had nothin' to eat, sir,
 Might sit on the ind of their tail.

"Ses one to the other, thin ye ugly ghosht!
 Whin I ketch ye here again ye may nick the post,
 Thin he sets out——"

Here he was interrupted in the middle of the verse by a blow of a large turf that was hopped on his jaw with such force as made him start from the easy way he was reclining up on his feet and open his eyes, which were shut during the song.

"Oh! nounky!" he roared out, looking wildly round the house, being rather of a sullen disposition when tormented, which the boys too well knew, "is it come to this? is this the way the rascals serve me for my cordiality? Oh! if I knew who threw that sod, I'd batter his ould head into mummy; the confounded villian, where is he till I'm at him? Let him step out here an' face me like a man, till I tare him limb from limb, the notorious imposther!"

Here he began to take off his coat to fight, and, as he turned round, another turf hit him on the other side of the face, staggered him, and made him foam with madness.

"O, jekers!" he exclaimed, with great emotion, "they're at it again, the false set. Is there none of yez, I say, able to strip off an' stan' before me for a minnet? Out wid the best of yez on the flure till I take the consait out of yez! Let me at 'em!"

Before he could say another word, a volley of turf was hurled at him from every side, which at once had the effect of routing him completely from the house; and as he departed he muttered revenge between his teeth on the first he might chance to meet alone, which only served to turn the laugh still louder against him.

"Well, lads honey," said one, rising up as he was gone, "'twas a rale charity to drive that proud pustaghaun away from decent company. The scruff

of the nation, because he happened to resolve a little more larin' thin us, to think himself above honest people's childer, that was snug an' comfortable to do whin he was goin' about wid *thraneens*, an' a stockin' drew up on each arm! God bless yer hands anyhow, is all I have to say, that done the same: may yez never want the use of yer arms I pray."

"Gintlemin," said another, "I've a few words to say to yez, now that it's near day, an' the house very thin, an' only a few friends present. An' I comin' here I thought the friends of the corpse 'id have so much spunk in thim as to give their neighbours a thrait or a pinch of snuff, or a smoke of tobacco at the laist—they could lawfully affort it, an' all the money poor Matthew, rest his sowl, left thim, an' no use for it at all. O, the stingy thieves! they're not worthy of bein' obliged to help thim to sit up this way an' not a taste to moisten our lips this long, cowl'd, dreary night. Come, as we can get nuttin' here from these misers, let us see what we can do for ourselves; here let us have a join among us, an' sind for a little drop of potheen, that 'ill sarve to revive us comin' mornin'. Here's my sixpence anyhow for a beginnin'."

"What say yez, boys?"

"Bedad," replied another, "I think it wouldn't be a bad skame, since there's no chance any other way. I thought we'd be all bastely agin now. Here's fourpence, all I have, an' sarry, I am that it isn't more; I wish it was a hog for the company's sake."

The hat was now sent round the house to collect the money: some had none, but as the greater majority contributed more or less to the common stock, by the time it was concluded they found the funds sufficient to purchase a full gallon of the native. A few trusty messengers having been dispatched across the fields to the still, the remainder amused themselves during their absence with giving trades—an inciting play performed by way of conclusion to the night's sport—till they returned loaded with their precious burden, when, after drinkin' health, wealth, and prosperity to all true hearts, (this occurred antecedent to the temperance movement,) and a heavy downfall, soon and sudden, to their foes, and all false hearts, particularly the relatives of the deceased, they separated to their homes at sunrise, if not satisfied with the wake at least with themselves, and determined to pursue a different course on the following night.

But we fear we have trespassed too far. In some future number we may return to the subject and give an account of the second night's amusements, which, with the funeral, might afford subject-matter for an exceedingly lengthy article, if handled by the pen of some writer more talented than

*M.

AERIAL STEAM-CARRIAGE.

A novel invention by Mr. Henson of a machine said to be capable of conveying despatches and passengers through the air, has lately occupied public attention. All former attempts of this kind have failed through the want of a source of power whose energy bore a sufficiently high ratio to the weight of the requisite machinery. To set a machine going and bring it to a given velocity, is one thing—to maintain that velocity against opposing forces, is another. The power necessary for starting being much greater than that for maintaining the flight, the aerial carriage is to be started by means of an

apparatus which is not taken up with it, and then is to be embarked the smaller powers and lighter machinery, sufficient for keeping up the original velocity. The 20-horse power engine for the aerial carriage weighs, with condenser and requisite water, but 600lbs. The following is a brief account of the machine, and its mode of flight:—Its car, enclosed on all sides, and containing the passengers, managers, burden, and steam-engine, is suspended to the middle of a framework, which is so constructed as to combine great strength with extreme lightness, and is covered with any woven texture which is moderately light and close. This main frame or expanded surface, which is 150 feet long by 30 feet wide, serves in the most important respects as wings; yet it is perfectly jointless and without vibratory motion. It advances through the air with one of its long sides foremost and a little elevated. To the middle of the other long side is joined the tail, of 50 feet in length, beneath which is the rudder. These important appendages effectually control the flight as to elevation and direction, and are governed by cords proceeding from the car. Situated at the back edge of the main frame are two sets of vanes or propellers, of twenty feet in diameter, driven by the steam-engine. The velocity of the machine is imparted at its starting. This is effected by its being made to descend an inclined plane; during the descent the covering of the wings is reefed, but before the machine reaches the bottom that covering is rapidly spread; by this time the velocity acquired by the descent is so great that the resistance produced by the oblique impact of the sloping under surface of the wings on the air is sufficient to sustain the centre weight of the machine, just as a brisk wind upholds a kite. But while the pneumatic resistance thus procured by the velocity prevents the falling of the carriage, it opposes also its forward flight. To overcome this latter and smaller resistance is the office of the steam-engine. The chief peculiarities of this important member of the carriage are the respective constructions of its boiler and condenser. The former consists of hollow inverted truncated cones, arranged above and around the furnace; they are about fifty in number, and large enough to afford 100 square feet of evaporating surface, of which half is exposed to radiating heat. The condenser is an assemblage of small pipes exposed to the stream of air produced by the flight of the machine. It is found to produce a vacuum of from 5lb to 8lb to the square inch. The steam is employed in two cylinders, and is cut off at one-fourth of the stroke. The steam-engine is of about 20-horse power, supposing the evaporating power of the boiler to be equal, foot for foot, to that of the locomotive steam-engine. Mr. Henson, we understand, has formed his conclusion from the best observation he could make on the flight of birds. The area of the sustaining surface will be, it is stated, not less than 4,500 square feet; the weight to be sustained, including the carriage and its total burden, is estimated at 3,000lb. The load is said to be considerably less per square foot than that of many birds. The general appearance of the machine is that of a gigantic bird with stationary wings; the mechanical principles concerned in its support are strongly exemplified in the case of a kite; and its progress is maintained by an application of power like that which propels a steam-boat. In the operations of nature, particularly in the flight of birds, will be found many striking illustrations of the principles on which the inventor has proceeded.

Whatever may be the immediate issue of the present attempt, we think it is impossible not to award to the inventor the highest credit due to the removal of the great difficulties which have hitherto defeated all similar inventions. Digitized by Google

THE HOMELESS SON.

(Continued from No. 22.)

CHAP. VII.

"So lovely fair!
That what seemed fair in all the world seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contained,
And in her looks—which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unselt before;
And into all things from her air inspired
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappeared and left me dark!"

MILTON.

This stage of M'Dermott's narrative subjected him to much mental excitement: sudden bursts of erratic philippic and unmeaning sarcasm characterised his utterance, as if the demon Vengeance drunken every feeling, which reeled in the folly of visionary invective! I must acknowledge, that the scene closed with the last chapter had greatly heightened my apprehensions: it looked like some wild outbreak of exhausted nature bidding a vain defiance to the sheer but resistless spirit of dissolution, and continued her ravages by sure and relentless degrees, permitting unhappy M'Dermott to feel its conquering approach, and that he stood vanquished! Spiritless did he linger on, and life ebbed fast. It concerned me not a little, and I would have made any sacrifice to procure one single member of his scattered family to bear witness to his indefinable death-bed. There was one subject of paramount consideration to Charles, and that I could well understand was the successive train of incident yet untold. To him the task was no longer practicable; upon me devolved its completion; and, aided by his *memoranda* and occasional personal information, the facts are accurately penned, e'en all M'Dermott would have said, in the following pages.

Charles loved Emma with a tender and passionate love, and into hers did he pour the sentiments of his soul, without one single reserve. Lovely and grand were the heavings of her downy bosom, when, in the wildness of first love, M'Dermott breathed the prayer of his idolatry. "So delicious and rapturous were the hours I revelled upon my Emma's bosom," M'Dermott would say, "that I forgot God, mortal, myself, and felt *her*—adored *her* only! Oh! Edward, for my Emma alone did I live! and the placid, the soft melting looks I received in return, and the balmy breathings which glowed upon me as we'd seem blending into each other's being, when, with the gentle pressure of her crimson lip, she would call me 'HER Charles!' and that we would soon be one! oh! heavens! how I languished in her presence, and revered her as some superior order of angel!"

Eliza's health was declining. Emma alone comforted her; and seeing the rapid inroads of decline upon his sister's constitution, they both sought and obtained Emma's consent to dwell with them altogether. She was now one of their little family, and unquestionably the comfort of both. M'Dermott described her after this event as "possessing a thousand native graces, and every form and movement so delightfully toned with amiableness, that he thought her, if possible, more beautiful, more accomplished, and more sincerely devoted than before." "I clung to the thought of possessing her," he'd exclaim, "with rapture and,

determined upon the purchase of so noble a companion who was capable of making ample amends for the losses and dishonours of my parental home: without Emma, I was to die homeless, indeed!"

Nearly three months had elapsed since she had joined them at Green Villa, and then that *all* M'D. valued in life smiled within its shade, hither would he haste "to be blessed," as he expressed it, "for my toil by the gambol to the gate and the long unreserved embrace of my beloved Emma, who with joy and gladness would quicken me to the comforts she had prepared within, where I met the delicate welcome and faint smile of my affectionate Eliza." "I then envied no man," he would add, "nor did I feel less independent, but infinitely happier than princes do!"

Winter had set in, and although the country seats in his locality were numerous M'Dermott had but few acquaintances; in fact, society had lost its charm without Emma. She, it may be remarked, was of English descent, and for Irish society she did not ambition. We pass over the various scenes of a winter spent in the sweet society of such a fireside as Green Villa's, remarking simply that it was during this season Charles plighted his vow to Emma "to be hers." Let us now see its completion. The following spring found M'Dermott flying on love's wing at an unusually early hour to the villa on one of those delightful evenings when the hearts of nature's admirers feel gay, to join a large dinner party given at Sea View. Emma, he felt, was entitled to apology for his absence, and that was best given by increasing the moments before he'd set out in her society. "Unexpectedly I skipped up the ascent and unperceived got to my bed-chamber, where I sat to my toilet. Eliza and Emma," M'Dermott continued, "occupied the apartment off the small sitting-room as bed-chamber, from which mine was separated by a pretty arched opening, lighted by a circular window, very old and ornamented, with rays of delicately-stained glass emanating from its centre. It looked up the main walk of the shrubbery. Secured in my domicile, the sounds of a finely-toned piano struck upon my ear, accompanied by a flowery and sweet voice in enchanting Italian strains: they were Emma's! Anon and abruptly the following dialogue:—

"I question, Lizzy, if Charles return so early, after all."

"Oh! he must come early," said Eliza; "I'm sure he will."

"I am sorry he mentioned his early return at all, for a body feels the moments as long as hours when expectation is delayed!"

"George — is most dear to Charles, and I cannot tell for the life of me what infatuation he has used."

"Perhaps he is very learned and well principled, Lizzy?"

"That I have no doubt of, for Charles holds these as indispensable ingredients in companions of whom he makes *friends*. I hope," resumed Lizzy, "he may not meet with evil and dissipated young men at this annual 'feed,' as they call it."

"I depend much upon him," responded Emma.

"Indeed, Emma, it's the first time he will have absented himself at any amusement without me;

it would look ill-natured of me to withhold my consent."

"Or mine! but, Eliza, Charles is so easily led, and then—these reckless young fellows!" sighed Emma, rising from the piano, and walking across the room.

"It is surprising what can delay him, Emma."

"It is, indeed, Lizzy; it's now after the hour he mentioned. Come, dear, let us stroll to the garden; we may see—"

The door flies open!—M'Dermott enters from his toilet, with "a heart bursting in devotion," to use his own expression, "towards the fair and solicitous who had but *one* in life to concern for—myself!"

"This day week, Charles!" exclaimed Emma, looking to him with gratitude and diffidence, as he sealed his protestation of love by absolutely naming the day for their union.

"Farewell—farewell!" he hastily rejoined, and as hastily tore from his beloved's embrace.

"Oh!—hold, hold, Charles! what, in heaven's name, is that I see glisten in your bosom!"

"Tut! tut! nothing—it is merely a slight dagger I usually wear when intending to travel lonely pathways; I have it since my removal to the villa."

"Oh! be cautious!" sighed the half disconsolate girl, as M'Dermott quickly uttered—

"God be with you!—adieu! Fear not—I shall, no doubt, return early."

Charles mounted his horse, and one hour placed him amidst a few acquaintances and many strangers.

(To be continued.)

JERUSALEM—THE SORROWFUL WAY.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

Jerusalem has preserved but few traces of its former grandeur. Deprived of its palaces, of its temples, and of its columns of porphyry, it exists, so to speak, only in the remembrance of the past. Nowhere, perhaps, are you so much struck by the magic of names. I entered Jerusalem by a narrow and ruined gate, and this gate was that of Bethlehem. I saw, a few paces in advance of me, a cracked and tottering tower, and this tower was David's, that of the poet king—of the king who, in all the glitter of his glory and of his power, sighed forth the *miserere*! Farther on, in a narrow hilly street, and with a wretched pavement, I struck my foot against a broken capital, and this capital thrown there reminded you of the spot where the compassionate Veronica poured perfumes and flowers on the head of Christ, whilst out of breath, mocked and cursed, he fell on his knees, bent under the weight of the cross that he was dragging to Calvary! The column to which this capital belongs is still standing in the angle formed by the two gates. A few yards lower down is where the Son of Man was bound like a criminal to the pillar, when he gave up his quivering limbs to be scourged.

Let us go forward. I pass the second gate, that where you see the beggar and a woman dressed in the ancient fashion, carrying on her head an earthen vessel, like those that Rebecca formerly presented to Eleazar, Abraham's messenger, when she met him at the wells of Siloa. I have on the right

hand the house of the wicked rich man, on the left that of Lazarus; before me the gallery from whence the words "*Ecce homo*" were uttered. It is supported by an arcade thrown across the street, to serve as a communication between Pilate's house and the ancient prisons of Jerusalem, where Jesus Christ was confined, and which are now in ruins.

Pilate's house is still the residence of the Governor of Jerusalem. It has lost its principal stair-case, the *scala sancta*, which Jesus Christ descended when going to the place of punishment, and which were carried to Rome in the time of Pope Sextus the Vth., and placed in a chapel in the neighbourhood of St. John of Latern. I have seen penitents at Rome mount on their knees, one after another, these steps, which are at the present day covered with slabs of black marble.

In spite of the watchfulness of the Janissaries, I contrived to slip into a back room, from whence I could see the mosque that is built on the spot where the temple of Solomon stood, to which all who are not Mussulmen are forbidden to approach. This elegant mosque, painted green and gold, surrounded by a white wall, and divided at intervals into elegant arcades, is one of the prettiest buildings to be found in the modern east.

I continued to descend, and came to the pool of Bethesda, celebrated for the cure of the paralytic; and going out of the city by the gate of St. Stephen, I followed a steep road which conducted me across the dry sand of the brook Cedren to the Garden of Olives, called also the Garden of Gethsemane, at the bottom of the valley of Josaphat. I walked a long time between the wells of Voconi, the tomb of Absalom, and the field of Alcedama.

I then climbed with slow steps the Mount of Olives. I stopped at the rock from the top of which Jesus Christ announced the ruin of Jerusalem, and which served as a rallying point for the forces of Titus. The city of David was presented to my eyes in all its desolation. It was covered with a mist like a winding-sheet; it looked like a skeleton deprived of sepulture. The valley was strewn with grave-stones, the mournful tombs of the Jews, who come from all parts of the world to die at Jerusalem.

Arrived at last at the top of the mountain, I could see at a single glance the City of the Prophets; the plain where Godfrey de Bouillon fought; the rocks of St. Stabat; the chalky hills that border the plain of Jericho; the Dead Sea shining in a dark sky, like a livid spot in the cloudy distance; and farther still, in the desert horizon, the inclined top of Mount Nebo.

W. F. G.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—The total amount already expended for building the new Houses of Parliament, is 380,483*l.* 10*s.*; the amount voted has been 438,500*l.*, and consequently 58,016*l.* 10*s.* is in hand unexpended, which will be required for works now in progress of completion. It is estimated that a further sum of 578,424*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* will be required to complete the buildings. The total amount of Mr. Barry's estimate will therefore be 1,016,924*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.*, besides what will be required for completing the landing places, making good the pavings, furniture, and for decoartions by works of art.

SCRAPS FROM IRISH HISTORY.

1782.

I.

What varied feelings must his soul engage
 Who ponders, Erin, o'er thy storied page !
 How swells his soul with indignation strong
 At that sad record of relentless wrong,
 Or melts in grief for sorrows all unknown
 To earth's wide annals, save to thine alone ;
 Feels on his cheek the burning blush of shame,
 Where envy points to some well-blazon'd stain ;
 Exulting throbs when meets his dazzled sight
 Some glorious interval as brief as bright,
 Till sick'ning o'er the blood-smear'd scroll at last,
 Each blotted page co-equal with the past,
 Breathes a deep curse, which Heaven must hear, if just,
 And shuts the book in sadness and disgust !

Alike the Bard, who thro' the gates of time
 Doth slowly pace this avenue of crime,
 How vain the wish that haunts his aching breast,
 To find some spot with God's pure sunshine blest,
 Where he might pause and pluck some woodland flower,
 And teach his harp to celebrate that hour.
 Useless his quest—above him shadows grow,
 And weeds unhealthy vegetate below ;
 Hoots at his search o'erhead, the mocking owl,
 And on his tangled path his reptiles foul ;
 No friend to cheer him, and no light to guide,
 Naught meets his view but horrors every side.
 With thoughts like these, how can the Bard essay
 To cull from olden time one fitting lay ?
 Alas ! when ere from thence some chosen theme he tries,
 And sweeps his harp—'tis vain—no chord replies !
 Annals of blood, of injury and wrong,
 More suited far for silence than for song,
 Mourn'd by the good, still sleep in voiceless rest—
 Not mine the hand your slumbers to molest.
 No ! shrinks the muse to summon into life
 The torpid fiend of long-forgotten strife ;
 To brighter hours she turns her cheerful gaze,
 And by-gone crimes she leaves to by-gone days !

And yet, my harp, one subject more demands
 A parting tribute at thy master's hands.
 Rude tho' thy melody and weak the skill
 That prompts the lay, unequal to my will,
 Awake once more—be hush'd all secret fears,
 And this our theme—"THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS" !

II.

When Albion, shrinking from a foreign foe,
 On her own shores foresaw the coming blow,
 Rose in her soul the fear her land might be
 Prey to like ills, she wrought, oh ! Erin, thee !
 Quick at the thought, from far Columbia's height
 Her wings she spread, and soared aloft in flight.
 Fast o'er the waters rushed the Sea Queen home,
 And stood prepar'd to guard her Island throne.
 'Twas then, lost Erin, echoed by the gale,
 Feeble and faint was heard thy plaintive wail,
 As sad you knelt, with mournful eye and brow,
 For help and aid before Britannia now ;
 But vain thy suit—unmarked thy gushing tears,
 Absorbed in other thoughts, that prayer she hears.

Shorn of her strength on proud Virginia's shore,
 How changed her lion port from that of yore !
 And droops her crest, and shrinks her warlike form,
 That dreads, not dares the fast approaching storm !
 The hand that smote thee in its pride of power
 Is weak to guard thee when disasters lower ;
 Deaf to thy cries she stands, reserved and mute,
 Cold as the wave that laves her haughty foot,
 Turns from thy trembling grasp in haste away,
 And bids "thyself defend as best you may."

Then rose the spirit of thy ancient Kings,
 And from the dust thy form uplifted springs,
 Erect in majesty, severely bright
 Flashed thro' thy tears thine eyes of liquid light :
 Back to thy sons you turn'd, and at thy call
 To arms they rushed to guard thee, one and all !
 From glen and cliff, from valley, hill, and plain,
 Dauntless and firm the marshalled thousands came,
 Deaded from thy neck the collar of thy yoke,
 Thy fetters rent—thy chains asunder broke !
 And uttering boldly, worthy of their choice,
 A nation's feelings with a nation's voice,
 Swept round thy banner, and exalted hurl'd,
 By England's side, defiance to the world !

Era of light ! how throbs the minstrel's soul
 With thoughts impetuous that defy control,
 When turning o'er with sorrow, leaf by leaf,
 His country's history of shame and grief,
 He comes at last where, free from party rage,
 Resplendent shines thy pure and spotless page !
 And who but feels the warm emotion start
 In heaving rapture to his Irish heart,
 When wandering long amid her annals lone
 By ruin'd shrines and columns overthrown,
 Mid arid places scorch'd and waste and dry,
 His footsteps lead him thy clear fountain nigh,
 Where 'mid a wilderness thy waters spring,
 And health and freshness round about them fling !
 Blame not the Bard, if loit'ring, long he stays
 Still on this one green spot to turn and gaze !
 Alas ! before him lies a desert vast,
 All bare and barren like the one he past,
 And bleak the horizon and parched the soil
 Thro' which his struggling footsteps yet must toil :
 Here let him pause, amid this verdure blest,
 Quaff deep the spring—his limbs, all wearied, rest !

Era of light ! when thro' a nation ran
 The moral energy of free-born man ;
 When Grattan's eloquence electric woke
 To breathing life his country as he spoke ;
 When Flood's keen sarcasm resistless play'd,
 And pierced corruption with its trenchant blade ;
 When faction ceased, and bigotry was hush'd,
 And freedom's shout, like some young torrent, gush'd ;
 And side by side, united heart and hand,
 In Erin's cause, lo ! Erin's children stand !
 Beacon of glory ! on a height sublime,
 Far flashing o'er the troubled waves of time ;
 Hope of the mariner ! whose trembling sail
 Still points to thee, when shatter'd by the gale,
 Beneath thy shelter, howling tempests cease,
 And warring elements subside in peace,
 Still let me hail thee, shining from afar,
 Thro' night and darkness, freedom's guiding star !

III.

Praise to the North ! from whence the feeling came
That fann'd this spark of liberty to flame ;
On far Dungannon rose its primal light, (1)
And startled Ulster woke to bless the sight ;
From hill to hill it flew o'er Leinster's side,
And Connaught from her thousand cliffs replied :
And Munster vallies glistened in the beam
That freedom's altar flung across the scene,
Till the whole land beneath its glorious rays
Appeared to flash one universal blaze !
Praise to the North ! whose sons first boldly dared
Their rights assert, and freedom's standard reared ;
Temperate, yet firm, no thoughtless impulse led,
Or fickle fancy their high purpose fed ;
Resolved and calm, unswerving onwards prest,
First *felt* their rights, and then achieved the rest :
Wrung from the hand that struggled to retain
The key that lock'd their captive country's chain ;
Flung back her prison gates with matchless might,
And led her forth to liberty and light !
Proud was the day that saw this gallant band
By Lifseiv's banks in martial order stand,
When gathering fast, from every quarter sped
The Volunteers, with Charlemont to head. (2)
Lo ! grave Belfast bath sent her children here,
And Newry's sons, and Antrim's mountaineer ;
And from the wilds of Connemara came
The Claddagh fisherman with heart of flame,
And Desmond's tribes and Dublin's ardent race,
And Wicklow's foresters alike have place ;
Armed in one cause, with one pure feeling fired,
Earth ne'er beheld a phalanx more inspired,
Alike prepared with elevated heart
To act the warrior or the patriot's part,
Throbs each free breast with purpose firm and high,
Their rights to guard—to conquer or to die !
And bore the banner to the breeze they fling
This scroll inscribed—"Our Country ! our King !"
Yea, for their King !—still loyal to the last,
Their faith unchanging thro' this ordeal past ;
Lured by no vain chimeras, tried and leal,
With firm allegiance temper'd headlong zeal ;
Not theirs the wish to quit Britannia's side,
When dark'ning dangers round her multiplied :
No ! while they sought for equal rights and laws,
Against her foes they made one common cause,

(1) At a meeting of the representatives of one hundred and forty-three corps of Volunteers in the province of Ulster, held at Dungannon on the 15th February, 1782—Colonel William Irvine in the chair—the resolutions were passed which contained the celebrated assertion of their rights and declaration of their principles, and whose subsequent adoption by the Volunteers of the other provinces mainly contributed to the great victory they achieved.

(2) On the 3d June, 1782, during the administration of the Duke of Portland, Lord Charlemont, as general-in-chief, reviewed the Volunteers in the Phoenix-Park, Dublin. The Earl of Mornington (the Duke of Wellington's father) and Lord Delvin attended him as aides-de-camp. His staff was composed of the Duke of Leinster, Lord Farnham, Lord Clanwilliam, Lord Carlow, Lord Aldborough, Colonel Grat-tan, Flood, Lowther, Stewart, Sir J. Somerville, Sir E. New-enham, &c., with (as the Papers of the day state) "an incredible number of gentlemen of the first property and distinction in the kingdom." There were belonging to the Volunteers present, four corps of artillery, fourteen regiments of horse, and thirty-three of infantry.

And firm resolved, whate'er might be her state,
"To share her liberty and share her fate" : (3)

— It pass'd !—that glorious hour of light,
And darker fell the quick descending night,
And anarchy awoke thro'out the land,
And frantic folly grasp'd rebellion's hand,
And bigotry rose up most foul to see,
And midnight rapine waved her torch in glee,
And fell dissention rear'd her hissing brood,
And civil warfare fed his dogs with blood !
— It pass'd !—but, oh ! let not be thus forgot
The useful lesson that this epoch taught ;
Deep let it sink within each Irish breast,
That knows, alas ! too seldom such a guest,
And this its moral—may it cherish'd be—
"United, only, Ireland can be free !"

(3) Literally copied from the 11th resolution passed at the meeting of the Connaught Volunteers on the 15th March, 1782, the Earl of Clanricarde in the chair—"Attached as we are to Great Britain by every connection, by every tie of interest and affection that can unite nations, surrounded as she is by a host of enemies, we are resolved to *share her liberty and share her fate* !"

THE COMET.

At Geneva the weather had enabled very excellent observations to be made, the comet having been examined on three successive occasions. It appeared certain, from the information derived from this quarter, that not only had the present comet approached the nearest the sun of all others known, but that it had even penetrated into the luminous matter of that body. The tail was presented in an oblique direction, and could not be less than 63 millions of leagues. Observations were taken with a view of deciding the disputed point as to whether comets shine by their own light or by light reflected by the sun, which led to the conclusion that they shine by a light of their own. The appearance of the comet at this particular moment will have the effect of strengthening the old belief, that such phenomena are always productive of dreadful calamities to man. Thus, that which was seen at Rome in the year 373 before Christ, coincided with an earthquake and inundations, which overturned two cities in the Peloponessus. The terrible disaster at Guadaloupe will be quoted by many as the dire effects of the present heavenly visitant. It was also generally believed that comets produced an extraordinary elevation in the temperature, and this year the weather had certainly been particularly mild ; but this could only be a coincidence, for it was impossible that the immense heat of comets—and Cassini calculated the heat of that seen in 1702 as 2,000 times greater than red-hot iron—could have any effect on our temperature ; and calculations made at the Board of Longitude had even proved that the heat in the years when comets appeared have not been, on an average, greater than others, and sometimes was even less.—*Communicated to the Paris Academy by M. Arago.*

LITERARY PIRACY.—Brande's "Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art" is now re-publishing in America, at a price which precludes the future sale of a single copy of the original edition—for those who pay nothing to authors can, of course, afford to sell cheap. On this volume alone the Messrs. Longman expended more than £6,000, whereof above a half was paid to authors.

TYRE—THE HERALDS.

Between the city of Tyre and the continent a narrow sea rolled forward, and divided the mainland from Tyre by its ever restless surges, which were always to be seen driving untiringly onward, and holding on their headlong course day and night for ever. The roaring billows, always chafed and ever bellowing resistance in the strait, rose and strove with the sweeping African wind, which scoured down upon the foaming, swollen, and monstrous surges, which in savage opposition rose stronger and more furious with every darkening blast of the scowling hurricane. While the gathering brow of heaven frowned into night, the waves poured in revolving mountains over the shores, and outroared their dissatisfaction as they retreated in defeat before the conquering strength and stringent energy of the wind. As the proud city rose beyond the boisterous and frequent waves of the strait, the Macedonians often stood upon the margin, while the wind shook and fluttered their garments in its sweeping way; and as their glance ran along the narrow sea, they meditated how they might bridge the channel, and chain the island city to the continent. That fierce wind blanched their blank faces however, made their hopes sink, and shed despair into their hearts, whenever they ruefully perused the hectoring waters; but were the calm sea as smooth as a mirror, with its surface glassy and reposing, yet the toiling and swarming myriads of industrious workmen scarcely could push forward a pier through the slumbering waters. The first piles were swept away, and scattered by the playful might of the waves, which came roaring in boisterously from the broad sea, to riot and bellow in the firth, like a domestic tyrant raging in his proper home. As they roamed the echoing shore with lofty heads, the loud billows seemed to challenge in a rough note, and invite an invader to wrestle with their defiant potency, in this their own dominion and inheritance. No solid pile could be founded, so ponderous and massive, whose joinings the terrible and savage waves, in their delicious yeast, did not waste away, to pour torrent-like through the gaping breaches, in triumphant and thundering acclamation. While roaring out its belligerent threats, and while rising against some new impediment to its career, each billow swelled growling and clamorous, and ambitious to surmount the highest point, and then deluged and buried the work in a wallowing world of waters. Moreover, a very deep sea for ever vacillating swept rough and billowy round in wild and stormy roistering, and washed and weltered about the walls of the circular towers of the city. Though it was urgently necessary to thunderstrike the rock-built Tyre with stone shot, hurled fast and furiously from creaking and groaning catapults, wrought hastily by the arms of noisy and numerous slaves, yet there was no land or rock sufficiently near on which to plant these engines. Such machines stationed in boats, rising and sinking on the restless surge, and launching their impetuous bolts from a distance, would not drive the shot with that destroying and plunging force, whose ringing and resounding blows upon the battlements should make the assailed town echo the thunder, alike to its centre and its limits. All efforts proved fruitless to attach ladders to the battlements: the brawnliest men the besieging armies possessed standing unsteadily in boats, born away by the current, flung the grappling with a vigorous hand, but always with abortive aim; the smooth unscalable walls, moreover, ascending from the waters as straight and steep as if they grew out of the sea. Besides the stream swept away from beneath the foot of the erected ladders, the boats from which they were upheaved. In this way they dragged the ladders, which scraped down the face of

the bulwark, to dash on the resounding surface of the echoing flood, with a prodigious clash, and a hollow and thunderous report. At times a silvery flash, the pure radiation as it seemed in the sun-light of a burnished disk of polished plate, passed like a meteor from the battlements to a boat. From this smitten bark were seen, a moment after, fast and billowy volumes of smoke quickly and hurriedly uprising towards the cerulian, as if they were in haste to leave the skiff. A pale streak, which no stranger's eye would recognise as fire, supported apparently the narrow base of the inverted mountain of smoke. This smoke rose high, when it streamed along slowly and rolled away, and eddied round the great towers of Tyre; obscured with a veil of floating crape for a second the forests of shining arms, and gloomed all the faces which thronged the battlements.

It happened that there arrived in Tyre about this time certain Carthaginian legates, who came to solemnise an annual festival within it, according to an ancestral custom of no small antiquity. Ever reverent of the abode which parents had hallowed, and one which exhibited the honoured vestiges of their lordly ancestors, who were princes of the earth and the sea, the long-robed legates came in the pious intention of sanctifying in the shining and marble fane an anniversary by which posterity might profoundly feel, with affection and wonder, the gratitude of Carthage to this splendid city of Tyre. The serious and venerable legates encouraged the Tyrians to confront the dangers of a siege, solemnly promising that the white and belling sails of Carthaginian vessels, heavy with munitions, and glittering with armed men in brass, should crest the rocking billow, to be heartily hailed by the shouting garrison on the walls, who should discern the ships coming afar every morning, every noon, and every evening.

Immediately inside the walls of Tyre at this time, pulleys and ropes and hauling labourers were straining and shouting with noisy hurry and resounding bustle, and all the citizens were employed in slowly upheaving their swinging catapults; these might be seen dependant from ropes hanging from a very elevated pulley which stood aloft apparently near the sky. The hanging engines were ascending with an imperceptible and steady movement, in consequence of the hearty and loud and simultaneous tugging and pulling of great bands of workmen, who cried out fervently together when they pulled, and with each powerful effort raised the suspended machine about the fraction of an inch. Meantime the sounding anvils of Tyre rung with the thunderous clangour of the echoing and busy hammers, and all the town was ringing with the unceasing blows of the forgers, who, with brawny arms, were every where plying their trade. There you might see the smutted smiths forging enormous hooks, which were finished and flung by without a pause or slight interval, during which the admiring artisan could delightedly contemplate the pointed offspring of his skill. Their hearts cringed in their breasts, and icy horror apparently struck the workmen into stone, when, at the first hoarse breath of the braying bellows, gusts of blood were seen welling as if full of life from the flames of the forges. So credulous is man, that the Tyrians told this lying tale, with their hair on end, and in a low and husky voice, as they stood for a moment in the shadow in the hour of evening. The soldiers too repeated the fgment with that strong and fervent conviction and fulness of faith which compels attention, and which, while paining the wise, they find it so dangerous to reprehend.

Alexander perceived that the winds withheld from the siege his strong fleet, which now rocking idly on the heaving and remote billows, would make the hectoring citizens quail by merely appearing. One

day those mighty valves, the gates of the city, were seen to revolve on noiseless hinges, to admit Caduceators bearing wands of peace—Grecian messengers of Alexander to the boisterous Tyrians. These persons in spoke mild terms concerning peace to those surly or stormy townsmen. "Peace!" the tumultuous populace shouted, as they rushed like a torrent on the heralds, and bearing them on the crest of the driving tide of mutiny, pinned the ambassadors against the wall, and then raged and clamoured and disputed around the appalled strangers. The foremost of the exasperated mob, amid a loud, noisy, and uproarious dispute which raged in the street as to the fate of the Greeks, insisted with a strange brandishing of brawny arms on their instant dismissal. In spite of the saving efforts of moderate men, the mutineers finally hurried them up the stairs of the rampart. What took place up there was not distinctly ascertained within the city. The besiegers, however, looking from the continent, saw on the remote walls the victorious mob hurl the ambassadors with a great effort into the air, when twirling quickly for a second, the heralds fell with fearful rapidity heavily into the sea.

GANGABAS.

INDIAN SUPERSTITION.

The "medicine-bag" is a mystery-bag; and its meaning and importance necessary to be understood, as it may be said to be the key of Indian life and Indian character. These bags are constructed of the skins of animals, of birds, or of reptiles, and ornamented and preserved in a thousand different ways, as suits the taste or freak of the person who constructs them. These skins are generally attached to some part of the clothing of the Indian, or carried in his hand. Every Indian in his primitive state carries his medicine-bag in some form or other, to which he pays the greatest homage, and to which he looks for safety and protection through life—and in fact it might almost be called a species of idolatry; for it would seem, in some instances, as if he actually worshipped it. Feasts are often made, and dogs and horses sacrificed to a man's medicine; and days and even weeks of fasting and penance of various kinds are often suffered, to appease his medicine, which he imagines he has in some way offended. The manner in which this curious and important article is instituted is this: a boy, at the age of fourteen or fifteen years, is said to be making or "forming his medicine," when he wanders away from his father's lodge, and absents himself for the space of two or three, and sometimes even four or five days; lying on the ground in some remote or secluded spot, crying to the Great Spirit, and fasting the whole time. During this period of peril and abstinence, when he falls asleep, the first animal, bird, or reptile, of which he dreams (or pretends to have dreamed, perhaps,) he considers the Great Spirit has designated for his mysterious protector through life. He then returns home to his father's lodge, and relates his success; and after allaying his thirst, and satiating his appetite, he sallies forth with weapons or traps, until he can procure the animal or bird, the skin of which he preserves entire, and ornaments it according to his own fancy, and carries it with him through life, for "good luck" (as he calls it;) as his strength in battle—and in death his guardian *Spirit*, that is buried with him; and which is to conduct him safe to the beautiful hunting grounds, which he contemplates in the world to come. The value of the medicine-bag to the Indian is beyond all price; for to sell it, or give it away, would subject him to such signal disgrace in his tribe that he could never rise above it; and again, his superstition would stand in the way of any such disposition of it, for he considers it the gift of the Great Spirit. An Indian carries his *medicine-bag* into battle, and trusts to it

for his protection; and if he loses it, when fighting ever so bravely for his country, he suffers a disgrace scarcely less than that which occurs in case he sells or gives it away; his enemy carries it off and displays it to his own people as a trophy; whilst the loser is cut short of the respect that is due to other young men of the tribe, and for ever subjected to the degrading epithet of "a man without medicine," or "he who has lost his medicine;" until he can replace it again, which can only be done by rushing into the battle and plundering one from an enemy whom he slays with his own hand.—*Catlin's American Notes.*

THE UNIVERSE.

When we look on this world so bright and fair,
O'er its fertile fields and plains,
Who cannot see that our God is there,
That they are but His small domains?
For He lives in the mighty torrent's fall,
As it leaps down the mountain's height,
And His voice in the rippling streamlets call,
He shines in the glow-worm's light.
And the earth is rife with form and life,
While myriads crowd the sea,
And the beasts of prey in the forest stray,
O'er the prairie bounding free.
What planets and suns we see on high
Roll wide through the deep profound;
Thro' the spacious arch of yon spangled sky
Nightly Thy praises sound.
Are they not worlds like ours, and suns
That shine as clear and bright?
Is not summer there as rich and fair,
And day succeeds the night?
Could we fly to some star that shines afar,
And winks with a tapering glare,
There would still be a sky as wide and high,
And worlds as numerous there!
There systems roll, under God's control,
Thro' a wide and trackless space;
And who can tell but beings dwell
Purer than our fall'n race?
E'en the heathens that lived in reason's light,
With Gospel truth ne'er blest,
Pointed with hope to those islands bright
Where the happy spirits rest.
The stars that shine—all, all are Thine!
Who studded the heavens but Thee?
Who taught the sun its course to run
Daily o'er yon high canopy?
And the planets to move in their varied course,
And around their centres roll?
But who can tell where Thou dost dwell
Throughout this amazing whole!
In the ocean's cave—on the mountain wave—
On the wings of the fleeting wind;
And the winter cloud is Thy dark, dark shroud,
While the thunders speak Thy mind:
And He lives in the mighty torrent's fall,
As it leaps down the mountain's height;
While His voice in the rippling streamlets call,
He shines in the glow-worm's light.

ELLIS.

IRISH SOCIETY.—The produce of the estates and fisheries of this Society for the year 1842 amounted to £13,756; expenditure £12,697.

SQUINTING CURED.—Modern science has discovered that the eye is retained in its orbit by six muscles which pull it up and down, inward and outward, and that the undue contraction of either of these muscles, produces that obliquity called squinting, which was once supposed to proceed from convulsions in childhood, or other unknown causes. This is cured by cutting the contracted muscle, when the eye falls immediately into its proper place. This muscle lies under the surface, and it is necessary to pass through the membrane of the eye.

A DREAM.

"Min salam—hi lahama"—

He who sleeps soon awakes.

"Addahru arwad mustataw"—

Time goes softly and finishes all things.

From the Arabic Proverbs of Abu'l Fadhl Ahmad ibn al-Aslam med of Maidani.

It was thus I dreamed—that I lay upon my couch, reading the chronicle of Muhammad al Munshi; the fire was burned low, and the lamp flickering in the socket cast a melancholy and unsteady light; a sense of thrilling loneliness began gradually to steal upon me; I laid the volume down, and rose to refresh the light; I was suddenly arrested by a low, hollow laugh, if laugh it could be called, which more resembled the moan of waves upon the distant shore; I looked around, but could see nought from which the sound could proceed, and I trembled as I beheld the grim pictures of my ancestors, whose huge gilt frames hung out in bold relief from the dark wainscot—the lamp's wavering light had imparted to them a ghastly animation, and their bearded visages seemed to leer upon me. Oh! horrors! my lamp now failed me, like the world's cold friendship, when most I needed it. Hark! 'tis the same unearthly mirth comes softly—now louder—louder still—till it rings horribly in mine ears. I clung for support to one of the pillars of the mantle. All is still again—a deadly stillness. I raised mine eyes: before me stood a gigantic figure, clad in long flowing robes which descended to the ground; he appeared perfectly luminous, yet nought was visible save himself. 'Tis impossible to describe that icy spell which bound me as he turned his fiery eyes upon me—his dark yet noble countenance was lit with a fiendish smile as he drew forth from the folds of his robe a scroll and unrolled it to my view: it was of a livid blue, and shone as with a phosphoric light. Therein were written many mystic words and dark sayings, in strange characters of fire. His voice was like the scorching hurricane of the desert as he spake—"Read, miserable worm, read thy destiny!" I understood it not, though I knew my name was there, and that his fate was there inscribed. The scroll folded of itself; he seized it, and thrust it within his bosom. He moved away, signing to me to follow. In agony I clung tighter to the pillar; it was of no avail; it seemed to melt away in my embrace, and I was drawn after him by an attractive power nothing could resist. We swiftly passed many regions, through vast and sandy deserts, and the ruins of many ancient towns, whose dead stood round and prostrated themselves as the mighty spirit passed along; the palms bent their stately heads, and the massive columns tottered to their fall. At length we entered a dismal cave, and passed with lightning speed to its extremity. Taking the roll, he cast it against the barrier rock; suddenly it passed away, and I beheld the world as in a map. I saw all nations of the earth, and the attendant spirits of each, gathered in one room, whose floor was one great surface of glass laid over a mighty chasm. Many disappeared, I knew not how; the rest heeded not, but, urged on by the demons, arose, and moved on in a mad'ning reel; and the floor bent, and creaked, and cracked beneath their feet, and not a few fell through the

gaping floor, and for a moment in despair clung to the sharp edges, and, as the sinews of their hands were severed, fell with piercing shrieks into the dark abyss. In horror I closed mine eyes; a tremendous crash; I looked up; a pale hand was stretched towards me through gloom; I bounded forward, and, looking round, I beheld wheels and orbs of fire rolling and crashing within each other, and the spirit whirled and torn between them. It vanished, and I awoke.

TA AL RABNUD.

A SHIP CONDEMNED BY EVIDENCE
TAKEN FROM A SHARK.

During the last war a Danish vessel was detained, and sent in for adjudication to Kingston, Jamaica, by one of his Majesty's cruisers, under suspicion of her cargo being enemy's property, as she was laden with coffee from St. Domingo, bound to the island of St. Thomas, the latter belonging to Denmark, with whom Great Britain was not at war; the former at that time belonging to the French. On examining her papers, Danish bills of lading were produced, to show the cargo was neutral property, and there was no demur respecting the vessel being a Dane; however the doubts being strong as to the cargo, she was detained. No other vessel was in company or in sight, but the two individual vessels, at the time the capture occurred. Some short time after this a tender belonging to his Majesty's ship Abergavenny, which was stationary at Fort Royal, was cruising off St. Domingo, and caught a shark. The general practice, from the known voracity of the animal, is to examine the maw, or the contents of the stomach. Mr. Haycock, afterwards Lieutenant Haycock, R.N., was master's mate in the tender, and opened the stomach, when, to his astonishment, a pocket-book, with other substances, appeared. From the short period it had remained, but little injury was done to the papers contained in the book: with care and drying them, they became perfectly intelligible, and proved to be a set of French bills of lading, appertaining to a cargo shipped to St. Thomas's on account and risk of French subjects in St. Domingo. The tender returned to port, and delivered the pocket-book and its contents to the Admiral, when it was found the bills of lading were the identical papers relative to the cargo of the Danish vessel detained some days previous. And on the trial for the condemnation of her cargo in the Admiralty Court at Kingston, these bills, taken out of the shark, were produced to prove that the cargo was enemy's property; and the vessel was condemned accordingly, and made prize to the captors.

AMERICAN PORK.—An extraordinary return relative to the provision trade is furnished by the latest arrivals from New York. It appears that in the four states of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois, there are 8,000,000 of swine, nearly all of which can be fattened at the expense of one cent per lb. The average weight of each is 300 pounds, and the value, therefore, reckoning one cent. for the pork and five cents for the lard, is 5½ dollars; or a total for the whole 45,000,000 dollars.

HORSE-FLESH.—During the times of revolutionary scarcity, horse-flesh was largely used as food in Paris. In 1811, medical men having declared the flesh of a sound horse good, permission was given to sell it openly, but only in given places. This permission was withdrawn in 1814, renewed in 1816, and still continues. It is calculated that about 13,000 horses, passed labour, are annually brought to Montfaucon, in Paris, for slaughter.

THE SIEGE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

The scene at this instant was most exciting and splendid. Hemmed in by sea and land, the seven-hilled city lay in her helpless beauty in the very arms of her foe, and struggling to her release came the brave Giustiniani with his followers from Genoa and Venice, fighting their way through the infidel fleet, which as a swarm of locusts darkened the face of the waters. Far away to the east stretched the forests of the Asiatic shore, losing themselves in the deep shadow of the mountains, while the more gentle western hills, covered with the Ottoman tents, were gleaming in the morning sun, white as the summit of Olympus, and beneath, upon the bosom of that narrow strait whose shores smiled in the gladness of their beauty, the blue wave was reddening in the death-struggle of that spirit which never sleeps—the strife between man and man.

More than once the hearts of the Christians trembled, as the power of numbers threatened to prevail. The odds were fearful, but at length the triumph of discipline became apparent, and the five noble vessels found their way through a fleet of three hundred sail, and safely anchored within the port of the Golden Horn.

With tears of joy Constantine and his people welcomed their brave allies, and the supplies of corn and of money, with the efficient aid of four hundred men, again raised the spirits of the Christians.

The desperation of the Sultan increased every moment. The siege was renewed with vigour, and the day after the arrival of Giustiniani his eyes were greeted by a sight of such unequalled barbarity as almost to strike the beholders with madness. All night long the air had been filled with shrieks of the most heart-rending distress, but it was not till the morning that the cause was revealed to the besieged, when the opposite side of the ditch presented a forest of upright spikes, upon each of which the brutal Mahomet had caused a Christian prisoner to be impaled, and the heat of the sun increasing the misery of those who survived the tortures of the night, the piteous cries for water filled the breasts of the hearers with horror and despair.

Distracted by the impossibility of affording relief to the suffering wretches, the usual gentleness and humanity of the Christian emperor forsook him, and ordering every Turkish prisoner to the walls, they were instantly beheaded, and their bodies left exposed to the view of their countrymen. Each day added fresh horrors to the siege, until the busy brain of Mahomet devised a scheme unequalled in daring or skill. In the dead of night the neck of land which runs behind the suburb of Galata was completely covered over, the boards being rendered slippery by the fat of oxen rubbed upon them; a road was then contrived, by which the port of the Golden Horn might be reached, and during the darkness no less than seventy ships were safely landed across the Isthmus by the force of pulleys, and the united strength of thousands, driven by the scourge to perform a feat apparently beyond the power of man.

The following day horror seized upon the Christians. Seventy Turkish vessels were riding at anchor on the bosom of their harbour; to

defend himself on both sides was impossible, and, sword in hand, the emperor once more put himself at the head of his troops, now nerved to iron by despair. The evident treachery of the Genoese merchants redoubled the apprehension within the city, while the Ottoman troops, wild with the excitement of delay, clamoured for permission for a general assault.

Still the Sultan hesitated—Almanzor declared the heavens unpropitious—but at length overcome by the anxiety of Mahomet, the astrologer pronounced the fatal word. The 29th of May was chosen as the auspicious day by the conjunction of the planets, and the Sultan proclaimed that honour and reward, according to his option, should be the portion of him who first stood upon the walls of Constantinople. But while his words breathed kindness, his heart was steeled to all human feeling, and he only waited the rising of the sun to effect a diabolical scheme, by which he secured from failure his final attempt upon the city.

He caused a proclamation to be made through the camp inviting every artizan and follower to assemble before the walls, and thus having collected an immense crowd of unsuspecting wretches, he at the head of his Janissaries charged upon the unoffending multitude, forcing them onward until the ditch was filled with living beings, and the Janissaries rushing to the attack, drowned the cries of the victims with shouts of "Allah! Allah!"—*Mrs. Maberly's "Days of the Medici."*

LINES

FROM THE GERMAN.

I'll write no words of unfelt praise,
But cold philosophy shall tell,
That, dare I love, my brightest lays
Should say I loved, alas! too well.
Yet when I see thy beaming eye,
And hear thy laughter light,
I sigh—altho' 'tis vain to sigh—
'That morn so fair should know a night.
Remember, summer will not last,
Nor autumn's breezes ever blow;
And think how winter's icy blast
Will nip the fairest flowers that grow.
Oh! let not pride in beauty's power
Usurp thine understanding's throne;
Reflect that for each wasted hour
Repenting years must still atone!
I'll write to thee no worldly wile,
To pamper vanity and pride;
I'd rather win from thee one smile,
By truth's plain guise, than all beside.
Yet think not that these words' cold tone
Would seem to scorn thy beauty's bloom:
No—but when hopes too soon are blown,
The sooner comes their certain tomb!
I'd rather live securely low,
Nor lose at all, than soar too high;
One moment short of bliss to know,
Then fall—in agony to die!

April, 1843.

INNISFALL.

IRISH LINEN.—A Belfast paper states that a greater quantity of linen, in its various fabrics, is now exported (and has been for the last year) from Ireland, than at any former period.

BANKRUPTCY IN NEW YORK.—A New York paper of the 1st March, 1843, contains a list of bankrupts occupying six columns, containing above seven hundred defaulters!

MACQUARIE HARBOUR, ONE OF THE PENAL SETTLEMENTS.

[From Mr. Backhouse's "Narrative of a Visit to the Australian Colonies."]

Notwithstanding the fine scenery of Macquarie Harbour, it was a gloomy place in the eyes of a prisoner, from the privations he suffered there, in being shut out from the rest of the world, and restricted to a limited quantity of food, which did not include fresh meat; from being kept under a military guard; from the hardship he endured, in toiling almost constantly in the wet, at felling timber and rolling it to the water, and from other severe labour, without wages, as well as from the liability to be flogged or subjected to solitary confinement, for small offences. Out of 85 deaths that occurred here in eleven years, commencing with 1822, only 35 were from natural causes; of the remainder, 27 were drowned, eight killed accidentally, chiefly by the falling of trees, three were shot by the military, and twelve murdered by their comrades. There is reason to believe that some of these murders were committed for the purpose of obtaining for the murderers, and those who might be called upon as witnesses on their trials, a removal from this place, though at the ultimate cost of the life of the murderers, and without a prospect of liberation on the part of the others! Some of the prisoners who returned hither with us in the Tamar had been witnesses in such a case; but they had had the privilege of the change, for a time, to the penitentiary at Hobart Town! These circumstances, with the fact, that within the eleven years, 112 prisoners had eloped from this settlement, proved also that its privations were felt to be very great. Escape from Macquarie Harbour was well known to be a difficult and very hazardous undertaking, and very few who attempted it, reached the settled parts of the colony. Out of the 112 who eloped, 62 were supposed to have perished in the bush, and nine were murdered by their comrades on the journey, for a supply of food. For this purpose, the party proposing to attempt traversing the formidable forest, selected a weak-minded man, and persuaded him to accompany them; and when the slender stock of provisions which they had contrived to save from their scanty rations, was exhausted, they laid violent hands on their victim. One party when lately apprehended near the settled districts, had in their possession, along with the flesh of a kangaroo, a portion of that of one of their comrades.

The number of prisoners at the settlement at the time of our visit, including the out-gangs, was 177; formerly it was about 300. Many of them were employed on Sarahs Island in ship-building, and others at out-stations, chiefly as a wood-cutting gang at Phillips Creek, where they were superintended by a constable, and lodged in huts of the humblest construction; but these, being furnished with good fires, were not very uncomfortable, particularly when the inmates whitewashed them, and kept them clean. On conversing with the men of this gang respecting the hope of remission of sentence on good conduct, one man, with tears in his eyes, said, he had been there ten years: he seemed cast down almost below hope. On being asked, another man said, that their ration of provisions was not sufficient for them at such hard work; and though their general appearance was healthy, yet when they were engaged in heaving timber, and rolling it down to the water, and other fatiguing labour, it might often fail in appeasing the cravings of exhausted nature. The timber they cut was chiefly Huon pine. No beasts of burden were allowed at Macquarie Harbour. In order to get felled timber to the water, a way had to be cleared, and to be formed with logs and branches; over this, straight trunks of trees were laid in the manner of

the slips of skids used in launching ships. Upon these the timber was rolled by the prisoners, sometimes to a great distance. These roads were termed Pine-roads. If any of the men proved unruly at the out-stations, the constable lit a fire, the smoke of which was observed by the sentinel at the settlement, from whence assistance was promptly sent. Except sometimes as a punishment, the men were not in irons, for if they had been, they could not have performed their work. The general health of the prisoners at Macquarie Harbour was good. The common temperature of the winter at Macquarie Harbour was 43° in clear weather, when the wind was from the south, and 52° when cloudy with the wind from the north. Frost and great heat were of rare occurrence. Rain is said to have fallen five days out of the seven, during ten months in the year, from the formation of the settlement in 1822. The prisoners had no allowance of spirits at this station; but rewards for little extra services were sometimes given them by the officers in this pernicious article; the allowance of which to the latter, and to the military generally, was a great evil, and the source of much misconduct.

TRANSPORTATION.—This system, from the time of its commencement up to 1814, cost eight millions! In 1836 the cost of transporting 46,000 convicts amounted to £81 per head; while, in 1842, the police of the penal colonies cost £92,000, and other judicial establishments £400,000 more.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "LADY."—The term lady (which Johnson negligently derived from the Saxon) was sometimes bestowed on women of fortune, even before their husbands had received any title which could confer distinction upon them. The cause is stated to have been this:—It was formerly the custom for the affluent to live constantly at their manor-houses in the country, where, once a week, or oftener, the Lady of the Manor used to distribute with her own hands a certain quantity of bread. She was hence denominated by those who shared her bounty, *left-day*, which, in Saxon, signifies the bread giver. A gradual corruption in the mode of pronouncing this word has produced the modern lady; and, perhaps from this hospitable custom arose the practice universally existing, that ladies serve the meat at their own tables.

THORWALDSEN.—The King of Denmark has given Thorwaldsen a commission for the execution in marble of his most recent bas-relief, "Christmas-joy in Heaven." Three angels poised in the air, one with a harp, the other two with leaves of music, fill up the middle of the drawing; a crowd of angels, playing instruments of all kinds, and placed in the most charming attitudes surround them. A wreath of stone encircles the whole group, which breathes a joy and happiness quite supernatural. With the exception of "The Night," no other bas-relief of the sculptor equals this in noble simplicity and solemn calmness.

CASTES IN MEXICO.—There are seven distinct castes—1st, the Gachupinos, or Spaniards born in Europe; 2nd, the Creoles, that is, whites of European families born in America; 3rd, the Mestizos; 4th, the Mulattoes, descendants of whites and negroes, of whom there are few; 5th, the Zambos, descendants of negroes and Indians, the ugliest race in Mexico; 6th, the Indians; and 7th, the remains of the African negroes.

SPAWN OF OYSTERS.—These are distributed over seas and rivers by the flux and reflux of the tide. When first shed, the eggs or spat rise to the surface of the waters in a very small bubble, like oil or glue, and are moved to and fro, till the air and sun bring them to maturity, and the shell is formed; then, by their natural gravity, they subside, and remain at the place where they fall.

TO O., ——— ROAD.

Ah ! why are your soft thrilling notes of such fleetness,
Which so often enraptur'd my soul with their sweetness ?
They come—like the rays of the winter they come—
Inviting fond "brothers" from far to your home ;
They come briefly and gently, as summer eve showers,
Bringing "vapour" away from the hearts of the flowers ;
They come like the "visits of angels," alas !
Yet with wings making music whenever they pass !
Then do strike your lyre—strike it long—strike it loud—
Of the Heaven-born gift you possess, are you proud ?
Is the wand which you wave with such magic a treasure ?
Do the praises of women sincere give you pleasure ?
Do you wish that your name should be mentioned in story ?
In the wreath of the poet you wear, do you glory ?
If you do, strike your harp—strike it oft and amain—
I am longing to hear it again and again.

Douglas.

M.

TO M., DOUGLAS.

Fair friend, (for praises such as you accord
Could *only* flow from out a gentle channel.)
I thank you for your tribute. Were it mine
To master song and language as you'd lead
Men to suppose my attributes command,
In your exaggerated, valued verse,
(So soothingly and gracefully prepared.)
Those thanks should flow in such mellifluous tones
As ne'er came sweeter from Latona's son,
Nor all the muses at their sylvan fount
Could fashion into harmony—my lay
Would be intensely, eloquently soft
As whispering zephyrs amid osier boughs,
Or music stealing from a silver lute
Forth to the lattices of some watching maiden !
But time, and change, and circumstances, wear
The sweetest chords of many harps as mine,
And render what albeit once was song
A fever'd, harsh, discordant melody.
'Tis thus my measure suits the lyre I bring
Your flattering laudits feebly to acknowledge.
Our lives are like the seasons—first comes *Spring*,
With bracing winds, invigorating youth,
And making hope, and joy, and happiness
Our playmates on the mountain—not a care,
Save when the sun hath stolen to his rest,
And buoyant hearts are yearning for its dawning !
The morrow breaks refulgent with his beams,
And then the morrow, which is brighter still,
Sweet harbinger of *Summer*. Then the flowers
Are young, and fresh, and beautiful, and balm,
Imparting fragrance, beyond infant's breath
When smiling on a bosom ! Yet a flower
More odorous still than each and all concentr'd,
Springs in our pathway's variegated dye,
Engendering hopes, and fears, and doubts, and dreamings,
Commingle'd into one ecstatic sense
Of Paradise enjoyment. Such is love !
And then we bathe within its spangl'd river,
First on the surface, then beneath its depths,
Seeking the pearly treasure which it covers ;
And blushing coral, whose vermilion hue
Reflects itself upon the floweret's petals,
Till we perceive within *that* rose alone
The worth of all we covet in possessing !
We breathe the air of poetry ; the stars
Shine as so many lamps within its heaven,
Making the heart transparent as a vase
Of alabaster, which is lighted purely
Until the "sear and yellow leaves" of *Autumn*
Fly, like so many frighted humming-birds,
From off the boughs whereon they nestl'd gaily,
As clouds come quick and lowering on their Eden.
The lilies droop, and violets decay,
And daisies wither on their emerald couch ;
The snows of *Winter* thick and heavy fall,
Converting all into a chilly world,
Where hearts there are which beat for self alone ;
Where hands there are whose very touch would freeze
Life's healthy current—scarce a pulse to yield
One throb of duty, hope, love, charity,
Or angel-smile of the Samaritan !

A cedar riven by the lightning's shock,
A lonely boat dismasted on the billow,
A pheasant fluttering with a wounded wing,
Or orphans wailing o'er a parent's bier,
Are emblems meet of what the change doth bring us !

Do you perceive the fadedness which lies
Upon all earthly things, when Nature weeps
Over the germs of her buried beauty ?
And we of earth, partaking of her tears,
But rarely sing as we were wont to do
Ere sunshine clos'd the chambers of the heart,
(Save to the few who make it joyous always,
And lock'd its portals 'gainst ungracious sounds,
Which never were, and ne'er will be, of Summer.

—— Road, Cork, 28th March, 1843.

O.

In "Chambers' History of the Rebellions in Scotland" we find the following allusion to the conduct of the Irish when fighting under Montrose. After describing the battle of Aberdeen, he says—"The Irish here also displayed a full share of those qualities which fit them to such a degree for the profession of arms, not only acting with vigour in the close and deadly struggle, but preserving throughout all that buoyancy of spirit and disregard of pain which seem to be so necessary for the support of the soldier through the dreadful circumstances which it is his fate to be surrounded with. An anecdote has been preserved regarding one of these gallant fellows, which is at once valuable as showing their spirit on the present occasion, and curious as a proof that the Irish national character was then precisely the same as at the present day. A cannon-ball having shot off the leg of this brave man, so as only to leave it attached by a small piece of flesh or skin, and he perceiving that his comrades were somewhat affected at the sight, instead of showing the slightest symptom of vexation or pain himself, he cried out—'Never mind, my lads ; if I can serve no more on foot, my Lord Marquis must just put me among the horse,' and deliberately pulling out a clasp knife, he cut the limb fairly off, and handed it to a comrade 'for burial with the rest of the dead.'"

GERMAN AUTHORS.—Every man who reads in Germany, writes too, and every scholar prints without end. They will publish a new edition for the sake of one new lection. They will publish five or six volumes for the sake of one new theory upon one single part of one single worn-out subject. No matter whether the theory be right or wrong—no matter whether it be put forth one year only to be contradicted, in a fresh publication, by the same hand, the year after—write they must, to attract notice, to canvass for professorships, and then to canvass for students. Of course, one-fiftieth of these productions never remunerate either author or publisher. Hence the prodigious number of unfinished works and incomplete editions, "never ending, still beginning," that issue from the German press. There is one publisher at Leipsic, a wealthy man, whose fancy it is that no work printed by him shall ever lower its price in the market. In consequence of this wise determination, he has three sides of a square occupied by his warehouses, crammed full of unsaleable sheets, whose value, as waste paper, is calculated at £25,000. What a multitude of crude hypotheses must lie there entombed ! Half of them, at least, have been got up solely on speculation—in a desperate attempt to out-Herod the Herod of some preceding theory.

A STRANGER'S ADDRESS TO IRELAND.

Oh! Ireland, permit a rude stranger to tell
 Of the impress'd affection thy beauties impart,
 And the joy that lasts long in reflection's sweet spell,
 As my spirit goes back to revisit and tell
 Thy valleys and mountains, they live in my heart.
 I claim not thy soil by birthright or name,
 No grave-stone marks out my ancestors' repose
 With thy own mouldering dead, to tell whence I came;
 No lineage speaks of my forefathers' fame,
 Nor tells of their failings, their crimes, or their woes.
 What then is the good that so binds me to thee,
 The secret of happiness thou dost restore
 To a stranger who sighs for his home far away,
 In visionless distance across the blue sea,
 As he wanders alone along thy calm shore?
 Let nature, which gave thee thy loveliness, give
 To the mind of the sceptic a ray to divine
 The truth that I feel, and he will perceive
 The reason I love thee, and with me believe
 In the joy of thy beauties and soul-cheering clime.
 I've wandered alone 'midst thy old castle walls,
 And heard the sad tale of their glory past o'er
 In the wind's moaning voice, which pensively calls
 Through their fractured and time-cast festival halls,
 And sighs to the stranger their visions of yore.
 I've trod in thy lone mouldering abbeys once proud!
 Now wrecks of confusion and thrones where death
 reigns!
 And sacrilege weeps in her empty doomed shroud
 O'er the silent remains of those who once bowed
 At those crumbling altars which clothe their remains.
 I've lingered at sunset along thy bold coast,
 Where the deep rolling surges perpetually moan,
 And scarce could I tell which land I loved most,
 The present or one that in distance was lost—
 The land of my fathers, my dear native home.
 Thou hast mansions for nobles and moors for the chase,
 Vales for thy lovers and lakes for the gun,
 Warrens and fish ponds, and squares to race,
 Ball-rooms of mirth, and a fresh taking place
 Of continued delight when each pleasure is done.
 Thou hast cots for thy peasants, unnumbered they lie,
 Scattered o'er thy rough mountain land, valley, and
 And cheerless to few are the homes they supply, [Glen;
 For contented, though poor, are thy peasantry
 With the lot thy rich bounty has shared out to them.
 I've seen thee, O! Erin, in poverty's grasp!
 In wealth and in happiness, strife and in woe!
 I've seen thee in ruins mourning the past!
 I've seen thee in hope and in joy overcast!
 And my blessing I leave thee wherever I go.

J. L.

PRESSURE OF WATER—The law of the pressure of water, and generally of all fluids, liquid and gaseous, is not in proportion to the volume of the horizontal surface (that is, the width or expanse,) but according to the height of its column, and the area of its base; or, in more abstract language, the pressure is all in one point, and none of it is expended laterally. It is in consequence of this fundamental law of hydrostatics, that the dams and embankments that have been raised to protect Holland from the encroachments of the sea, are not carried away by the force and pressure of its waters, which assume strength and density in proportion to their depth. By the same law, the earth is enabled to resist the immense weight or intensity of pressure of the ocean. It is also in obedience to this primary principle of hydrostatical science, that the embankments of dams and canals are to slope gradually from the summit to the base, in order that greater strength may be given to the base; and it is for the same reason, that the lower hoops of large vats are made of greater strength than the upper ones are—namely, to prevent their bursting.

INGENUOUS MACHINE FOR WEIGHING SOVEREIGNS. Mr. Cotton, Governor of the Bank of England, is the inventor of a machine which separates the light sovereigns from those of standard weight. The machine is made by Mr. Napier, and is so delicate, that it detects with precision a variation of a twelve thousand two hundred and fiftieth part of the weight of a sovereign. The coins are placed in a tube or hopper, from whence they are carried on to a small platform, which is suspended over a delicately poised beam; to the other end of which is appended the standard Mint weight. On setting the machine at work, a sovereign is placed upon the platform, and if it is full weight, a small tongue advances, and strikes it off into a till appointed to receive it; but if it is light, the platform sinks, and brings it within the reach of another tongue, at a lower level, which advances at right angles to the former tongue, and pushes the coin into another till. Other coins succeed in rapid rotation, so that the machine can weigh and sort 10,000 sovereigns in six hours, while an expert teller can, at the utmost, only weigh between 3 and 4,000 coins, by hand scales, in the same time; and even then, the optic nerve, by incessant straining, becomes fatigued, and errors occur.

EFFECTS OF VANITY—There is probably no passion, from the very lowest to the most sublime, from the tenderest to the most brutal, which more deeply dyes with its influence the mind where it takes root, than vanity. Greatly do those mistake who call it a "little" passion—it is a great, an absorbing, and a tremendous one. Its outward bearing, indeed, when the feeling is unskillfully permitted to catch the eye, may often seem trivial, and provoke more smiles than sighs; but its inward strength of influence is not to be judged thereby. As little do the graceful sinuosities of the constrictor's wavy movements give notice of the deadly gripe into which they can contract themselves, as do the bland devices which purvey to a man's appetite announce the insatiable voracity that is to be fed, or the unscrupulous measures that must be resorted to in order to content it.

MODES OF DRESSING THE HAIR.—The hair of the peasants of Russian Finland is allowed to grow long in front and over the ears, but is shaved close at the back of the head. The women fasten their hair at the top of the head, in a conical roll, and sometimes ornament it with a piece of coloured cloth. The Saracens wear it long; the Chinese cut it from every part of the head but the scalp, where it is cherished till it will form three queues substantially plaited and reaching to the ground. The Hindoo holds only one queue orthodox, and that a small one, by which he hopes to be dragged up into heaven. The Mussulman shaves the upper part of the head, and preserves a semi-circular tuft of hair behind. The American Indian generously allows one tuft to grow which is called the scalping tuft, and which serves as a convenient handle to the enemy.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- "J. T. C."—Shall receive due attention in No. 33.
 "The Pirate."—Conclusion not yet received.
 "B. H."—Continuation of "Stray Leaf" in our next.
 "M. M."—We are obliged by your communication, and beg in the disposition of your last favour we have met your wishes.
 "F."—"Job"—"M"—and other contributions, received late for this week.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors at the Office, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications are to be addressed, to the Editor.

The Trade supplied direct from the Office.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 25.—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

THE WATER POWER OF IRELAND.

Important as this subject is, we should not have twice drawn the attention of our readers to it but for some observations in an article in the last, or 76th number of the *Westminster Review*. The remarks to which we allude, although not referring to Ireland, should be read with interest by every Irishman.

Without any further preface, we submit the observations which have attracted our notice.

First, at page 255—"In estimating the value of water power, its inexhaustible nature has to be considered as its first recommendation; for while steam is performing its wonders by the aid of science, and is by these wonders distracting our attention from water, we should remember that coal is exhaustible, and that, in calculating the power of steam, we do not consider that every year is diminishing the quantity, increasing the demand, and heightening the value of the material."

At page 256 the same writer says—"Water is a natural power, constant and inexpensive, because it may be applied where it is procured, and if not used, would be lost. Therefore we do not hesitate to say, that it is *two-thirds* cheaper than steam, and *four-fifths* cheaper than animal horse power."

These observations, coming as they do from one of the first critical and literary journals in the empire, cannot be regarded as crude or hasty. The writer of them, perhaps, never thought of the service he was doing to Ireland, as his remarks have no reference to that country. The meaning of the observations which we have quoted is so obvious, that at present they need no comment. We therefore pass on to another remark, which practically proves the efficacy of a small stream of water in producing a large amount of mechanical power:

"Take the Fowey Consols mine in Cornwall as an example of the power of water. There, a small stream, derived from springs in one hill, is brought home by an aqueduct to another, and delivered in volume sufficient to work a thirty-four feet diameter wheel, four feet six inches broad, with fifty-two horse power. The water is

successively applied to twelve other wheels of an aggregate power equal to three hundred and sixty-five horses, with thirty-two feet to spare, equal to sixty horse power—which makes on the whole four hundred and seventy-seven horse power."

Although we adduced some general reasons, proving the greatness of the water power of Ireland, in our last article, it will not be improper now to advance more particular, and perhaps more powerful arguments, tending to the same conclusion.

It appears from a paper read at the Royal Irish Academy, that in the year 1839 the greatest quantity of rain that fell on any part of Ireland was 42 inches, and the least quantity on any other part was 21.7 inches. Let 31.85 inches, the mean between 42 inches and 21.7 inches, be the mean or average fall of rain throughout Ireland, although it evidently appears to be much more. If we now multiply the superficial content of Ireland, or 88995912160 square feet, by 31.85 inches, we shall have the quantity of water which falls on the surface during one year equal to 235965371256 cubic feet. All this water cannot, however, be applied to practical use; a part is evaporated, and some is consumed by plants and animals. Whatever moisture is dissipated in this way cannot be very great, for it evidently returns in the form of dew or excrementitious matter. We shall, therefore, deduct but one-fifth from the quantity of water which falls on the surface of the country. Now, allowing the average fall or slope of every stream in Ireland to be only 60 feet, the force of the water falling during one year will be equal to 16029956040 horses' power.

That the data from which the foregoing estimate of the water power of Ireland is derived are not exaggerated, will appear from an examination of the facts; and although that estimate could be nothing more than an approximation, it shows in some degree the real state of the water power of Ireland.

We now earnestly call the attention of the Irish readers of the DUBLIN JOURNAL to the consideration of the facts which we have brought forward.

We call on them to remember that their country possesses a mechanical agency which, according to the arguments of the *Westminster Review*, is more valuable as a generator of force than the coal mines of Great Britain.

In conclusion, we may respectfully suggest the means of applying the great mechanical resource of Ireland to practical use.

A society at present exists for the advancement of the agricultural, or, as they may be called, organic resources of Ireland. Why should not there be another society having for its object the advancement and development of the mechanical resources of the country? Such a society would be useful and interesting to the members of every class of the community—to the agriculturalist as well as to the mechanic—to the merchant as well as to the manufacturer. We trust the time is not far distant when this society shall be established, and its beneficial effects perceived and acknowledged.

Royal Cork Institution.

H. H.

"GOD IS LOVE!"

"For He made us and loveth us all, even with a Father's love."

There comes a sound upon the air,
'Tis the sweet sunset's hour of prayer,
The children of the earth and sky
Send their sweet orisons on high,
Unseen—unknown—around—above,
For ever whispering—"God is love!"

The bird upon the pine tree bough,
As gazing upwards on the glow
Of Heaven—I know not by what thought
He knew, or by what teacher taught,
But surely he has learned to prove
The sacred maxim—"God is love!"

The bright and many tinted flower
That smiles upon the waning hour,
Shedding sweet perfume on the air,
Bright token of a world so fair,
In its mute beauty seems to show
That "God is love" to all below!

The glorious sun, the sounding sea,
In its lone grandeur, stern and free,
The cattle grazing in the glen,
All speak unto the hearts of men—
Where'er they dwell, where'er they rove,
Are ever singing—"God is love!"

And oh! my soul, to thee alone
Is this sweet voice to be unknown?
When all things speak to thee of God,
Wilt thou alone deserve His rod?
Wilt thou alone have yet to prove
That to all else thy "God is love"?

Arise, my soul—arise, and know
All that's worth learning here below;
Be all my erring murmurs stilled,
My wandering heart with gladness filled;
No more in wishes wild to rove,
Remembering ever—"God is love!"

WILLS OF SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, AND NAPOLEON.—The last wills and testaments of these celebrated persons are tied up in one sheet of foolscap, and may be seen together at Doctor's Commons. In the will of the bard of Avon is an interlineation in his own hand-writing—"I give unto my wife my brown, best bed, with the furniture." It is proved by William Bryde, 22d July, 1616. The will of the Minstrel of Paradise is a nuncupative one, taken by his daughter, the great poet being blind. The will of Napoleon is signed in a bold style of hand-writing: the codicil, on the contrary, written shortly before his death, exhibits the then weak state of his body.

IMPURE AIR—CROWDED ASSEMBLIES.

We see before us, in a dense phalanx, figures of both sexes, amongst whom stand conspicuous persons of the highest rank, beauty, and wealth in Europe. Upon their education no expense has been spared—money has done all in its power to add to nature's choicest gifts the polish of art. Their dresses are importations from every country of the civilised world. The refreshments are delicacies which it has required months, and in some cases even years, of unremitting attention to obtain. The splendid furniture has every comfort that ingenuity can devise. And yet within this painted sepulchre, what, we ask, is the analysis of the air we are breathing? That lofty duchess's head is sparkling with diamonds—that slight lovely being leaning on her arm has the pearls of India wound around her brow—those statesmen and warriors are decorated with stars—the dense mass displays flowers, ribbons, and ornaments of every colour in the rainbow; but among them all, is there, we ask, a single one who for a moment has thought of bringing with him the hogshead of air per hour necessary for his respiration? And if every guest present has neglected to do so, in what manner, it must be inquired, has the noble host provided for the demand? Alas! the massive, pictured walls around us, and richly stuccoed and gilt ceiling over our heads, answer the question, and one has only to cast a glance at them to perceive that the 500 persons present are, like those in the black-hole at Calcutta, conglomerated together in a hermetically-sealed box full of vitiated air. Every minute 500 gallons of air pass into the lungs of those present, from whence, divested of its oxygen, it is exhaled in a morbid condition unfit for combustion or animal life; every respiration of each elegant guest, nay, even our own contemplative sigh, vitiates about sixteen cubic inches of the element; and yet, while every moment it is becoming more and more destructive to health, while the loveliest cheeks are gradually fading before us, while the constitutions of the young are evidently receiving an injury which not the wealth of Croesus will be able to repay, what arrangements, we repeat, has the noble host made for repairing the damage he is creating? If foul air, like manure, could be carted away, and if good air, like fresh clean straw, could be brought in its stead, surely one of the simplest luxuries which wealth could offer to society would be to effect this sanitary operation; and thus, instead of offering a set of lovely women in ices and unwholesome refreshments, to spend the money these would cost in pouring upon their heads, necks, and shoulders, a continual supply of that pure, fresh, exhilarating oxygenous mixture, which gives animation to their hearts and colour to their cheeks. But is this expensive, troublesome, complicated, horse and cart mode of purifying the horrid atmosphere we are breathing necessary? No. Everybody present knows that outside the shutters and plate-glass windows of the rooms in which we are suffering, there is at this moment in waiting, not two inches from us, an overwhelming supply (which might be warmed) of pure air, just as desirous to rush in as the foul air we have been breathing and re-breathing is eager to rush out. The laws of specific gravity ordained by nature are in attendance to insure for us the performance of this double process; and yet, as though the demon of suicide had prevailed upon us to thwart these beneficent arrangements, we close our doors, bar our windows, stuff up by curtains and drapery every crevice, as if it were the particular privilege of wealth to feed its guests on foul air.—*Quarterly Review*.

THE HOMELESS SON.

(Continued from No. 24.)

CHAP. VIII.

"———What!—thou'lt brand my name?
Do, do—in vain—he'll not believe my shame:
He thinks me true—that nought beneath God's sky
Could tempt or change me."

Far off to some benighted land I'll fly,
Where sunbeam ne'er shall enter till I die;
Where none will ask the lost one whence she came,
But I may fade and fall without a name!"

The Felled Prophet.

'Tis true a casual interview too often hastens to confidence—too often lures the inexperienced into friendships which destroy for ever the peace of the unwary. In all societies there is for the most part some *beau ideal*, some star presiding at the board—some demi-god, whose opinion sways a mastery over "the thoughtless, the heartless, the free." Here too he presided! — Lorrymer, with prepossessing appearance, inauspicious address, and an unusual fund of anecdote, commanded general attention. To him were submitted most questions at issue, and to his decision did all seem to allot uncommon deference, and those were deemed the most worthful who partook largest of his familiar converse.

Being the only one of the invited from England, he was most favoured by the attentions of our host, George ———, who enjoyed the freedom with which his English guest (though comparatively a stranger) indulged in the revelry of the night. 'Twas strange with what bold indifference and callous feeling he spoke of and adduced examples of licentiousness in his countrymen, and seemed to rate the bestial indulgences the very acme of enjoyment and of happiness. The uniformity hitherto preserved in the night's sports had given way to scattered groups of old and new acquaintances at the board, and as the wine went round, so did reckless remark get birth. In one of these party circles M'Dermott found himself; Lorrymer was its leader, whose lurid idea and intellectual research boasted only of its having discovered female weaknesses, and practised upon them—gloried in the triumphs achieved by the ruin of their delicacy or the compromise of their character. M'Dermott, although restrained by constitution from over free indulgence in the bowl, had still partaken sufficiently to lend a willing ear to the base breath emitted by Lorrymer, and rendered half jocose by his gluttonous ha! ha! ha! by which, too, the English ravisher sought refuge from the gathering displeasure of the Irish brow. Exaggeration, at all events, was now the order of the spree. This circumstance made the topics of entertainment the more bearable to M'Dermott, who by this time felt his feelings saturated with the converse, and rather inclining towards Lorrymer, with whom he soon held conference and private chit chat.

"So, M'Dermott, you think of marrying, eh?—damn fool! (shaking his head.) I should not admit the thought."

"'Tis honourable," returned Charles.

"Nay, nay—the mistresses are sufficiently numerous, and all so damn fine. Listen to facts,

M'Dermott, hundreds of which I have known in our country, and leave off your philosophy. Honor! 'tis what ruins you, Irish—you have too much honor—we rarely mind such stuff; but here, listen. A twelve month has scarcely—"

Lorrymer's tale was true; it was that of a seducer whose evils were vilest because calculated. He spoke of his victim's degradation and uttered the deeds of his own treachery upon her with calm and seeming delight; her person, age, circumstances, very air and accomplishments, were accurately detailed by him. Large were the draughts of thought and sensibility, anxiety and trembling doubt, partaken of by unfortunate M'Dermott, as Lorrymer gave the finer and finishing hues to the character. The picture was vivid—it was striking: it could not be mistaken.

"It is—it is she!!" whispered M'Dermott, 'neath his ruin of mind, as Lorrymer referred to the time of her arrival in Ireland from England, and to the object she had in view; and with low and frozen spirits Charles murmured—"Oh! Emma—Emma!"

"And," rejoined Lorrymer, "I have come to seek her; and if she bear upon her person the token of affection received from me, and strung round her neck on presenting me her first boon, again shall I restore (1) her to her former position!"

Enough! enough!—already a human heart is burst, and with it the brave and noble spirit of M'Dermott lies in ruin!

Yet, oh! yet he was M'Dermott, and she he had by this time stript of every virtue, of every shame, was still his Emma: "and could she be false?—no, no—Lorrymer speaks of another—I but dream! But, oh! heavens! should she bear upon her person *his picture*, and next her heart too, then indeed I become an outcast, and she—oh! she - - - aye, this right hand shall hurl her into the region of devils! Caressing, smiling words and sighs of the best finished deceit, and airs and looks, good imitations of sincerity and unquestionable love—so good, that I believed them most true—ha! ha! ha! This is most certain, that I will encompass my spirit with a manageable courage. Tomorrow I marry—smile, look gay, and then '*murder in jest*'!"

Thus did the wronged and high spirit of Charles soliloquise, as the human butcher enlarged upon details bleeding to M'Dermott's core, and visiting with temporary insanity his mind. He paled—was silent—felt ill. Midnight had arrived; he left the banquet, and steered his "lone and melancholy way." One ray of hope lighted upon his gloom—the possibility of Emma not possessing the picture. "That, oh! that alone would have saved me from a sea of doubt. My Emma! Emma! Emma! you," he'd continue, "*are still the same fair lily—the same untouched innocence—the same angel and divine thing you were yesterday.* Why should I cast from me the bosom, the tender bosom, throbbing at this hour, perhaps, for my welfare? yet, oh! yet—aye, could I kill thought!"

Poor Emma again received her covenanted lord; she looks for wonted joy upon his brow—'tis fled! He, to be sure, folded her to his heart; the embrace felt cold: nor did he look e'en once into

her eyes. She wept! M'Dermott's heart bled! He pleaded illness and retired.

"Oh! misery, what? have I lost his esteem? If not, what meaneth his chill and downcast look? What's robbed him of his smile? or wherefore do my boiling tears rush unbid in affrighted streams? I know not; though yet I fear he's heard some unblest voice pronounce—'She's false! she's false!' Oh! I'm lost! Better all other afflictions to this! Hush! some noise!—oh! no—I startle at my false heart's knell; would 'twere the toll of ebbing existence! 'Tis his door! he returns! My tears! oh! I cannot speak; I tremble; he shall see guilt branded upon me from head to foot! If he enter, I'm betrayed by self, and condemned by my own sentence. ['Emma!'] Oh! pity! he calls—he advances—knocks—enters! ['Emma! please retire; 'tis long, long after midnight!'] I go, Charles, (softly,) but I beseech—" (The door closes.) "He still thinks of me with some kindness. Perhaps I wrong the cause of his seeming change, and oh!

—Though worse than death my lot,
Than hell—'tis nothing while *he* knows (me) not."

Doubt, thou impending hell, in all thy terrors did guilt and conscience paint thee on this false one's fancy!—there is nought but wreck and ruin left of all its gilded projects; yet she had a hope—the morrow!

CHAP. IX.

"If vainly thus at other hearts you fly,
Dare you a female's wretched bosom try?
Here, enter mine, that naked meets the blow;
Here raise your trophies, here your triumph show!
Love knows how well this breast admits the dart;
Love that so deep has pierced my tender heart!

The weapon's point must heal the wound of love,
And friendly death my heart's physician prove;
Fond love, farewell! but come thou fell disdain!
For ever partner with my ghost remain;
Together let us rise from realms below,
To haunt th' ungrateful author of my woe;
To bring dire visions to his fearful sight,
And fill with horror every sleepless night!
She ceased."

TASSO.

The day approached; Charles M'Dermott has managed well his great doubt by a good dissemblance. Emma Hill again enjoys his kindly countenance; her neck, so often scanned, bears no traces of the supposed portrait; her smile returns, and delight plays freely in her look. Again does M'Dermott seem to lay his head to rest upon her deceived and deceiving bosom, to which the hope of bliss returns—again the balm of sweetened lips is poured profusely o'er his wound: he hears the solemn utterance of her love, and sees the transports of her daring heart, at each bright look to their coming union. M'Dermott still doubts—"That picture!—if she have it not, oh! what joy, what rapture! Ah! 'twould be too great—it would be the happiness of much honesty *here*, (placing his hand on his heart,) and of angel innocence and virtue in her—aye, aye—I will marry her,

'Though hell itself should gape and bid me hold!'"

Charles and Emma are married, and within the smallest circle have its forms been celebrated. It soon breaks up; the night advances; Eliza accompanies her friends, the Misses —, to town, and is to remain some days. The bridegroom and his bride are now alone, and ere yet a husband finger soils a sense, with o'ermastering sway he commands her to unrobe her person. His sternness frights her; she shrieks! M'Dermott feigns frenzy, and plights his soul she's false! false!!

"No, Charles, I'm not; you know I'm not!"

"I believe you not; 'tis now my right to see. If—if thou'rt true, bare that bosom of its trappings—bare your very person!"

"You command too much, Charles."

"Then thou'rt false! Suspended on thy person hast thou no likeness, no token?"

"None I care you to see; 'tis but the portrait of a brother. 'Tis here: behold it! In gratitude 'twas suspended from this boddice."

She rends it into atoms!

"Wretch!! there! there!" He lodges his dagger in her heart, and revels it in her vitals!

"Oh!—ho! thou'st killed me! Murder! Oh! probe me not—I die. 'Tis wrong; I am wronged!"

"You lie! thou'rt false as hell! Remember Lorrymer. Look at the name thou'st torn, deceiver!"

"O—h! yes!—yes!—yes!—I a - - am false!"

"Most wretched woman! if thou'rt not, here, sink here, fatal blade!" wielding the heated poinard from those tendrils upon which still hung the false one's life, and directing with frightful plunge its point towards the seat of his own existence, whilst he still knelt on bended knee. She grasps the spear, and with unnatural effort flitters it from his hold, and in a sepulchral shriek screams—"No!" He looks; she's dead! One steadfast look of roaring passion he gives—'tis done!

"My fate cries out, and makes each petty artery in this body As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve!"

All is resolved. The morning dawns; M'Dermott writes the following note to his sister:—

"Dear Eliza—Beloved Emma and myself leave Green Villa this morning; I shall secure everything about it. In a few days we return; perhaps a week. This affords you what you have so earnestly sought, a longer stay with the amiable Misses —. You will have it in your power, dearest Eliza, at our return to repay the compliment. We start this moment. You may keep or allow our maid to make the visit I promised her. Hand her the enclosed remittance of —; the balance you may need, and, joined in affection by Emma, I am, dearest Eliza, as usual,

"CHARLES."

Well and skilfully did M'Dermott accomplish this tragedy. With his own hands did he open wide the earth's mouth, and with yet ungratified fury, made up of method, hurl his ghastly bride into its womb, and with her murdered form every possible track to the bloody deed!

"Earth knows no rage like love to hatred turned!"

But where, M'Dermott—whither hast thy generous nature flown? is every soft and humane feeling lost? and can it be that thou'rt become heartless? No, no; thou hast still thy heart, and

deeper flow its feelings. Yes, we find the bewildered soul of unhappy Charles bent to the clay he has heaped upon the foul Emma; and, looking for the last time to her earthly hell, he exclaims—

"Fare thee well! I'll think of thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman! see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON AGE.

When all the charms of life have fled,
And all of earthly bliss is gone,
'Tis then we care not to be dead,
Since friends have pass'd and we are lone.
The cloud of care spreads o'er the mind,
And grief, sad grief, must find its way,
For aught that e'er to earth could bind
Has long since fallen to decay.
The summer of our days hath past,
Her former smile is absent now,
When hoary winter comes at last
To lay his hand upon our brow.
Since now, of earthly hopes bereft,
No solitary joy remains,
To soothe the sorrows that are left,
Or lessen half the weary pains,
Let's lift our thoughts beyond this sphere,
And raise them to the throne of love,
Where ever bright the rays appear
Of hope's fair star, that from above
Shines on the lonely wanderer's heart,
To light him o'er life's utmost ware,
Until the weary soul depart,
And all is silence, and the grave.

Finglass, near Dublin,
April 10, 1843.

A. D.

THE INDIAN AND THE WHITE MAN.—An Indian is a beggar in Washington city, and a white man is almost equally so in the Mandan village. An Indian in Washington is mute, is dumb and embarrassed; and so is the white man (and for the very same reason) in Mandan—he has nobody to talk to. A wild Indian, to reach the civilised world, must needs travel some thousands of miles in vehicles of conveyance, to which he is unaccustomed—through latitudes and longitudes which are new to him—living on food that he is unused to—stared and gazed at by thousands and tens of thousands whom he cannot talk to—his heart grieving and his body sickening at the exhibition of white men's wealth and luxuries, which are enjoyed on the land, and over the bones of his ancestors. And at the end of his journey he stands (like a caged animal) to be scanned—to be criticised—to be pitied—and heralded to the world as a mute—as a brute, and a beggar. A white man, to reach this village, must travel by steam-boat—by canoes—on horseback and on foot; swim rivers—wade quagmires—fight mosquitoes—patch his moccasins, and patch them again and again, and his breeches; live on meat alone—sleep on the ground the whole way, and think and dream of his friends he has left behind; and when he gets here, half-starved and half-naked, and more than half-sick, he finds himself a beggar for a place to sleep, and for something to eat; a mute amongst thousands who flock about him, to look and criticise, and to laugh at him for his jaded appearance, and to speak of him as they do of all white men (without distinction) as liars. These people are in the habit of seeing no white men in their country but traders, and know of no other; seeming us all alike, and receiving us all under the presumption that we come to trade or barter; applying to us all, indiscriminately, the epithet of "liars" or traders.—*Catlin's American Notes.*

SLEEP.

The stature of the body is greater when we awake in the morning than when we lie down at night. This circumstance is owing to the state of the inter-verbral cartilages, which yield in some measure to the weight of the body in the erect posture, and recover their elasticity during the period of repose when this pressure is taken off them. Seamen and soldiers on duty can, from habit, sleep when they will, and wake when they will. The Emperor Napoleon was a striking instance of this fact. Captain Barclay, when performing his extraordinary feat of walking 1,000 miles in as many successive hours, obtained at last such a mastery over himself, that he fell asleep the instant he lay down. Some persons cannot sleep on a hard bed, others on a soft bed. A low pillow prevents sleep in some, a high one in others. The faculty of remaining asleep for a great length of time is possessed by some individuals. Such was the case with Quin, the celebrated player, who could slumber for twenty-four hours successively—with Elizabeth Orvin, who spent three-fourths of her life in sleep—Elizabeth Perkins, who slept for a week or a fortnight at a time—with Mary Lyall, who did the same for six successive weeks—and with many others, more or less remarkable. A phenomenon of an opposite character is also sometimes observed, for there are individuals who can subsist upon a surprisingly small portion of sleep. The celebrated General Elliott was an instance of this kind; he never slept more than four hours out of the twenty-four. In all other respects he was strikingly abstinent; his food consisting wholly of bread, water, and vegetables. In a letter communicated to Sir John Sinclair, by John Gordon, Esq., of Swiney, Caithness, mention is made of a person named James Mackay, of Skerry, who died in Strathnaver in the year 1797, aged ninety-one: he only slept on an average, four hours in the twenty-four, and was a remarkably robust and healthy man. Fredrick the Great, of Prussia, and the illustrious surgeon, John Hunter, only slept five hours during the same period; and the sleep of the active-minded is always much less than that of the listless and indolent.—*Macnish's Philosophy of Sleep.*

LITERARY PROPERTY.—Perhaps there is no article of so uncertain a value, or which affords more scope for speculation, than the copyright of literary productions. The manuscript of "Robinson Crusoe" ran through the whole trade, and no one would venture to print it: the bookseller who at length bought it cleared one thousand guineas by the purchase, and it afterwards became a source of great emolument. "Burn's Justice" was disposed of for a mere trifle, as well as "Buchan's Domestic Medicine," both of which produced immense incomes. "The Vicar of Wakefield" (the most delightful novel in our language) was sold for a few pounds. Johnson fixed the price of his "Lives of the Poets" at 200 guineas, by which the bookseller, in a few years; cleared £25,000. Tsonson and all his family rode in their carriages with the profits of the £5 epic of Milton. The copyright of "Vyse's Spelling Book" sold for 2,000 guineas.

RECOVERY FROM DROWNING.—Little or no water is found in the stomach of a drowned person; and when it is present, it can in no way have contributed to death. Experiments have proved that water is never found in bodies submerged after death; and that it cannot be made to enter the stomach without the assistance of a tube passed into the gullet. This fact, and that of little or no water entering the lungs, cannot be too widely propagated, as the popular prejudice is in favour of the opposite opinion.

LEARNED OPERATIVES OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

The learned operative of the old school was born before the existence of hebdomadal literature. We, on the contrary, have been reared and nurtured amid the rustling of such feuilletts as this, and contemplate our present subject when we meet him in the sameligh as our geologists regard an exhumed ichthyosaurus, or some other of the inexpressibles of antideluvian periods. The overmastering feeling of our minds on such encounters, as we look with *de grands yeux*, is wonder or intense curiosity. Indeed, to see a man contemporaneous with none other than folios or octavos, is something akin to surveying those pre-adamite monsters who grew up amid gigantic ferns. The learned operative of other days betrays a hankering after very big books, and is unwilling and loath to avow that useful literary nutriment can be got in anything less than a cart-load of print and paper. His favourite test of excellence in literature consists in an infallible experiment; he takes up an author with his two hands and mentally weighs him; he is wiser than Solomon the wise, when the latter enunciated his famous truism, that a great book is a great evil. On the contrary, our wise man is in raptures with a volume which he cannot lift; he appreciates or estimates an author's mental exertions or energies by the quantity of corporal labour which is necessary on his own part to raise his writings. His test of literary merit would, if applied to other things, make ponderous lead as precious as pure silver, and a bank bill for a thousand pounds inferior to a half-penny; he thinks it frivolous and nugatory to carry the substance or contents of a volume in his memory, if he find it not physically difficult to carry the book in his arms.

Amongst various other acquirements it must not be omitted, when speaking of our learned operative, that he is deeply read in divinity, and was in his early days a great controvertist. In the latter department, indeed, the same ruling passion reveals itself, and the test above alluded to is found equally useful. Let a controversial polemic only write a volume of such dimensions that a well aimed blow of the volume will knock down an ox, and our critic will declare it ununsurmountable. He supposes the latin proverb, "*Cave ad hominem*," &c.—"Beware of the student of a single author," to be meant only of ponderous tomes and enormous folios. Not to irritate a student who in his wrath may break your head by simply throwing his book at you, is a sage aphorism, and reflects credit, he says, on the wisdom of our primitive progenitors who framed the adage.

In history too his propensity for ponderosity as fully reveals itself as in the department of polemical divinity. When war, with its thundering train of battles, massacres, sieges, and conquests, is to be described, it should, he thinks, only be in a volume with which a reader might on an emergency perpetrate justifiable homicide—which means killing a baillif. When Lord Byron asked a military critic what judgment should be formed of Napoleon's plan for obtaining victory in one of the Corsican's battles, the military censor told Byron that the Emperor's scheme was "very simple." "Simplicity," rejoined the noble poet, "is an element of the sublime." Some of our readers, like the military critic above quoted, may condemn the preceding test for ascertaining the literary value of a volume as "very simple." With the author of "*Childe Harold*," we shall tell such hypercritics that, simple as it is, this mode of estimating books contains concealed within its slough or envelopment the incipient germ

of excellence and improvement—it may yet be developed to such umbrageous plenitude and loftiness, as to give a shelter to the vast species of Anseres. On the advent of that improved and enlightened millenium which will arrive as duly as the first of May, when we shall weigh books as we do bacon, and predicate their intrinsic worth according to their specific gravity, it will be found, we confidently assert, that in point of justice this criterion exceeds the tests in use in our day quite as fully as it surpasses them in convenience and expedition.

This article which we pen is headed the "*learned operatives of the old school*." The certainty is however that the "*old school*," as we term it, was, to all intents and purposes which refer to artisans, no school at all. In former days, if the operative attained to any share of general information, 'twas by a desperate effort; for in those days, in truth, the fair kingdom of knowledge suffered violence, and none other but the violent bore it away. Wisdom did not cry out in the streets in those patriarchal times; or, if she did, assuredly no man, or woman either, regarded her. Sexagenarians must remember the days when it was the crowning feather in the cap of youth to shew oneself at the perilous turn of some hostile street which was dangerous with lurking apprentices. Well do they remember how their beating hearts palpitated, while terror and ambition struggled painfully in their breasts, as they sought the bubble reputation, armed with a wooden "*falchion*." Those were the stormy joys of their battling days, when they would have done anything, and "*roundly too*," and when they often had their heads broken amid the loud clatter of contending clubs—when they headed some furious onslaught, and drove like a hurricane to deal desperate blows on the scattered and disconcerted catiffs who were guilty of living in a different street. Then the sovereign rule in our ancient metropolis was misrule, and the law which young heads comprehended best was that patriarchal and time-honoured law universally recognised under the significant name of club law. Then the recruiting sergeant reaped a prolific harvest, and many a handsome apprentice, the glory and pride of the swinge-bucklers of his native alley, went off in a post to hail the "*tender*," whose womb was like Vathek's giaour, insatiable; nay, hundreds of noble boys, every one of whom often bared a muscular right arm to flourish a trusty and formidable "*falchion*" of wood in Kennedy's or Marrowbone-lane, turned their broad shoulders on those storied bounds, never, never, to see the lane again. Years revolved, but no tidings came home, and the very swinge-bucklers themselves sometimes were seen to grow thoughtful, as the vast capacity of all-devouring war for swallowing human hecatombs revealed itself internally to their saddened souls. Meantime the intrepid hero of the streets of Dublin, who had heroically routed armed butchers and justly fugitived every youth whom he encountered, and who was not, like himself, born in Kennedy's-lane—meantime, we say, this high-handed striping was far away amid hideous marais and dreadful forests, marching knee deep in the horrible massacres and carnage of Indian warfare, or taken by the insolent, ignorant, and savage enemy, and tied amid a circle of yelling and ferocious cherokees to a tree, whose base was circummured with blazing faggots. There the pale face of the hectoring apprentice grew rueful, and creamy, and, doubtless, he cast a repentant after-thought to that tempestuous day when in the companionship of other runagates like himself, he assisted in hanging the hunks of Ormond market by the jaw on their own hooks. His stormy boyhood, wasted in ruffian revelry with loud circles of haphazard boon companions, the street brawls and turbulent riots,

perhaps extracted a tear by their memory; and his terrific destiny was regarded by his own mind as the due recompense merited by his boisterous youthhood. However, that absence of reflection and incapacity for thought—that sluggishness of ratiocination, which precludes self control, and causes a man to lapse into dangers, errors, vices, and disasters—possesses with all its evil a certain miserable advantage. The apprentices of Marrowbone-lane were never susceptible of regret; they did not reason on their self-caused disasters, and bring home to their own aberrations the origin and root of these bitter branches; their minds did not go back along the margin of the poisoned rivulet, and weep over its source or well-head, when they found it in their own breasts. These pangs are reserved in all their bitterness for educated minds. Hence it truly comes, that, according to the Chinese proverb, “the sage is the severest censor of himself.” Hence the blessing bestowed by intellectual cultivation in giving foresight in the first place; in the second place, it places the source of our aberrations in the broad light of reflection, and strongly warns us to avoid their repetition.

G.

SPRING.

All hail thee, joyous season,
When fancy bids us roam,
When pleasure deems it treason
To squander time at home;
When all the tuneful thrushes
And vernal songsters sing;
When trees and budding bushes
Expand their leaves to SPRING!

Each smiling infant flower
Peeps o'er the grassy lawn;
The roses round the bower
Proclaim “’tis nature’s dawn!”
The lark which upward rises,
To soar on wanton wing,
And all the birds apprise us
That “this is sacred SPRING!”

We look across the mountains,
The winter snows are gone:
We sit beside the fountains,
The waters murmur on:
Adown the dale we dally,
The groves with echoes ring,
Where flow’rets of the valley
Hold up their heads to SPRING!

Ah! lovely little lily,
What modesty has thou?
The painter’s art is silly
To deck thy balmy brow:
To thee with seeming gladness
Thy tiny tendrils cling;
They save my soul from sadness,
Thou virgin Queen of SPRING!

F.

COLOUR.—This seems to be an exclusively ornamental quality; we find it scattered through all the classes of nature, animate and inanimate, decking with tints of equal brilliance the shell, the flower, the gem, birds, beasts, and reptiles, as well as the clouds which attend upon the rising and setting sun, and with no apparent use but that of cheering and delighting mankind with a perpetual display of splendour and magnificence. This bountiful provision of nature has the power of imparting a charm to things the most trivial and otherwise unattractive, and thus furnishes the painter with ready and inexhaustible resources for the embellishment of his subject, of what kind soever it may be.

INDIAN ENCAMPMENT.—Whilst ascending the river to this place, I saw an encampment of Sioux, consisting of six hundred of these lodges, struck, and all things packed and on the move in few minutes. The chief sends his runners or criers (for such all chiefs keep in their employment) through the village, a few hours before they are to start; announcing his determination to move, and the hour fixed upon, and the necessary preparations are in the meantime making; and at the time announced, the lodge of the chief is seen flapping in the wind, a part of the poles having been taken out from under it; this is the signal, and in one minute, six hundred of them (on a level and beautiful prairie,) which before had been strained tight and fixed, were seen waving and flapping in the wind, and in one minute more all were flat upon ground. Their horses and dogs, of which they had a vast number, had all been secured upon the spot in readiness; and each one was speedily loaded with the burden allotted to it, and ready to fall into the grand procession. For this strange cavalcade, preparation is made in the following manner: the poles of a lodge are divided into two bunches, and the little ends of each bunch fastened upon the shoulders or withers of a horse, leaving the butt ends to drag behind on the ground on either side; just behind the horse, a brace or pole is tied across, which keeps the poles in their respective places; and then upon that and the poles behind the horse, is placed the lodge or tent, which is rolled up, and also numerous other articles of household and domestic furniture, and on the top of all, two, three, and even (sometimes) four women and children. Each one of these horses has a conductress, who sometimes walks before and leads him, with a tremendous pack upon her own back; and at others she sits astride of his back, with a child, perhaps, at her breast, and another astride of the horse’s back behind her, clinging to her waist with one arm, while it affectionately embraces a sneaking dog-pup in the other. In this way five or six hundred wigwags, with all their furniture, may be seen drawn out for miles, creeping over the grassed-covered plains of this country; and three times that number of men, on good horses, strolling along in front or on the flank, and, in some tribes, in the rear of this heterogeneous caravan; at least five times that number of dogs, which fall into the rank, and follow in the train and company of the women; and every cur of them, who is large enough, and not too cunning to be enslaved, is encumbered with a car or sled (or whatever it may be better called,) on which he patiently drags his load—a part of the household goods and furniture of the lodge to which he belongs. Two poles, about fifteen feet long, are placed upon the dog’s shoulders, in the same manner as the lodge poles are attached to the horses, leaving the larger ends to drag upon the ground behind him; on which is placed a bundle or wallet which is allotted to him to carry, and with which he trots off amid the throng of dogs and squaws; faithfully and cheerfully dragging his load ’till night.—*Catlin’s American Notes.*

COPPER IN MEAT.—M. Chevréul has found, that a very appreciable quantity of copper existed in a quantity of soup equal to an English quart, the produce of a pound of meat. Copper was constantly found to exist in beef, veal, partridge, the whites and yolks of eggs. The quantity of meat operated upon was always a pound English, which was placed in a quart of water; the time of boiling was five hours. The common practice of putting the meat into cold water, and raising this to boiling, was also proved, by experiment, to be very superior to that of plunging cold meat into boiling water.

THE PERSIAN SLAVE. (1)

Rahman Beg, the Turkoman,
 Had left his rugged tent
 To feast a day with Ali Khan,
 To Shuruck's plains he went.
 A geelab⁽²⁾ there had slaves to sell,
 Seized at a late chappaw⁽³⁾,
 The fray was in a Persian dell,
 How many slaves and what befel !
 His brother Ali Khan could tell
 Thro' that wild g-e-lab now ;
 And Rahman Beg rode on the while
 At headlong bounding pace,
 With eye lit up and fendish smile
 Athwart his bearded face.
 His spear-head glistened in the sun,
 And foamed his steed,⁽⁴⁾ a murky dun,
 As fleet as bullet from the gun,
 Unequall'd in the chase ;
 And " Allah ! allah ! " loud he cried
 As thro' the olive groves he hied,
 Or dashed along the torrent's side
 Upon the verging rock.
 For Rahman's heart was in the fray,
 The victor yell, the wild dismay,
 The human hunt by night and day,
 The combat's horrid shock ;
 And many a strong chappaw he led
 In days remembered still.
 Yes ! Rahman's hands were often red,
 And gash'd⁽⁵⁾ with hooks his victims bled ;
 His heart was always hard, 'twas said,
 And bloody as his will.
 But Rahman Beg may onward ride
 In all his rude and haughty pride
 O'er every mount and dale ;
 (Yet if his heart be not of steel,
 And if it may a sorrow feel,
 The time comes fast, and come it will,
 —There's horror in the tale !)

The camels lay in Rahman's hold,
 And fifty trained steeds were there,
 Nor could the proudest eastern's gold
 E'er purchase steeds like Rahman's were.
 The day's last toll was past and done,
 The sun was setting in the wave,
 When moody, silent, and alone
 Al Hassan stood—the Persian slave ;
 His black eyes blazed unearthly bright,
 But not with joy or wassail wine ;
 His blanched cheeks wore that leaden white
 Of night-sky⁽⁶⁾ o'er the Appennine.
 Sad thoughts were they, poor Persian slave,
 That thus could dim thy dusky face,
 And breathe the vapour of the grave
 O'er one of such a sunny race.
 His mother's death-cry still he heard,
 A sister's shame—a father's groan,

(1) The materials of this little poem were selected from Sir Alexander Burns' travels in India, as well as those of Mr. Elphinstone, Colonel Conelly, Sir James Alexander, Captain Heppel, Captain Christie, and Sir John Malcolm. The incidents are true.

(2) "Geelab" is the slave merchant.

(3) "Chappaw," a predatory excursion.

(4) The Turkomans are famous for their splendid horses.

(5) Prisoners taken in a chappaw are hooked through the flesh under the collar-bone, and thus fastened to the tails of the conquerors' horses.

6 While the eye is feasting on the rich tints which succeed to the bright light of day, (says Captain Basil Hall,) and wishes they might last for ever, the rose colour gradually dies away, and its place is taken by a livid dead white, resembling so fearfully that of a corpse, that I felt quite shocked as well as startled by the change.—*View of Mont Blanc after sunset.*

Himself a slave, with burned beard,⁽¹⁾
 Lash'd, famished, trampled on, and lone.
 All were alive within his heart,
 Their memory shone in that bright eye,
 And kept the thought of death apart—
 He could not think of them and die !
 The vesper star shone o'er his head
 Fair, beautiful, and bright,
 Like some fond essence thither sped
 From Persia's god of light.
 Oh ! oft had Hassan watch'd before
 On Shiraz' hills afar,
 'Til unadorned Æther wore
 That solitary star ;
 For then his mountain home was shut,
 And all went forth to pray,
 And at the rent crag's rugged foot
 Adored the parting day
 On four white columns,⁽²⁾ thin and high,
 The sacred fires were lit,
 The cliffs stood like grim giants by
 With angels at their feet,
 And where their black heads nearly met
 A silvery bell was hung,
 Its gentle tone so mildly sweet
 The dark, cold caves among.
 The chinar and the poplar tall
 Grew here and there around,
 And wreathed with the altars all
 Their shadows on the ground.
 And 'midst them there his people bowed,
 And clasped the pillared light,
 Each dusky figure like a cloud
 That dims the moon at night.
 Al Hassan thought of home and this,
 And bent him down in pray'r,
 'Til waking from his dreamy bliss
 He felt his heart's despair :
 No altars stood before his eyes,
 His home a blackened stone,
 The roof-tree long had lit the skies,
 His kindred they were gone.
 His seared brain, oh ! Iran save,
 He has fall'n to the earth,
 And hear ! he swears by the holy grave⁽³⁾
 To 'venge his lonely hearth.
 "Bright star," he cries, "smile on, smile on,
 Within thy azure flood,
 O'er Turkoman and Persia's son,
 The slave—the man of blood.
 To-morrow's eve and Shiraz' hill
 Will see me once again,
 Or else a quiet grave I'll fill ;
 And earth will rot my chain !"

Al Hassan chose a noble steed
 From Rahman's vaunted stall,
 Oh ! he was of a matchless speed,
 The mightiest of them all,
 And high and straight, and crested wide,
 And true and firm of limb—
 A barb of prowess and of pride,
 None else were suited him.
 With pawing hoof and arching neck
 And eyes all wildly bright,
 Al Hassan scarce his force could check
 With all his skillful might,
 But fondly stroked his lordly mane
 And girt his harness tight.
 'Twas meet to look to brace and rein
 On such a daring flight,
 To Shiraz' hills 'twas many a stride,
 A wild and weary way,

(1) The Turkomans burned the hair and beard off the Persian slave, that by such mutilation they would not desire to return to their countrymen.

(2) Such interesting little temples were often found in the recesses of the Persian mountains.

(3) The most sacred oath of the Persians, by the holy grave—the tomb of Shah Beade at Casbin.

And dangers glared on every side
Like tigers for their prey.
By Iran, 'twas a glorious deed
Of that deserted slave!
To seize the Turkoman's black steed,
And fiercely in that hour of need
His serfs and soldiers dare;
For stretched within that tented square,
And ready for the signal cry,
Two tribes of hardy spearmen were,
No, never, never known to spare,
Nor wear a humid eye;
And little hope would Persia's son
Of mercy have from such as they,
Whose every boast of fame was won
From Ghebers⁽¹⁾ slaughtered in the fray.

The horse was girt and reined and ready,
And everything was calm around,
The Persian's heart was stern and steady,
("Up, Hassan, up," 'tis but a bound!)
Oh! who than Hassan e'er was bolder
'Mid terrors that would turn the brain?
Despair!!!—a grasp was at his shoulder,
Another at his bridle rein!—

'Twas Rahman's wife. "Where goes the slave
At such an hour as this?" she said.
Al Hassan turned, and calmly, grave,
Spoke as he gently bowed his head,
"Your slave was captured last chappaw,
His mother died beneath the dart—"
"Well?"—"Your offspring has no mother now!"
(Al Hassan's steel was in her heart!)
He held her dead and silent there,
Warm with the gushing of her blood,
And terrible was Hassan's glare
As by that gory corpse he stood!
The man, the victim, and the steed
Seemed like three demons whispering death;
For husky sighs like rustled reed
Came with the Persian's quickened breath.
"What now! not yet enough of slaughter?"
He heard a rapid footstep come;
"Who is it? Rahman's only daughter!
Come, fair one, to your mother's doom!"
He dashed the lifeless body down,
And cried aloud with triumph wild,
"Ha! this is worth all Persia's crown,
Thou art, indeed, vile Rahman's child!"
The steel sprang thro' her naked breast,
His foot was quickly on her brow,
"Die! die!" he cried, "but far more blest
In such a rapid death art thou
Than she! my victim'd sister was
Polluted by your fiendish sire.
Vengeance has waked to Persia's cause,
And to her sacred fanes of fire."

"'Twas done! and on the horse he sprang,
But roused was every Turkoman,
And the meek eastern evening rang
With clustering spear and shouted ban,
And bow-strings twanged and arrows flew,
That never erred in peace or war;
But tho' to very steel-tip drew
'Twere equal chance to pierce a star,
For like two wild unearthly things
The steed and rider sped along,
The hurled dust spread out like wings
Of spirits fleeing in a throng,
And olive groves and palmy bowers,
The banyan's shade and graceful date,
And jungles crimsoned thro' with flowers,
Resounded to the courser's feet.
On! on! still on! yon cedar wood
Will bring him to the open plain,
The footing there were safe and good,
The steed would need no checking rein.
'Twas gained! the Turks were far behind,
Their cries had almost died away,
Mocking the murmurs of the wind
Like coming night with struggling day.

He turned the cloudy nook, when lo!
A lightning startle thro' him ran,
For there stood Hassan's deadliest foe—
Rahman Beg, the Turkoman!

"Hassan, my slave! What! bloody too!"
Cried Rahman, lowering his spear;
"My favourite horse with such as you.
Stop! speak! or by my beard I swear,
Or right or wrong, thou Persian hound!
What! dare you clutch your dagger's hilt?
Off! down with you upon the ground!
And speak out how thy blood was split."

"Dog of a Turk! my answer take,
'Tis speediest thus—the tale to tell,
For slavish tongue were ever weak,
My joyous bursting-heart would break,
The cause 'tis not for words to speak.
You'll see, and feel it well,"
He said, and flung his naked blade,
Which flew like lightning from the cloud,
But Rahman's arm before his head
The fury of the weapon stayed;
Yet fearful was the gash it made,
And Rahman yell'd aloud.
All splintered, shivered was the limb,
The Turkoman dropp'd down like lead,
And Hassan bended o'er him,
He did not wish the wretch were dead,
No! helpless, impotent and wild,
He'd have the Turkoman to see
The red grave of his wife and child,
And brood well o'er that agony.
And thus he taunted on amain
As Rahman's creatures came in sight—
"Ah! Rahman Beg, you feel no pain!
Nay, this dull wound is joy's delight!
To what your faithful, loving slave,
All mindful of your deeds and you,
And of his people's timeless grave,
Has left to 'wake your memory to.
Now you are lone on earth as I!
I know that wild inquiring stare!
For worlds! I would not have you die
'Til home you're borne, and learn it here
For love of me! aye, cheat the grave,
And meet again we will full soon,
Rahman Beg—the Persian slave
Will beard you ere another moon."

J. T. C.

FAMINE.—The Saxon Chronicle tells, that in the reign of Edward the Confessor, there was the most terrible famine ever known; inasmuch that a quarter of wheat rose to sixty pence, or about fifteen shillings of our present money; consequently, it was as dear as if it now cost seven pounds ten shillings sterling. This much exceeds the famine at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, when a quarter of wheat sold for four pence.

"I PLEDGE YOU."—Edward the Martyr was murdered at the youthful age of 17, by order of his step-mother, Elfrida, at Corfe Castle, in the Isle of Purbeck. He came to pay his respects to his mother, who received him with apparent affection. He was on horseback at the gate, and in the act of drinking the cup of hospitality, when one of her servants stabbed him in the back with a dagger; having suddenly spurred his horse, the animal plunged and threw him into a deep ditch, where he died. He was born in 962, crowned in 975, when only 14 years of age, and died in 978, after a reign of three years. This act of treachery spread general distrust throughout the kingdom, and no one considered himself secure without a guarantee from those who sat beside him that he was safe whilst the bowl was at his lips; hence originated the custom of saying "I pledge you," when one person invites another to drink first.

(1) The ancient Persians were called Ghebers.

A STRAY LEAF FROM THE CHRONICLES
OF SIENNA.

(Continued from No. 22.)

Thrown into confusion by this rencontre, Nella stammered out an excuse, and inviting by signs rather than by words her visitor to be seated, she and her nurse followed his example.

After a slight hesitation, the young man began: "I have to ask your pardon, signora, for this intrusion; but observing you in the square before the Cathedral, near the Pallazzo, where I was told you were refused admittance, and, as I have some influence with those who preside there, I thought I would come and tell you of the pleasure it would give me to render you any service in my power, or even to do you justice in case the prisoner in whom you feel interested be detained without sufficient reason in the prisons of the Republic."

"Oh! signor, signor, God Almighty bless you!" exclaimed the young lady, with grateful joy; "I will pray night and day for you, if you will restore to us my brother. Yes, signor, his imprisonment is illegal and unjust: it was done merely to gratify a base and cowardly vengeance."

She then related to him, in the greatest excitement, the events that passed within the last three days; and, when she finished, he started up in indignation.

"Ha!" said he, "so I am the instrument of Castruccio's vengeance; he uses my name as a cover that he may strike with the greater security. If I do not look to this, the escutcheon of the Salembeni will receive an indelible stain."

When Nella heard the word Salembeni, she started, crying, "A Salembeni!" then recovering herself, she anxiously inquired—

"You are a Salembeni?"

"Yes, signora," was the reply, and not without some emotion; "what can there be to terrify you in the name of Salembeni?"

"Would a Salembeni save a Montanini?" she inquired, sorrowfully.

"Ah! signora, your brother is a Montanini!" said the young man, slowly.

"Oh! how foolish it was for me to think so for an instant," cried Nella, in the deepest despair; "I was mad to think that such long-cherished hatred could be forgotten."

"I swear solemnly, signora, that I never entertained towards your family the feeling which you so unjustly attribute to me. I did, indeed, believe that your brother hated me; and I have not tried to gain his good will. But why should we still, after a century has gone by, keep up the quarrels of our fathers—why should you think that I would entertain for an instant the frightful thought of revenging myself upon a young nobleman like your brother, signora, and upon your sister, one sight of whom would be sufficient to disarm the bitterest hatred? Oh! no, signora; do not allow any such thoughts to rest on your mind; there is no greater pain could be inflicted on me than to be thus dishonoured in your opinion. I solemnly assure you that I will protect your brother, and set him at liberty. To-morrow, when you hold him in your arms, you will then, I trust, do me justice."

Rising as he finished speaking, he bowed lowly to Nella and retired, leaving her in such a confused state of feeling at what had just occurred, and at his last words, that she could not tell what she was doing, and actually let him go out without even an attempt at returning his parting salutation.

On quitting the house, Salembeni hurried off towards the Pallazzo, and as he was about to enter he met Castruccio coming out against him. The latter was surprised, but it was not his business to appear so, and though little pleased with the inauspicious arrival of the other—he had ever interfered with and disturbed his plans—he met him with as much satisfaction as a sinister face is capable of looking.

"Will I be allowed," he began, "to congratulate Signor Salembeni on his return, and to inquire after his journey?"

"The Signor Castruccio is very kind," replied Salembeni, coldly; "for my part I am glad I met him, as I wish to speak a few words with him on important business, if it is his convenience."

"What! scarcely returned, and the Signor Salembeni is already engaged in the affairs of state. The Republic has certainly few members so devoted or so active as you, signor," said Castruccio, trying to look a little more agreeable, his horrid face, meanwhile, only appearing ten times more abominable.

"At all events, my devotion to business, and my activity, look rather poorly by the side of Signor Castruccio, for you have, if I am rightly informed, made several important arrests during my absence."

"But, perhaps, you are not fully aware of their importance," rejoined Castruccio, piqued at the sneering tone of the young man. "When you know that I have taken among them a man who, sooner or later, would become to you a most formidable enemy, you will, I think, thank me for these arrests. I have—but to tell you at once who he is—the last of the Montanini family, who lies now in the dungeons within a few yards of us, under sentence of death, for being taken in arms against the Republic."

"Under sentence of death!" screamed Salembeni, recoiling from the man in a kind of terror.

"Yes, signor, yes," said Castruccio, mistaking the motion of the other for feelings akin to his own, "under sentence of death. It has cost me some trouble, but I have been successful."

"Signor Castruccio!" cried Salembeni, speaking every word slowly, and in a tone that made even the ruffian heart of him he addressed leap, "you must—I wish it—this very evening—set Montanini at liberty."

"At liberty!" said Castruccio, with surprise proportioned to his former exultation; "at liberty!"

"This very evening. You have been in a great hurry to condemn him, though innocent; you must make equal haste to acquit him."

"But, signor," hissed Castruccio rather through his teeth than by his lips, and giving vent nowhere to his rage but through his eyes—

"Listen to me, Signor Castruccio; I am chief of the Mont des Reformateurs, and as your chief I order you to set Montanini at liberty. Take care; you have formed very strange opinions about me; do not oblige me to undeceive you in any way

that will make even you, powerful as you are, tremble; you know I can do it; you know I would not hesitate one instant. This very evening I will come to see that the prisoner is released!"

The fugitives whom we had left so uncomfortably situated remained so for some minutes, fearing to be seen by the archers, and unwilling to return to their cells, when a man entered the court, followed by a dog, which, from the beautiful formation of its legs, could not but be recognised; and by the dog the master, though facing in an opposite direction, be known for that servant so worthy of his master—Maolo.

In he marched to the middle of the archers, asking in a blustering way "where was the jailor?"

"Why, faith, I believe," replied one of them, "he's gone with a dinner to a poor devil of a negro whom he forgot in his usual round."

"Yes; but isn't he very long?" added another, inquiringly, who was cleaning a halberd.

"Ho! ho; I suppose the jolly blade is composing himself by a snooze on the straw in the empty cells."

"Ho! Lily, what's the matter with you, my boy?" cried Maolo, addressing his faithful four-legged follower, who was now showing forth the latent beauties of his nature, as well as adding to the markedness of its external appearance, by sundry contortions of his back and ugly legs, and by pursing up his lips: not in this case like a young lady, to show the whiteness of his teeth, but their sharpness.

Now all this useless display of indignation and defiance was to be attributed to the sole cause of having discovered the lurking place of the poor prisoners, and in order that he might discharge properly those duties so well suited to all canine dispositions, whether biped or quadruped—to wit, those of spy and informer.

Maolo took the hint, and advancing to the end of the corridor, asked "if any one was there?"

"Back! back!" said Padrello to Montanini; "these scoundrels must pass us; and the archers have orders to fire on any prisoner found out of his cell."

"No, let's get into this hollow," said Montanini, pointing to a large cavity in the wall; "they may pass us without our being noticed, and when they are gone, the way will be open for us to fly."

"But the dog will discover us."

"Never mind him," said Malko; "if he comes near, I'll choke him."

The archers, having lighted their lamps were about to examine what it was that provoked the dog so much, when a loud knocking at the gate of the court stopped them short.

"Stay, I'll open it, as this drunken scoundrel is not here," grumbled old frosty face, and as he went towards the door making a kick at dirty Lily, who was yelping most furiously apparently at nothing at all.

"Is that you, Maolo?—where's the jailor?" said Castruccio, as he hurried in through the open gate.

"I don't know, signor; we're going looking for him."

"I want him immediately," rejoined Castruccio, hastening forward to the corridor. "See, the rest

of you get your lanterns and go before me. Hah! what's that?"

The dog had rushed into the passage with a howl and clatter, that was certainly as much intended for a trumpet to sound himself to the charge as for the conciliation of his enemies; and he had now made his retreat with even more noise and rapidity than he had entered: he had gone in by the ground, and he came out, bird fashion, by the air, as if he had received a temporary pair of wings within, in the shape of a lusty kick—one which certainly came from no other leg than Malko's.

The archers stopped; they all looked very hard at the dog, writhing and howling on its back.

"What, cowards! you wont stir," cried Castruccio, snatching a lantern from one of them and raising it above his head. "Ho! there, archers," cried he again, observing the three prisoners standing bolt up against the wall, "be ready to fire on these wretches if they stir a hand or a foot. Maolo, bring your light here. Who's this?" said he, examining Padrello. "What! is it he?" he asked, when he heard Maolo's reply. "Archers!" he screamed—

"Wretch!" cried Montanini, rushing between him and his uncle, "would you assassinate the man?"

"The Signor Montanini!" muttered Castruccio. "I am delighted," he was beginning, but hearing a noise he looked behind him, and perceived over the heads of the archers the tall figure of Salembeni, who immediately advanced to meet him.

"I must express my thanks to Signor Castruccio," said the latter when he drew near, "for gratifying my wishes so readily." Then addressing Montanini, "Signor," said he, "you and the two prisoners who appear to be under your protection are at liberty; the gates are open for you, and," he added, in a lower tone, "your sister waits for you outside."

CHAP. VIII.

"The young man's wrath is like a straw on fire,
But like red hot steel is the old man's ire."

The wind was blowing furiously along the great valley of Strove, now raising the fallen leaves in a kind of whirlwind, and now crackling the small withered branches of the trees or snapping off the larger, and again coming with a mighty force, and bending tall forest trees even to the ground, as if it would lay them there for ever. The clouds were swept across the storm-coloured sky with a rapidity that only belonged to such a wind to give; and the opposing masses of air, in their onward career, produced sounds varying from the roar of the tempest wave when it sends its hoarse voice to heaven, to the moan of the summer ripple as it dies on the shore.

Along, and at some distance up the side of this valley, ran a road somewhat like a platform, cut in the slope that formed one side of the valley, so that on one side of this road there was a rocky wall covered with brushwood and creeping plants, and on the other a precipitous fall of more than two hundred feet deep. Along this road, which was now exposed to the full fury of the storm, a man, wrapped in a cloak of ample size, was hurry-

ing; and apparently directing his course to a large rock, evidently in the hope of obtaining protection in its fissures from the deluge of water which the sky seemed to promise.

This monolithos, or solitary rock, stood out from the mountain behind it, at a cross formed by a path leading into the hills through a narrow opening in the mounting, and which joined the main road at the foot of the rock. It was covered most luxuriously with wild vines and creepers, and within one of its many recesses the stranger entered, and seated himself on a rich mossy couch, soft as an ottoman: from this spot he had a view of the whole valley beyond, and of any passengers on either of the roads at his feet.

The motley but rich dress of the new comer, and the restless grey eye, could not fail to be recognised for those of Castruccio; as when, after taking his seat, he loosed the folds of the large cloak in which he was wrapped and set himself at ease.

"If this d—d storm," he began, looking very surly at the sky, "does not detain Salembeni, or rather does not hinder the cut-throats I have hired from doing their duty, there will be no fear, as he is in too great a hurry to meet the dark eyes waiting for him at Montanini's villa; at all events, these ruffians will wait for him. His hour has come, for he pronounced his own sentence when he broke the compact between us. After him, here will still be that Montanini, whom I would have been rid of so easily but for this goose. It was a down right folly in me to expect anything from a noble; they are ever displaying their arrogance and assuming superiority—experience has too dearly taught me this. How long this black-guard Maolo is. Oh! ha! here he is, indeed. Well, is that you, Maolo? what news?—have they done it?"

"Not yet, signor," replied the servant, out of breath; "they are waiting."

"Well, and you have told them to have patience? he'll come, there's no doubt of it."

"Yes, signor; but they are not at the place you pointed out to them."

"How!—why not, the stupid brutes?"

"It is too near Certaldo."

"Where are they, then?"

"About five minutes' walk from this; below at the bend in the road."

"But between me and them, you know, there is a passage into the hills. I suppose they are watching both sides."

"No, signor; they say that the hill road has been rendered impassable by the rains, and that no one passes that way."

"May — light guide them," muttered Castruccio, gnashing his teeth; "they'll let him escape. Go, run, Maolo; I'll double your and their reward. Let them come up here on this platform over the two roads; they cannot succeed otherwise; and, above all things, make haste. The wretches," he grumbled, as Maolo went away, "have not the abilities or the courage to do mischief."

Just at this moment there passed down the mountain path on his left a person whom a slight projection of the rock hindered him from immediately seeing, but the instant he came in view

Castruccio recognised him at once for the doomed Salembeni, for whom his bravos were lying in wait farther down the road. He had time to turn the angle, and was advancing up the main road towards Montanini's, which was not much more than a mile from the rock, when Castruccio rushing from his lair, and, with the spring of a tiger, bounding towards Salembeni, and before the latter could turn his head to discover the cause of the noise, he struck him with his dagger with such force as to lay him without a sign of life at his feet. He had scarcely finished his victim when another traveller also turned the corner, and was proceeding in the direction of the villa.

The bloody exultation of gratified revenge in Castruccio was, however, rather suddenly interrupted by hearing the sound of a horse's hoofs, and raising his eyes from the prostrate object of his vengeance, which he was contemplating, he observed to enter by the same impassable left-hand passage no other person than Malko.

Our old friend had been to a neighbouring village to purchase provisions, and was now returning on the back of his mule in one of his most placid moods—no doubt induced by the contemplation of two well-filled panyers of all sorts of good things, placed *a la Kerry* immediately before him. The mule, too, had during the previous part of the journey displayed quite as much philosophy as her master; but now she changed her mood to all appearance unaccountably, reared and kicked most furiously, and ended by taking his master's measure for his grave by the road side.

It must not be supposed that these things took as much time to do as we to tell them, or that Castruccio was a quiet spectator of them, or that he waited but for the conviction to pass through his mind that dead men tell no tales, to rush upon the fallen negro and try to make him, Indian fashion, a slave to wait on his master's friend in the other world. However Malko preferred to attend a master he loved to one he did not care for, and a living to a dead one; he met the rushing Castruccio with open arms—not, indeed, with the intention of baring his breast, but, if possible, to meet his antagonist with one of those demonstrations of sympathy and tenderness bears generally give to stray travellers they find in the woods. The negro succeeded first in parrying the blow aimed at him at the expense of a slight flesh wound in the arm, and then in laying firm hold of his antagonist. Now came the tug of war. Castruccio, wrapped in the giant arms and crushing grasp of Malko, fretted and foamed with the fury of madness; he, too, strained his muscles, which were of no common order, and pressed the negro in a way to which he was not accustomed—each meanwhile keeping one particular object in view: the negro, by the main force of muscle, to crush his antagonist, and Castruccio directing all his struggles to the freedom of his dagger hand. Occasionally there would arise from both a confused murmur—the carnivorous cry, which interpreted, meant blood! blood! The love of life, revenge, was gone, and the moment of the animal passion of blood was come. They rolled and rolled again over one another, and their rolling brought them to the edge of the precipice by which the road ran. By this time Castruccio had his hand

nearly loosed, and death in two different shapes presented itself to the now thoroughly roused Malko—Castruccio's dagger and the precipice on which they both tottered. Another and a stronger passion gave place to that of blood in Malko's breast, that of life; one other effort or he was undone. He happened to be under and Castruccio above. Steadying himself in that position, and collecting his enormous strength for a last attempt, he pressed with bursting jaws and overpowering force on the quivering limbs of Castruccio. At first there was a vigorous resistance, then a slight crack as of a breaking bone, and then the opposition relaxed and yielded gradually to his crushing force. The whites of Castruccio's eyes were only visible; his teeth, clenched like a vice, were plain through his bloody mouth; and the negro, covered with blood and foam, opening his arms, there rolled out from them in part over the edge of the precipice a livid corpse.

When freed from his odious burden, the negro started up, and helped it over the precipice with a kick, breathing most desperately meanwhile, as if to repay his lungs for the abstinence they had been obliged to undergo. His next proceeding was to examine the mysterious one for whom he had been obliged to risk his life. A very slight examination was apparently necessary, as he had no sooner looked closely at the fallen man than he bounced up, giving utterance to a whoop that would do credit to the throat of an Indian. This last transaction, by its effects, proved itself, indeed, rather to have originated in his heart than in his head; for he had scarcely made this announcement to all concerned of the death of poor Salembeni, when he saw five or six men coming at full speed up the road towards him. Now as the negro was not exactly in that complacent mood so necessary to those undergoing the cross-examination of people predetermined by circumstances in finding one guilty, he immediately stopped the expression of his grief, seized the body with no very great effort and placed it on the back of his mule, and then making one or two violent and unsuccessful efforts at tearing up a young sapling by the roots, he broke it short, with the intention of making use of it in securing his retreat.

The Count Padrello and his nephew were sitting in the garden of the villa discussing the politics of the day, and as most political discussions are generally of the same nature, we shall not for an instant suppose the reader so dull as not to be able to imagine the whole of it from the beginning to the end. Now these two worthies got so very warm on the subject of debate—to wit, the fitness of the present government for office, and the propriety of altering it, or even of a total revolution, that the young mistress of the house was under the necessity of telling them that they had got too far up in the sky—in other words, that they would get a wetting if they did not seek the shelter of the house.

"You're right, my love," replied the old uncle, stretching out his hand; "this kind of large drops always portends a storm."

"Will my dear Nella accept her uncle's hand, or rather give him hers, for he will soon have need of her support?"

"You have given yourself a great deal of trou-

ble, Nella," said Montanini to his sister, as he arose. "I am sure you have made our poor habitation look as well as it could."

"Oh! I had forgotten," said the old man, gaily; "so we are to expect our generous enemy; I think he's very long."

"If the storm don't overtake him," said Nella, looking out of the window in terror. "Malko is not returned yet."

"I am not astonished at his delay," replied Montanini, as he placed a chair in the window for his uncle, "the roads are in such a wretched condition."

The force of the storm was increasing rapidly, and though the wind careered along at the rate of a hurricane, driving the clouds before it, the valley became darker and darker, and there was a fearful quiet in the fitful pauses of the storm. Suddenly the gradually increasing darkness was changed, the whole valley became filled with light sent forth from the glancing torches of heaven, and a sudden burst of sound, awful to hear, rushed from the dark canopy above, was returned by the earth and the mountain opposite, and sent back by the heavens again—this renewed and echoed till the sound of human voice was swallowed up and stilled as when raised in the roar of the cataract.

"Suina! Suina!" cried Nella; "run, run; there's some knocking. God be praised! here he is," she exclaimed, lifting her eyes in pious gratitude to heaven.

"Oh!" cried Suina, rushing into the parlour where they were sitting, "here is Malko coming with a dead body."

Padrello and Montanini immediately started up, and both, regardless of the tempest, hurried out into the garden, up which Malko was bringing the body of Salembeni.

"Salembeni!" cried both at once the moment they saw him. "Salembeni dead, assassinated!"

"Malko, see here; bring him into my room," cried Montanini; "put him in my bed. Oh! my God! Get some salts; go for my sister. My God! my God! what wretch could have done this cowardly deed?" said he to his uncle, as he was chafing the temples of Salembeni.

"I think he moved," he added, after a short silence.

"Do you you think so?"

"The Signora Nella has fainted!" screamed Suina at the top of her shrill voice.

"Oh! uncle," Montanini was beginning, when Padrello was gone in an instant.

After many anxious moments of attention, Salembeni moved, so as to leave no doubt of the certainty of it in the mind of Montanini, who was still, with the assistance of Malko, labouring to restore him to life.

"He is moving," cried Malko, who of the two, it must be confessed, was the more to be thanked for this last occurrence; as the excessive pain caused by a large blister Malko was busy forming with his horny hands, would almost stir him if he was dead; for, he very naturally reasoned, if a little friction was good, plenty of it was still better.

"Go and see how my sister is," was Montanini's reply to the exclamation of Malko.—"Yes, signor."

(To be concluded in our next.)

RAILWAYS.

Forty Millions sterling and more have been expended on 1,500 miles of railway in Great Britain!—more than half of which sum has been *unprofitably* invested! We shall not for the present stop to inquire where this money came from, though this is a most interesting question; nor to find out where this money has gone to, or what has become of it now—who have gained by the change—who have lost by it. Our question is a much plainer, homelier, simpler one. Forty millions of pounds—could it have been expended better? Fifteen hundred lines of railway—could we not have more? Twenty-six thousand pounds a mile—would not less have done equally well? Such are the questions we now put.

Question 1.—1,500 miles of railway for forty millions, at £26,000 per mile! Could this have been less?

Answer first:—Belgium has provided her subjects with a well organised system of railways, at a low tariff of charges, as follows:—350 miles of railway for five millions, at £14,000 per mile. A pretty good reduction—nearly a half.

Answer second:—We have lent a great deal of money to Brother Jonathan: he has made railroads with a portion of it. How has he expended our money comparatively with our own investment? By a careful examination we have found that Brother Jonathan has made with our capital lent to him—6,000 miles of railway for twenty-seven millions, at £4,500 per mile.

These American lines are arranged systematically under the direction and superintendence of the government, each state having a main line, supported and enriched by lateral and tributary branches. Now America is a very thinly peopled country; a comparatively poor country; and its distances enormous. Yet, in 1839, all the railways—good, bad, and indifferent—had paid on the average $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.!

Let us examine into the causes that have led to the enormous cost of our lines compared with those of other countries; this will go farther to answer our question.

Answer third:—Want of faith in the powers of the locomotive engine and the resources of mechanical improvers, has been one material source of expense.

The slowness to believe in the capabilities of the locomotive engine, exhibited by the engineers of Great Britain, is truly surprising. What is most remarkable in the locomotive engine, is its astonishing power of adapting itself to circumstances! of varying its exertions according to the work to be done! of straining every nerve (bolt?) to encounter and conquer a difficulty! of its power of extraordinary exertion in an emergency! First, as regards speed, the locomotive engine has a power of adaptation. Let us conceive an engine starting, with a train behind her, and going along steadily at fifteen miles an hour—a slow pace; it will require all the steam she then produces to maintain that pace, and she will manifest no capability of going faster; in short, she will consume all the steam she has the power of producing at that pace, and, therefore, to all appearance and to all reason, she has attained her maximum speed, and can go no faster; nor would an ignorant engineer ever imagine it possible she could do more. But now comes the art and its effect. The driver prepares his steed for the race: he gets the fire into a general glow, except just round the margin, where he lays the fresh coke; he regulates the water until just the proper quantity, but rather

a full charge, is in the gauge, and waits till the steam is just strong enough to raise the valve. Now for the race: he slacks the rein (valve) a little, and off bounds the steed with increasing strength and speed, and, of course, with a much more rapid expenditure of steam, so that the supply of the boiler would manifestly be soon completely exhausted, and the store being expended, the speed would soon relax; but this does not happen; on the contrary, the steam increases in supply more rapidly, or at least as rapidly, as it is carried off, so that instead of the boiler being emptied by the rapid process of exhaustion, it is just the reverse—that is, the more rapidly it is emptied, the fuller does it become; the more it has to do, the more it is able to do; the greater its speed, the greater its ability to sustain that speed. The paradox is explained thus:—There is a contrivance for blowing the fire. This contrivance is automatic—that is, the engine blows the fire of itself. Let us call this apparatus the blast. This blast operates by puffs; and these puffs are so regulated, that when the machine is in motion, the air shall be blown into the fire by one puff for every four feet of distance over which the engine travels. When the engine, therefore, travels over one mile, the fire receives 1,320 puffs. Now each puff carries into the fire a certain quantity of oxygen to sustain the combustion, and this supply of oxygen is a proximate cause of the production of heat by the fire, and, indeed, an approximate measure of the quantity of heat produced; double the quantity of air, therefore, properly applied, will give double the quantity of oxygen, and, of course, double the quantity of heat. Therefore, if each puff force into the fire a given quantity of air with its oxygen, a double number of puffs per minute will give a double supply of heat, and will generate double the quantity of steam, and give out in a minute double the quantity of work. Suppose, now, that an engine starts with a speed of one mile an hour, it will make only about one puff of air into the furnace in three seconds of time; at three miles an hour it will make a puff every second of time, or rather 66 puffs per minute, and will advance about $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet per second; at twelve miles an hour it will advance 18 feet per second, and make 264 puffs per minute; and at twenty-four miles an hour it will make a bound forward of 12 yards in every second of time, but in each second of time it will also make 9 puffs, or 528 puffs per minute. But for this beautiful contrivance, the locomotive engine would have been an inert, plodding machine, like any common-place engine. It is this wonderful ability to increase and multiply its powers of performance with the emergency that demands them, which has made the giant engine the noblest creation of human wit, the very lion among machines. With this wonderful capacity, it may be truly said, that danger and expense are the only known limits of railway speed.

We have said that want of faith in the capabilities of the locomotive engine has formed one important item in the expense of the English railway system. Engineers set out in their railway career with the impression that the locomotive was ill-calculated to climb up hill with its load, and that, therefore, to work with advantage, it must work on lines either altogether level or nearly so; hence mountains required to be levelled, valleys filled up, tunnels pierced through rocks, and viaducts reared in the air—gigantic works at a gigantic cost, all for the purpose of enabling the engine to travel along a dead level, or nearly so. But here, again, was want of faith in the powers of the locomotive engine. The locomotive engine can climb the mountain side, as well as career along the plain; for here, also, its wonderful quality of increasing its efforts with the emergency comes into play. We have already seen

how, in running along the level, the engine's powers of production increase with demand for them, and supply of steam increases in proportion to the speed of the engine; but so also does the powers of propulsion increase with the load to be dragged, or with the steepness of the incline to be ascended. In proportion as the load is increased does the elasticity of the steam, as it issues from the engine, increase, and thereby is the strength of the blast which blows the fire so increased as to generate more steam, and stronger in proportion to the severity of the work to be done. Thus the locomotive engine has been found capable of ascending hills of rapid inclination. A slope rising one yard in 220, or eight yards in a mile, has been found hardly of sensible disadvantage in a railway; double that, or 48 or 50 feet in a mile, is quite practicable; and the parliamentary slope of a common road, or one foot in 36, by no means impossible to the wonderful powers of our present improved locomotive engines. It should, therefore, cease to be deemed impossible to adapt railroads to the face of the country. Those enormous works may be dispensed with, or greatly diminished, which were made for the purpose of making the way practicable to the locomotive engine; and the enormous expense which this erroneous view, this want of faith, has cost us in the past, may be saved us in the future. There is another crotchet of engineers about curves, which, equally absurdly and uselessly, has cost immense sums of money. Neither satisfied to go over a hill or round it, our engineers insist on going through it. The locomotive engine, when placed on a straight and level piece of railway, will, of its own accord, begin pirouetting from one side to the other, describing a continual serpentine line, as far as the rails and the guiding flanges of its own wheels will let it. This oscillating motion may often be felt even in the carriages, when going fast. Locomotive engines prefer curves to straight lines, and always will adopt them when not prevented; so that, in short, it is always proper and right to use curves when wanted, provided their curvature do not exceed the curvature which the engine would naturally take when moving with a given velocity. The locomotive engine can both climb a hill and go round one with ease and safety, and fair speed. Where it has proved impossible, from the features of the country, to get level lines, lines with inclinations formerly considered impracticable are successfully employed. A cutting of four miles in length, and of an average seventy feet deep, will cost, say £60,000 per mile; now by a gentle increase of inclination towards the summit level, before entering and after emerging from it, one-half of the depth may be saved, *three-fourths* of the expense are saved, or the cutting is reduced to £15,000 per mile, being a clean saving of £45,000 per mile, or of £180,000.—*Athenæum*.

POTATO OATS.—It is not generally known that the potato oat was first discovered in Cumberland, under rather peculiar circumstances. Mrs. Mary Jackson, of Threepland, who died in the year 1810, at the advanced age of 82 years, whilst working in one of her fields observed a single stem of oats growing on a potato ridge, the seed of which had been carried thither by the wind. Observing that the straw was uncommonly strong, when the grain was matured she preserved it and used it for seed the ensuing season, which succeeding in a very extraordinary degree, the method was soon after adopted by numbers of farmers.

COSTLY UMBRELLA.—The Turkish Ambassador in England is having constructed an umbrella, which he intends as a present to the Sultan; its value is 500 guineas. The stick and frame are of gold—the handle ivory, which contains several useful articles.

RUSSIAN ADVENTURERS.

On the 26th we got sight of Spitzbergen, and soon after fell in with several "streams of ice," and then came upon that old barrier which has hitherto set limits to northern discovery. We coasted along its margin to within a short distance of the land, and then steered for Magdalena Bay, where we arrived the 3rd of June. We had been in possession of the anchorage a few days only, when we were agreeably surprised at the appearance of a strange boat pulling towards the ship. On a nearer approach we found that she belonged to some Russian adventurers who were engaged in the collection of peltry and mooses' teeth. They appeared equally astonished at the sight of our vessels, but after scrutinising us awhile, they took courage and went on board the *Dorothea*, where, by the well known mode of signs, they had no difficulty in communicating their desire for some spirits; Captain Buchan gave them a kind reception and supplied them with whatever they wanted; in return for which they sent on board the following day a side of venison in excellent condition. Being desirous of gaining further information of these people, an officer of the *Dorothea* accompanied them to their abode at the head of a small cove, about four miles to the southward of Magdalena Bay. They had here a comfortable wooden hut, well lined with moss, divided into three apartments, in one of which there were three carcases of fine venison, and many wild ducks. It was with extreme pleasure we noticed, in this retired spot, probably the most northern and most desolate habitation of our globe, a spirit of devotion rarely exercised in civilised countries. This is one of the few remaining establishments at Spitzbergen still upheld by the merchants of Archangel, who, during the last century, and under the auspices of the Russian government, formed a settlement in Bell Sound, upon this coast, and who still send annually a small vessel to bring home the peltry and sea-horse teeth that have been collected by their servants during the year.—*Capt. Beechy's Voyage to the North Pole*.

PROVERB WRITERS.—If this be not a wise age, it is not for lack of Solomons, nor for the dearth of Queens of Sheba. The tragic poets of the day are not more numerous than the proverb-writers.—Authors are grown so pregnant, that in nine cases of literary parturition out of ten, they bring forth a book of proverbs. Literature exhibits the "facies Hippocratica," she has grown so aphoristic. If a writer is not a Solomon, it is twenty to one he is a Rochefoucault; if not, he is nearly certain to be a Sancho Panza. Nothing is more astonishing than the prodigious scale upon which every intellectual demand of the present generation is supplied. The subject of China is no sooner started, than "Ten Thousand Things about China" makes its appearance. Are facts called for, "A Million of Facts" is issued forthwith. There is the same profusion in compilations—proverbs, sayings, maxims, and reflections, are as the sands of the sea in number. There cannot be less than a million of these scraps of wisdom in the actual library of proverbs now splitting our table. We are well nigh blinded by the diamond-dust of so many sparkling maxim-mongers, who have submitted every branch of human knowledge to a process of pulverization, and brayed philosophy, as it were, in a mortar, perhaps to punish her for denying the existence of atoms. If you are an heterospathist in intellectual matters, you may now have an infinitesimal dose of instruction upon any subject whatsoever. In fact these aphoristic writers hold wisdom in solution; and this accounts for the fact that, when one of their drops is analyzed, wisdom is ascertained to be present in such wonderfully minute quantities.—*Athenæum*.

LOCUSTS.

When locusts arrive in full force in a country which is at all populous, the inhabitants drive them away by making noises with marrow-bones, cleavers, &c. They also burn straw or sedge, or whatever light fuel they may possess, to smoke them out. All these efforts go but a little way to accomplish their end, for the locusts, driven from one field, proceed to another; and wherever they appear, it may be truly said in the language of Scripture, that "the land is before them as the Garden of Eden, and behind them a desolate wilderness." It is more easy to destroy them in their yet imperfect state, or before they have wings. They walk along the ground in myriads before they can fly, and always proceed *en masse*, in one direction; their march is very slow, and they do not skip as grasshoppers do. In our route to Severinowka, we saw great quantities of them along the road side, in a direct line of march. At this period it is possible to destroy great numbers, by preceding them and cutting deep trenches across their path; they all walk into the trench, where they find lighted straw to receive and consume them. This is a common and most effectual way. Upon the same principle, a person in Odessa invented a kind of long iron roller, which was to be dragged by horses at full pace over their marching armies. All the means, however, resorted to at present are more plausible than effectual, and have only destroyed the hundreds, to see the millions vanish. It is asserted, that when they have devoured all that is green upon the earth, and are unable to procure more food, they are pushed by hunger to prey upon each other; the weak and the wounded thus feed the strong, as is the case with quadrupeds under similar pressure of want. The same cause which compels them to consume each other, has often compelled the inhabitants of Syria in cases of famine to consume them. They actually grind the dried bodies of the locusts, and knead them into a cake. Hunger will break through stone walls, and locusts and human bones have been found preferable to starvation. But to eat locusts by choice, when corn, wine, and oil are in abundance, appears almost incredible.—*Travels of a Physician in Russia.*

THE LATE DR. SOUTHEY.—The personal property left by the Laureate amounts to about £12,000. He has bequeathed to his wife all the personal property possessed by her previously to their marriage, together with the interest of the sum of £2,000 during her life. The residue of his property, including the above £2,000, he has bequeathed to his four children. The Laureateship has been offered to and accepted by Mr. Wordsworth.

MAZEPPA.—The tale to which the name of Mazeppa attaches itself is one of mingled curiosity and cruelty. Voltaire, in his History of Charles the Twelfth, tells us that this individual was a Pole by birth, a native of the Palatinate of Padolia, who had been in early life the page of Jean Casimir. An intrigue which he had carried on in his youth with the wife of a Polish gentleman becoming *blasé*, the discovery brought with it a signal punishment. The husband caused his victim to be stripped entirely naked, and tied on the back of a wild horse, which was then set at liberty, with sundry stimulants to speed. The horse being a native of Ukraina, returned thither, bearing the unhappy wretch upon his back half dead with hunger and fatigue. He was, however, assisted by some peasants, with whom, after his rescue, he was contented to dwell. Distinguishing himself in several sallies against the Tartars, his superior cultivation gave him an importance among the Cossagues, and his reputation increasing daily, finally obliged the Czar to make him Prince of Ukraina. Byron has immortalised his history in a poem of great beauty.

ELECTRO-PLATING AND GILDING.

It is immaterial what metal is used for articles to be plated after this process. A compound metal, composed principally of nickel, however, is preferred, which, when plated with silver, can scarcely be distinguished from the solid metal. Upon the wax model is first deposited a copper surface, by the electro process; the wax is then melted out, and thus a perfect mould of copper is obtained, into which is deposited silver of any substance that may be required. The copper is then removed by dissolving it with acid, and the article required is obtained. The process of gilding is similar to that for silvering, except that the gold solution requires to be heated while the process is proceeding. The solution for gilding is prepared by dissolving the gold in a mixture of pure nitric and muriatic acids, the product being a chloride of gold; after evaporation this is converted by means of an alkali into the oxide, which oxide is dissolved in pure cyanide of potassium. The solution of silver is prepared by dissolving pure silver in nitric acid diluted with distilled water, and similarly treated with the cyanide of potassium as in the gold solution.

THE BAROMETER.—Changes of weather are indicated in the barometer, not by the actual height of the mercury, but by its change of height. One of the most general—the absolutely invariable rule is, that where the mercury is very low, and therefore the atmosphere very light, high winds and storms may be expected. The following rules may be relied upon, at least to a certain extent: 1. Generally the rising of the mercury indicates fair weather; the falling of it shows the approach of foul weather. 2. In sultry weather the fall of the mercury indicates frost: in frost its fall indicates thaw, and its rise indicates snow. 3. Whatever change of weather suddenly follows a change in the barometer, it may be expected to last but a short time. Thus, if fair weather follows immediately the rise of the mercury, there will be very little of it; and in the same way if foul weather follow the fall of the mercury, it will last a short time. 4. If fair weather continue for several days, during which the mercury continually falls, a long continuance of foul weather will probably ensue; and again, if foul weather continue for several days, while the mercury continually rises, a long succession of fair weather will probably succeed. 5. A fluctuating and unsettled state of the mercurial column indicates changeable weather.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- "B."—The translation from Oasian is accepted with thanks.
 "C."—Y.—The communication was not received, or should have been attended to.
 "E."—Your rhyme is too extended. We frequently receive admonitions as to the necessity of brevity in our poetical department.
 "R."—"F."—"C. C." in due course.
 "P. M."—Inadmissible.

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Printed and Published for the Proprietors at the Office, 31, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications are to be addressed, to the Editor.

The Trade supplied direct from the Office.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 26.—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d.

JEALOUSY, OR LA BELLE FIANCEE.

"Good night to thee, lady; though many
Have joined in the dance of to-night,
Thy form was the fairest of any,
Where all was seducing and bright;
Thy smile was the softest and dearest,
Thy form the most sylph-like of all,
And thy voice the most gladsome and clearest
That e'er held a partner in thrall."

ANONYMOUS.

"O! how hast thou with jealousy infected the sweetness of
affiance!"—SHAKESPEARE.

"Here comes *La belle Irlandaise*!" whispered a thousand voices as the charming Lady Flora O'Neil entered the brilliant apartments at D—House with a fairy grace that won the admiring gaze of every eye. It was a fancy ball: her ladyship went as Hebe, and looked Hebe; for Lady Flora was a charmer by nature—

"Courteous to all, but courting none,"

she passed through the glittering throng a young, fair creature, full of such life and loveliness as made the heart glad to look upon her. 'Twas not her matchless beauty, nor the graces of her antelope figure; neither was it the classic turn of her fine head, nor the light of her laughing eyes, nor yet the music of her silver voice and merry laugh, which made her ladyship an object of such intense and universal admiration. No; it was alone the artless witchery of her manner—a manner at once bright with intelligent vivacity, gentle joyousness, and an engaging courtesy, free from all guile; she was absolutely infatuating. Even her mode of salutation had a charm in it—the way in which she accosted one was sunshine. Lovers she had in myriads! it seemed as though they but looked upon and loved her. The feeling she inspired was instantaneous—was voluntary—and this homage of the heart seemed only a tribute due and given to a fair patrician girl, gifted with a noble nature and rare powers of fascination. Her ladyship passed on through the splendid saloons leaning on the arm of her father, the proud Earl of Glanmire, and followed by a train of admirers—adorers! She received *les hommages*, enjoyed *le succes*, accepted the incense, without the shadow of vanity either in her head or her heart, extending her smiles to all, charmed with every object that

met her sunny eye, and never seeming to think of self for one moment.

But amid the dazzling crowd of to-night there was one individual who caught more of her ladyship's undivided attention than she was wont to bestow. He was an officer in the guards, and a nobleman, very *distingué* in appearance, full of gracefulness of speech and manner—gay, frank, with a bright ingenuous sunny spirit like her own. Such was the young Lord Evandale, who, the moment he beheld the Lady Flora, sought an introduction to her. They danced together, and seemed mutually charmed with each other. He was evidently delighted with the play of her ladyship's wit and conversation, and so spell-bound by her beauty and the artless vivacity of her manner, that, shadow-like, he followed her footsteps wherever she went.

But all pleasure has an end; the hour of parting came, and Lord Evandale led his fair partner to her carriage. As they passed from the crowded hall into the open air, a sigh fell upon her ear so deep and full of anguish, that she involuntarily shuddered, and looked wonderingly and inquiringly into his face.

"That heavy sigh came upon the wind and was the knell of a broken heart," murmured Lord Evandale in answer to this mute interrogation. "Such sighs have sad and solemn meanings too deep for utterance."

As he spoke these words, his head drooped, his brow clouded, thoughtful care came upon his young face, which plainly told that that deep sigh had called up dull and mournful associations within himself. He walked silently on, handed Lady Flora into her carriage, and stood still for some minutes, looking thoughtfully upon her. Her gay "good night" recalled him to his senses. Quickly recovering himself, he blushed deeply, laughed, and echoed back her ladyship's *au revoir* in a voice as light and joyous as her own.

"I could look at Lord Evandale for ever," cried she, delightedly, her clear eye following his retreating figure; "he is *so* like our own dear Altamont!"

These last words were lost in the noise of the

carriage as it wheeled rapidly away, and Lady Flora quite forgetting that she had ever seen Lord Evandale, (for her heart was with another,) turned to listen to some fashionable gossip which Lady Glanmire was relating to her haughty lord with much drollery of manner and piquancy of expression.

Not so Lord Evandale. Lady Flora, like a fair vision, haunted his imagination; he could not dismiss her from his thoughts.

"Such is the woman," sighed he, "the fascinating, elegant, winning woman I should have linked my fate with!"

A feeling of wretchedness crept over him as the events—few, but fatal—of his young life came fresh upon his mind. With a spirit steeped in bitterness, he exclaimed—

"O! destiny! destiny! Nay, rather let me curse my own wild, mad impetuosity, that has fixed my lot in misery."

They never met again; yet that night—that one interview—teemed with desolation to both.

The next morning Lady Flora entered the breakfast-room much later than her usual hour. She looked pale and dejected, her mind evidently busied with painful and uneasy thoughts; her eyes heavy and swollen, as though she had not slept; her step languid and unequal; and an air of abstraction and weariness hung upon her, which was strangely at variance with the finished elegance of her superb toilette. With a blanched and quivering lip she kissed her mother's cheek and bade "good morrow."

The Countess looked anxiously at her, and putting her hair back from her face kissed her tenderly, and asked was she ill?

"No; she was not ill." The drooped head and hidden face gave a truer reply.

"Flora, I cannot bear the thought of seeing you look thus. Speak, tell me what has wrought this sudden change?"

"Nothing, mother."

Lady Flora turned mildly away.

"That *nothing* means *something*, Flora," said the Countess, looking eagerly into her eyes: her own were filled with tears.

Lady Flora hid her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

"Dearest mother," said she, still weeping, "I have had a dreadful dream—a wild, unnatural, fearful vision. I see you are shocked that I am thus moved, but—but, indeed, I cannot controul myself; an apprehensiveness of some terrible evil to come hangs upon my young spirit, enough to quench it."

The Countess was silent. After a pause, Lady Flora proceeded slowly, her agitation increasing as she went on—

"Methought," said she, "'twas moonlight. The sky was blue and bright—the air fresh and balmy. In all the wide heavens there was but one solitary star, pale and twinkling. It shone, methought, for only *me*. Long and lovingly I gazed upon its sweet light! While thus I gazed, the sky suddenly darkened; the star, becoming bright and silvery, fled from me and fell; and in its place came the word '*Jealousy*,' in letters of blood-red fire. Shuddering with horror, I turned to fly, when an icy, death-like hand grasped mine, and Leo St.

Ledger stood before me! In the red reflection of that terrific light stood my own Leo! but, oh! how changed!—pale, wan, ghastly, like a spirit of another world. He looked mournfully into my face, sighed heavily as though his heart would break, and in accents of the deepest melancholy said—'*Murderess, how I loved thee!*' At this moment Lord Evandale came, and rushing in between us, tore us asunder. I tried to hold Leo; I struggled and clung to him—but in vain. Again I struggled with all my feeble strength—in that struggle I awoke. Then, even then, though wide awake, I could not believe it was a dream, so like it seemed to life's fearful reality. I prayed and wept, and prayed again yet more fervently than before. *My mind awoke* at last. I sprang from bed, fell upon my knees, and thanked God it was but a dream—*only a dream.*"

Here Lady Flora covered her eyes with her hands, as if to shut out the frightful vision from her thoughts. She wept afresh and bitterly.

"This weakness will soon pass—bear with me, mother," sobbed she.

The Countess sat revolving in her own mind what to do. It was visible that Flora was labouring under very strong mental excitement, which, she was quite sure, arose from a violent nervous affection. Nothing else than a high degree of nervousness could have thus suddenly subdued her hitherto fine mind, and rendered it alive to superstitious fear. "London hours," thought the Countess, "and the sudden transition from a life of domestic quiet to one of fashionable dissipation, must have done this. She is ill—very ill, I fear. She wears the depressed and weary look that denotes ill health. How blind I was not to have foreseen it all! Change of air may do her good; we shall try. We must leave London at once."

Having thus made up her mind, she turned, and folding her daughter in her arms, embraced her tenderly. She caressed, soothed, fondled, and playfully chided her by turns. Calmed and comforted, Lady Flora confessed herself ashamed that an idle dream had made her so foolish, and prayed to be forgiven.

"Foolish, indeed, Flora. Come, *ma belle*, sit down and eat breakfast."

Lady Flora did sit down in obedience to her mother's wishes, but as for breakfast, she ate nothing. A cup of chocolate sipped between whiles was all she could force herself to take.

"Your slender breakfast, Flora, makes me quite ashamed of my appetite," said the Countess, laying aside her napkin.

"I have had quite enough, mother."

"Well, love, you shall breakfast with the birds to-morrow morning, since you feed after their fashion."

"Where may that be, mother?"

"At our villa near Brighton."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Lady Flora, delightedly.

"Yes, indeed, Flora."

"Well, I have been longing to see the villa. I am very glad we are going there."

"So am I, Flora, since it pleases you; and now, my love, go order your woman to pack up and be ready to leave at four o'clock."

"But, my love," added the Countess, in a tone of playful badinage, as Lady Flora was leaving the

room, "what shall we do with all our engagements for the next fortnight?"

"Break them, mother."

"Aye, and break the hearts of all your adorers! Fie, Flora, how cruel you are."

"I own but *one* adorer, mother, and he worth all others—noble Leo!"

"So thinks his fair *promessa*, the Lady Flora!" said the Countess, archly. "But, love," she continued, with mock gravity, "how will the world of fashion speed in your absence? What will become of your titled worshippers, ambassadors, princes, ministers, dukes, marquises, lions, bears, *bores*! in the absence of *la belle Irlandaise*?"

"Dearest mother, you know I have a heart above all this; I care not for hollow homage."

"Though you accept it!" returned the Countess laughing; "but your motto seems to be—*The eye on all, the heart on only one*—is it not?"

"*The heart on only one*!—yes, mother. I often wish we were back again with dear Leo in Ireland!—noble Leo! May I write to let him know that we are going to Brighton?"

"Certainly, a folio if you like it; and be sure to chide him for intruding upon your dreams, and frightening you out of your little wits."

Lady Flora kissed her mother, and smiling with a trembling lip, withdrew.

The next moment the Countess's clear voice was heard at the door of Lord Glanmire's study, asking for admittance. Lady Glanmire was an elegant and very charming woman. She well knew her unbounded influence over the mind of her husband, yet she ever used that power discreetly; she loved him too well to abuse it. She rather sued, where she could have commanded; and gently urged, when she might have decided. Lord Glanmire valued this discretion in his wife; he admired, esteemed, and loved her—loved her with a lover's fondness, as fresh as the happy day she blessed him with her hand. Her sterling good sense and delicacy of mind secured the prize her fascinations had won—that best prize—the *honest heart* of a good and honourable man.

Lord Glanmire was busily engaged writing when the Countess entered his study. "You are welcome, dearest," said he, still writing, and without lifting his head from the paper.

"I shall not believe myself either welcome or dearest, Glanmire, unless you lay aside pen, ink, and paper, and give me your ear for some minutes."

"Well, love," said he, rising and taking her hands between his own, "I am all attention—proceed."

"Glanmire," said she, playfully, and with a piquant air, "I am come—unlike all runaway wives—to warn you that I am going to run off with—don't be frightened—with our fair child to Brighton. I wish to spare you all unnecessary alarm, but, badinage apart, Flora is ill, very ill, and change of air and scene can alone restore her."

"What's her illness?" inquired Lord Glanmire, a good deal alarmed.

"A severe nervous attack, accompanied by great bodily weakness," replied the Countess, despondingly.

"Why not have medical advice?"

"The case does not require it; late hours and the continual round of fatiguing dissipation have

done the mischief, which (as I said before) change of air and scenes, together with regular hours and quiet, can alone remedy."

"Well, dearest, do whatever you please. I shall not be able to accompany you, as I cannot leave town for some days; but I shall follow you. Poor Flora! how lovely she looked last night. How sudden this illness."

"She will come back from Brighton far lovelier than ever. She has never seen the villa you know, and new objects have charms for young eyes, not so for young hearts, Glanmire," added the Countess with a faint smile; "for Flora loves Leo St. Ledger, loves him with a deep, abiding love."

"When do you leave?" asked Lord Glanmire, after a pause.

"This day at four o'clock," replied the Countess; "and now I must hasten our people, that there may be no delay. I have so many arrangements to make that I am puzzled how to begin."

"I shall meet you in the drawing-room before four," said the earl, as her ladyship hurried away.

Lady Flora was all this time writing to her lover. She told him of the ball of last night, and spoke of Lord Evandale thus in the postscript:—

"I had nearly forgotten to tell you, dear Leo, of Lord Evandale, whom we met at the Duke's ball last night. I wish you had seen him, he is so like our own Altamont. The resemblance was no common one, but striking, remarkable, and to me delightful. His tone of voice, laugh, manner, all so like! My dear twin brother methought stood before me while I laughed and chatted with Lord Evandale. Alas! how widely separated we are—what an infinity of spare lies betwixt myself and my *only brother*. This sometimes makes me sad and mournful, at which mamma laughs and tells me that Altamont is a brave young soldier and will distinguish himself in India."

"How lovingly you write! you will *spoil* me for a wife, and then I shall cry out 'who is to blame, Leo?' This is a very long letter; I must not *indulge* you more.—Your faithful *Fiancée*,

"FLORA O'NEILL."

The course of post brought no reply to this letter. The next day came, still no answer. This was strange, "passing strange," she thought. The beautiful villa might as well be a hovel for aught she now cared. Dispirited, restless, and uneasy; now half-offended, now pettish; of many moods, but of one mind; she sauntered about the pleasure grounds in a state of unutterable suspense. Morning, noon, or night, go where she would, the memory of that dreadful dream still haunted her.

The third morning came, but no letter from Leo! Her eyes filled with tears, and she turned away to hide her emotion from the searching glance of her anxious mother. Lady Glanmire was not to be thus baffled or deceived, she saw at once all that was passing in her daughter's mind; but thinking it best not to notice her depressed spirits, she opened a newspaper, and, handing it to Lady Flora with her accustomed air of graceful negligence, said—

"Here, Flora, you may, perchance, find something in this paper to dispel your waking as well as your sleeping visions; read it, my fair dreamer."

Lady Flora, glad to escape her mother's railery, took the newspaper, and, seating herself in a large *fauteuil*, began to read.

A huge heap of notes and letters lay on the

breakfast-table, which the Countess opened and read with a rapidity truly astonishing, and an easy carelessness, which the writers—could they witness it—might have considered very provoking.

A long, wild, piercing shriek of horror and agony broke the silence, and vibrated through the spacious lofty apartment, then died away with a moaning sound that fell fearfully on the ear.

The Countess started, and, looking round in mingled fear and wonder, beheld Lady Flora pale and gasping, her eyes starting wildly from their sockets, her lips apart, and her whole frame strongly convulsed.

Lady Glanmire trembled with horror from head to foot at this appalling sight.

"My God! my God!" cried she, clasping her hands in agony "be thou merciful, and turn this sorrow from our roof! Flora, my child!—my child! speak to me!"

Here the distracted mother uttered a low cry of despair, for death looked forth from the eyes of her suffering child—and she saw it.

"Mother!" murmured Lady Flora in a deep and mournful voice, as if that cry of thrilling anguish had given her strength to say it. 'Twas the first she lisped in childhood. It came through the lips but from the heart—the appeal of a broken heart—to her it best loved through life.

The maddened mother rushed to the bell in wild alarm, her slight hand grasped its rope, which, in her agitation, she pulled so violently, that it gave way, and fell from its crank upon the ground. Immediately the room filled with attendants, who crowded round the hapless Lady Flora, applying all kinds of restoratives; but in vain. No statue was ever more breathless, more colourless, more fixed. She heard nothing, saw nothing, heeded nothing. The loud pulses of her heart alone told that life was yet there.

Physicians stood at her bed-side for hours together; still no change. There she lay apparently lifeless: her lips strongly compressed, her brow clouded, her eyes distended, glazed, chilling, and unearthly.

The Countess, who had early dispatched a courier to Lord Glanmire, now watched his lordship's arrival with the most painful anxiety. At last a post-chaise and four dashed up the avenue with the speed of lightning, and drew up at the vestibule. The next moment Lady Glanmire was in her husband's arms. He was ignorant of his daughter's miserable condition, having passed the messenger on the road. He had hurried out of town, and travelled post haste, to whisper into Lady Glanmire's ear what must be hidden from their child—that *Leo St. Ledger was dead*.

Alas! poor Lady Flora! she knew it well—that fatal newspaper had told her all. Here was woe unutterable. In that long, wild cry her heart broke—her radiant mind was quenched for ever!

(To be concluded in our next.)

REDUCTION OF THE DUTY ON SPIRITS IN IRELAND.

Government, it is said, have determined to throw off the shilling duty per proof gallon upon Irish spirits, which was imposed upon that article about twelve months ago.

POPULATION OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

How many divers races of men are there not who look on Petersburg as their home—as their own proper metropolis? One has only to regard the military. There is a distinct *corps de garde* for the Caucasian tribes, a separate division for the Tartars, another for the Fins, a third, fourth, and fifth for the Cossacks; while the *élite* of all these nations are compelled to reside here, as hostages for the fidelity of their brethren afar. How manifold are the apparitions which from this cause alone sweep past before the observer's eye. There goes the Cossack caracoling on his steed, or trotting along over the spacious squares, lanes in rest, as though he were in pursuit of a Frenchman—or the gorgeously-equipped Circassian, every inch of his body in mail of proof, going through his martial exercises on the public place—or the Taurian stalking sedately through the throng, pondering on his Steppes and God, Allah—or the schooled and drilled Russian soldiers defiling in long columns through the streets of the city. Then all the uniforms and equipments of the vast Russian army, of each of which the metropolis always possesses a sample—the Pawlow, Sameonow, and Paulogradsky regiments of guards, the Ssum and Tschugujew hussars, the jagers, dragoons, Uhlans, cuirassiers and grenadiers, sappers and miners, troops of the line and cannoniers, everlastingly marching to and fro, relieving guard, hurrying to parade, or returning to barracks. Or let us turn to the merchants and men of peaceful vocations. No nation of Europe is wanting, and hardly one of Asia. Not the Spaniard and Italian, not the inhabitant of the green British islands, nor the Northman from distant Thule, nor the Bucharian and Persian rustling in their woven silks. Not even the Indian from Ceylon is absent, nor the pigtail of the Chinese, nor the white teeth of the Arabs. Or behold we the *infima plebs*. There go German peasants sauntering among a crowd of noisy, bearded Russians; the slender Pole side by side with the squat-figured Fin; Estonians and Lithuanians, Mordwines and their brethren the Tschermisians; American sailors and their antipodes the Kamtschatkadales; Jews and Mohammedans; heathens and Christians, religions of all sects, races of all colours—white Caucasians, black Moors, and yellow Monguls.

Among the 500,000 inhabitants of St. Petersburg, 70,000 are in the army, so that on an average every seventh man one meets is a soldier; and as neither officers nor privates may appear without their arms and epaulets on any pretence whatever, one must not be astonished at the martial appearance of the streets. It is computed that every tenth person is a nobleman, and every fourth a vassal.—*Kohl's Russia*.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S CHAPEL AT WINDSOR.—The royal tomb-house (which was erected by Henry VIII. as a burial place for himself and his successors) was intended to be appropriated to a similar purpose by Charles I., but it was abandoned. Cardinal Wolsey obtained a grant of the chapel from Henry VIII., and he began soon afterwards to prepare it for his own mausoleum. The confiscation of his property, however, soon after took place, and the building then again reverted to the crown. In the mausoleum are now deposited the bodies of the Princesses Amelia and Charlotte, Queen Charlotte, Duke of Kent, George IV. and William IV.

THEORY OF THE EARTH.

Dr. Hutton, in 1788 and 1795, maintained that a theory of the earth should be confined to the explanation of the existing state of things, by the agency of known causes; and, either inventing or reviving the Plutonic doctrine, he removed many difficulties, by uniting the effect of compression with the agency of heat. He was thus enabled to explain the consolidation of the sedimentary rocks; to prove that there were no such things as primitive mountains; that the granitic and trappean masses were all of igneous origin; that they have broken through and invaded the sedimentary strata at various times; and that this agency is an essential part in the constitution of the globe. Within a few years, nevertheless, the opposite or Neptunian hypothesis had come almost universally to prevail. The writings of the Italians been neglected or forgotten. In France the volcanic views of Desmarest were rejected, or imperfectly appreciated. In Germany the Wernerian system reigned with despotic sway; a theory was there supreme, which asserted the existence of an original chaotic fluid—the primitiveness of granite and the crystalline rocks—the former submerision under water of the entire globe; to all which hypotheses was added the dogma, that, as compared with former times, the existing powers of nature, in the mineral kingdom, are now weak and declining. The doctrine of Hutton, also, was at first little known, and coldly received; but, after the appearance of Playfair's "Illustrations," was generally diffused in England. Soon afterwards the Geological Society was instituted; the stratigraphical tenets of Smith were published; multiplied inquiries were made into the relations of the English stratified groups, and new evidence was obtained in support of the Plutonic theory. In France, about the same period, the aquatic theory still retained its influence—the Huttonian was scarcely known—and Germany was still Wernerian. But the Plutonic views began, about 1820, rapidly to gain ground on the Continent; and, from that period to the present, new and more exact inquiries have been continually adding to the proofs of Hutton's principal doctrines; while Cuvier, his contemporaries and successors, have produced new facts and results in departments of inquiry almost unknown to Hutton, but harmonising beautifully with his views—respecting the fossil contents of the strata—their relations to the existing forms of organized beings—the succession of fossil species—and the various analogies between several existing causes and those which operated during former conditions of the globe.

The remarkable facts with respect to Dr. Hutton's doctrines are—that while, as diffused by Playfair, they were producing profitable effects in this country, they had scarcely been announced in France, or were chiefly known there by obscure reflection from England—and that now, when these same propositions are almost universally received, they are ascribed to authors long posterior to Hutton—who did not even begin their inquiries till several years after this theory was published, as it now remains.—*Edinburgh Review*.

THE COMET.—M. Arago estimates the rate of speed at which the comet travels as 104 leagues per second, or 15 times swifter than the earth.

EARTHQUAKE AT GUADALOUPE.

A letter from a member of the Colonial Council of Guadeloupe gives some particulars of the fearful calamity with which that island was lately visited—"The ground," says he, "opened upon the quays and other parts, throwing to a great height quantities of muddy water. The great rivers, the Lamentin and Moustique, are to this day streams of mud instead of water. The crests of nearly all the mountains have been torn away, and a portion of the Soufriere has fallen. The conflagration which spread so rapidly, and issued from so many parts at once, is not, it is now thought, to be attributed to the scattered ovens and furnaces, but to gases vomited from the earth, and ignited by the air. No pen can describe the Point; it is Palmyra—Sodom—Babylon—some ruin over which two thousand years have lately passed! There is no such thing as a shelter, properly so called, in all the town. Gold, silver, crystals, iron, lead, have been fused together, and lie about in combinations extremely curious. Mass is performed under the trees in the Promenade; and there, this morning, I took part in a service for the dead. A great and moving spectacle was that of a whole people thus prostrate before the God who had so fearfully smitten them. The sky was superb, and the green leaves shaded off its brightness. On one hand were our ruined houses—one the other the ships which are our hope. Oh! what reflections crowded on my heart, as the memory of all my dead friends arose there! and with what anguish I strove to picture to myself all their imaginable pangs!"

ARCHITECTURE.—The dome, which has become the distinguishing feature of the Eastern church, penetrated into Italy, under the exarchate at Ravenna, in the church of Santa Vitali, 510 A.D.; and again at Venice, in St Mark's, built by a Greek architect (978—1071.) Until the the eleventh century, the dome formed no part of the western church, except in those instances; it was then that the Pisans, the richest and most commercial people of Italy, began their great church (1063,) and adorned the transept with this new feature. The rivalry of nations is the great fulcrum of many a noble effect, in arts as well as politics; and to this motive, chiefly, we may attribute the old scheme of Arnolpho de Lapo, in the church of Santa Maria, at Florence, founded in 1290 in which doubtless, after the model of the Pantheon, he proposed to place a dome, of nearly equal magnitude, over the transept, but raised into the air, in a way hitherto unattempted, except at Constantinople, where, however, the space was one-sixth smaller. But the inveterate and disastrous contests of these republics long deferred the execution, and it was not till one hundred and twenty years after, that Brunelleschi accomplished the work. It was just one hundred years after this successful work that Michael Angelo executed the dome of St. Peter's, confessedly in imitation of it. In another one hundred and fifty years, we have the domes of the Invalides, Val de Grace, at Paris, and St. Paul's, in London. The family of domes concludes with that of St. Genevieve (the Pantheon,) and, like the successor of a noble but a worn out race, exhibits all that meagreness and debility which precedes its extinction. The last great temple of Christendom was the Magdalene Church at Paris; it is 325 feet long by 136 feet wide and 120 feet high, and equalled the smaller temple at Belbec. It was the work of more than half a century.—*Professor Cockerell's Lectures*.

THE HOMELESS SON.

(Concluded from No. 35.)

CHAP. X.

"To be, or not to be?—that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take up arms 'gainst a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? . . .

For who would fardels bear,
To sweat and grunt under a weary life,
But that the thought of something after death,
(That unknown country from whose bourne no traveller
returns.)
Puzzles the will, and makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than rush to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience makes cowards of us all!"

SHAKESPEARE.

Arrived in London, M'Dermott now seeks in vain escape from the pursuit of consuming thought, which advances in slow but sure pace his uneven path, lodging at well-timed intervals its arrows in his sensitive bosom. Restless pass his nights, and pealing upon their solemn stillness come from the villa shrubbery—"Murder!—thou'st killed me!" Emma's smoking gore garnishes the visions of retrospect, and it is to Charles an unblest past. But the future!—aye, hell more welcome. "If the ghost of my murder haunt my vision to come, can I, *will* I remain a mute and resistless sufferer? Oh! misery, in all thy appalling and ghastly equipage, do I already feel thy oppression? It cannot be endured—away, away thought—get thee to eternity, thou demon of dark and smoky hell. From thy vile grasp will I flee, and headlong hurl my unnatural mind into the vortex of revelry, laughter, and song. To the stage shall I hie, and there, in the indulgence of fiction, shall I dress life—garbs native enough to play the truant upon its damning realities."

Already is M'Dermott counted amongst the respectable actors of the day, excelling in those soliloquies where the mind, not the man, is seen, and where every gesture is influenced, not by trickery, but by those mental tortures they so finely represent in Hamlet and Othello deceived. Here was his forte. "Oh! the luxury, the high gratification it was again and again to me to give existence to feelings wherein my own heart spoke its aching and my spirit wept its grief—where murder in jest and feign tears were her meat, her drink; and my soul fed its cravings upon my wasting body by my characters of revenge."

'Twould be folly to expect life could long stay with heart-breaking like this. No—at each successive appearance in tragic character, M'Dermott wore the palm; his very soul would seem imbued and drunk with revenge, love, and chivalry; and often, when soliloquising in portions of the Prince of Denmark, or manufacturing great revenge in the Moor of Venice, would he obtain the tears of the house, while he stepped himself from the stage absolutely insane—it was compassionate indeed! However noble M'Dermott's choice of a new life, it was evidently rash to embrace it. The affrighted and unholly mind he had within was sufficiently burdensome, and needed not the blood-stained page of the drama, laden with all its desperate deeds, to keep living his black atrocity. Emaciation, the invariable attendant of late and dissipated hours, soon lingered on his person, and his gentle spirit is already that nervous thing which shudders

at shadows, and thought lives and becomes stronger as the vessel containing it weakens—is consuming.

"There comes Lorrymer—listen—it is *he*—will not stay to-night—a devil of a lad that, eh?" cried a pot-companion, as M'Dermott lay half stupified over his Bacchus' bowl, in which he had by this time revelled, and from the fatigue of a lengthy play in which he had that night shone—all tended to cloud his intellects and unfit him for quick observation. By-and-by he repeats to himself, in an audible voice—"Lorrymer! ho! who's he?" and erecting his head, he adds—"Let me down; I'll have the lad up; we'll make new fun." "He's gone! he's gone!" they all cry out; "sit down, M'Dermott; he's a scoundrel, and has been refused admittance by old Myles."

The following noon M'Dermott is conning over, he knows not why, the occurrences of the previous night. The name Lorrymer is not unnoticed. "What! might it be *he*? Is he again come to cross my path? There is something ominous in't. Curiosity leads me to inquire after the rascal. I'll immediately to the hotel, and through old Myles, the proprietor, in a quiet way, gratify it to whatever extent I please."

"Why," continued old Myles, "you must know very little of him."

"Not a great deal," said M'Dermott, as he swallowed a deep sigh, which had almost betrayed him into its explanation. "But come, my dear old fellow," urged M'Dermott, "come, don't forget your brandy."

To which the old Saxon responded most gloriously, and continued—"Lorrymer has frequented my hotel many years, and indeed at times I felt a high regard for him; latterly, however, he has obliged me to other sentiments: his late deeds occasioned my absolute refusal to admit him. I refused him peremptorily *all* countenance last evening."

"What! has he perpetrated some desperate act?"

"Yes, two most villainous, and has been shunned since by every lover of propriety."

"Haste me to know the deeds you speak of—speak of his last—speak!" [M'Dermott's mind, filled as it was with lost Emma, believes it is of her, and is willing to hear whatever condemns her, and thus tend to lessen the guilt of her blood.]

"The objects of Lorrymer's pursuit," resumed old Myles, "are the unprotected and the orphan. His last deed was upon an amiable and accomplished young Irish lady, whose acquaintance he sought on the French continent. He lured her from home and the honours and attentions of a family of distinction: his vile purposes having been gratified, he abandoned her. She pursued him to London, and is in town, I understand, at present. She was a Miss H—."

"Oh! heavens!" exclaimed M'Dermott, as the frenzied thought of a sister so situated as described hastened to his imagination. "And where—can you tell where she lives?"

"No," returned the old man.

"Can you by possibility obtain one single track to the villainous Lorrymer?—none to her?"

"If it is possible, I will know all before night; but why feel agitated?—why interest yourself so for the young lady? Is she an acquaintance, Mr. M'Dermott?"

"'Tis well, sir," returned M'Dermott, "if it is not so near a one as sisterhood!"

Two days have been spent by M'Dermott in search of Lorrymer, and in vain. Again has he sought refuge from Miss H——'s remonstrances, and he glories in her agony and torture. His deceiving tongue has marred her beauty and thrown her youth into decay. But M'Dermott will have it revenged, and quickly is H—— looked for and found by Charles. She is thrown into transports of delight at the manifestation of a brother: anon her grievances are uttered; she depicts her misery in the language of truth, and will bear of redress only by solicitation, by strong representation—not by violence, by blood.

M'Dermott beholds before him a lady form, dressed in every grace and elegance, spoiled of her honour, and robbed for ever of her virtue, of her innocence. These circumstances, on such a mind as M'Dermott's, and originating in such a sister, whose unprotected and isolated position has hitherto permitted Lorrymer to sin thus against society with impunity, operate powerfully, and in his unbounded resolve to be revenged, M'Dermott is not unmindful of Emma's seduction.

One week has expired in anxious pursuit, and at the same time increasing appetite for unmeasured revenge—'tis all settled. M'Dermott finds Lorrymer, who strides alone the unfrequented path leading to —, near Paris. M'Dermott's soul is already saturated in Lorrymer's blood. The all-influencing wrong to a sister, and such a wrong is to be atoned for, and the loss of a home and wife to be revenged, and by such an arm as one which was never raised except in indignation, flooded into it by a heart of principle and uncompromising honour. He meets the aggressor face to face, each expression of countenance ringing with determination, and thus addresses him—"Lorrymer!" He answers by a look at once of wonder and guilt. "Hear me, villain, and acknowledge your guilt, ere I cast to devils that foul thing your life is—answer me!" The stern and mastering tone of M'Dermott shook every manly quality, and he stood cowed from top to toe, and in mean utterance asked his indulgence upon the plea of acquaintance. With one fierce and conquering spring he pounced upon the human brute, and with insatiable revenge reminded him of his treachery upon the late object of his uncontrolled passion, and placing in his hold a pistol, balled, he hurled forth in one furious breath—

"Defend yourself, Lorrymer: H—— is my sister!"

Instantaneously is heard the doubled shot, and to the earth are two victims of passion flung!

"I'm killed—ho! M'Dermott, you have buried the fatal ball in my heart, oh! oh! —"

"Villain! I'll mince it," returned M'Dermott with a vengeance, as he rested upon his right arm foaming with increased rage, struggling with the tortures of Lorrymer's ball lodged in his left shoulder.

"Here—here, M'Dermott, take—take your sister *this*!" quoth Lorrymer, as he drew from a pocket some package, containing whatever money he possessed.

Never did derision seem greater, in M'Dermott's judgment, than the mockery depicted in Lorry-

mer's sneer and fiendish expression. Alas! alas! one minute placed the unresisted blade of M'Dermott in Lorrymer's core, and mincing his steaming heart, hurled the mangled and lifeless carcass into the stagnant pool concealed beneath the pathway, damning it with unlicensed imprecations, as he rolled stones of immense magnitude over the murdered body, sinking it and its unhallowed money to its utmost depths!

M'Dermott again sees his sister H——, and in the hollow tones of a broken heart and lost spirits, he hears her curse her own existence. Fast and effectual was her decay; her cheek no longer bloomed, nor did her eye emit one living ray; youth was no protection; a single week she's enclosed in her tomb, nor does one record tell of the fair stranger's wrong, youth, or choice qualities.

Homeless and alone, the wide world is to Charles M'Dermott an enlarged hell, and beneath its brightest skies is his soul a benighted thing of sorrow. Indeed M'Dermott is

"Loveless—fameless—heardless—withering;"

and though he blood-stained his hands twice in punishing immorality, he was not himself free from its tincture. Night succeeds day in relentless ravages upon his constitution; and wasted from reckless indulgence in sin, life is to him a curse. One feeling is left him—it is a sense of his guilt; and although despair is almost native to his breast, there are moments when hope gleams through. The thought of Eliza refreshes him a moment, and is made sainted by that of his father's death—and he weeps for his long-lost innocence.

M'Dermott returns to Ireland—finds his sister's grave; it is beside that of his father, whose last words, "My God and my all!" resound in the very depths of his heart—he sighs to die so honest a man! And paying tribute to his memory, when the hour of repentance and dissolution both hung about him, did I find M'Dermott, in the beautiful town of D——, as related in the first chapter, situated the distance of a few miles from his native city.

E. V. B.

Philisbore' Avenue, April, 1842.

LOTTERIES.—Estates, houses, and fields were the occasion of lotteries in the seventeenth century. In the west of England great assemblages of persons took place when the day for drawing arrived. The interference of the legislature is attributed to the circumstances of a lottery at Winford Eagle, in Dorsetshire, where Mr. Sydenham, a descendant of the great Dr. Sydenham, resided upon his estate. His affairs being embarrassed, this country gentleman proposed a lottery of his estate, always intending that the prize should fall to a young lady, a dependant and inmate of the family, who he never doubted would readily give back the property to him for a mere trifle. This young lady had long maintained a close correspondence with a lover, who soon learnt the gratifying news that a ticket was provided for her. He was near the spot at the drawing; and the winner speedily joined him with the joyful intelligence. At the next stolen meeting the young lady informed her lover of the attempts made to induce her to sign away her prize. The lover confirmed her resolution not to do so. Mr. Sydenham could not be induced to make over the estate, till proceedings were brought against him. He ended his days in jail, and the affair, which attracted great notice, led to the interference of the legislature.

EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALIA.

[The emigration season having arrived, the following observations of a correspondent, who has recently returned from Australia, are worthy of attention:]

Emigration to America is of a different stamp from that to Australia: a poor man can emigrate to the former, and return again in two months; whereas, let a man depart for the latter, and he is more than double the time going: so, if there are hopes for the poor emigrant to return, a whole year has elapsed in idleness ere he has reached his native land once more!

It has been represented in more than one instance that "there could not be a finer country, or one more advantageous to the poor emigrant, than Australia, at all times." That may have been when the first dawn of emigration to that country commenced, and "money, (as the saying is,) like Whitehaven coals in England, was plenty." But surely the case is sadly altered in latter years, when the poor man's wages are lowered to an ebb of insignificance that scarcely covers the price of the scanty morsel which helps them through a miserable existence. The misguided emigrant is led astray as to the real state of that country by reading accounts holding out vain and idle prospects. Deceived by such statements, the emigrant is induced to sell off his little property at home, and, accompanied by his wife and children, banish himself, probably for ever, from his native country; for it is far easier for a poor emigrant to find his passage to that country, than to retrace those extensive seas back again.

When I was in Australia 18 months ago, I took particular care to examine into the state of emigration. My visits were mostly confined to the town of Melbourne, within nine miles of which (by the river Yarra) lay the capacious Port Philip—to which port, of late years, emigrant vessels mostly were bound. The town of Melbourne, though advancing considerably from the solitary house that stood there six years ago, was insufficient to contain the poor emigrants that, month after month, kept flocking to her shores, seeking employment, but finding none!—living in open fields round the environs of the town! I was not many days in the colony when one evening I turned my steps towards the outlets of the town, to see if, by chance, among the mass of my countrymen, I could distinguish some well-known face, some former acquaintance. When I reached their miserable tents, (as they all were, without exception,) I took a general survey of the whole. Nowhere could I trace a smile of comfort on their haggard countenances—all was gloom and despair.

[The writer details several instances of heart-rending misery which he witnessed, and concludes by laying down the following rules for the instruction of the would-be emigrant to Australia, more especially for the perusal of the poor Irishman:]

1.—Consider emigration well before you give up your home for an uncertain one abroad. Be not too ready to hear accounts that are without foundation, of a country, which, though large in extent, is still greater in misery.

2.—The distance of a country to which emigration is carried on should be of primary consideration to the poor emigrant, and according as the distance is greater, so must his inquiries be more

urgent. To sail for the farthest end of the world is of much greater consequence than merely to emigrate to America; for the Australian emigrant, if he is a poor man, must remain there his life time, whereas the poor emigrant for America can return to his native land once more.

3.—Australia is not the same as it was ten or twenty years ago. All tradesmen's and labouring men's wages are nearly on a level with those of England, which former are far less, the rents of houses and lodgings being so enormous for a poor man to pay, together with other expenditures he cannot help. Such a state of things in that colony is not capable of maintaining poor emigrants, let them work ever so hard! Articles are somewhat more moderate in price in Sidney than in any other part of Australia, but in many particulars it is very similar to the rest.

4.—Australia is a country barren for the emigrant at present, and may be for years. It is a fine country, and, if properly handled, Australia Felix would produce to the capitalist an ample return; but there is the mistake that accounts for the misery in that country, there being no capitalists to encourage trade, commerce, &c. Without their masters, servants have no business to go such a long voyage.

Australia, or New Holland, is of much larger extent than any other country that does not bear the name of a continent, it extending from the 11th to the 38th degree of south latitude; and the length of the east and north-east coast, along which Mr. Cook sailed, reduced to a straight line, is no less than twenty-seven degrees, which amount to near two thousand miles; so that its square surface must be much larger than all Europe. The most eastern part of that coast is in 153° 39' east longitude from Greenwich.

April, 1843.

A. D.

ESTIMATE OF A WIFE.—We hate a dull, melancholy, moping thing; we could not have existed in the same house with such a thing for a single month. The mopers are, too, all giggle at other times; the gaiety is for others, and the moping for a husband, to comfort him, happy man, when he is alone; plenty of smiles and of badinage for others; but the moping is preserved exclusively for him. One hour she is capering about, as if rehearsing a jig; and, the next, sighing to the motion of a lacy needle, or weeping over a novel: and this is called sentiment! Music, indeed! Give us a mother singing to her clean and fat and rosy baby, and making the house ring with her extravagant and hyperbolical encomiums on it. That is the music which is "the food of love;" and not the formal, pedantic noises, an affectation of skill which is now-a-days the ruin of half the young couples in the middle rank of life.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.—When the *Atne* Bridson, which lately arrived in Liverpool from Valparaiso, after a quick passage of 84 days, was off the River Plate, the captain and crew suffered the greatest inconvenience from the state of the atmosphere, which for two days was so fetid and oppressive as to make it difficult for them to breathe; and the effects of their exposure to this air did not cease when the atmosphere became pure, but continued to be felt during the remainder of the voyage, many of the crew having been ill from that time until their arrival in Liverpool. Nothing was seen or heard which could enable the captain to account for this state of the atmosphere.

THE WIDOW'S FAREWELL.

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee!" N. P. WILLIS.

Alas! the day has come, my child, that thou and I must part!
It brings a weight upon my brain—a sickness on my heart:
Adieu my dreams of happiness, my cheriah'd thoughts of joy,
But God direct thee to the best—my own, my only boy!

I nurs'd thee with a mother's love—oh! who could love like me?

And thy father's smile was on thy cheek in tender infancy;
He lov'd thee with a father's love, and often has he smil'd
And fondled thee upon his knee, and blest his lovely child.

We pray'd for thee at morn and eve—we pray'd thou might'st
be blest;

And we hoped that God would hear our prayer and grant us
our request;

And still I hope his spirit's gone to glory undefiled,
And he left his blessing unto thee, his well-beloved child.

And now I am a widow lone, and thou my only son.
Thinkest this world is bright and fair—the path thou hast
begun

Is hedg'd with flowers—that pleasures thou wilt meet without
alloy,

But time will teach thee bitter things, my poor misguided boy!

Oh! hast thou not a happy home, a heart that loves thee there?
Stay! share thy mother's joy and grief, her pleasure and her
care!

Thou may'st meet friends as through the world thy footsteps
idly rove,

But none can ever feel for thee a tender mother's love.

I thought that I had rear'd in thee a helper of mine age,
One who would smooth my dying bed—my every pain assuage;
And now forlorn and comfortless, thy mother thou wilt leave,
And soon her hoary hairs will go in sorrow to the grave.

Farewell, my child! 'tis hard to say that bitter word farewell,
It sounds upon my breaking heart like hope's expiring knell.
Thou hast my blessing—may we meet in yonder world of joy;
For God will hear the widow's prayer for her beloved boy.

J. D. W.

AVARICE.—No human passion grows with so steady, so imperceptible, yet so rampant a growth as avarice. In takes as many shapes as Proteus, and may be called, above all others, the vice of middle life, that soddens into the gangrene of old age; gaining strength by vanquishing all virtues and generous emotions, it is a creeping, sly, keen, persevering, insidious sin, assuming various forms, to cheat even itself; for it shames to name itself unto itself; a cowardly, darkness-loving sin, never daring to look fair human nature in the face; full of lean excuses for self-imposed starvation, only revelling in the impurity and duskiness of its own shut-up heart. At last the joy-bells ring its knell, while it crawls into eternity like a vile reptile, leaving a slimy track upon the world.

ENORMOUS TANK.—The largest modern covered tank in Europe is now erected in Malta, and will contain 15,000 tons of water. It is intended for the supply of fresh water for Malta.

THE TROUBADOURS.

The Troubadours, whose origin can be traced to a remote district in the kingdom of Arles, were neither like the fabliers, mercenary performers, who exhibited their art for the mere purpose of acquiring profit, nor like the Romanciers, hired attendants of some proud feudal house. Being themselves for the most part members of the nobility, they resided on their own domains, which they never deserted, except with the intention of visiting some adjacent castle, whose possessor might require their enlivening company, or officiating at the gay rites of tournament. On these occasions they were treated as the equals of the circle which they strove to amuse, and their guerdon was proportionate to the respect entertained, as well for their rank as their ability; the lords presented them with rich carpets, or generous steeds, after the oriental fashion, which had become prevalent during the Crusades; the ladies vouchsafed a smiling meed of approbation, or as Fontenelle has it, yet more distinguishing marks of favour—"Les princesses et les plus grandes dames y joignoient souvent leur feveurs, elles estoient fort foibles contre les beaux esprits," &c; and the dread of satire from those who might in some degree be considered as the voices of public opinion, contributed its due share to the ready welcome which they received in every hall. Even in official enactments they were distinguished from their ignoble rivals, the jonglers, or "histriones." The state of Bologna, when it forbade its domain to all wandering minstrels, excepted by a special clause the honorable fraternity of Troubadours; and although Philip Augustus does not mention them as exempted from the general act of exile passed against players, yet he does not seem to have withdrawn his countenance, since they remained in undisturbed possession of their ancient privileges. It cannot, however, be denied, that the lives of many were stained with duplicity and profligacy, in lieu of that pure devotion and frank manliness which figure in the books of chivalry as the peculiar characteristic of the singular order of knighthood, whose brightest ornaments they professed to be. The virtues of Piers de Cabestaing and Geoffry de Rudel meet with a striking contrast in the wanton ferocity of Bertrand de Born, and the cold-blooded treachery of the eminent ecclesiast, Folquet, Archbishop of Toulouse.

DUPLICATE POETS.—It is a remarkable fact, and one perhaps not very generally known, that there have been three poets of the respective names of Walter Scott, Samuel Rogers, and James Grahame, before the excellent authors of "Marmion," "The Pleasures of Memory," and "The Sabbath." Specimens of their published works may be found in Mr. Southey's "Later English Poets;" and they all three existed (we cannot say flourished) between the latter part of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—the very dark ages of English poetry.

HATS.—The name hat was derived from a Saxon word meaning a covering for the head, in which general sense it had been used by early authors, and applied to helmets of steel. Hats and caps were anciently made of felt, woollen, silk, straw, and various other materials, and were as diversified in their colours. In the time of Elizabeth the common people generally wore woollen caps; and some acts were passed in her reign to encourage the manufacture of them. The broad brims were introduced by the cardinals to their scarlet hats, and followed by the clergy. The inconvenience of the broad brim all round caused the turning of one side up; then two sides were turned up; and at last turning up three sides introduced the cocked hat. The high crowned hat was first worn in the time of Elizabeth, and declined in the reign of Charles II.

A STRAY LEAF FROM THE CHRONICLES OF SIENNA.

(Concluded from No. 25.)

Padrello had found Nella insensible, but with the assistance of Suina, he soon succeeded in recovering her.

"What a horrible dream!" she cried, as she opened her eyes. "Oh! no, it is not so," she exclaimed, after a moment's thought, falling back pale as death in her bed where she lay; it is too true. He to whom we owe all, the only one who has dared to protect us, and to speak words of consolation and friendship to us, is no more. Isn't it so?" she cried, addressing Padrello, whose hand, she remarked, with a thrill of fear, was stained with blood. "Do not conceal it from me, uncle—he is dead!"

"Be calm, Nella, be calm," said Padrello, to her utter surprise; "no, he is not dead."

"Heaven bless you for that word, uncle," she exclaimed, blushing and weeping at the same time.

Malko entered at that moment to inquire how his mistress was.

"The Signor Salembeni, how is he?" inquired Nella, without heeding his question.

"He is moving," said Malko, in his usual placid tone—"he is moving."

"Nella, my dear child," said the uncle, "I must go help your brother; perhaps he wants me."

"Oh! go—go, uncle; and if you want my help, send for me immediately."

When Padrello returned to his nephew's chamber, where Salembeni was lying, he found the latter entirely recovered, and speaking, though in a very low tone of voice, to Montanini.

"Oh! uncle," said the nephew, "there is only the slightest possible wound in the head, and a contusion on one of the lips, evidently caused by the handle of the dagger; and the shock of that blow it was that deprived him of his senses; but Malko has taken ample revenge on the assassin."

He then related all that had passed to Padrello, who was so overjoyed when he heard of the death of Castruccio, that he was on the point of hugging the negro in his arms.

In about an hour after, Salembeni was able to rise, and present himself before Nella, who was still pale and trembling from the late excitement of her feelings, which had not yet subsided. After a few unintelligible words, by way of salute, they became mutually silent; and the deep colour that immediately took possession of Nella's beautiful countenance was not more lively than the blush of the timid Salembeni. The latter bowed profoundly to the young lady, and presented to her his hand; and Nella, in making a return, blushed still more deeply: their interview was, indeed, for the most part, passed in silence; but that did not render either less happy, or the interview less interesting.

Salembeni had now spent more than a fortnight at the villa, where his wound—or rather another reason, which he would not allow us to mention—detained him. This, he began to think, was long enough, and to remain longer, without any apparent cause, did not accord with his notions of respectability. So, one morning, taking Montanini by the arm, he led him out into the garden, where they walked for some time in silence together. At

length, Salembeni stopped short, like a man who had taken some desperate resolution, and, addressing his companion—"My dear Montanini," said he, "I have a favour to ask of you."

"Oh!" said Montanini quickly, "if it is in my power to grant what you require, your wish is already accomplished."

"The name of friend which you give me does not satisfy me," said Salembeni, pressing his hand.

"And what more would you require?" replied Montanini, with another smile.

"That of brother!"

"You love my sister, then," said Montanini, enjoying with the greatest delight the confusion of the other, who was blushing, just as Nella would under similar circumstances.

"My heart only beats for her," he replied, with a flourish, that to us, cool northerners, would be theatrical, but which was, in reality, the mere impulse of southern blood.

"And my sister," said Montanini, "what does she say?"

"Ha! conspirators, I have caught you," cried Padrello, who had followed the young men into the garden when he saw them go out. "It is exactly on that very subject I wished to talk with you, when, without regarding my old legs, you ran away from me; but I have you at last. My niece, Signor Salembeni, could not love an honest or more worthy man than you."

"But that is not the point, uncle."

"You are no observer, nephew, or else the second point would be settled for you as well as the first. I have observed, and I think to some purpose. With your permission, I will ask the young lady's opinion on the subject; you, perhaps, would frighten her; but an old uncle will inspire confidence. Don't be afraid, Signor Salembeni, I'll plead your cause for you."

One month exactly after the occurrences here related, that glorious pile, the Cathedral of Sienna, was brilliantly lighted up, and all its gates thrown open; and the worthy citizens of the last mentioned place, forgetting for awhile their political differences, assembled together, therein to witness a solemn ceremony—vital, perhaps, to the immortal, most certainly to the temporal interests of the parties concerned—one which thousands of those present had gone through, and which other thousands were still to go through—in the marriage of their most illustrious fellow citizens, the Signora Nella Montanini and the Signor Luidgi Salembeni. Neither on this solemn occasion was the exercise of that virtue the continual practice of which distinguishes that "dark" past from the present, brilliant with the light of mere intellect, forgotten, to wit—the delivering up to the poor man his share in the inheritance of the rich.

The newly-married pair did not quit the villa for the city until Salembeni, by his influence, procured the restoration of the principal part of the properties of Padrello and his nephew, of which they had been deprived by Castruccio.

Some years after his sister's marriage, Montanini led to the altar a young Siennian maiden, in whose arms he for a time forgot his political dreams.

Malko took a long time to examine, to deliberate

upon, and to choose a young lady, with whom he might share his heart and hand; and being unsuccessful—whether attributable to his own fastidious taste or to his sable colour—he devoted himself to that dear friend which would always have held, at least, the second place in his heart—his pipe, in the use of which he in time displayed great skill.

Fifteen years after the time of which we write, on the very day that Charles IV. entered Sienna, as Montanini had foreseen, the worthy old Count Padrello fell asleep among the old moss covered stones outside the parlour window. The old man's bones lay quiet there—for he who would encroach on this their last narrow home had lain for years past powerless as themselves.

And, now that our tale has come to a close, we trust that, without exciting a suspicion of our being neglectful chroniclers, we will be allowed to confess our inability to say aught of good or ill of that servant so worthy of his master, Castruccio. He was faithful; he had "one virtue linked with a thousand crimes;" yet he was not a hero; at least it is beyond our skill to transform him into such. He arose with his master from the dust of poverty, and thither he probably returned; and in the condition we have imagined for him—which is not improbable—he had ample leisure to consider philosophically, if not usefully, the years of the past.

B. H.

TO SOLITUDE.

'Tis midnight now, and nature sleeps
Sublimely calm, and still;
And silence now her vigil keeps,
Reigning o'er dale and hill!
How sweet thy charms, oh! Solitude,
To those who them admire!
How different from the pleasures rude
That mankind most desire!
In thee the untrammelled mind will rise,
If freed from worldly care,
To regions far above the skies,
And find true pleasure there.
When Cynthia sheds her silvery light
In mellow'd lustre o'er the night,
And 'neath the spangled heavens' span
Hushed is the busy hum of man,
And faintly twinkling from afar
Looks out each glimmering, drowsy star,
The wearied watchers of the earth,
Coequal with this orb in birth;
Perhaps in size, in light, in life,
With all like our own planet rife;
And worlds on worlds extending far,
Seem each to us a twinkling star!
Oh! boundless theme—immortal, free,
As even thy thought, eternity!
And this our earth, too, may appear,
To beings in another sphere,
A tiny star—a speck—a mite,
One of a number infinite,
Such as in the expanse of sky,
In number mock man's puny eye.
Thus, when o'er night's meridian noon
Presides the list'ning, pale moon,
And myriad stars, with twinkling light,
Peep through the sable shroud of night,
How sweet to let the unclogged mind
Revel in thought—free, unconfin'd,
And mark its progress, soaring high,
O'er the boundless, spangled sky—
Its worship of that power divine,
Which maketh stars and planets shine—
That God, which each and all proclaim,
Changeless—Eternal—Great—Supreme!

April, 1843.

CHARLES —Y.

THE DYING HINDOO.

The ceremonials of his religion which accompany the Hindoo in every stage and act of his life, thicken around him as that life draws to a close. Even among the "enlightened there is something peculiarly affecting in death; and therefore it has always been a favourite time for superstition. When a disease is considered to be mortal, a sort of extreme unction is performed; and if, after that the patient does not die, he becomes a pariah of the most unholy description. This is a power that may be exercised for the most abominable purposes, and there is little doubt that it is often so abused. If the dying man cannot be removed to the Ganges, or any other sacred stream or place, he is taken into the open air, and laid upon the sacred cusa grass, (a species of *poa*;) if near the Ganges, he is taken to that stream, has the mud and water thrown upon him, and the salagram stone laid close by; and there he remains, amid the performance of mummeries, till he expires. Then the women howl; the relations lament; the body is washed; the sign of the caste made on the face; and the mouth filled with betel. Towards night the pariahs carry the body to the place of funeral—that is a pile if the deceased has been a worshipper of Vishnu, but a grave if a follower of Siva. When that place is arrived at, the relations proceed to examine whether the body be wholly dead—a fact which they were not previously very anxious to ascertain. For this purpose the body is pinched, water is dashed upon it, and noises are made with drums and trumpets. If the death takes place in a house, that and the neighbouring ones are polluted, and all the people fast till the pariahs have carried away the body, which they do not by the door, but through a breach in the wall, made on purpose. After the funeral, the nearest relation goes to the house of the deceased with a staff to drive off the evil spirits; and they must fast, or nearly so, till the Brahmins are fed, and feed, and all the rites performed. The funeral obsequies are performed ninety-six times in the course of a year; but the formal mourning, which includes the abstinence from betel, is very brief. Thus, at the time when it may be supposed that the survivors are most deeply affected, the faith of the Hindoos crowds its ceremonies, and also its demands for the holy men, who are taking charge of the departing soul according to the established ritual. It is not well with the victim himself if the last act of his life be not a gift to the Brahmins; and, therefore, they take care to lay him on the grass, or by the sacred stream, while yet he is able to make a bequest.—*Notes on India.*

THE ARTESIAN WELL AT PARIS.—This well cost £12,000, and before water was reached the bore was 1,794 English feet in depth.

TO GENERATE VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY.—Divide a box into two cells, by a division of sheet zinc, and fill one cell with an acidulated, the other with an alkaline or saline solution: on completing the circuit by a wire made to dip into both liquids, a current will be immediately excited, passing from that side of the zinc in contact with the acid solution, along the connecting wire, and through the other solution to the opposite surface. This may be considered one of the simplest examples of electro-voltaic action between three substances; but, instead of different solutions, the same solution may occupy both cells, provided the mechanical condition of one surface of the zinc be made to differ from that of the other; this may be accomplished by rendering one side rough, and polishing the other side; or it may be equally well effected by making the solution in one cell hotter or weaker than that in the other.

PERILOUS ENCOUNTER WITH ICEBERGS.

Capt. Buchan, in his late voyage of discovery to the North Pole, (performed in the ships *Dorothea* and *Trent*,) resolved to follow the outline of the ice barrier towards Greenland. Scarcely, however, had they started, when a gale sprung up, and they were reduced to storm-stay-sails. An hour had scarcely elapsed, when the main body of ice, which had been lost sight of for a short time, was seen close upon the lee-beam, with the sea beating furiously upon it. The imminent danger to which the vessels were exposed induced them to press them with all the sail they would bear, by setting the close-reefed main-top-sail and fore-sail, but they availed nothing. We (says Capt. Beechey in his narrative) settled down gradually upon the danger, and were soon amongst the large pieces of ice, which in windy weather skirt the edge of the pack. These pieces consist of the heaviest ice, or that which has the greatest hold in the water, and remain at the edge in consequence of their being less operated upon by the wind. As we could not afford to lose an inch of ground by bearing up to avoid these masses, we received many very heavy concussions in turning them out of our course. The *Dorothea*, having been more to leeward than the *Trent* when the gale sprung up, was so close to the ice at half-past nine o'clock in the forenoon, that, in order to escape immediate shipwreck, it became necessary for her to take refuge amongst it—a practice which has been resorted to by whalers in extreme cases, as their only chance of escaping destruction. By the time precautions had been taken, our approach to the breakers only left us the alternative of either permitting the brig to be drifted broadside against the ice, and so to take her chance, or of endeavouring to force fairly into it by putting her before the wind, as the *Dorothea* had done. At length the hopeless state of a vessel placed broadside against so formidable a body became apparent to all, and we resolved to attempt the latter expedient. All eyes were now strained, in the hope of finding some spot more open than the general pack, but in vain: all parts appeared to be equally impenetrable, and to present one unbroken line of furious breakers, in which immense pieces of ice were heaving and subsiding with the waves, and dashing together with a violence which nothing apparently but a solid body could withstand, occasioning such a noise that it was with difficulty we could make our orders heard by the crew. No language can convey an adequate idea of the terrific grandeur of the effect now produced by the collision of the ice and the tempestuous ocean. We were now so near the scene of danger as to render necessary the immediate execution of our plan, and in an instant the labouring vessel flew before the gale. Each person instinctively secured his own hold, and with his eyes fixed upon the masts, awaited in breathless anxiety the moment of concussion. It soon arrived. The brig, cutting her way through the light ice, came in violent contact with the main body. In an instant we all lost our footing, the masts bent with the impetus, and the cracking timbers from below bespoke a pressure which was calculated to awaken our serious apprehensions. The vessel staggered under the shock, and for a moment seemed to recoil; but the next wave, curling up under her counter, drove her about her

own length within the margin of the ice, where she gave one roll, and was immediately thrown broadside to the wind by the succeeding wave, which beat furiously against her stern, and brought her lee-side in contact with the main body, leaving her weather-side exposed at the same time to a piece of ice about twice her own dimensions. This unfortunate occurrence prevented the vessel penetrating sufficiently far into the ice to escape the effect of the gale, and placed her in a situation where she was assailed on all sides by battering rams, if I may use the expression, every one of which contested the small space which she occupied, and dealt such unrelenting blows that there appeared to be scarcely any possibility of saving her from foundering. Literally tossed from piece to piece, we had nothing left but patiently to abide the issue, for we could scarcely keep our feet, much less render any assistance to the vessel. The motion, indeed, was so great, that the ship's bell, which in the heaviest gale of wind had never struck of itself, now tolled so continually that it was ordered to be muffled, for the purpose of escaping the unpleasant association it was calculated to produce. In anticipation of the worst, we determined to attempt placing the launch upon the ice under the lee, and hurried into her such provisions and stores as could at the moment be got at. Serious doubts were reasonably entertained of the boat being able to live amongst the confused mass by which we were encompassed; yet, as this appeared to be our only refuge, we clung to it with all the eagerness of a last resource.

After some time had elapsed without any improvement in our situation, and when, on the contrary, it became more and more evident, from the injury the vessel repeatedly received, that she could not hold together long, we were convinced that our only chance of escape depended upon getting before the wind, and penetrating further into the ice. To effect this, with any probability of success, it became necessary to set more head-sail, though at the risk of the masts, already tottering with the pressure of what was spread. Watching an opportunity, some of our expertest seamen gained the fore-top-sail-yard for this purpose, and let a reef out of the sail, while the jib was dragged half way up its stay by means of the windlass. This additional pressure upon the fore part of the vessel happily succeeded beyond our expectations. The brig came into the desired position, and with the aid of an enormous mass under the stern, she split a small field of ice, fourteen feet in thickness, which had hitherto impeded our progress, and effected a passage for herself between the pieces. The situation of the vessel was now greatly improved, so much so, that, by carefully placing the fenders, particularly the walrus hides, between the ice and her sides, the strokes were so much diminished that we had scarcely any doubt of saving her, provided the gale did not last long. How often and anxiously did we at this time turn our telescopes in the direction in which we had last seen our consort; for though conscious that neither could render the other any immediate assistance, yet it would have been a great consolation to have known that she was still afloat, and that in the event of the worst happening to one, there was yet a remote chance of ultimate relief from the other vessel. But between the *Dorothea* and ourselves there was interposed a dense cloud of spray, which limited our view to a few fathoms only, and effectually prevented our obtaining any information as to her condition.

After four hours of fearful suspense, the gale

abated almost as suddenly as it had risen. The Dorothea was seen still afloat; but made known by signals that she had suffered severely. Great exertions were now made to liberate the vessels. Our larboard side had been forced in so much, that several spare oak planks, four and five inches in thickness, which were stowed in the wing, were found broken in various places. The spirit-room, which was built in the centre of the ship, was forced in; many casks of provisions, stowed in the body of the hold, were stove, and even some that were bedded in coals in the ground tier had their staves broken. It is hardly possible to imagine such extensive mischief occurring to any vessel without her immediately foundering, and it is quite evident that, under Providence, nothing but the judicious precaution of lining the vessels with felt prevented the occurrence of that disaster. This examination satisfied Captain Buchan that the only safe course was to return home. While the vessels were under repair, the coast was carefully surveyed.—*Captain Beechey's Narrative.*

THE SPECIAL FUNCTION OF THE SKIN.

Dr. Willis combats by the following arguments the prevailing opinion that this function is specially designed to reduce or to regulate the animal temperature:—It has been clearly shown by the experiments of Delaroche and Berger, that the power which animals may possess, of resisting the effects of a surrounding medium of high temperature, is far inferior to that which has been commonly ascribed to them; for in chambers heated to 120° to 130° Fahr., the temperature of animals is soon raised to 11° or even 16° above what it had been previously, and death speedily ensues. The rapid diminution or even total suppression of the cutaneous exhalations, on the other hand, is by no means followed by a rise in the temperature of the body. In general dropsies, which are attended with a remarkable diminution of this secretion, an icy coldness usually pervades both the body and the limbs. A great fall in the temperature was found by Fourcald, Becquerel, and Breschet to be the effect of covering the body with a varnish impervious to perspiration; and so serious was the general disturbance of the functions in these circumstances, that death usually ensued in the course of three or four hours. The question will next arise, how does it happen that health and even life can be so immediately dependent as we find them to be on the elimination of so small a quantity of water as thirty-three ounces from the general surface of the body in the course of twenty-four hours? To this the author answers, that such elimination is important as securing the conditions which are necessary for the endosmotic transference between arteries and veins of the fluids which minister to nutrition and vital endowment. It is admitted, by physiologists, that the blood, while still contained within its conducting channels, is inert with reference to the body, no particle of which it can either nourish or vivify until that portion of it which has been denominated the *plasma* has transuded from the vessels, and arrived in immediate contact with the particle that is to be nourished and vivified: but no physiologist has yet pointed out the efficient cause of these tendencies of the plasma, first to transude through the wall of its efferent vessels, and, secondly, to find its way back again into the efferent conduits. The explanation given by the

author is, that in consequence of the out-going current of blood circulating over the entire superficies of the body, perpetually losing a quantity of water by the action of the sudoriparous glands, the blood in the returning channels has thereby become more dense and inspissated, and is brought into the condition for absorbing, by endosmosis, the fluid perpetually exuding from the arteries, which are constantly kept on the stretch by the injecting force of the heart. In an appendix the author points out a few of the practical applications of which the above-named theory is susceptible. Interference with the function of the skin, and principally through the agency of cold, he observes, is the admitted cause of the greater number of acute diseases to which mankind, in the temperate regions of the globe, are subject. He who is said to have suffered a chill, has, in fact, suffered a derangement or suppression of the secreting action of his skin, a process which is altogether indispensable to the continuance of life; and a disturbance of the general health follows as a necessary consequence. Animals exposed to the continued action of a hot dry atmosphere die from exhaustion; but when subjected to the effects of a moist atmosphere, of a temperature not higher than their own, they perish much more speedily; being destroyed by the same cause as those which die from covering the body with an impervious glaze; for, in both cases, the conditions required for the access of oxidized, and the removal of deoxidized plasma, are wanting, and life necessarily ceases. The atmosphere of unhealthy tropical climates differs but little from a vapour bath at a temperature of between 80° and 90° Fahr.; and the dew-point in those countries, as for example on the western coast of Africa, never ranges lower than three or four degrees, nay, is sometimes only a single degree, below the temperature of the air. Placed in an atmosphere so nearly saturated with water, and of such a temperature, man is on the verge of conditions that are incompatible with his existence; conditions which may easily be induced by exposure to fatigue in a humid atmosphere under a burning sun, or other causes, which excite the skin while they prevent the exercise of its natural functions. The terms *Miasma* and *Malaria* may, according to the author, be regarded as almost synonymous with air at the temperature of from 75° to 85° Fahr.; and nearly saturated with moisture.

TO THE LEE.

When gazing on thy placid streams,
As calmly they flowed towards the sea,
I've dreamed my happiest, youthful dreams,
Brightest of rivers, beauteous Lee.
And now thy waters still flow on,
Unchanged, unchanging—while from me
E'er'y bright hope of youth is gone,
Fairest of rivers, beauteous Lee.
Thy warbling waters onward glide,
Regardless how the world may be,
Nought can e'er stop thy azure tide,
Purest of rivers, beauteous Lee.
The bubbles on thy surface show
How short the life of man may be,
Eternity's perpetual flow
Thy waters mark, my beauteous Lee.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE DAYS IN THE WEEK.

The English names of the days in the week are supposed to have originated in the time of the ancient Saxons, who were a barbarous and uncultivated people, the paid obeisance to idols, of which there were seven in number; each being distinguished and worshipped by different names, and on following days, according to the reverence in which they were held. The Sun being held by them in great esteem, they dedicated the first day to its worship, which they called Sun-day, so denominated to the present time. The next day being the second, they sacrificed to the Moon, which was called by them Moon-day, from which it is evident *Monday* originated. The third day they dedicated to the worship of an idol named Tuisco, who had been a man of great renown in subduing the Germans. This day was styled in honour of his memory Tuis-day, or *Tuesday*. It must, however, be remarked, that Tacitus ascribes this honour to the Scandinavian deity Tyr, who was supposed to preside over battles, and that, in the Danish and Swedish languages, the name Tyr's-day is still retained. The fourth day was set apart for the express purpose of paying adoration to the image of Odin, or Woden, famous for the many conquests he had made as their leader, and called by them "The god of battle;" though Tacitus describes him under the name of *Mercury*, whence it was entitled Woden's-day—now *Wednesday*. The fifth day was allotted to the worship of Thor, a god supposed by them to have the controul of winds and clouds, and to whom they prayed for seasonable weather; this, therefore, they denominated Thor's-day—now *Thursday*. The sixth day they worshipped Freya, or Friga, a goddess, represented to be the giver of peace and plenty, and by some described as the presiding deity of love. This day they termed Frige-day, whence was derived *Friday*. The seventh and last day, held in honour of Seator—the remaining image—to whom they offered their prayers for freedom and protection from all their enemies, was distinguished by them as Seater-day—now *Saturday*. The ancient Latin names for the days of the week—which are still retained in the journals of parliament, and in the writings of medical men—are, *Dies Solis, Dies Lunæ, Dies Martis, Dies Mercurii, Dies Jovis, Dies Veneris, and Dies Saturni*. The analogy between these and those of the Saxons—the first and second called from the same planets; the similar attributes ascribed to Tyr and Mars, to Thor and Jove, to Friga and to Venus, and the resemblance between the sound of Seator and Saturn is so striking, that many authors have considered it probable that the mythology of the barbarous nations of the north had a common origin with that of the Greeks and Romans.

PAINTING—Light consists of but *three* original colours, red, yellow, and blue, from which all others proceed—the orange, green, indigo, and violet, being formed from an admixture of the primary colours, between which they are to be found in the rainbow, or may be shown by the prism. Of these the red is the most intense, and seems to be pre-eminently *colour*, which becomes yellow in the light and blue in the dark part of the ray, (exhibiting the natural union of colour with chiaroscuro.) Painters have agreed to call red and yellow, and their mixtures, *warm* colours; and blue, and those tints of which the larger portion is blue, *cold* colours; the presence of all three, either in a pure or compounded state, is indispensable to harmony; and the allotting to each its due quantity and relative position, are points of the first importance in the *colouring* of a picture.—*Howard on Painting*.

THE BEREAVED.

Not a sigh was breath'd, not a tear was shed,
But her wan cheek seem'd to borrow
The pallid hue of the silent dead,
And the stamp of a lasting sorrow.
Her raven tress o'er her lovely face
In glossy ringlets streaming.
Shone like the sun when his parting trace
Is seen 'neath the twilight gleaming.
She lov'd—but the hopes of her youth had flown,
And the joy of her heart had faded
Away, like the vine when the oak is gone
Which its bloom from the tempest shaded.
His icy bonds round her blighted form
Death's ruthless hand was wreathing,
And she pined like a rose, when the canker-worm
Its noxious blight is breathing.
The grave was made, and the prayers were said,
And her corse to the dust was given.
The willow waves o'er the early dead,
But her pure soul lives in Heaven!

T. S. M.

DRUNKENNESS.—Take especial care that thou delight not in wine, for there never was a man that came to honour or preferment that loved it; for it transformeth a man into a beast, decayeth health, poisoneth the breath, destroyeth natural heat, brings a man's stomach to an artificial heat, deformeth the face, rotteth the teeth, and, to conclude, maketh a man contemptible, soon old, and despised of all wise and worthy men—hated in thy servants, in thy self, and companions; for it is a bewitching and infectious vice; and remember my words, that it were better for a man to be subject to any vice than to it, for all other vanities and sins are recovered, but a drunkard will never shake off the delight of beastliness; for the longer it possesses a man, the more he will delight in it, for it dulls the spirits and destroyeth the body, as ivy doth the old tree, or as the worm that engendereth in the kernel of a nut. Take heed, therefore, that such a careless canker pass not youth, nor such a beastly affection thy old age; for then shall all thy life be but as the life of a beast, and after thy death thou shalt only leave a shameful infamy to thy posterity, who shall study to forget that such a one was their father. Anacharsis saith, "The first draught serveth for health, the second for pleasure, the third for shame, the fourth for madness;" but in youth there is not so much as one draught permitted, for it putteth fire to fire, and wasteth the natural heat. And, therefore, except thou desire to hasten thine end, take this for a general rule, that thou never add any artificial heat to thy body, by wine or spice, until thou find that time hath decayed thy natural heat; and the sooner thou beginnest to help nature the sooner she will forsake thee, and trust altogether to art.—*Sir Walter Raleigh*.

SLEEP.—All degrees of excitement in the parts of the brain and spinal marrow associated with the nerves of the sensitive system, are followed by proportional exhaustion. The only limit to this law is the capability of bearing in those parts. Exhausted by mental excitement, the criminal is often awakened for his execution; and the soldier, both by mental and bodily excitement, sleeps by the roaring cannon.

NOVEL STEAM-BOAT.—The *Journal de Saint-Etienne* speaks of a new kind of steam-boat. It is called the *Gravin*, and is remarkable for having, in addition to the usual paddle-wheels, a large cast iron one of about 15 feet in diameter, and weighing 500 quintals, which rises or falls, according to the depth of the Rhone, and is armed with strong teeth, which take hold on the ground. The *Gravin* is used for the transport of ore from Lavotte to Givors and has carried, on an average, 300 tons a day.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

The history of this doctrine is curious. The ancients fully admitted the power of sympathy in the cure of diseases; but generally attributed its action to the interference of Divinity, or the operation of sorcery and enchantment. A remarkable affinity can be traced between modern magnetism and its supposed phenomena, and the relations of the Pythian and Sibylline oracles, the wonders of the caverns of Trophonius and Esculapius, and the miraculous dreams and visions in the temples of the gods. Amongst the Hebrews, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and Romans, we constantly discover traces of this supposed power of manual apposition, friction, breathing, and the use of the charms of music and mystic amulets. However, as the progress of intellect dispelled the dark clouds that shrouded the middle ages in superstitious and credulous prejudices, philosophy endeavoured to investigate the nature of this mysterious agency. Cardanus, Bacon, and Van Helmont pursued this study; and the latter physicians, having cured several cases by magnetism, was considered a sorcerer, and was seized by the Inquisition. In the beginning of the eighteenth century various experiments were made by the loadstone in researches regarding electricity. In 1774, Father Hell, a Jesuit and professor of astronomy at Vienna, having cured himself of a severe rheumatism by magnetism, related the result of his experiments to Mesmer. This physician was immediately struck with observations that illustrated his own theories respecting planetary influence. He forthwith proceeded to procure magnets of every form and description for the gratuitous treatment of all those that consulted him. Mesmer became the object of persecution and of ridicule, and withdrew to Switzerland and Suabia. It was there that he met with a certain Gassner of Braz, who, having fancied that an exorcism had relieved him from a long and painful malady, took it into his head to exorcise others. When his attempts failed, he accused the patient of want of faith, or of the commission of some deadly sin, which baffled his endeavours. Mesmer was not so credulous, and explained the miraculous cure of Gassner by the doctrines of the animal magnetism which he advocated. From Suabia, he returned to Vienna, whence he was expelled as a quack; and in 1778, arrived at Paris, a capital that had patronised Cagliostro and St. German, and was ever ready to be deceived by ingenious empiricism. Mesmer soon found a warm advocate of his doctrines in a Dr. D'Eslon, and animal magnetism became in fashionable vogue. Not only were men and animals subjected to their experiments, but this wonderful influence was communicated to trees and plants, and the celebrated elm-tree of Beaugency was magnetised by the Marquis de Puységur and his brother; while the enthusiastic D'Eslon absolutely went knocking from door to door to procure patients. It soon became pretty evident that these phenomena were solely to be attributed to the influence of imagination; and Doppet, one of the most ardent disciples of the new creed, frankly avowed that "those who were initiated in the secrets of Mesmer entertained more doubts on the subject than those who were in thorough ignorance of them." Notwithstanding this evidence brought forward against Mesmer's fascinating practice, he was warmly eulogised, and Herviers, a doctor of Sorbonne, did not hesitate to assert that the Golden Age was on the return; that man would be endowed with fresh vigour, live for the space of five generations, and only succumb to the exhaustion of age; that all the animal kingdom would enjoy a similar blessing; while magnetised trees would yield more abundant and delicious fruits. Such were the circumstances that attended the introduction of animal

magnetism, which to this day is defended and maintained by ardent proselytes. Sound philosophy can only attribute its wonderful phenomena to the influence of the imagination, and the all-powerful deceptive agency of faith.—*Dr. Millingen's Curiosities of Medical Experience.*

A DREAM.

I lay me down at a briery brake
Where roses hung on the eglantine,
The breezes ruffled the placid lake,
And nature appear'd to me divine:
The red-breast sate on the bending spray,
The owl from his ivied turret flew,
For the sun withdrew his ling'ring ray,
And the twilight darker, darker grew.
On a primrose bank I then reclin'd,
To hear the night bird's sad'ning song,
And smile at the heedless wailing wind
As it moved the leaves and passed along;
When oh! in a reverie calm I lay,
Till slumber silently closed my eyes,
And the purple tint of parting day
Had ting'd the clouds of the western skies!
I dreamt that a lady fair and young,
With tresses black as the raven's wing,
From Erin's emerald mountains sprung,
And made her moss-clad valleys ring;
Her breath was sweet as Araby gales,
Her eye was full as the gay gazelle's;
She look'd on her native hills and dales,
And sigh'd for her woods and fairy dells!
"Oh! once these glorious hills," she cried,
"Whose towering tops salute the skies,
Were all my glory and all my pride;
But now 'neath slavery's clouds they rise.
These shadowy glens and lonely shaws,
With briery brambles budding green,
Were given to me by nature's laws
To set in the crown of ocean's queen.
"This is the land where 'Brian the Brave'
Once vanquish'd the proud invading Danes,
Where strangers' blood empurpled the wave
Which waters Clontarf's extended plains.
O! yes it was here that Irish hearts
For liberty's cause and freedom died;
But ah! how my bleeding bosom airts
When I see my poor country's tears undried."
The maiden finished her tragic tale,
The owls were twittering passing by,
Her murmurings fell upon the gale,
And flowers around her seem'd to sigh.
She offer'd up an anxious prayer
That Erin might flourish and be free,
Then vanish'd light as liquid air
The heavenly maid, sweet LIBERTY! F.

CONSUMPTION OF COAL IN MANCHESTER.—In 1836 upwards of 900,000 tons of coal were brought into the town—of course, both for manufacturing and domestic purposes. Owing to the opening of the numerous railways which centre in Manchester, the supply of coal is now much increased. Good coal for domestic purposes is now brought into Manchester from Oldham by railway, and sold at 4½d. per cwt.

ISLE OF SKYE.—The Isle of Skye has within the last forty years furnished for the public service—21 lieutenant-generals and major-generals: 45 lieutenant-colonels; 600 majors, captains, lieutenants, and subalterns; 10,000 foot soldiers; 120 pipers; 4 governors of British colonies; 1 governor-general; 1 adjutant-general; 1 Chief Baron of England; and 1 judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland. The generals may be classed thus:—8 Macdonalds, 6 Macleods, 2 Macallisters, 2 Macaskills, 1 McKinnon, 1 Mac-Queen, and 1 Elder. The Isle of Skye is 60 miles long, and 20 broad. Truly, the inhabitants are a wondrous people. It may be mentioned that this island is the birth-place of Cuthullen, the celebrated hero mentioned in Ossian's poems.

CAPABILITIES OF WOMEN.

Women, we fear, cannot do everything, nor even everything they attempt; but what they can do, they do, for the most part, excellently, and much more frequently with an absolute and perfect success than the aspirants of our rougher and more ambitious sex. They cannot, we think, represent naturally the fierce and sullen passions of men—nor their coarser vices—nor even scenes of actual business or contention, and the mixed motives, and strong and faulty characters, by which affairs of moment are usually conducted on the great theatre of the world. For much of this they are disqualified by the delicacy of their training and habits, and the still more disabling delicacy which pervades their conceptions and feelings; and from much they are excluded by their actual inexperience of the realities they might wish to describe, by their substantial and incurable ignorance of business, of the way in which serious affairs are actually managed, and the true nature of the agents and impulses that give movement and direction to the stronger currents of ordinary life. Perhaps they are also incapable of long moral or political investigations, where many complex and indeterminate elements are to be taken into account, and a variety of opposite probabilities to be weighed before coming to a conclusion. They are generally too impatient to get at the ultimate results, to go well through with such discussions, and either stop short at some imperfect view of the truth, or turn aside to repose in the shadow of some plausible error. This, however, we are persuaded, arises entirely from their being seldom set on such tedious tasks. Their proper and natural business is the practical regulation of private life, in all its bearings, affections, and concerns; and the questions with which they have to deal in that most important department, though often of the utmost difficulty and nicety, involve, for the most part, but few elements, and may generally be better described as delicate than intricate, requiring for the solution rather a quick tact and fine perception than a patient and laborious examination. For the same reason, they rarely succeed in long works, even on subjects the best suited to their genius, their natural training rendering them equally averse to long doubt and long labour. For all other intellectual efforts, however, either of the understanding or the fancy, and requiring a thorough knowledge either of man's strength or his weakness, we apprehend them to be, in all respects, as well qualified as their brethren of the stronger sex; while, in their perceptions of grace, propriety, ridicule—their power of detecting artifice, hypocrisy, and affectation—the force and promptitude of their sympathy, and their capacity of noble and devoted attachment, and of the efforts and sacrifices it may require, they are, beyond all doubt, our superiors. Their business being, as we have said, with actual or social life, and the colours it receives from the conduct and dispositions of individuals, they unconsciously acquire, at a very early age, the finest perception of character and manners, and are almost as soon instinctively schooled in the deep and dangerous learning of feeling and emotion; while the very minuteness with which they make and meditate on these interesting observations,

and the finer shades and variations of sentiment which are thus treasured and recorded, train their whole faculties to a nicety and precision of operation, which often discloses itself to advantage in their application to studies of a very different character. When women, accordingly, have turned their minds—as they have done but too seldom—to the exposition or arrangement of any branch of knowledge, they have commonly exhibited, we think, a more beautiful accuracy, and a more uniform and complete justness of thinking, than their less discriminating brethren. There is a finish and completeness about every thing they put out of their hands, which indicates not only an inherent taste for elegance and neatness, but a habit of nice observation, and singular exactness of judgment.

ON ABSENCE FROM A DEAR FRIEND.

Still absent yet, for ever dear!

If thou but knew this heart of mine,
And felt the throb that's beating here,
You'd feel that throb resembled thine.

Tho' time may pass, yet not this heart

Shall pass away, and thee forget;

Such feelings now can never part

The hearts of two in friendship met.

Tho' far from thee, there's still a link

That binds me closer, fonder still—

That ocean's length nor depth could sink,

Save death itself were there to chill.

How happy will those moments be,

When thy fond glance again I'll meet,

And find first love the same with thee!

Our future happiness complete.

Near Finglas, Dublin,
April 18, 1843.

A. D.

MAUNDAY THURSDAY.—This term is derived by Spelman, from *mande*, a hand basket, in which the King was accustomed to give alms to the poor; by others, from *dies mandati*, the day on which our Saviour gave his mandate—that we should love one another. It of course always falls on the Thursday before Good Friday. On this day it was the custom of our kings, or their almoners, to give alms, and feed and clothe as many poor men as they were years old. It was begun by Edward the Third, at a jubilee held by him when he was fifty years of age, A.D. 1363, and is carried out annually to an extended number of pensioners by her Majesty's almoners at the Chapel Royal.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are induced to embrace an additional number in our volume, to conclude a few subjects, and to gratify several esteemed contributors. The Second Volume will be published in the ensuing week.

"E. W."—"J. L."—"INNISFALL," and others shall meet attention in our concluding number.

"M. E."—The communication has reached us. It is of great extent—we fear too much so for our columns. However, we shall look it over, and, if possible, endeavour to meet the wishes of our correspondent.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors at the Office, 2, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications are to be addressed, to the Editor.

The Trade supplied direct from the Office.

THE DUBLIN JOURNAL

OF TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

No. 27—VOL. II.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE 1½d

THE SOCIALITY OF MAN.

The first great natural want of man, arising from the constitution of his mind, is the society of his fellow-men. The hermit restrains and perverts his nature. He may escape controversy with others, but he makes war upon himself. He exists without living, and dies while he lives; for it is the essence of human life to dwell in such a position as that all the faculties of the understanding shall have full and various employment, and that all the desires and emotions of our nature shall have frequent, wholesome, and harmonious gratification and exercise. Man is so constituted, that this cannot take place except in general society. Accordingly, all tradition and history represent man as associated in some manner with his fellow men. From the earliest ages to the present time, in some form or another, under some sort of league or fellowship, the various tribes, races, and nations of mankind have associated together, have acknowledged some common head, king, or government, or have been leagued by some compact, voluntarily entered into, and often enduring for centuries, guaranteed only by the spontaneous and universal feeling of an inward and all-absorbing desire of man's nature for companionship with his fellow man. This arises not from a calculation of greater security, nor from the facilities which society affords for pecuniary gain. Society owes not its origin to a sense of fear nor to the love of money. Neither of these is sufficient to bind man to society in its worst forms, and at the hazard of sacrificing many of his dearest rights and interests. The worst social condition he can better endure than solitude. He can bear the severest blow of tyranny rather than banishment from the face of man. Accordingly, he will endure the bitterest oppression in preference to the sweetest solitude. It must be then, that from some great cause society is as necessary to his moral nature, as food or atmospheric air is to his physical—that there are many deep demands of his higher nature that can only be answered in the midst of men, and which, unsatisfied, leave such an aching void in the soul, that life becomes a burden out of human society. You

may wall in the solitary man, so that nothing can harm him; you may give him all this world's goods that he can enjoy in his lonely place, and he will pine away and wish to die; for the aching void of his nature is not filled, and he yet needs, as the vital air of heaven, the exhilarating influences of human society. These alone can breathe into his moral nature the breath of life. Surround him with men, and his moral powers, his higher and nobler faculties, spring into activity, and he moves in the moral and intellectual majesty of the noblest work of the Creator upon earth. How is this? It may be thus explained:—If it can be made to appear that man, in the social state, hath, as respects a large number of his desires and wants, as sure a guarantee for their gratification as he can possibly have out of it, then it follows that, as respects these, he loses nothing by going into society. If, moreover, it shall appear that, as to other portions of his nature, he can be better gratified in the midst of men, than as a solitary being, in so far as this portion of humanity is concerned, he becomes a gainer by human fellowship; so that, if the case were left here, we should have shown that man gains something, and surrenders nothing, in the social state. But if, in proceeding further, it can be established that his noblest endowments of intellect and sentiment cannot be exercised nor gratified in any respect, except in the midst of men, then we show a case of moral necessity—that the human constitution demands society—and we establish the absolute right of man to dwell in the society of his fellow men.

It will suffice to refer to a few instances in which the powers of our nature are as well protected and exercised, and others in which they are better provided for, in society, than in the solitary state.

1. The love of life. Life is safest in society. Such is man's nature, that he will protect his fellow rather than do him harm. Benevolence prompts to sympathy and kind protection, and the sense of justice adds force and certainty to the operation of natural beneficence.

2. The means of subsistence are greatly increased in the midst of the most civilised nations

of mankind, by a superior cultivation of the earth, by commerce, mechanical invention, and more extended and diligent labour.

3. The desire of property is held in most sacred regard by societies of men; its acquisition fostered, and the right to exclusive possession universally acknowledged. This right is not surrendered or abridged, necessarily, by society; while the means of attainment are greatly increased, by an interchange of commodities, a division of labour, improvement in the arts and sciences, and intellectual cultivation; and there need be no interference with it except for contributions for the general good, which in amount fall far short of the advantages for its acquisition and protection gained by society. Property gains by society, over and above all loss in contributions for the public use.

4. The loves of the sexes, in all well-regulated societies, are protected by the laws, and their sacred exclusiveness held inviolable. In this respect, man and woman are greatly elevated and improved by their social organisation in civilised life.

5. The same may be said of the love of offspring. The parent's love, hope, and pride, receive far greater gratification in society, than it is possible for the solitary man to enjoy.

It thus appears that these instinctive desires derive a greater gratification by human fellowship than in solitude; and as yet man is a gainer by communion with his brethren. A slight degree of reflection will also show how finely his nobler nature is attuned to human fellowship.

We may concede that the solitary man may exercise his reverence and awe—that his wonder may be indulged—and that his love of the beautiful, and his pride, may be gratified to some extent in solitude—yet it would not be difficult to show a decided advantage, in all these respects, arising to him from extensive human intercourse. But there remain certain well-defined powers, sentiments, and faculties, peculiar to man, which can have no satisfactory exercise out of general society. These are—

1. "The faculty of language implies the presence of intelligent beings, with whom we may communicate by speech."

2. Benevolence, which demands a wild field of enterprise and exertion. "It enfolds all created beings in its love. The more extended its field of action, the greater gratification flows from it. It demands many objects on which to rest with kind sympathy and expansive love. It would embrace a world of intelligent and sensitive beings in its far-reaching sympathy. It has, in its very nature, express relation to surrounding life, intelligence, and sensibility."

3. Man's sense of justice—the great monitor of the human mind, for ever prompting the inner man "to do unto another as he would that others should do unto him"—uttering the eternal rule of equity and right—demands also to be in the midst of men—in the midst of human and moral action; of which it is the great and impartial umpire. Admit a sense of justice, burning for action, "springing eternal in the human mind," having no other office than to prompt man to do right to his fellow men, and yet suppose that his superior nature can be indulged and exercised out of so-

ciety! This is the sovereign power of the human mind, the most unyielding of any; it rewards with a higher sanction, it punishes with a deeper agony, than any earthly tribunal. It never slumbers—never dies. Without this sense of right, man would be unfit for human society. With it, he is incapable of enduring solitude. It demands human conduct upon which to decide. It has no sphere of action in solitude.

E. P. H.

LOVE.

There is a feeling in the human heart,
A ray of comfort thrilling through the soul,
Which forms the essence of our life—a part
That binds and concentrates the whole.
It is a pleasure fancy cannot paint,
A glow imagination fails to move,
A joy with which language is unacquaint,
A spirit-catching flame of mutual love.
It needs no converse of the lips to tell
Th' ignited son of glowing bliss within;
It travels in each glance, a fairy spell,
Roll'd on by its own energy, to win
Th' assurance of that o'erflowing love,
Which feeds with holy and refulgent source
Each throbbing bosom, as they mingling move,
Enseen, progressing on each other's course.
To feel like this, how worth a life of toil!
If but my dying hour could bring such bliss,
'Twere cheaply bought, and then to sleep awhile,
And swoon to non-existence out of this;
But death hath terrors—granted; let them stand
In all their dread array and ghastly forms,
One earnest pressure from my love's dear hand
Would calm my soul 'gainst all that death alarms.

J. L.

CHINESE TEXTS.

The following are the texts of the sixteen discourses delivered twice every moon to the whole empire.—1. Be strenuous in filial piety and fraternal respect, that you may thus duly perform the social duties. 2. Be firmly attached to your kindred and parentage, that your union and concord may be conspicuous. 3. Agree with your countrymen and neighbours, in order that disputes and litigation may be prevented. 4. Attend to your farms and mulberry trees, that you may have sufficient food and clothing. 5. Observe moderation and economy, that your property may not be wasted. 6. Extend your schools of instruction, that learning may be duly cultivated. 7. Reject all false doctrines, in order that you may duly honour true learning. 8. Declare the laws and their penalties, for a warning to the foolish and ignorant. 9. Let humility and propriety of behaviour be truly manifested, for the preservation of good habits and laudable customs. 10. Attend each to your proper employments, that the people may be fixed in their purposes. 11. Attend to the education of youth, in order to guard them from doing evil. 12. Abstain from false accusing, that the good and honest may be in safety. 13. Dissuade from the concealment of deserters, that others be not involved in their guilt. 14. Duly pay your taxes and customs to spare the necessity of enforcing them. 15. Let the tithings and hundreds unite, for the suppression of thieves and robbers. 16. Reconcile animosities, that your lives be not lightly hazarded.

FRIENDSHIP.—This is seldom truly tried but in extremes. To find friends when we have no need of them, and to want them when we have, are both alike easy and common.—*Feltham*

JEALOUSY, OR LA BELLE FIANCEE.

(Concluded from No. 36.)

Overwhelmed with misery herself, the Countess endeavoured to prepare the wretched father for the shock that must come. At last she broke the awful tidings and by degrees he learnt all. He heard her out in silence, and then repaired to his daughter's chamber. He leant over her with distracted looks, calling her name and caressing her by turns; but she was insensible to all affection and terms of endearment. His eyes filled with tears, and, unable to controul himself, he rushed from the room in speechless agony.

"How did Leo die?" asked the Countess, mournfully.

Lord Glanmire silently took from his pocket a newspaper, and, handing it to her, pointed to a paragraph which ran thus:—

"AFFAIR OF HONOUR.—A duel was fought yesterday morning at Wimbeldon Common between Lord Evandale and the Hon. St. Ledger, which terminated fatally. Mr. St. Ledger was shot through the heart, and expired instantaneously. The origin of the quarrel is not yet positively ascertained. Some say it arose in a political dispute; while others assert a *faiver* cause, in which a *belle fiancée* was concerned."

The Countess shook from head to foot as her eye went rapidly over these fatal lines. The paper fell from her trembling hand; she gasped for breath; her eyes closed; and, ere Lord Glanmire could come to her assistance, she had fallen from her chair insensible.

Until that moment the unhappy mother had not the remotest idea of the real cause of Lady Flora's hopeless condition. She now saw it all—that newspaper had told its silent tale of horror. The orient pearl of her noble house was gone for ever; the pure and sunny heart of Lady Flora was broken.

The story of that heart is soon told. Lady Flora was the affianced bride of Leo St. Ledger, one whose great wealth was his least attraction. In person he was singularly graceful and manly, somewhat above the middle height, slight but strongly built, and exquisitely proportioned, with a face whose expressiveness was ten thousand times more attractive and winning than all the animal beauty which mere regularity of feature ever produced. His fine head, a *la Brutus*, was adorned with a profusion of dark, curling hair, shading a brow where manly thought and intellectual power held high dominion. His dark grey eyes, whether brightening with vivacity, beaming with love, or deepening with interest, were full of beauty; his smile was bland and engaging, and his exquisite voice persuasion's self!

"Gay, wealthy, and witty, accomplish'd and young,
Made for conquest his form, for persuasion his tongue."

But the noble qualities of his heart were superior to all these external graces: he was brave, manly, generous, honorable, and loving-hearted. Notwithstanding these perfections, Leo St. Ledger still had faults, and those were of a dangerous *caste*—dangerous to his own happiness. He was to a passion jealous—he was to fury impetuous, whenever that jealousy was roused. It was a passion of the brain, not the heart, which his imagination kept for ever wide awake; for no *real cause* existed beyond the precincts of his

own fertile fancy. He adored Lady Flora, yet he doubted her; her manner deceived him; he did and he did not believe she loved him; he mistook her mirthfulness and buoyancy of spirit for a light-heartedness that could care for nobody. He was so proud, he would not for the world let her see that he was *jealous*, and she never knew it—she never thought it. It never crossed her mind that his noble nature could harbour so mean a passion; yet he was in reality the most *self-torturing* of all human beings, for his wayward nature was ever at war with his best affections.

At the time he first wooed the Lady Flora, her father was a very poor though very proud nobleman. With the upright spirit of true nobility, Lord Glanmire preferred the honorable alternative of living in retirement with his family at their old castle in Ireland, to making a figure in the world of fashion on *borrowed thousands*. By an unexpected mortality he had acquired within the last year a splendid fortune, which induced him all at once to change his comparatively obscure life for the brilliant career of fashion.

How man will carve out misery for himself! Leo St. Ledger was glad at all this, solely because it gave him an opportunity—as he thought—of proving the strength of Lady Flora's attachment to himself. He postponed their marriage, and requested that their engagement should be kept *secret* as it was *sacred*. He was anxious she should pass a season in London previous to their union—a season of trial—to challenge her affection, well knowing she would become an object of great attraction, and, consequently, of pursuit; and if she passed *that* ordeal, she would be worthy of the boundless love he bore her.

The lovers parted—Lady Flora to shine in the London world, while Leo St. Ledger remained in Ireland, nursing his sensitive love, and brooding over a morbid jealousy. One month passed; a second was on the wane; meantime their correspondence was frequent, full of tenderness on his part, while her letters breathed all the virgin delicacy of expression, mingled with pure affection, which makes so dear to man the love of woman.

Notwithstanding the vivacity of her manners, Lady Flora's heart was a mine of tenderness and feeling. Her intense affection for Leo lay hushed as it were under a lively exterior, like a shining river, which is not the less deep for its silver surface. His love was the bright star of her young existence—it was light to her life! and she was so happy in the possession of that love, she thought the world in which *he* lived a paradise! and looked upon everything in it with a sunny eye.

Alas! she did not know her lover well—she did not know his *real* nature—or she would have been more chary of her smiles. The monster jealousy, which had been but sleeping in the breast of Leo, now suddenly awoke, and was roused to madness by the florid and exaggerated accounts of Lady Flora's innumerable conquests. Her success in society—the sensation she produced at court—the number and rank of her adorers—the names and titles of the favoured few from amongst whom she was likely to choose a husband—were sung forth by the newspapers as if to thwart him. He could no longer bear all this; he became *jealous*—this

jealousy soon reached a fearful height, and his inconsistency was now out of all reason. He resolved upon going at once to London, to follow and watch her, and see with *his own eyes* what effect all this homage had upon her heart.

Accordingly he set off for London privately, and arrived there the evening of the Duke of D—'s fancy ball. He readily procured a card of invitation, and went disguised as a Jew. He there witnessed Lord Evandale's devotion to *his own affianced one*, and watched, with a jaundiced eye, the manifest pleasure with which Lady Flora received his lordship's attentions.

This fired Leo's jealousy beyond all bounds. He followed her to her carriage, and *his* was the sigh which broke upon her ear and made her shudder as she passed along leaning on the arm of another.

"*I could look at Lord Evandale for ever!*" were idle words, idly spoken, and innocently meant; yet they stung the heart of the only one who heard them uttered—Leo St. Ledger. He did not wait to listen to the conclusion of the sentence, but hurried distractedly through the silent streets; his brain on fire—his hands clenched—and desperation urging him wildly on to acts of madness, mischief, and revenge. He reached his hotel in a state of mind little short of phrenzy. He looked upon Lady Flora as lost to him for ever. By turns he raved, by turns he lamented. He would accuse *her* of infidelity, *himself* of folly, and Lord Evandale of treachery and presumption. He did not know how to think rightly, for his senses were absolutely lost in a whirlwind of passion.

"Lord Evandale," cried he, distractedly, "is the destroyer of my hopes. I will have his life, or lose my own!"

Opportunity seldom fails to aid an evil cause. With a flushed cheek and flashing eye he met Lord Evandale next day. They belonged to the same club, and the impetuous Leo on entering the room sought him out. Instead of seeking an explanation, he rushed headlong into a political dispute, as a pretext for insulting Lord Evandale in the most wanton manner and unequivocal terms, which the young nobleman resented with equal fire and impetuosity.

They met, and the public prints gave the sequel.

To return to the couch of the dying Lady Flora. There lay the innocent cause of this fatal feud apparently senseless—the lustre fading from her eyes, and the hues of death stealing over her fine and delicate features. Her pulse was variable—now rapid, now feeble, now scarcely to be felt at all. Her breath came quick and short—again she did not seem to breathe. She did not utter a syllable, nor did she essay to speak; but short convulsive sighs—the echoes of a broken heart—would ever and anon break from her. Medical skill was baffled; physicians could do no more; human aid was of no avail.

It was sad and mournful to behold Lord and Lady Glanmire bending over this, their favourite child, in mute despair, watching with fearful anxiety every change which the icy finger of death was rapidly producing. The day waned and passed—the night came and went—the cold, grey dawn of morning threw its misty light into the chamber of the dying girl, but brought with it no shadow of

hope. Some hours swept by, and the feeble rays of a sickly sun fell upon the cold corpse of her who was, as it were but yesterday, the fairest, brightest, purest, fondest, best. There lay hushed that once loving heart, with all its deep affections—closed those glorious eyes and laughing lips, whose brightness and blandness were wont to vie in giving expression to a face of the most winning beauty. Thus early perished the matchless Lady Flora—the victim of intense feeling too strongly, too suddenly, and too severely tried.

There she lay beautiful even in death, like

"—the pale primroses
That die unmarried ere they fade."

How awful is the chamber of death! its stillness, its gloom, its solemnity, its mystery!

It was night—Leo St. Ledger stood at the bedside of his affianced! What a scene was there! The room was hung with white; the small French bed upon which lay the departed was decorated with white roses and flowers, emblematic of the virgin purity of her whose fresh, young spirit had just fled to Him who gave it. On the floor, at the feet of the corpse, lay, stretched at full length, poor little Blanche, Lady Flora's waiting-woman and foster sister. She had sobbed herself to sleep; grief was in her heart, and though worn out with care, and overcome by watching, her rest was unquiet, broken every now and then by heavy sighs, low murmurings, and fitful startings. Since her young mistress died, the little lonely creature had not stirred from her bed-side o-spoken. She prayed silently, and wept unceasingly; but no words came from her. The entire household were gone, and the house in charge of the undertakers; but Blanche was there.

Leo stood for several minutes like one entranced. He gazed wildly round with a bewildered eye, as if unable to comprehend the full extent of his own misery. His glance fell and rested on the lifeless form of her he had so loved, so wronged, so ruined! A tide of overwhelming anguish rushed upon him—he gasped for breath—a sickness of heart and hope came over him—a sensation of choking caught his throat—he could hardly breathe; yet, in the midst of the horrors by which he was surrounded, and writhing under an agony of feeling insupportable, *jealousy*, that fatal passion of his nature, crept into his thoughts.

"What!" cried he, with bitterness, "has Lord Evandale's death killed her?"

At the sound of his voice, Blanche awoke: she started to her feet, rubbed her eyes, and seeing who it was, screamed violently, and became convulsed with fear.

"Silence, girl!" cried he, seizing her arm, and dragging her towards him; "silence! have done with your screaming! and tell me what has caused this desolation?"

The poor girl, trembling with terror, gasped out in reply—"Thou—your—death—sir!"

"My death! what do you mean? Don't you know me?"

"The newspaper—the newspaper, which cannot be loosened from my lady's grasp, will tell you all—I cannot."

He let go his hold, and the poor frightened creature fell insensible on the floor at his feet.

Leo uncovered his head reverently, and kneeling

down at the bed side, lifted the cold hand whose death-grasp held the fatal paper. He there read the paragraph announcing *his own* instead of Lord Evandale's death.

"Who has worked this wrong?" cried he, starting to his feet like a maniac. "O! could I but meet the villain who gave this false version of the affair, I would crush him to atoms. Could I but tear his tongue from his lying throat, I would die content."

His eye-balls felt on fire; the iron had entered his soul; dark and desperate thoughts of self-destruction chased each other across his brain with the rapidity of lightning. His hopes on earth were crushed—withered—gone.

There he stood like one transfixed, vacantly gazing upon the lifeless form before him. The truth flashed upon his mind; he saw it *all!* and shivered as with an ague. Burning tears gushed from his eyes, and, in a phrenzy of grief, he flung himself beside the cold corpse of *her* who in life or death was all the world to him. He kissed her icy lips madly, wildly, as though the fervour of his kisses could call back life. He wept—wept with the convulsive sobbings of a child.

It was a long time before poor Blanche recovered from that deep swoon. When she came to herself, Leo St. Ledger was gone—gone for ever.

Believing that she had seen a ghost, and, in a state of unutterable terror, the poor girl sat coiled in a corner of the room weeping and wailing, and casting many a stealthy glance at the door, until daylight came and dispelled her fears.

How widely different were the feelings with which the wretched Leo entered Lord Glanmire's house to those which wrung his soul upon leaving it! He came in the full flush and pride of reckless passion to accuse Lady Flora of perfidy, to fling off her chains which had made him a murderer, and cast them with crushing indignation at her feet, to heap reproaches upon and fly from her for ever. He quitted that house covered with shame, remorse, and woe; his thoughts fraught with misery, his heart stung to the core with grief, and feeling that he was—a wretch, a monster.

How the false version of the duel crept into the newspapers no one could tell, nor was it ever discovered. Suspicion fell upon Leo's second, and was looked upon as a skilful *ruse* to put the civil authorities on a wrong scent, that St. Ledger might have time to escape the hands of justice; but this is only surmise. It was strange, however, that the false statement was not contradicted for some days after it appeared.

Leo St. Ledger did not long survive either of his victims: he fell into rapid decline, consuming grief was in his heart; he pined and—died.

In his last moments it was his fate to be visited by additional remorse. An English officer, residing at Beauvais, (where he died,) made him acquainted with some passages in Lord Evandale's life, by which he discovered that he had been jealous of a married man.

With powerful attractions, both of person and manner, Lord Evandale was unfortunately a man of *sensations*, not of *sentiment*—rash, headlong, the mere creature of impulse. He no sooner became of age than he married a very beautiful woman of low caste, whose personal charms captivated his

imagination; but whose common mind and underbred habits dissolved the charm, and rendered him an object of aversion rather than love ere the honeymoon was well over.

Lord Evandale, who was an only son, and the hope of an ancient and honourable family, dared not confess what he had done, and he blushed to own it even to himself. To banish reflection, he plunged into all sorts of gaieties. He for ever sought excitement—"vive le joie," was his motto; "catch pleasure as it flies," his aim. Born for everything great and good, *one false step* coloured his whole after-existence, and he was at heart a miserable man, though basking in all the sunshine of an admiring world.

Lord and Lady Glanmire never completely recovered the shock of Lady Flora's death. They returned to Ireland, and for a long time lived in mournful seclusion. The privation of the heart is hard to bear, and whose heart is like to a *mother's*? Poor Lady Glanmire! she lived on with an everlasting blight upon her heart.

Daughters of beauty—of dazzling beauty—grew up and adorned the noble house of Glanmire; but not *one* who could hold comparison with the peerless Lady Flora.

The young Lord Altamont was in India with his regiment when the melancholy news of these tragical events reached him. He was stunned and horrified. Lady Flora's death was the first shock he ever received—it was the last he ever cared for. He was a brave young soldier, and became a distinguished man; but he never married, nor seemed to care for life or its pleasures; and whenever his eye rested on the lovely form of woman, sad and mournful thoughts would come of *her* who was his playmate in childhood, his companion in boyhood, his pride in manhood, and ever and always his loving-hearted, gentle, twin-sister.

Who with a heart would not weep her early death?—who that ever beheld her could forget her meteor-like existence?

"Deep for the dead the grief must be
Who never gave cause to mourn before."

KATH.

CONSTANCY.

Not so far me—I could not brook
A love that changed with every wind,
A colder tone, a calmer look,
A passion less refined.
Though deep might flow the blessed tide,
I would not that its waves aside
Should turn a moment, though I knew
Again they'd seek the channel true.

I could not bear an altered eye,
I could not list a careless lay—
A thoughtless tone, whose vague reply
Told the heart was far away.
I would not other lips should praise
I would not other eyes should gaze,
If one, and only one, alone
Felt the deep love that matched my own.

I would be praised all else above,
Valued as some peculiar star,
Worshipped as if no other gem
Lit the blue arch afar.
Mine the heart's deep devotion be,
Unchanging—half idolatry,
The polar beam, whose light divine
Nor sets nor fades—such love be mine!

R.

STUDY OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

A mind which has once imbibed a taste for scientific inquiry, and has learned the habit of applying its principles readily to the cases which occur, has within itself an inexhaustible source of pure and exciting contemplations. One would think Shakspeare had such a mind in view when he describes a contemplative man as finding

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Accustomed to trace the operation of general causes and the exemplification of general laws, in circumstances where the uninformed and uninquiring eye perceives neither novelty nor beauty, he walks in the midst of wonders; every object which falls in his way elucidates some principle, affords some instruction, and impresses him with a sense of harmony and order. Nor is it a mere passive pleasure which is thus communicated. A thousand questions are continually arising in his mind, a thousand subjects of inquiry presenting themselves, which keep his faculties in constant exercise, and his thoughts perpetually on the wing; so that lassitude is excluded from his life, and that craving after artificial excitement and dissipation of mind, which leads so many into frivolous, unworthy, and destructive pursuits, is altogether eradicated from his bosom.—*Herschel on the Study of Natural Philosophy.*

HEAT.—The transmitting power of rock-salt being constant for all kinds of heat, that is, heat of all temperatures, it is easy to see that it must be of great importance in carrying on investigations relative to the nature of radiant heat. Lenses formed of it are true burning glasses; for they are capable by their refractive power of concentrating the feeblest rays to a focus, in the same manner as glass lenses concentrate luminous rays which are made to pass through them. By this means we are able to obtain very decided indications of heat emanating from a vessel of tepid water placed at a short distance, or even from the hand. A prism formed of the same substance is even more useful; for, from this we learn that the physical distinction between intercepted and transmitted portions of heat is to be found in the different refrangibility of the rays of heat radiating from sources of different temperatures; being to heat what colourless glass is to white light, it allows rays of all degrees of refrangibility to pass through its substance, furnishing us with a calorific spectrum, which, compared with the luminous spectrum, shows that the mean refrangible of heat is less than that of white light. Thus the most refrangible calorific rays fall no higher than the middle of the luminous spectrum, whilst the least refrangible fall considerably below the limits of the least refrangible (red) rays of light. The light transmitted by alum is by this means shown to be the very least refrangible rays, and that glass and gypsum give passage to the rays of least and mean refrangibility. The former may thus be compared in its action upon heat to ruby-red glass in reference to light; while glass and other bodies which transmit rays of least and mean refrangibility, may be supposed to resemble orange-coloured glasses, which intercept the blue and violet rays of light, but transmit the red and yellow. On the other hand, a plate of rock-salt, when smoked, becomes to heat what blue glass is to light—it excludes the rays of least refrangibility; and when such a plate is combined with a plate of alum, all the incident heat is intercepted precisely as a double plate, composed of blue and orange glasses, producing perfect opacity, the one absorbing the portion of light which alone the other is capable of transmitting.

SONG OF SORROW.

Child of sorrow, what is life?
Wherefore on this cold earth stay?
Trouble, pain, and woe are rife—
Child of sorrow, hence, away!

Child of sadness, all is gone,
All that made life, life to thee;
As the light that lately shone
O'er the dark and gloomy sea.

Weep no more, in silence grieving,
Seek thy home in distant skies;
Seek the land where, none deceiving,
Love and friendship are not lies.

Lo! the grass to-day that groweth,
Ere to-morrow's sun it dies;
Lo! the rainbow one while sheweth,
Lost the next in watery skies.

So is hope, oh! child of sorrow,
Beaming bright and fair to-day,
Gone in gloom before to-morrow—
Child of sadness, wherefore stay?

Last summer's flower is past away,
Gone the star of yesternight;
Where is now the bulb's lay,
Which charmed too well all morning's light?

Hopes like summer flowers decay,
Friends like stars of yesternight,
And love is like the bulb's lay,
Which, soon or late, must see the light!

Again we'll see the bright arch shining,
Stars we'll see, and birds we'll hear;
But love and hope, if once declining,
Rest for ever on their bier.

Yet weep no more, oh! broken-hearted,
Weep not that each joy is past;
Friendship scorned, and love departed,
All of earth is fading fast!

Mourn no more that joy is fleeting,
Earth will soon be nought to thee!
Hark! thy tortured pulse's beating
Tells that thou shalt soon be free.

Like the leaf in cold November,
Like the wave that seeks the shore,
Like the scarcely burning ember,
So thy life will soon be o'er!

Child of sorrow, what is life?
Wherefore on this cold earth stay?
Trouble, pain, and woe are rife—
Child of sorrow, hence, away!

INIMITABLE.

INGENIOUS DEVICE.—A galvanic protector to plants &c., from the ravages of snails and slugs, has been recently successfully applied thus:—Enclose the plant or bed with a slip of zinc, four or five inches in breadth, as with a hoop; rivet to it near the upper edge a strip of sheet copper one inch broad, turning down the zinc over it so as to form a rim composed of zinc, copper, and zinc. The galvanic action of the two metals produces the deterring effect, for when the snail creeps up the rim of the zinc, it receives a galvanic shock as soon as its horn or head touches the part where the copper is enclosed, causing it to recoil or turn back.

GREAT PYRAMID OF GIZEH.—A model of this pyramid made from the surveys and observations of Mr. Perring, C.E., was exhibited at a late meeting of the Society of Arts, London. The Great Pyramid originally occupied an area equal to 568,600 superficial feet, or almost 13½ English acres, the side of the square being 767,424 feet. The original perpendicular height of this structure was 479,640 feet, and the total contents of solid masonry equal to 89,418,806 cubic feet, weighing 6,878,366 tons. Taking the masonry at only 1s. a cubic foot, including carriage, materials, and workmanship, the cost of such a structure would be 4,470,940l.

BAZAARS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

One of the chief objects of interest in this great metropolis is the bazaars, which consist of extensive ranges of stalls, all open in front, and under cover of a common roof. Separate lines, or streets, are allotted to the respective trades. Thus, in one part, shoemakers, sitting in two opposite rows, expose for sale all kinds of Turkish slippers, of various colours, some ornamented with silk, others brocaded with gold: in another, a number of venerable old men are seen, with spectacles on their noses, pondering over the Koran, or a horoscope, the one conveying to them as many ideas as the other; for, probably, they understand neither; these are booksellers, whose piles exhibit sundry beautifully-illustrated manuscripts in Persian, Arabic, and Turkish, for which they demand enormous prices. We asked for a Koran, but they refused to allow a "giaour" (an infidel) even to look at one. It is by no means, however, impossible to obtain a copy of the Mohammedan sacred volume, as a Turkish servant will convey it to a private house for inspection, with the secret concurrence of the bookseller, whose conscience will be satisfied, since he does not place it in the hands of an unbeliever. The objection of the Turks to submit the Koran to the perusal of others is a proof, even if history were silent, that their faith was never indebted, for its extension, to reason or persuasion.

The drug bazaar presents a curious assortment of eastern specifics and cosmetics, of which the principal are the rhubarb, henna, and orpiment. Henna is an orange-coloured powder, used by the females of the country to dye the tips of their nails and fingers; orpiment is a sulphuret of arsenic, which they value as a depilatory, forming it into a paste with lime, and applying it to the upper lip to remove superfluous hairs.

One portion of the bazaar, said to be the richest quarter of the whole, is appropriated to arms. Here, sparkling with brilliants, or devoured by rust, may be seen the long Turkish sword, the Greek yataghan, and the Italian stiletto, ranged side by side with the Tartan matchlock, and the Persian bow.

The jewellers, of course, have a row of stalls; but their assortment is a poor one. A few pair of ear-rings, and other small trinkets, are exhibited in glass-cases, to be sold by weight at moderated prices; but if the purchaser would see valuables, which are not the less abundant because not displayed, he must retire to the dealer's private residence, where precious stones and diamonds will be exhibited to him in surprising profusion. The reason for concealing these under such a government as that of Turkey, is obvious: to produce them in public would ensure the loss of property, perhaps of life.

One entire street is filled with saddles and harness: the former are covered with cloth, and furnished with a high knob in front, like those in Crimea; the latter is rude in texture, and simple in contrivance, but adorned with a profusion of gold and silver wire-work, representing the sultan's cipher, or the arms of the city.

Another street contains shops for the manufacture and sale of the chibouque, and its component parts, the mouth-piece, stick, and tobacco-holder. The last is formed of red earth, and shaped like the bowl of the common English pipe, but somewhat larger; the sticks are about five feet in length, of cherry or jessamine wood; the straightest and best bear a high price: but the luxury of the moslim is chiefly manifested in his mouth-piece, made of amber, the beauty of which consists in its paleness and opacity. The price of a chibouque knows no limit, as it may be set with diamonds and other precious stones to any extent.—*Rev. C. R. Elliot.*

TULIPS.—The tulip, so named, it is said, from a Turkish word, signifying a turban, was introduced into western Europe about the middle of the sixteenth century. Conrad Gesner, who claims the merit of having brought it into repute, little dreaming of the extraordinary commotion it was to make in the world, says that he first saw it in the year 1559, in a garden at Augsberg, belonging to the learned counsellor Herwart, a man very famous in his day for his collection of rare exotics. The bulbs were sent to this gentleman by a friend at Constantinople, where the flower had long been a favourite. In the course of ten or eleven years after this period, tulips were much sought after by the wealthy, especially in Holland and Germany. Rich people at Amsterdam sent for the bulbs direct to Constantinople, and paid the most extravagant prices for them. The first roots planted in England were brought from Vienna in 1600. Until the year 1634, the tulip annually increased in reputation, until it was deemed a proof of bad taste in any man of fortune to be without a collection of them. A trader at Harlaem was known to pay one half of his fortune for a single root, not with the design of selling it again at a profit, but to keep in his own conservatory for the admiration of his acquaintance. The demand for tulips of a rare species increased so much in the year 1636, that regular marts for their sale were established on the Stock Exchange of Amsterdam, in Rotterdam, Harldam, Leyden, Alkmar Hoorn, and other towns. Nobles, citizens, maid-servants, even chimney-sweeps and old clothes-women, dabbled in tulips. People of all grades converted their property into cash, and invested it in flowers. Houses and lands were offered for sale at ruinously low prices, or assigned in payment of bargains made at the tulip mart. At last, however, the more prudent began to see that this folly could not last for ever. Rich people no longer bought the flowers to keep them in their gardens, but to sell them again, at cent. per cent. profit. It was seen that somebody must lose fearfully in the end. Hundreds, who, a few months previously, had begun to doubt that there was such a thing as poverty in the land, suddenly found themselves the possessors of a few bulbs which nobody would buy, even though they offered them at one quarter the sums they had paid for them. Many who, for a brief season, had emerged from the humbler walks of life, were cast back into their original obscurity. Substantial merchants were reduced almost to beggary, and many a representative of a noble line saw the fortunes of his house ruined beyond redemption.—*Mackay.*

BATHING.—This, when judiciously employed, has a healthful tendency to determine to the surface, and to equalise the circulation. Under ordinary circumstances the shock of a sudden plunge into cold water excites so great a reaction, that, with the aid of immediate friction, the capillaries are vigorously stimulated, which is evinced by the glow of health felt through the whole frame—a certain indication, when felt, that the measure is a salutary one. If, however, the cold bath be continued in too long, or if it be used at all in an enfeebled state of the constitution, so that no sufficient reaction take place, or even none at all, it is impossible to adopt a more useless and injurious expedient. A complete and prolonged depression of the powers of life may be the consequence, and even life itself has been lost in this way. Under such circumstances, the warm and vapour baths, which have an immediate tendency to relax the skin and determine to the surface, may be beneficially resorted to, if their temperature be not raised too high. But great care must be taken as to exposure to cold after their use. Some persons, however, are less disposed to take cold after a warm bath than before.

EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALIA.

To the Editor of the Dublin Journal.

SIR—Having in your last number offered a few observations on the ill-consequences attendant on the poor man's emigrating to Australia, I shall now glance at the beneficial results arising to and by the rich man's emigrating to that country.

Never was there a climate more conducive to the health, wealth, and prosperity of the capitalist than Australia, especially the more southern parts of the island—Adelaide, Melbourne, Geelong, &c., and also the western coast by St. George's Sound, Swan River, &c. Some men whom I had met, when in Australia, endeavoured to cloak their gains, and represent their losses to a great extent, adding that "they were very sorry they ever came to the colony;" yet I afterwards learned that each of these men was in the receipt of at least £4,000 a-year—although, when they arrived in the colony a few years previously, each could not boast of more than £200 capital! These persons were principally dealers in sheep, and their object in screening their gains, and refusing to afford information, was to keep the lucrative trade from being embarked in by others.

The following hints will guide the emigrant:—

1. The capitalist who intends embarking for Australia has no reason to doubt as to his future success.

2. Money to a person going there is the chief main-stay to his future hopes; without it (even if he has a profession or trade) he has no business in that country.

3. The different towns in Australia, by late arrivals, are completely overstocked by professional men, traders, and labourers without money. It is impossible for those newly-constructed towns to support such a deluge of poverty coming in on their yet feeble resources; there is a sufficiency of pauper emigrants in that country for the future ten or fifteen years. What is wanting now to give those beings employment, and to rouse them from their present state of lethargy, is the capitalist.

4. The capitalist will not alone have the happiness of benefitting himself to a large amount, but he will be doing a most material service to his fellow man.

5. £2,000 is sufficient capital going to Australia, but more would be desirable—say double that, or £5,000. It may appear incredible to the reader that from the latter sum (if managed with precaution in the space of six years) would be produced a profit to the amount of £50,000; yet I, and others, have made that the estimate, and if there is any mistake, it lies in underrating. The reader may be curious to know how that immense profit is to be obtained in so short a period. I answer briefly—By "the wool trade."

6. The "wool trade" is most valuable, and one that will be of long duration in that part of the globe; for, in the world (it is the opinion of many travellers) there is not a finer wool than the Australian. The soil for cattle in that country seems to be of a different quality from that in any other; it never tends to fatten the sheep, cows, or bullocks; and it is said, "the greater the poverty of the sheep when shorn, the finer the wool!" That I believe to be the case, for I once witnessed (about twenty miles from the town of Melbourne,

near Mount Macedon,) the shearing of two sheep, and compared the wool of the fatter of the two with the other, and found it to be of a far inferior quality. The mutton is in general very poor, but still it is palatable and cheap, (3d. per lb.;) the beef is of a second rate order, and, I should say, has a good flavour; the best is 3½d. per lb. The property of capitalists consist more in the wool of the sheep than in the sheep themselves. Persons ignorant of the fact might be greatly deceived from the bulky appearance of the sheep before shorn as to their condition in flesh; but the greater the bulk of wool before the sheep is shorn, the less the flesh.

7. The capitalist will find horses, pigs, fowl, butter, eggs, milk, &c., very dear at first; but that will not be of long duration; he will be able to supply himself and household in a few short months with all these necessaries. There is one great point for the consideration of the capitalist, which is, labour is cheap, when three years ago it was enormously high. The capitalist cannot be at a loss now for workmen, (as was formerly the case,) but can employ as many hands as he stands in need of.

8. The capitalist, on arrival in Australia, should not be led away by idle curiosity—going about from Sidney to Newcastle, from Newcastle to Port Philip, from Port Philip to Adelaide, and from thence to Hobart Town and Launceston—the last-named towns being in Van Diemen's Land. The expense of these minor excursions is exorbitant.

9. The climate of Australia throughout the year (with very few exceptions) in the winter is warm—in the summer excessively hot, so much so, that persons have been known to sink under it. Drinking spirits during the day should be avoided, and ginger beer, &c. only used.

10. On the capitalist's arrival in Australia he should not spend a day in indolence; for one brings on another, time rolls by, and nothing is done for the enlargement of his purse or the welfare of the poor around him. A steady perseverance in business will surmount all obstacles.

11. The sperm oil trade is also profitable, and deserving the attention of the capitalist. Engagement in both trades—wool and oil—would, if pursued vigorously, soon make a man rich.

12. I would advise the capitalist to visit Melbourne; remain there a short period; then go about forty or fifty miles inland, and purchase ground, together with sheep and bullocks—the latter are generally used under carts, drags, &c.; get a house built either of wood or brick—the former would not cost more than £150—the latter, in consequence of the distances from the town, would cost nearly £1,000!

13. The following is a list of the clothing, &c. the capitalist will require going to Australia:—12 coats of different qualities, 3 jackets, 2 doz. trousers light and heavy, 1 doz. vests, 5 doz. shirts, 1 doz. ganzy frocks, 4 doz. stockings, 2 doz. pocket-handkerchiefs, 1 doz. fancy neckkerchiefs, 1 doz. flannel drawers, ½ doz. umbrellas to keep off the sun, 4 Manilla broad-rimmed hats, 1 doz. boots and shoes—also all kinds of metal and hardware, a gun, fishing-tackle, &c.

April 25, 1843.

A. D.

RETREAT FROM CABUL.

On the 6th January the retreat commenced. There were no tents save two or three small palls that arrived. All scraped away the snow as best they might, to make a place to lie down on. The evening and night were intensely cold: no food for man or beast procurable, except a few handfuls of bhoosa, for which we paid from five to ten rupees. Captain Johnson, in our great distress, kindly pitched a small pall over us; but it was dark, and we had few pegs; the wind blew in under the sides, and I felt myself gradually stiffening. I left the bedding, which was occupied by Mrs. Sturt and her husband, and doubled up my legs in a straw chair of Johnson's, covering myself with my poshteen. * * Previous to leaving cantonments, as we must abandon most of our property, Sturt was anxious to save a few of his most valuable books, and to try the experiment of sending them to a friend in the city. Whilst he selected these, I found, amongst the ones thrown aside, Campbell's Poems, which opened at Hohenlinden; and, strange to say, one verse actually haunted me day and night:

Few, few shall part where many meet,
And snow shall be their winding sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

I am far from being a believer in presentiments; but this verse is never absent from my thoughts.

It was arranged that the married men, with their wives and children, should be placed under the protection of Akabar Khan, and they were forthwith marched off to the Khoord Cabul forts, and thence to Jaugdaluk. It would be impossible for me to describe the feelings with which we pursued our way through the dreadful scenes that awaited us. The road covered with awfully mangled bodies, all naked: fifty-eight Europeans were counted in the Tunghee and dip of the Nullah; the natives innumerable. Numbers of camp followers, still alive, frost-bitten and starving; some perfectly out of their senses and idiotic. Major Ewart 54th, and Major Scott, 44th, were recognised as we passed them; with some others. The sight was dreadful; the smell of the blood sickening; and the corpses lay so thick, it was impossible to look from them, as it required care to guide my horse so as not to tread upon the bodies.—*Lady Sale's Journal.*

"EVIL EYE."—Uwins tells me there is in Naples a prevailing superstition like what we have in Scotland, but carried to a far greater extent—of the influence of an evil eye. This belief is so universal, that, as a charm against it, the horn, either in shape or in material, is worn by almost all persons of rank; that wanting this, the putting up two fingers the fore-finger and little-finger, is resorted to, in presence of one known from appearance or reputation to possess this baneful aspect. To be accused of such a power, however, by having presented to you the mystichorn, is considered the greatest insult, for which no revenge can be too great; for as the family of such a being share with him the dread and obloquy, the relations join in repelling by violence such an insinuation. This was shown lately by the fate of a dramatic writer who made the ridicule of this direful prepossession the subject of a comedy. He was indiscreet enough to introduce a lawyer or judge suspected of this power, almost by name, as a leading character in his piece, and marked it by circumstance so strongly that all could trace the likeness. The day after the first representation, the author, being in a cafe, was respectfully called into the street as if on business, when in an instant he was assailed by half a dozen persons with bludgeons, and had his skull fractured so severely that he died a day or two after.—*Life of Sir D. Wilkie.*

ON FRIENDS THAT ARE DEAD.

A summer day is here, but not
Dear friends to bask beneath its smile;
Cut off, and to the world forgot,
Save to a few that do beguile
The moments as they pass in grief,
Who find the world, but not relief.

Oh! yes, they've died and pass'd away,
Each blossom of a kindred heart;
Ah! must such beauty know decay,
And leave us mourning, so depart?
Oh! better had life's tender vein
Ne'er ran, than such decay hath been!

Not with returning summer's bloom
Their wonted charms assume again,
Since now, alas! death's pallid gloom
On their loved features doth remain,
While melancholy's clouds o'ercast
The fond memory of the past.

Ah! who are they that feel not so?
That ever would forgetful prove,
And think not this the deepest woe,
To find those absent whom they love
Cut off from life, while they remain
To feel at heart sad sorrow's pain?

Adieu! dear friends, adieu! from here
Snatched from this life in youth's mild hour,
Amid our sighs, one gen'ral tear,
To think such beauty so should low'r,
And age and sorrow to survive—
Oh! what is life?—to be alive!

A. D.

EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

Smeaton, in his work on the lighthouse at Eddystone, after describing the former ones, and showing their defects, proceeds to explain his original conception of that celebrated work. "On this occasion," says Smeaton, "the natural figure of the waist or bole of a large spreading oak presented itself to my imagination. Its top, when full of leaves, is subject to a very great impulse from the agitation of violent winds; yet partly by its elasticity, and partly by the natural strength arising from its figure, it resists them all, even for ages. It is rare that we hear of such a tree being torn up by the roots. Let us now consider its particular figure. Connected with its roots, which lie hid below ground, it rises from the surface thereof with a large swelling base, which at the height of one diameter is generally reduced by an elegant curve, concave to the eye, to a diameter less by at least one third, and sometimes to half, of its original base. From thence its taper diminishing more slowly, its sides by degrees come into a perpendicular, and for some height form a cylinder. Now, we can hardly doubt but that every section of the tree is nearly of an equal strength in proportion to what it has to resist; and were we to lop off its principal boughs, and expose it in that state to a rapid current of water, we should find it as much capable of resisting the action of the heavier fluid, when divested of the greatest part of its clothing, as it was that of the lighter when all its spreading ornaments were exposed to the fury of the wind. And hence we may derive an idea of what the proper shape of a column of the greatest stability ought to be, to resist the action of external violence, where the quantity of matter is given whereof it is to be composed."

PADDY THE LEAPER

It was a beautiful morning in July, in the year 1820, that a countryman might be seen driving (if driving it might be termed, for he used no other stimulant than his voice) a team of well-appointed horses, whose respective cars were loaded with fresh clover, in the direction of the village of Kilcoole. Paddy Byrne (for that was our hero's name) walked silently onward until arriving at the eminence which overlooks the village, commanding a view of its principal street. He stopped the horses, and looking curiously forward, shading his eyes with his hand, exclaimed—

"It's aogers they are; aye, sure enough it is; and well I ought to know them, the Turks—wid their bright bay'nets and their red coats. For three days they hunted me like a beast of the field, the blood-thirsty villins; bud I escaped them, thank God, an' I don't care a shraw for thim now!"

Removing his hand, having satisfied himself, he put his team again in motion, and the trio moved at a slow pace down towards the village, in the centre of whose street a regiment of soldiers had halted, in consequence of one of the baggage horses being unable to proceed—for, as their rout had been hasty and unexpected, they had to march from Wicklow that morning at a very early hour, and having to take the first cars they could get, (which were very indifferent,) and the load being heavy, one of the horses fell and was injured, and they had now halted for the purpose of procuring a fresh horse and refreshing themselves during the delay, when Paddy made his appearance. Paddy seemed to be about forty years of age, but his frame had lost nothing of the vigour and activity of youth—for his unexampled powers of leaping, easting the stone, wrestling, or any other of the rustic pastimes, (but more particularly the first mentioned,) had obtained for him the appellation of "Paddy the Leaper;" and an incident of his early life tended not a little to substantiate the title. He was one of those who, in the year 1798, took a very prominent part in the great political and religious struggle of that period. Being one day taken prisoner, he contrived to effect his escape by stratagem; but was closely pursued for three successive days by a party of the militia, who were most anxious to secure him, he being the principal leader and captain of the rebels in that county. On the third day they were close upon him, and considered his capture as certain, as a ravine of considerable width, and swelled by late rains so as to be seemingly impassable, lay directly in his front, while his pursuers extended themselves on either side so as to prevent any attempt at a deviation from a straight course, thinking the ravine would obstruct his passage in that direction; but "they reckoned without their host," for, by a desperate leap, he cleared the foaming torrent, and succeeded in effecting his escape into the impenetrable fastnesses of the Wicklow mountains, leaving his astonished pursuers to believe that nothing short of evil agency enabled him to pass the frightful chasm. It is therefore not surprising that he should have contracted an aversion to soldiers, as their appearance reminded him of bygone scenes of warfare and terror. As he approached the foremost group, (who were collected round the baggage cart, from

which they were unyoking the horse, removing the trunks, &c.,) he was accosted by an officer who was directing the proceedings, a young gentleman but newly entered the service—

"I say, countryman, halt; you must let us have one of your horses. I demand it in the king's name for the king's purpose."

Paddy, who was passing onwards when thus addressed, uttered his injunction of stoppage to his team, and answered, with unaffected and all-concealed contempt—

"Why, thin, I often heard that 'mast is for the king and not for his min.'"

"You know, my good fellow," retorted the lieutenant, "there is another adage, that 'necessity needs no law.'"

Paddy was prevented from replying by the appearance of the captain of the regiment, a fine, portly, jolly-looking personage, who inquired—

"What is the matter?—what is all this about?"

"Och, nothing, yer honour; but this gentleman here says I *must* give my horse and car to take the luggage; an' it's not bud I would do it with a heart and half, as the poor man's horse seems badly able to go on—that is, if a body was asked decently, and not ordered like the slaves in Amerriky, or as if—"

"Well, well, my good fellow," said the captain, interrupting him, "we do not want your time or your horse for nothing; you will be paid for both; but you see how we are situated—the other horse is unable to proceed, and as we cannot spare time to go look for another, of a necessity we must have yours; not but I think we might go farther and fare worse, for I have not seen a match for your horses and appointments since we begun the march."

The latter compliment had the desired effect, and Paddy, who prided himself on the appearance of his horses, was flattered into acquiescence: giving the mare in charge to a little boy to bring home, he commenced, with the assistance of some of the men, to transfer to his own car the trunks and other articles of the party, saying aloud as he proceeded—

"Well bud it's asey to know a gintleman anyhow; there's something in being asked that way, not to be spoken to as if you were a Turk."

All things being now in readiness, the word was given, and the men defiled through the narrow street with the measured tread of the march, on their route to Dublin—the main body moving first, and Paddy, with a small escort as baggage guard, bringing up the rear. In this manner they had proceeded for several miles through a country possessing the beautiful and romantic in the most striking colours. They had now arrived at a part of the road which a narrow stream only divided from an open space of several acres, and the men betraying evident symptoms of fatigue, owing to the heat of the day, the captain thought it advisable to allow the party to rest for an hour. As soon as the welcome word "halt!" was given, some eagerly divested themselves of their hats to drink of the purling stream, whose incessant murmur seemed to invite the thirsty to partake of its crystal waters; whilst others disposed themselves on the green sward to discuss whatever refreshment their canteen afforded, and some of the

younger members of the corps gathered eagerly round Paddy, who had now overtaken the body, and after putting a support under the car, and procuring an armful of grass for the horse, had seated himself on a stone, and was enumerating, (with additions,) in his own graphic manner, the incidents and anecdotes of the surrounding country. He was soon encircled by a crowd of anxious listeners, all desirous of hearing his singular and original stories.

"Aye, indeed," said he, addressing one of his listeners, a Scotchman, who had unstrapped his knapsack, and was seated on it opposite, and having expressed a doubt on the veracity of a statement made by Paddy, who was asserting with great enthusiasm the superiority of Irishmen in every particular, and, as a proof, said that when he was a grown up gossoon he knew a young man who, "on that very hill forninst you," he said, pointing to the distant mountain, which was situated in a direct line with the back of the individual addressed, "got away from a whole regiment of kelties,* just by leaping a bit of river about four and twenty feet wide or so, and there wasn't a man among them would offer at it whin they saw the wather runnin' like a mill sthrane, bubbling and biling like mad; bud small blame to them, they did not like to fall in an' they having nothing but their pettycoats on!"

At this part of the narrative the soldier, named Sandy M'Gregor, shrugged his shoulders and remarked—"Weel, weel, mon, I canna believe that a highland burn wad ever stap a highland loddie; but hoot awa, mon, it could na ha been twenty-four feet wide, or your friend wad ha been smuired; for I niver ken'd a mon yet could beat Sandy M'Gregor, and that's my bonnie self, at a running loup, an yet I niver beat seven yerds."

"Aye, indeed," said Paddy, reiterating his assertion, "and that without wettin' the sole of his shoe either, or his foot I should say, for sorra a shoe he had on barrin' a pair o' traheens; bud that is not this—you say you can leap well; musha did you ever giv a hop, step, and leap, Mr. MacGregor?"

"Aye, have I, and I niver ken'd a mon yet could better me in a hop, skip, and loup," replied Sandy with triumph.

"Why, thin," said Paddy, "if you'd just take the throuble to let us see how far you can go; I'll go bail I'll get it beat anyhow."

A general cry of "Now, Mac, my boy—now, M'Gregor, up with you—show him a pattern," and other similar expressions from the bystanders, induced the Scotchman to comply. So, removing his boots, and adjusting his clothes, he prepared to display his best powers of leaping. The stand was marked on the most favourable ground, and officers and men were attracted to the spot. After a preparatory jump or two, he gave a hop, step, and leap which elicited the applause of all present, as being the best they had ever seen given. All eyes were now fixed on the ungainly figure of Paddy, who, placing his heel carefully to the stand, stepped the space with great exactness and

deliberation: then turning to Sandy, he remarked, with seeming mortification—"Bedad, Mr. Mac Gregor, that is a good leap; bud I think I saw an old man here a while go with the cart that id be able to beat it."

"I will wager five pounds," remarked the young subaltern, (eyeing Paddy with a triumphant look,) there is not a man in the county able to beat it."

A murmur of approbation ran through the crowd, as Paddy paused, seemingly dumb-founded. "Why, yer honour," he replied, "a poor man like me is seldom throubled with much money, bud if you would bet the five pound agin the horse and car, which is worth more nor twice that, I'll get an old man in fifteen minutes that 'ill beat it hollow."

"Agreed," said the young lieutenant, taking out his watch and a note for the amount—"And mind," he added, "if you do not procure a person before fifteen minutes to beat that leap, I certainly will detain your horse. Here, Malone, (addressing the serjeant,) you heard the wager—here is my five pounds, and there is his horse, if he does not fulfil his promise."

"Oh! bedad fairplay is a jewel—I never went back o' my word yit," replied Paddy; and moving out of the crowd, he proceeded to the road, seemingly in search of some person, followed by the most anxious, who were desirous of getting the first glance at the individual on whose prowess he had ventured to stake so unequal a wager. During his absence the officers had collected in a group, and were counting the minutes and joking about Paddy, when that individual appeared, (amid the jeers of those who had accompanied him, on his non-success,) and with a woe-begone expression of countenance, (yet in which a skilful physiognomist might have detected an expression of confident sagacity,) he said—"Begor, yer honour, I can't find him anywhere, the thiev'in villin: how many minits have I yit to sarch?"

"Only nine minutes," replied the ensign.

"Well, thin, I haven't any time to lose, an' as I can't find him, I suppose I must thry it myself."

So, taking off his conical felt hat, he placed it carefully at the mark of the Scotchman's leap, then turning up the capacious skirts of his coat, so as to form a firm bundle at his back, and divesting his feet of his brogues, taking one in each hand, he walked deliberately to the stand—then receding six or seven inches, he gave a preliminary bend or two of his knees, to ascertain if their muscular powers were in proper condition, and saying—"Here goes at any rate!"—off he bounded, and the third time his feet touched terra firma, it was at a distance of fully three feet beyond the felt hat, above whose sugar-loaf crown he had passed nearly a foot! A general burst of applause followed this exploit of Paddy, who quietly resuming his hat, let down the skirts of his coat, and putting on the brogues, walked over to the serjeant, for the purpose (as he used to say himself) of "changing owners with the five pound."

"Well, didn't I tell you," observed a brother officer to the Neutenant, as taking his arm, he led him from the crowd, "that you would lose the wager? I saw it in his eye, and I knew he was sure of winning."

"Oh! hang the five pound, I don't value it a

* Paddy had transformed the militia into highlanders in his story, that the incident might astonish the Scotchmen.

thought," replied the lieutenant; "but I am vexed at being outwitted by an Irish carter. I thought the fellow was merely boasting to astonish M'Gregor, and I wanted to silence him; but I find the Irish peasantry are unrivalled for sarcasm."

The party soon after resumed their march. When they arrived at Bray, Paddy was allowed to return, being first *liberally* paid for his trouble, and exulting within himself at having again outwitted the soldiers. With his departure, however, his fame did not go; for many years the name and exploit of *Paddy the Leaper* was talked of and wondered at in the regiment. C. C.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Farewell to thee, dearest,
No longer I stay,
Valour is calling
To battle away.
The trumpet is sounding,
I hear its wild blast,
One kiss ere I go, love,
Perchance 'tis the last.
Farewell to thee, dearest,
The banners now wave,
And I must away
To the field of the brave.
The troops are advancing,
From the uplands they come,
And chargers are bounding
At the roll of the drum.
Farewell to thee, dearest,
The foe now appears,
With glitter of armour
And flashing of spears.
It grieves me to leave thee,
But oh! we must part,
Thou light of my childhood,
Thou lov'd of my heart.
Farewell to thee, dearest,
I'll see thee no more,
Perchance I may fall
On the dread field of gore;
And in tears you will watch, love,
By evening's pale star,
For your soldier's return
Again from the war.

25, Bachelor's-walk.

W.

A FLOATING FARM-YARD.—The following sketch of a family floating down the Ohio on a raft is from an American paper:—"To day we have passed two large rafts, lashed together, by which simple conveyance several families from New England were transporting themselves and their property to the land of promise in the western woods. Each raft was eighty or ninety feet long, with a small house erected on it, and on each was a stack of hay, round which several horses and cows were feeding, while the paraphernalia of a farm-yard, the ploughs, waggons, pigs, children, and poultry, carelessly distributed, gave the whole more the appearance of a permanent residence than of a caravan of adventurers seeking a home. A respectable-looking old lady, with spectacles on her nose, was seated on a chair at the door of one of these cabins, employed in knitting; another female was at the wash-tub; the men were chewing their tobacco with as much complacency as if they had been in the land of steady habits; and the various avocations seemed to go on with the steadiness of class-work. In this manner our western emigrants travel at slight expense. They carry with them their own provisions; their raft floats with the current, and honest Jonathan, surrounded with scolding, squalling, grunting, lowing, and neighing dependants, floats to the point proposed, without leaving his own fire-side."

THE TURF BOGS OF IRELAND.

When we consider to what a great extent the turf bogs of Ireland supply the population of this country with fuel, it becomes an interesting inquiry, how these turf bogs have been formed. According to the following remarks, taken from good authority, (Beaumont's Ireland, translated by Dr. Taylor,) it appears that turf bogs are the result of decayed vegetation, so that in the hand of a merciful and Almighty Being the very ruins of vegetation are made an abundant source of comfort to mankind.

Formerly Ireland was a vast forest; so powerful was the vegetation, that it was called "The island of wood." It is now almost destitute of trees; and when on a fine day in spring it appears, though bare, full of sap and youth, it seems like a young and lovely girl deprived of her hair. It is not exactly known at what time, and by what process, this great destruction was effected. We may, however, be assured, that it was before the Christian era, and probably at a much more distant date. Some attribute it to an extraordinary inundation, which uprooted the trees, levelled the forests, and buried them in the bosom of the earth. Others, whose opinion is better supported by scientific study, believe that the ruin of the forests was the result of violent storms. When the lofty forests that covered the country were compact and entire, they afforded each other mutual support against the violence of the tempest; but, in proportion as a man, requiring an open space for his house and field, effected clearances, here and there, the trees near those that had been cut down were without support against the fury of the hurricane, and fell before blasts that were previously powerless; every ruin occasioned by a tempest produced a thousand others, rendered more easy as they were multiplied. The work of destruction went on, and all the fallen trunks, descending by the natural declivities to the lakes and marshy part of the soil, were stopped on this liquid base, where, heaped one above the other year after year, they were mingled together, some preserving their natural form, others decomposing into vegetable matter, until they formed that spongy, combustible substance, sometimes red, and sometimes black, of which the vast turf bogs of Ireland are composed.

KYAN'S ANTI-DRY-ROT SOLUTION.

The *United Service Journal* states that this solution has been found to be a complete failure in its application for the navy. The precipitate caused by Kyan's process is dissolved by sea-water. Sir W. Burnett, physician-general, has substituted a solution of chloride of zinc, which has proved successful, as the precipitate is unaffected by the action of salt water, and tested by the rigorous trials of those eminent chemists, Children and Garden.

OUR SECOND VOLUME.

This Number closes our Second Volume, which will be neatly bound in cloth, gilt lettered, and ready for issue on the 1st of May. We have endeavoured to embrace in the present number various communications of respected correspondents and, for the convenience of our subscribers, have supplied title page and index.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors at the Office, 22, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, where all communications are to be addressed, to the Editor.

☞ The Trade supplied direct from the Office.



